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UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

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Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. XLI.

JANUARY TO JUNE,

1853.

DUBLIN

JAMES M^oGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OUR PAST, OUR PRESENT, AND OUR FUTURE.—INTRODUCTORY TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF OUR TWENTY-FIRST YEAR	1
GWEEDORE	9
THE GOLDEN GUILLOTINE.	22
A CHAPTER ON LEGENDS	42
SONNETS. I.—MILTON HUMBL Y IMITATED. II.—WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS .	49
SONNETS ON THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR. By B. B. FELTUS	50
SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT. CHAPTER XIII.—A MIDNIGHT RENCONTRE. CHAPTER XIV.—A CONFERENCE	58
A TRIO OF NOVELS. ESMOND, REUBEN MEDLICOT, AND BASIL	70
CLONMACNOISE, CLARE, AND ARRAN.—PART I.	79
THOMAS MOORE	95
ST. SYLVESTER'S EVE CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND POEMS	112
THE LAND QUESTION—MR. NAPIER'S BILLS	123

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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XLI.

Our Past, our Present, and our Future.

INTRODUCTORY TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF OUR TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

It happens to every man, we believe, some time or other in the progress of life, to pause, as it were, upon his journey—to take breath—to look around him—to survey the road whereon he has been travelling, as far back as its tortuosities or inequalities will permit him—to look forward with an anxious, curious speculation, as far as it may be given to his short, dim vision to do so. Time, that measures out his periods by oft-recurring seasons, admonishes the wise and the self-communing spirit to this survey with each recurring year. But, at larger intervals, and upon some more eventful turning-point of human life, every one stands still, as though on an eminence, to gaze around him. Then, indeed, does the past spread out before him. He ponders with a pleasurable sadness over young days, young hopes, young friends; he asks of his own soul to what profit they have been spent, to what extent they have been realised; how many of those friends have been ravished from him, or fallen away, in the weary, constant life-travel; how many of them still are by his side, faithful and enduring to the end. And, then, gaining strength and knowledge from past trials and past experience, he will shape his course hopefully for the future, and press firmly forward, as one who has essayed his own strength, and relies upon it.

One of those long-recurring intervals of time—a cycle of no less than twenty years—has now been accomplished in the existence of our periodical; and as we sit musingly in the decline of the old year, and reflect, that with the first morning of the new one we shall enter upon a new period, it occurred to us that it would not be unbecoming towards ourselves, or unacceptable to those for whom we have thus lived and laboured, that we, too, should pause a few moments, and detain them with us, while we take a survey, from the eminence upon which we stand, of the past, the present, and the future.

And, first, of our PAST.

Twenty years! What a vast portion of the life of man, and even no inconsiderable space in the existence of a nation. Now-a-days, time, whose true philosophic measure is what it can achieve, has enlarged the limits of human existence. A year is expanded into seven of those which our forefathers lived. The locomotion of body, the progress of knowledge, the advancement in civilisation, the intercommunion of thought take place with a ra-

pidity that, while it almost annihilates space and infinitely accelerates the operations of mankind, is practically bringing us back to that pristine longevity, when man counted "the days of the years of his life" by centuries. Let us, then, look back upon the twenty eventful years which have just passed away, and render, as justly as human infirmity will enable us to do, an account of the use which we have made of them.

We remember, as it were but yesterday, the circumstances under which "THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE" was projected, and the day upon which it first saw the light. Ireland possessed then, as indeed we believe it has ever possessed, men eminent for learning in every department of knowledge. Nevertheless, she had no national literature, few names which made themselves known through the world, and of those few the majority were so known through the medium of English or foreign publications. What we wanted was not genius, or wit, or learning, but we wanted that which should collect, intensify, and expound it. We wanted the bond which would bind the scattered rods in a strong fasciculus together—the lens that would catch the diverging rays, and make them confluent in a point of heat and irradiation. We wanted an exponent of our own thoughts, our own aspirations, our own tastes and feelings, in politics, in science, in *belles lettres*, in poetry, in music. We wanted, in a word, A NATIVE PERIODICAL.

This was no new feeling that had come upon the Irish mind. The craving was old, and had made many an effort to satisfy itself. More than one Irish periodical had arisen, but not one had struggled through its infancy. It would not now be over-profitable to consider the causes of their failure, though, at the period we speak of, they were anxiously investigated by the projectors of our MAGAZINE, that they might be remedied and avoided. Some were too *green*, in every sense of the word—too provincial in their feelings, too narrow in their views; others were too limited in their objects; others too local in their influences and circulation. Yet were there spirits amongst us—adventurous, as all then admitted, and sagacious and far-seeing, as all will now confess—who felt that while England had her periodical literature, and Scotland her "Blackwood" and her "Edinburgh Review," Ireland might reasonably expect, under judicious management, to sustain one periodical.

The period, too, was not unfavourable for a new project. The world—above all, our British world—had got a jog or two that pulled many of her old notions about her ears. In politics the democratic element was increasing in power, and the people had just attained their new charter, "the Reform Act." The public mind was, in consequence, agitated by hope and fear, and all the intense anxiety which is inseparable from a bold and untried measure. Not long previously, the first of the world's Titanian causeways was laid, and British science and British art had the honour of devising and executing it—we allude to the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. And men looked with wonder, and dreamed that they might live to see the day—ay, and they have lived to see it—when these ponderous and panting giant-coursers would yet outstrip the wing of the pigeon in fleetness, and the foot of the patient camel across the trackless desert.

And so we started upon our course, taking a hint from what we saw around us, determined to enlarge the intellectual franchise of our own people, and to facili-

tate and accelerate their intellectual progress. With a noble cognisance upon our *gonfalon*, "*clarum et venerabile nomen*," and a brave band, not of foreign *condottieri*, but almost to a man of children of our own soil, we went forward to do battle in a good cause, and with a hopeful spirit. We had—and with grateful hearts we acknowledge it—we had many a helping hand, and many a cheering voice. The press, ever generous in the cause of literature, ever discriminating to discover, and forward to encourage genius, sustained us through our early trials. From the commencement we advocated Conservatism in politics, and Protestantism in religion; but in that true spirit of liberalism, in relation to the former, that acknowledges that to conserve our institutions we must repair them, as they decay or become partially unsuited to the changing exigencies of society—and in religion, we trust, in that spirit of charity and uprightness which will compromise no principle, while it wishes to wound no heart. As for literature, we avow ourselves to have ever been, in that respect, thorough latitudinarians. We knew no creeds, no opinions, no party, no rank; but we hailed every one as a true brother or sister who could show the credentials of learning, or the nobility of genius.

And in such a spirit, and with such resources, have we marched forward through the years that are now passed. We were not insensible to what was before us—an up-hill course for many a long year. We knew well how the failures of those who had preceded us in similar attempts were calculated to prejudice our own advance. We knew how the apathy of many, and the ominous foreboding of a few, often countervailed the efforts, and neutralised the support of troops of friends. We knew that time, and time alone, could enable us to live down prejudice, to silence opposition, to establish character, and to attain a fixed and recognised position. We knew all this. We knew the dangers that beset our path, not that we might tremble and turn aside, but that we might prepare ourselves to meet and overcome them. A Christian sage has well said—"Qui omnia pericula timet, nil aggreditur; qui nulla, facillimè perditur. Præstat tamen alacriter aggredientem sibi quædam pericula proponere, quam in re qualibet metuentem, nihil periculi in re ulla suscipienda velle subire et pati." Onward, however, have we pressed, through good report and through evil report, till now we find ourselves on the eve of 1853, somewhat in the same state that any reasonably prosperous gentleman would find himself after the same interval of years; growing puffy and, it may be, a little consequential, as we are well to do in the world; unchanged in any one characteristic, though not without those alterations in deportment and feature which is the inevitable work of time upon all material things, animate and inanimate; without which man would never grow old gracefully; without which he would be as great an anachronism, as if he were to dress in a pinafore or a round jacket.

And, while we have done thus well for ourselves, what account can we render of our doings for others? The one fact supplies the sure answer to the other. Had we not discharged our trust faithfully, we could not have prospered. The public is the true judge, as it is the only patron of literature; and the success of a periodical permanently before the world is the surest proof that it has served the public and won its favour.

There are many retrospects which bring us unmingled pleasure—favours and aid received, favours and aid conferred. We scarcely know which is the most gratifying sentiment. Many a fine spirit, many a capacious intellect discovered, encouraged, developed, supported, till it attained its true position. Many a helping hand have we had to aid in our struggles, and these, too, come with a pleasant memory upon us—“*Meminisse laborum suave ei qui servatus est.*” There are, however, other retrospects of a chequered character—retrospects which bring us pride, and yet sadden us. We think of many names which have attained high positions in literature, who, we are proud to feel, received their first impulses from THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. Some of those still live, whom, for obvious reasons, with the exception of Charles Lever, we forbear to particularise. Others, alas! have passed away from this mortal scene, over whose memory we linger with a saddened delight. The imaginative, enthusiastic, and learned FERRIS, skilled in strange lore: steeped in the mysteries of psychological speculations, in witchcraft and demonology, and the biography of ghosts. The wild, eccentric, Germanesque MANGAN, with the fervid genius of a true poet—and, alas! many of the aberrations of genius, too—one who possessed a copiousness of language, and a mastery over words, that he flung carelessly about, as if in disarray, till one looked and found them all harmonious and perfect, as one sees fortuitous atoms reduced to beauty and order by the magic of the kaleidoscope—one who has produced poems that may be placed beside those of Coleridge and of Shelley. One other there is, indeed, who fills a large space in our memory, as he does in the annals of his country—“*Primus inter pares*”—pre-eminent amongst his fellows, WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER. Every reader of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE will remember the many fine papers contributed by him, on almost every subject—politics, divinity, classical literature, biography, and poetry. But they who had the privilege of knowing him in private life can alone form a just estimate of the beauty and the grandeur of a mind at once simple and sublime, at once gentle and impassioned—“that master-mind,” to use the felicitous language of his biographer, “which could charm by the playfulness of its fancy, while it astonished by the vastness of its intellect.” “It was in the unreserved intercourse of friendly conversation,” continues the same authority, “that the faculties of Professor Butler seemed to find their happiest exercise. His multifarious knowledge was communicated on the most trivial suggestion, yet without effort or display. The profound reflection, the subtle analysis, the most pungent wit, dropped from him in brilliant succession, while he appeared entirely unconscious that he was speaking more than household words. Not a few of his collegiate contemporaries still retain indelible impressions of the instruction and delight which they experienced in intercourse with him; not a few, as they deplore that intercourse for ever closed on earth, will recall these touching words, “*Ejus sermone ita tam cupide fruabar, quasi jam divinarem, id quod evenit, illo extincto, fore unde discere neminem.*” Some years have passed since the grave closed over the poet, the orator, the scholar, the metaphysician—the laborious and pious parish minister, William Archer Butler; and we have learned to speak and think of him with less emotion, though it may be with increasing love. But time has recently

ravished from us one who, from the first number of our periodical, almost up to the time of his decease, was a constant contributor to its pages. One of extensive reading, great acquirements, a capacious intellect, and a wide experience—the Rev. Dr. SAMUEL O’SULLIVAN. It is but a few months since we have recorded our sense of his merits and worth; and though the tribute was a brief and a hasty one, we feel that he needs no monument at our hands, for he has left the materials of an enduring one in the works of his genius, his industry, and his erudition; and pious hands are even now preparing to build them up into a monument which will not speedily perish.

These, then, and many more, have passed away from us, by the unsparing ordinance of God’s providence; but the same dispensation that has withdrawn them has raised up others to fill their places. The ranks of literature are never vacant. There is ever a young spirit panting to take the place of the veteran who dies at his post, or is invalided; and so we have gone on extending our conquests from year to year, penetrating into new regions, and strengthening ourselves in those already occupied, till we find ourselves at length in the position of taking some state upon ourselves, as we are doing “at this present time of writing.”

And now that brings us to “OUR PRESENT.”

To speak of the present, whether it regards one’s self or one’s neighbours, is always a difficult affair. To speak of the past is, as it were, to speak of another than yourself. You may, therefore, do so with little egotism. We listen with complacency to a withered old lady proclaiming the beauties and charms of her young days, and recounting her conquests. We smile at the gouty old gentleman, in his dressing-gown, who tells his feats of horsemanship and his success with the fair sex. But to dilate upon yourself as you are at the present always savours of vanity, and puts you in the same position as Narcissus when he was entranced by the contemplation of his own person in a fountain, or a modern *petit-maitre* admiring himself in a full-length mirror, a position which, to the by-standers, becomes, after a short time, rather wearisome. Still something we must say for ourselves. We are standing as it were before the curtain, one whom the public has favoured, though not spoiled, we hope; and it would be disrespectful towards that kind public, as well as affectation on our own part, were we to bow in silence and retire. Bear with us then, dear Public, for a little space, while we speak briefly, rather of what, with your kind co-operation, we have done and attained to, than of what we are.

Well, then, we have, at all events, demonstrated one fact in our natural history which, for many a long year, was believed or affected to be believed as more than doubtful. It was the habit of our worthy neighbours on the other side of the Channel, who, by the way, are not ordinarily given to joking, to assert, that their sister Ierne was born with a certain physical defect not very common to the sex—that, in fact—nay, now don’t laugh, good public—that, in fact, she was dumb. And so it was common some twenty years ago, or even within that period, to speak, half in contempt, half in pity, of “The Silent Sister!” Who ever hears that epithet now? Who ever dares to use it? It may, perhaps, be too much to arrogate to the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE the entire merit of taking away our reproach among men; but assuredly it will be conceded, that we have

done much towards removing the stigma. We have done this directly and indirectly, by giving a voice to our literature, an encouragement to our scholars, and a support to many a man of genius, during that most trying of all periods, the commencement of a professional career. We have, in truth, created a periodical literature in Ireland, and for Ireland; and in so doing, we have had an ample reward. We have extended our publication far and wide. Our numbers have penetrated to the lofty range of the Himmalaya Mountains, and, crossing them, have entertained, and we hope instructed, in China; we have been read in the Pacific Ocean, and have found our way to the utmost limits of civilisation in Australia and the interior of America; while in England and Scotland we enjoy a large circulation. In these our endeavours, we have been largely aided by the press of Great Britain, and to it we now desire to render our best and most grateful acknowledgments. While our views upon subjects on which great difference of opinion prevails, have been canvassed with a free spirit of criticism, which we neither deprecate nor disapprove of, we heartily admit the fairness and good-feeling with which we have, on the whole, been treated. The British press is the most candid, the most enlightened, the most incorruptible, we firmly believe, in the world; we honour and admire the free-born spirit that animates it, and we feel that while it exists, freedom of speech and freedom of thought shall ever be secured to us. Long may this high and holy safeguard be ours. Long may popular opinion thus find its legitimate exponent and its legitimate guide; and when we fail to deserve its approval, we shall be ready to admit that we have failed in the great object of our existence, and shall no longer be worthy of popular support.

But while we aim at being œcumenical in our views, we admit that our principal object is to be national. National, not in a narrow sense of the term, but in that larger sense which endeavours to raise ourselves, our interests, and our institutions from the position of mere provincialism, to that of a component part of the greatest and the most extended empire that the sun ever shone upon. Our country has ever been the land of poesy and of song. It is but recently that one of her sons, the first of lyrists, has passed away from amongst men. It is, nevertheless, a fact, however strange, that till within recent times the poetic resources and the poetic mind of Irishmen were not brought forward as they should have been. We believe that we have aided in remedying this: we believe that we have done much to foster and encourage the efforts of many a child of song, and raised around us a body of bards who may yet do credit to our land, and not dishonour the country which produced a Goldsmith, a Wolfe, a Butler, and a Moore.

And such are we at this Present, dear Public. Our worst trials past, our greatest dangers overcome: we have weathered the storm, we have escaped the shoals and the syrtes, and are now safe in the haven. We can look around us with a thankful heart and an honest pride—estimating and sympathising in the struggles of others, and wishing them, too, God speed. And if, while we watch them anxiously as they work their toiling way, even as we did, we feel a complacent satisfaction, not that they are in peril, but that our perils are over:—

“*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;*”

Non quia vexari quemquam et jucunda voluptas,
 Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave'st.
 Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri,
 Per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli ;
 Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere,
 Editâ doctrina sapientum templa serena ;
 Dispicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
 Errare, atque viam palenteis quærere vitæ ;
 Certare ingenio ; contendere nobilitate ;
 Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore,
 Ad summas emergere opes rerum que potiri."

More than ten years ago, when contemplating the prospect then before us, we ventured thus to speak :—

" Hour after hour to our view the horizon appears brightening with the illumination of a light, that, it may be, has not yet arisen : but fast and certain follows the sunrise on the dawn. Already can we feel its harbinger, the breath of knowledge, abroad, dispersing by degrees the mists and vapours of the night — the obscurity which concealed deformity, the indistinctness that gave greatness to self-seeking and meanness. With hope, therefore, do we look from the present into the future—hope, perchance not undarkened with apprehensions, but still with apprehensions soothed and softened by the charity which, believing and enduring all things, would fain perceive in the gradual diffusion of good principles, in the humanising effects of extended education and improved literature, in the growing strength and energy of the champions of truth, indications and sources of that peace and happiness which shall yet overshadow the land."

What was then our future is now our present ; nor have our anticipations altogether failed to be realised. Notwithstanding that on the approach of day a dark cloud suddenly arose, to hide the brightness of the sunrise, and plunge the country in gloom, yet the shadow is passing away — may we not even say, is now past ? We are now in the broad light of the morning, and can hope for a glorious noon. Education has, indeed, been largely extended. The love of literature has struck its roots deeply into the hearts of the country, and has not failed to fructify in the increase as well as the improvement of literature. And with literature has come knowledge, and with knowledge has come truth. There remains now but little of our predictions to be realised. The full triumph of truth, truth that will make the soul free, and bring lasting peace and prosperity to the nation.

And now for our FUTURE.

Of the Future, who can speak otherwise than with diffidence ? Man's vision is but short and imperfect when he looks forward. The wisdom of Him, around whose throne are clouds and darkness, has wrapped the future in the impenetrable veil that pavilions His own brightness. All that we can do is to be true of purpose, to be firm of heart, to be resolute, industrious, self-reliant and hopeful. The principles and mode of action that have heretofore made our efforts successful, are, we believe, the best means of sustaining us in our present position, and of elevating us to a higher one. We have pledged ourselves to a good work. We will endeavour to redeem that pledge, and carry out the great object of our being. Our chiefest aim—let us rather say our sole purpose—is our country's good. Were we to descend to a lower ambition, that of self-aggrandisement, or the furtherance of mere party or local views, we should be false to our mission, and ultimately fail, even in our paltry object. To expound and enforce to the best of our ability, true, enlightened and impartial views in politics and in religion ; to maintain our own principles, and to be at the same time tolerant and

considerate with regard to those who differ from us ; to elevate the literature of our country ; to develop her resources, and to stimulate her exertions—these are the true objects of our periodical, the very life and soul that should animate her, the very end and purpose of her being. Failing in this, she fails in everything that is worth struggling for. That we have ever aimed at this, that, whatever may have been our short-comings, we have in part accomplished it, we cannot but believe, for we have the assurance of our own position to warrant us in the belief—the testimony of many, who differ from us on particular subjects and controverted points, to sustain us. In the course that we have hitherto prescribed to ourselves we shall still continue, endeavouring to keep pace with the improved knowledge and enlightened progress of the age in which we live ; endeavouring to see the truth, and express it fearlessly ; offering no compromise of principle, making no sacrifice of consistency. And so, striving to earn the support of all who love our country, and would see it taking its rightful position amongst the nations of the world, we hesitate not to call upon them for continued favour and increased support.

And now our self-examination is over. We have rendered our account of the *Past* ; we have stated our position in the *Present*, and declared our intentions for the *Future*. If in so doing we have been led to speak much of ourselves, we trust that the necessity of the case will plead in extenuation for so doing. It is not easy to do all this in a spirit of truth and candour, without seeming to do it in a spirit of self-laudation and egotism.

Let us, however, acknowledge—and how willingly do we make the acknowledgment!—that all our intentions would have been unavailing, all our exertions fruitless, had we not been sustained by a spirit of nationality, that, however it may slumber for a time, is never dead amongst us ; had we not been supported by the hands and hearts of our own people, and the voice of public opinion in our favour. Ireland has now her own literature, her own vehicle of thought, her own exponent of feeling. Whatever may happen, of one thing we feel assured, that she will never again lapse into silence. If our zeal should grow cold, our ability become paralysed, or our industry falter, the want that we have in our day supplied and satisfied will never again be known amongst us ; the spirit, once vivified and informed, never shall die within us ; the voice that has been heard shall never be silenced. Meantime, we shall press forward, rallying around us many a good and a true heart, many a ready pen, many a keen wit, many a bright genius ; and as recurring months shall again and again bring round new years, it is the dearest wish of our hearts that our periodical may still be found flourishing. In this there can be no selfish feeling ; individual feelings and individual interests, sink and become absorbed in a spirit of patriotism. Who or what are we who write and labour to-day ? To-morrow our hands may forget their cunning, our hearts may be cold in death. But when we are laid in our graves, the same holy fire which it has been our privilege to kindle and keep alive shall be transmitted to our successors. So may that future, which perchance is denied to us, be realised to our children and our children's children, and the work of our hands and the thoughts of our hearts be long perpetuated and improved in the pages of *THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE* !

GWEEDORE.

"**SET a stout heart to a steep brae,**" says the Scottish proverb, and over many a sore pinch, moral and physical, has the truth that therein lies triumphantly borne our northern fellow-subjects during their toilsome wayfaring from the barbarism and misery of the first half of the eighteenth century, to the civilisation and prosperity that at the present day distinguish Scotland among the nations. Stout hearts did it all; and how much was done, is it not told by Fletcher of Saltoun, on the one hand, and by the teeming fields of the Lothians, the busy banks and waters of the Clyde, the factories of Renfrew, the forges of Lanark, and, better than all, by the schools in every parish of the kingdom, on the other? Against the obstacles of an ungrateful climate, a stubborn soil, popular ignorance, feudal oppression, and government neglect, the stout native heart of Scotland set itself, and overcame them all. "We have no hesitation in affirming," says a competent, and not unfriendly judge, "that no settled country, of which we have any authentic accounts, ever made half the progress in civilisation and the accumulation of wealth, that Scotland has done since 1763, and especially since 1787." Stout hearts, we again say, have done it all; and in application of the moral, we venture to ask our own dear fellow-countrymen, what there is in the air, the soil, the nature of the people, or the political condition of Ireland, to prevent like influences from producing like effects within her boundaries? It is true that difficulties and perils thickly beset the path of the Irish regenerator, whether his course be guided by philanthropy or utilitarianism; but where is the example in which manly courage and resolution have been brought to bear upon obstacles and dangers, with prudence and perseverance, and yet have failed in surmounting or eluding them? The question opens a wider field of inquiry than it is our present object to explore; instead, therefore, of entering upon the wearisome task of discussing the causes of the failure of the thousand and one plans that have been conceived and put

into execution for the regeneration of Ireland, we shall endeavour to bring within the familiar cognisance of our readers, a modern instance, in which a steep and rugged Irish brae has been manfully and successfully encountered by a stout Irish heart. But let there be no mistake; the story of Gweedore includes no panacea for the Irish difficulty; the lesson it teaches is for all mankind, and for all time. Its subject is the power of kindness, reason, and firmness over the heart of man. Applied at home, it but shows that the native prejudices, the indolence, and the obstinacy of the merest Celt, are not altogether beyond those influences that work marvels upon the rest of the human race.

It is now, we regret to say, nearly a quarter of a century since we took horse, at six o'clock one fine summer's morning, in the small town of Letterkenny, and with "back turned to Britain, and face to the west," we bent our course toward the Bloody Foreland, the extreme north-western headland of the county of Donegal. It was late in the afternoon of the same day, when, under the direction of a guide, we arrived at the lead-mine of Kildrum, close to the north-eastern verge of the district of country now known as the Gweedore estate of Lord George Hill. Although the mine was then in active work, the only mode of approaching it, or of transporting the ore for shipment at Ballyness Bay, was by a road little better than the track of a mountain stream, over which it required some nerve to ride upon the well-accustomed and sure-footed horses of the country. The district, including more than twenty-three thousand acres, and inhabited by upwards of three thousand persons, will be found on the map, in a nook lying between the point of the Bloody Foreland on the north, the estuary of the Gweedore on the south, and the conical mountain of Arrigal on the south-east. It has a coast line of several miles in length, washed by the Atlantic Ocean, and garnished by a number of picturesque islands. It was then disjoined from the world, rather than connected

with it, by the track terminating at Kildrum mine, and by two other lines of disjunction, one of which, passing along the coast from Ballyness Bay to Clady Bridge, was indeed called a road, but was altogether impassable by any variety of wheeled carriage. This, nevertheless, was the channel of the whole traffic of the district. Through it flowed the export trade in oats and poteen whiskey; and it served equally for the reflux of articles of import, then consisting almost exclusively of leather for brogues, iron for horse-shoes, and boards and nails for coffins. Inward and outward, the transit of these important goods was carried on upon the backs of men and horses; and the experienced observer could always trace the destination of the last exotic luxury enjoyable by a resident of Gweedore, in the furrows left by the corners of the coffin boards, as, with one extremity tied over the shoulders of a pony, the other was suffered, in contemptuous disregard of the laws of friction, to trail along the mountain path. On the southern border, an adventurous traveller on foot or horseback might wade waist-deep over the bar formed by the meeting of the river with the sea in the estuary of the Gweedore; but as this passage, figuratively called "the ferry," could only be effected at certain periods of the tide, and was often dangerous, in consequence of the shifting nature of the sands, it was not available as a path for even that limited commerce to which we have alluded. Seawards, the natives indulged their wandering impulses by excursions to the islands in their neighbourhood, in boats so primitive in construction and character as to deserve a particular description. The *corragh* is an oval vessel, of wicker work, not unlike a large round-bottomed cradle, without a head. It is about nine feet in length, over all, three feet in width, and two feet in depth. It has no keel; and in the process of building, the order of procedure is the opposite of that adopted in ordinary naval architecture. The gunwale is laid down first, and consists of a flat oval frame, perforated with holes, at regular distances, into which the ribs—stout willow rods—are

inserted. Between these, slighter willows are interwoven, so as to form a basket-work bulwark, of about six inches in depth. The ribs are then brought together at the place where the keel ought to be, and being intertwined, are strengthened by laths crossing them from stem to stern, and lashed at each crossing with cords of horse-hair. The frame being thus completed, it is "skinned" with a horse or cow-hide, or now, in the progress of civilisation, with a covering of tarred canvas. The gallant ship is then finished, and ready to brave the dangers of the ocean. It is fitted with neither beam nor thwart, but accommodates its crew in that primitive posture which men and monkeys assumed before the invention of chairs, and the continued use of which by modern tailors proves the unbroken succession of that ancient craft. Squatted on the floor of his corragh, it behoves the adventurous navigator to remain perfectly steady. If he throws but a very little too much of his weight to one side, he will be upset; if he extend his leg with Celtic energy, he will, in all probability, drive his foot through the slight partition that separates him from the deep. In using the short paddle, then, with which the corragh is propelled, the utmost caution is required, and yet the burthens with which it is occasionally freighted are really extraordinary. A load of turf, a keg of whiskey, a cow, are no unusual freight; nay, an adventure is related by Lord George Hill,* in which a man and his wife not only crossed from the island of Arranmore to the mainland in a corragh, filled with turf, and with a horse standing on top, but actually succeeded in getting the horse in-board, after he had been washed off by a sea at a considerable distance from the shore.

It is not difficult to conceive that many strange features must characterise the moral and social condition of a people thus separated from the world in aboriginal wildness; but a slight preliminary glance at the aspect of physical nature, with which they are confronted from the cradle to the grave, will, perhaps, help to render some of their strangest peculiarities intelligible,

* "Facts from Gweedore. Compiled from Notes by Lord George Hill, M.R.I.A." Dublin. 1846.

and will certainly not lessen the formidable appearance of the obstacles in the way of their improvement. For wild and varied grandeur, as set forth in the most imposing combination of mountain, lake, rock, moor, river, and sea, the scenery of Gweedore is unsurpassed in Donegal, as that of the whole county is, in our estimation, unequalled in Ireland. In the back ground, is a mountain range of rugged, primitive rock, standing out from which, in grand distinctness, the white, sharp, conical peak of Arrigal rises abruptly to the height of 2,462 feet above the level of the sea. In front is the Atlantic Ocean, rolling in a long, calm, heavy swell, or breaking in savage fury upon headland and cliff, the monotony of its mighty mass of waters ever varied by the numerous picturesque islands and rocks that stud the coast. At the foot of Arrigal, in a deep and picturesque valley, now civilised by the residence and plantations of Mrs. Russell, is the beautiful Lough of Dunlewy, mother of the Clady river, whose dark-brown, quiet stream, rolling tranquilly over a channel of granite for about eight miles, signalises the moment of its dissolution in the ocean, by breaking, in a small but brilliant fall, over the limestone rocks of Bunbeg. Between mountain and shore, at the period of the early visit to which we have alluded, and, indeed, up to the commencement of Lord George Hill's operations, an extensive tract of bog lay absolutely waste and neglected. The undulating surface of this desert, throughout, and the natural outfall for its drainage apparently afforded by the Clady river, in a great portion of its extent, might have led the casual observer to easy conclusions as to the facility of its reclamation, had not the extreme shortness of the heath upon its surface, and the constant wetness of its spongy substance, told a different tale. The impermeable nature of the underlying granite rock does, in fact, materially interfere with all plans for its cultivation; and it is only by the expensive operation of forming an artificial, porous substratum, by a liberal intermixture of granite gravel with the bog, that it can be made available for the growth of any useful crop. That, when so treated, it is not deficient in fertility, is abundantly proved by the well-grown trees, shrubs, and vegetables, no less than by the splendid crops of

fiorine grass, that mark out the farm of the Gweedore Hotel, as an oasis in the surrounding desert. To the people themselves, and to the former proprietors, the difficulty seemed absolutely insurmountable. In this, as in many other instances, nature, showing herself to them only in her more rugged and massive forms, probably appeared too mighty and too inexorable to be contended with; and so, yielding without a struggle, the population crowded toward the shore, where patches of limestone soil, and the occasional contributions of the ocean, in sea-weed for manure, and in shell-fish, dilosk and sloake, for food, offered them a precarious subsistence. Frequent famines thinned their numbers from time to time; yet they multiplied, though their fickle benefactress, now in angry mood, sent her blighting foam over their potato-gardens; and, again, in equally destructive good humour, restrained the fury that, in rolling mountains of sea-weed upon the coast, would have supplied the chief requisite of their simple agriculture. In spite of storm and calm, however, they did multiply, until standing-room became scanty; and here, as in other parts of Ireland, the competition for land became the pivot of a long train of social, moral, and political evils.

Foremost among these mischievous results, and itself a powerful cause of mischief, was the system known in Ireland as *rundale*, which, in Gweedore, was in the fullest force and operation. Under this form of tenure, each townland was held in joint and common tenancy by all its occupiers. These, in the course of generation, and of the partition of families, often increased from one or two original tenants, to some twenty or thirty separate holders. The custom of gavelkind prevailed as completely as the honourable member for Manchester himself could desire: the right of primogeniture was absolutely disregarded; and nothing was entailed upon descendants but grinding and growing poverty. A curious spectacle was then afforded by the struggle between, what Dr. Chalmers called the "natural sense of property," and the tyranny of popular custom. The one strove against a complete community of possession, while the other proscribed any aristocracy of industry. It was found necessary to divide the tillage-lands

among the several cultivators; but rules were established that enforced certain modes of cultivation, without regard to individual activity or progress in knowledge. Every tenant insisted upon his claim to a portion of each various quality of land in the common occupancy; and thus the *peculium* of each occupier often came to consist of twenty or thirty patches in as many different places, divided by marks from the possessions of his colleagues, but unprotected—as, indeed, their smallness rendered it impossible to protect them—by fence of any kind. A townland, containing 205 statute acres, and occupied originally by one family, was, in the course of two generations, subdivided into 422 separate and scattered lots, held by twenty-nine families. The tenancy of these was common, but the right and duty of cultivation belonged to each separately. If any man was fortunate enough to find his patches, and strong enough to hold them, he might till them in the two-shift course of potatoes and oats; but in sowing and in-gathering, his labours were of necessity regulated by the fixed laws of the community. On a certain day in autumn, the cattle were brought from the common mountain-pasture, and allowed to roam at will over the tilled fields of the townland; on a certain day in spring, they were relegated to the place from whence they came. Between the latter and the former periods only could any crop be safely sown or left upon the ground.

“Why don’t you drive those cows out of your bit of oats, Denis O’Donnell?”

“The day is come for lettin’ out the cattle, your honour, and I daren’t lay an unmodest hand on one o’ them.”

“Then why don’t you cut your oats out of their way, Denis?”

“Sure, didn’t your honour hear that Ferigal Coyle is waking a wean?”

Nor was the communistic principle limited in its operation to real property only. Animals were also subjected to the same mode of ownership; and then again nature broke forth, and in the practice of those simple savages, demonstrated the ingrained folly of the philosophic theories of Fourier and Leblanc. A *phalanx* of three Gweedore communists possessed

one horse, of which each shod a foot, but having vainly endeavoured, *arte et Marte*, to arrange a common plan of dealing with the fourth hoof, and the horse having consequently become lame, they found themselves under the necessity of appealing to a magistrate in a neighbouring district to decide the knotty case. Though you drive out nature with a fork, still she will return; and the point in man’s moral fabric to which her attachment is, perhaps, the most faithful, is the passion for private appropriation and enjoyment of her gifts, upon which mainly the common advancement and prosperity, in fact the whole social system, depend. This passion was, no doubt, as strong in the hearts of individual Gweedorians as among other men, but the collective mind, as happens often in more cultivated communities, set its artificial fetters upon the natural and wholesome desires of the individual. If ever an enterprising spirit, and the strong necessity of eating, prompted any one of them to reclaim a portion of the common bog or mountain, as soon as the result was shown in the gathering of *one* crop, the improved ground was taken from its subduer, and rateably divided among his co-tenants of the townland, in fragments proportioned to the rent for which each was liable. No very lively fancy is needed to create a picture of the necessary results of such a system as this, acting upon the excitable temperament and vindictive spirit of a Celtic population. “Fights, trespasses, confusion, disputes, and assaults were the natural and unavoidable consequences; these evils, in their various forms, were endless, and caused great loss of time and expense; and, of course, continued disunion amongst neighbours was perpetuated.”* Tribal wars were waged between the tenants of neighbouring estates, whose cattle mutually trespassed upon their extensive unfenced tracts of mountain pasture. Civil discord never ceased among the joint occupiers in rundale, whose various *skibberlins* of tillage land it was physically impossible to preserve distinct and intact. Lawful authority was not at hand to compose these broils. Resident magistrate or gentleman there

* “Facts from Gweedore.”

was none ; and, so, as the Anglo-Saxon tendency to self-government did not exist, to suggest the expedient of a vigilance committee, the Celts of the parish of West Tulloghobegley even followed out their instinct, and, like their kindred of *la Grande Nation*, when under a similar emergency, they succumbed to a strong-handed president, and the law of the bludgeon. "The country was ruled by a few bullies, lawless distillers, who acknowledged neither landlord nor agent;"* and Mickey More, a giant of the lineage of Gallagher, still survives to awaken recollections of the time when he maintained an absolute sovereignty over the entire district, when all disputes on field or mountain, all quarrels at fair or gathering, were submitted to his autocratic judgment, and the decisions of his will, now said to have been generally just, were promptly executed by his own powerful hand. Mickey More has long since surrendered his sceptre into the hands of Lord George Hill, whose mode of wielding it we shall take another opportunity to consider.

It is a curious and instructive fact, that in no part of Ireland was the custom of tenant-right clung to with greater tenacity than in this district, where neither occupier nor landlord had made any outlay in improvements, and where the smallest possible amount of labour was expended in the extraction of the produce of the soil.

"The good-will or tenant-right of a farm is generally very high, often amounting to forty or fifty years' purchase. Land being the thing most coveted, every penny was carefully put by, with a view of being one day employed in the purchase of a bit of land. This took all their little capital, and very often left them in debt to some money-lender, who had made up the required sum, and at an enormous rate of interest. It has been so high as five shillings for a pound per annum, paid in advance on receiving it. By this means, nothing was left for the purchase of cattle or seed ; indeed many never contemplate anything beyond potatoes sufficient to feed their families for the greater part of the year."†

The whole theory of tenant-right, in its origin, its working, and its results, is here exposed. These poor, ignorant people required standing-

room, because they knew not that it was possible for them to move off the narrow ledge on which evil custom had placed them : they were willing to buy the privilege of living and multiplying at the cost of a life of prolonged starvation, and by the sacrifice of all means of improving their condition. The analogy of their case we have seen on the face of the cliffs of Horn Head in the breeding season, when the score of perches emptied by the random discharge of a gun were instantly occupied, and the tenant-right fiercely contended for by many more scores of stupid puffins, in utter disregard of the fate of their predecessors.

The land thus eagerly coveted was dealt with in the thickest ignorance of every principle of agriculture. When a bountiful storm cast in a supply of sea-weed, it was carefully exposed to the rain, to free it from the sand and shells, which it was feared might hurt the bog, and then spread over undrained and half-dry fields. Potatoes were sown the first year and oats the next, and again the process was repeated. Farming implements there were scarcely any. Throughout the whole parish of West Tullaghobegley, in the year 1837 (says Patrick M'Kye, a National School teacher, in a touching memorial to the Lord Lieutenant), there were, among a population of 9,000, but one cart, one plough, sixteen harrows, twenty shovels, thirty-two rakes, and ten iron grapes ; standard weights and measures were unknown ; when a bargain was made, it was usually subject to the condition of abiding by the capacity of Mickey More's pot, or the weight of Ferigal Beg's round beach-stone. There were no more than six cow-houses and two stables in the entire parish. The stunted cattle, which roamed upon the mountains in summer, in winter wandered where they listed over the home farms. The sheep, in addition to their annual general shearing, were clipped now and then, here and there, whenever a bit of wool was wanting to make up a batch of stockings for an approaching fair, giving the "poor animals a very strange and ridiculous, yet pitiable appearance. A forquarner would be bare to the skin, while the hind was clad and comfortable ; or the

* "Facts from Gweedore."

† "Facts from Gweedore."

whole neck would be shorn to the shoulders, where the spoliation generally terminated abruptly." The stock of poultry in the parish, in Patrick M'Kye's time, consisted of twenty-seven geese and three turkeys. Pigs there were none then, nor are there any now. Yet each family usually possessed three residences, from one to the other of which they moved, according to the season, as regularly as the fashionable world vibrates between town and country mansions and marine villa. On a certain fixed day in the commencement of summer, the town house on the shore was deserted, and the cattle accompanied to the mountains, from whence, in the heat of autumn, they were transported to an island, and when the inexorable day arrived, were again led back to the comforts of the urban abode. A pressing necessity for this migration existed in the want of food; but a causal explanation that could be picked off the surface of a phenomenon or custom was of no more value in the eyes of the Gweedorians than if they had been professors of metaphysics or political economy, or commentators on Shakespeare, and so they learnedly alleged their periodical movements to be measures of precaution against certain diseases likely to affect the cattle, and for which antidotes were to be found in the peculiar herbage of each different pasture. We must make room for the following graphic description of the course of transit, and of the several establishments:—

"The junior branches of the family generally perform the land journey on the top of the household goods, with which the pony may often be seen so loaded, and at the same time so obscured that little more than the head can be observed; and thus the chair or two, the creels, and the iron pot, the piggin, and the various selected *et cetera*—as if invested with a sort of dull locomotive power—creep along the roads. The little churn is slung on one side of the animal, into which the youngest child is often thrust, its head being the only part visible. Owing to the people's Arab mode of life, not having a fixed residence, no pains are taken to make any one of their habitations at all comfortable: each consists of four walls, built of large, rough stones, put together without mortar; no chimney, a front and back door (a contrivance or arrangement for taking ad-

vantage of the wind), a small aperture in the wall, to be called, in courtesy, a window, but having no glass in it, a dried sheepskin being its substitute. One or two wooden stools, an iron potato-pot, sometimes an old, crazy bedstead, filled up with heather or potatoes, and little or no bed-clothes, with a churn, two or three piggins, a spade, a shovel, and a pipe, are the contents of the cabin."

We have already alluded to the commerce of these remote parts. It was, in fact, limited, so far as exports were concerned, to whiskey, oats, and small ventures of knitted woollen stockings; but the facilities afforded for the manufacture of the first-named article made it the real staple of the country. The greater part of the grain grown at home, and considerable quantities brought in from the counties of Sligo and Mayo, were converted into poteen. Owing to the want of roads, there was practically no market for oats in its crude state, and so it was a main object of industry to lessen its bulk and render it as portable as possible. The business of distilling was, indeed, in a high degree congenial to the tastes and habits of such a population as we have endeavoured to describe; but it was no less injurious to their real prosperity and happiness. Destroying the corn produced, by wholesale, and preventing an increased production by the waste of time it occasioned, poteen whiskey-making was a burning of the candle at both ends, and was an immediate cause of the many famines that, from time to time, and long before the potato-rot was known, demanded and obtained public relief. Yet no preventive police had, or could have, the slightest effect in diminishing the practice of illicit distillation, so long as bad roads and distant markets made the traffic in whiskey more remunerative than that in raw grain. Government after Government blundered on, fining, imprisoning, and utterly ruining individual distillers, but striking no blow at the root of the evil, until the district, overrun with guagers and revenue police, and contributing not a farthing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, became a standing monument of fiscal wisdom.

In another financial relation, too, the former circumstances of Gweedore

might teach a useful lesson. The rental of a tract of twenty-three thousand acres, upon which three thousand persons subsisted, and of whom nearly seven hundred contracted to pay rent, was under £600 a-year, and yet there were "arrears of eight, ten, and even twenty years standing." Many persons lived on the estates who were altogether unknown to and unvexed by landlords. When rent was paid, it was rather as a social courtesy than as an obligation, and the compliment was returned in a treat of whiskey. "As to coercing the people, it was never thought of or feared. When an attempt of the kind was once made by a proprietor, he had to bring with him the whole yeomanry corps he commanded, simply to protect his bailiff," and was, we may add, ultimately forced to retreat without the honours of war. The so-called tenants, in fact, fixed the rent for themselves, and paid it when and how they pleased. They would not tolerate agent or bailiff except of their own choosing, and few were hardy enough to attempt to contravene their choice. "About the year 1822, a gentleman, to whom a small portion of the district belonged, thinking it desirable to place the property under respectable and efficient management, appointed as his agent a neighbouring magistrate. The proprietor, accompanied by his new agent, went to the property, with a view of entering upon improved or improving arrangements, but the people became so violent and outrageous at this intrusion on the part of their landlord, that both he and his intended agent were obliged at once to go away, and leave the property in the hands of the former agent, a person that could scarcely read or write, in whose care it remained until purchased by Lord G. Hill."* Here was a very paradise of tenant-right—rent at the lowest possible figure, or none at all, unlimited power to sell improvements, and absolute fixity of tenure—yet the result was, that social, moral and industrial condition of society we have endeavoured imperfectly to describe, and of which the consummation was a cyclical famine and pestilence every five or six years.

But there is light as well as shade in

every picture, and if the Gweedorians be endowed with a large heritage of the vices, and weaknesses, and misfortunes of their race, they are not unprovided with Celtic qualities of a more amiable and happy kind. Though wrathful and violent, they are sociable, droll, neighbourly and hospitable; though jealous, avaricious, and very Jews in bargain-making, they are compassionate, honest, and, upon occasion, gallant. Appreciating the luxury of doing nothing, with the *gusto* of Lazzaroni, they are also patient and self-denying, and, when excited, capable of extraordinary irregular exertion. In the old time no fair or gathering was without its battle and bloodshed, no vicinage in rundale free from its fierce feud; nevertheless, one of the stiffest obstacles in the way of the introduction of an improved cultivation was their propensity to dwell together in hamlets where sympathising tongues were ever near, where the nights could be whiled away in chat and story-telling, and the morning's toil postponed in sage discussion of such signs in the clouds as should forbid to sow, or such setting of the wind as might make it unwise yet to reap. Seedtime and harvest are, in their estimation, the only seasons of labour, and an hour or two before noon the proper time to begin the daily task; yet the young men take long journeys, often to Scotland, in search of work, and a wreck upon the coast never fails to call forth a burst of energy—often, too, it must not be concealed, in the cause of humanity. There are two ends to each agency in man's moral nature, and this truth was as often demonstrated in the parish of West Tullaghobegley as elsewhere. Patience and self-denial sank into vices, when they sustained men in coolly saying, in a season of famine, "we can go back to our cockles," and in keeping their word, rather than accept relief in food, upon condition of working for it on a public road.† The same qualities rose into heroic virtues, when they prompted ignorant peasants to actions so noble as those which we shall make no excuse for introducing, in the following words of "one, who having lived among them for twenty years, knew them well, and loved them in proportion to

* "Facts from Gweedore."

† "Facts from Gweedore."

his knowledge of their many excellent traits :—

"A dreadful famine prevailed here in 1831. Two of the poorer description of the peasantry came to the writer's cottage, craving a little food to carry home to their wives and fifteen children, none of whom, or themselves, had tasted a morsel for forty-eight hours. They were requested to take each as much as would suffice for a supper and breakfast for their families; but when they saw that the writer had scarcely a week's potatoes left, and although they knew that no provisions of any kind could be obtained even for money, in any other place within their reach, with a generous forbearance they absolutely refused to take even a single potato, and actually went away without any, saying that there was little enough for the writer's own family."

Again :—

"In the winter of 1832-3, in the bleak month of February, a schooner, with a crew of four men, in the middle of the night, and during a tremendous gale from the N.W., was dashed against the rocks of Innis-Irrir, and very soon sunk. One man was lost, the other three were thrown upon the top of a high and perpendicular rock, within a stone's throw of the island, in which situation they were discovered when day appeared. Attempts were made to throw them coals of fire and potatoes, but in vain; their fate seemed sealed, for to attempt to rescue them, through such a terrible sea as was breaking between the rock and the island, was a forlorn hope indeed, and appeared almost impossible. What was to be done? If the unfortunate men were to spend another night on that horrid rock, it would doubtless be their last. To the honour of human nature be it told, that six of these poor islanders manned three corraghs, two in each, and watching a favourable interval between two waves, gallantly shot across the foam in their little cots, and gained a hook in the rock. Here a new difficulty offered itself; high over their heads, prostrate on the rock, benumbed with cold, wet, bruised, and nearly paralysed from the combined effects of fear and the dreadful sufferings of the preceding night, lay the poor objects of their solicitude; and (the rock being perfectly perpendicular at its sides) there was no other way of gaining access to the corraghs but by dropping into them, at the imminent risk of either upsetting or staving them. One of the three, the captain, was upwards of fourteen stone weight. The noble fellows paused but for a moment. Such hearts are not easily daunted. The

attempt was made providentially without an accident occurring. Each corragh received its guest, and the gallant fellows succeeded, as if by the intervention of a miracle, in landing each his charge in safety on the island."*

Laying all these various facts one against another, the inference seems to flow easily enough, that here is an apt illustration of the felicity of Thomas Carlyle's idea of *regimenting* the Irish difficulty. It would seem to need discipline alone to bring those unruly passions and gentle emotions into happy balance, to direct that wild energy and capacity of endurance into a single channel of steady industry. And it was, probably, a perception of this truth that induced Lord George Hill, in the year 1838, to begin the purchase of those small estates, the aggregate of which now constitutes his principality of Gweedore. At all events, undeterred by the many lions in the way, he did then set himself seriously to the work of practically testing it, and a brief sketch of his operations and their results will not, we are convinced, be uninteresting to our readers.

We have confessed, sorrowing, to an acquaintance, nearly a quarter of a century old, with the locality, the manners, and the customs of the remote districts of the county of Donegal, and it was not without some degree of misbelieving curiosity, that, in the autumn of the present year, we read in the pages of a French periodical† that chanced to fall in our way, a Frenchman's account of the marvels effected in one of the most unpromising of those wilds :—

"Comment un seul homme par le perseverance de sa raison et de son courage, a peu dompter tous les mauvais vouloirs, battre en ruine les préjugés héréditaires, discipliner les esprits les plus prevenus et les plus obstinés, substituer enfin sa règle unique à une routine anarchique."

We had heard much from time to time of what was doing in Gweedore, but the words of M. Amédée Pichot bore testimony to more than a re-division of farms, or improvements, however great, in the cultivation and use of the soil. They told of an experiment in the art of civilising a people,

* "Facts from Gweedore."

† *Revue Britannique*, Mars, 1847.

based upon what we well knew to be a correct estimate of their natural character. We learned from details given by M. Pichot what had been done, but his brief summary of results, and, still more, the philosophic reflection with which he accompanied it, brought vividly before our memory a long train of bright hopes and, alas! of rude crossings in the weary journey of Irish civilisation:—

“C'est qu'en vérité dans tous les pays la classe populaire, qui comprend difficilement les abstractions de la légalité, sent, par instinct, le besoin d'une direction et finit par subir l'ascendant d'une caractère résolu. . . . Le paysan Irlandais, tout insubordonné qu'il est, sait parfaitement, comme le bandit et le sauvage, se soumettre à un chef et marcher sous une bannière. Les Whiteboys, les Ribbonmen, les Cœurs d'Acier, les Molly Maguires en ont eu toujours à leur tête un capitaine visible ou invisible, plus despote et plus rigoureux que le constable, le juge de paix et le sheriff.”

The intelligent foreigner, looking with his own eyes upon the course of the experiment in Gweedore, perceived not only the manner in which it was worked, but also penetrated to the general theory of the initiation of any process for the regeneration of Ireland. The Irish peasant, lawless though he be, is ever ready to submit to the despotic rule of a chief; he can always be induced to march under a banner. He will not quietly, and of his own accord, enter on the path of civilisation; he must be drilled, and brigaded, and led on to his regeneration with a shout; he will stray from his ranks unless a captain be ever at hand to direct the eager, and to urge on the laggard. This is true of every Irish movement for good or for evil, and in its truth lies the explanation of the continued failure, and continued resumption of agitation. When M. Pichot truly says, “the Whiteboys, the Ribbonmen, the Hearts of Oak, the Molly Maguires have always had at their head a captain, visible or invisible, more despotic and more rigorous than the constable, the magistrate, and the sheriff,” he also tells the tale of many a rightly-conceived project for national advancement. We have seen many a host marshalled at the word of one bold

leader, only to disperse in face of some noble enterprise, when the voice of authority was no longer within hearing, or the banner of the chief was, for a moment, hidden from sight. In testifying that Lord George Hill had begun his work rightly, M. Pichot excited our curiosity as to the prospect of a right ending. We knew it to be possible for a bold spirit and a true heart to “substitute its single rule for a routine of anarchy,” and so to begin the work of Irish civilisation; but we much longed to learn what could be done towards rendering permanent the benefits of a benevolent despotism.

Thus meditating, we determined to examine Lord George Hill's work with our own eyes, and so, after an interval of full twenty years, we again, in the beginning of last September, took the road to Gweedore. The first steps of the journey brought to view a marked contrast between the past and the present. Instead of spending a long autumn day in the saddle, a well-appointed mail-car carried us, for a few shillings, and in seven hours, by a detour, about twice the length of the direct road, to the village of Dunfagh, and thence along the coast, in full view of the beautiful island of Tory, to the cross-roads of Falcarragh, and by the deserted lead-mine of Kildrum to the *New Hotel*. And truly a strange sight was that comfortable hostelry, with its precinct of healthy vegetation, to eyes that had last looked upon its picturesque site in the undressed barren grandeur of nature. Still stranger and more unexpected were the easements of its pleasant chambers and well-stored larder to one, who might have recorded his reminiscences of Gweedore, in the words of a native rhymers:—

“I've lain upon the self-same bed,
With master, man, and maid;
And in the same apartment where
The cows and sheep were laid.

“One covering did us all, you see
('Tis true 'twas summer weather);
And as we had no other choice,
We all lay snug together.”

The building of this hotel was the first substantial memorial of the successful progress of Lord George Hill's experiment. It was accomplished in the year 1842, some three years after his Lordship had made his first lodgment in

the *room* of a *shebeen*-house, where he and his able agent and assistant, Mr. Forster, began their work, by a careful study of the many obstacles, moral and material, that stood in the way of their enterprise. For this task Lord George Hill was prepared, by a knowledge of the Irish language; and Mr. Forster, by a life-long acquaintance with the condition and character of the people in the neighbouring district of Rosses. No very long probation was required before both gentlemen were received into full fellowship, and admitted freely to the privileges and familiar society of the clubs, coteries and distilleries of Gweedore. The first result of this intercourse was a conviction that nothing could be begun, in the way of improvement, until the practice of illicit distillation should be, to some extent, checked, or, at all events, rendered less necessary to the social system. Corn was, heretofore, made into whiskey, because it was in that shape more easily stored and more readily exported. To meet this necessity, a store, capable of holding three or four hundred tons of oats, was built at the port of Bunbeg; a kiln was provided for drying the grain, and a quay wherefrom to ship it was formed, giving accommodation, close to the store, for vessels of two hundred tons. A corn-market was thus established, in which, for the time, the landlord was the principal purchaser, and a competition between the grain-merchant and the distiller was at once set up. Supply soon begat demand; and no sooner was it known that oats were in store at Bunbeg, than the ship-owners of Liverpool discovered the navigation of those seas, and freely sent their vessels for the accumulating produce of the district. Gweedore became an exporting country, and, as usual, luxury attended at the very birth of commerce. Among Lord George's staff, was a wheelwright, whose occupation being once known, the people, forgetful of the manly simplicity of their fathers, began to sigh for carts and wheelbarrows, and burned to invest some of the profits of their corn sales in those otiose implements of industry. And here again it was supply that created demand. The appearance of a wheelwright, and of the products of his labour, showed the people their wants; and the reaction of their desire to satisfy them so pressed upon Lord George Hill, as to suggest the

idea of opening a shop for the sale of timber and iron, at first, and, subsequently, for the supply of other wants of a still more advanced stage of civilisation. The corn-store soon became a warehouse for the sale of a multitudinous assortment of articles, including, at one end of the list, bread, flour, biscuit, salt, soap, reaping-hooks, and saucepans; and at the other, mixed pickles, tea, lozenges, arrow-root, raisins, Italian-irons, and stay-laces. Gradually the commerce of this bazaar extended, until almost every necessary of civilised life is now dealt in. The sales of the first quarter, ending in December, 1840, amounted to £40 12s. 10d.; and, in the corresponding quarter of 1844, they had reached £550. At the time of our visit, a chest of tea was regularly sold per month, and two tons of sugar yearly; and, during the preceding twelve months of 1851-52, 400 tons of Indian meal, at £7 10s. to £8 a ton, had been purchased by the peasants. Coincidentally with this increase of traffic, the freight from Liverpool fell to five shillings a ton. A few years ago, from the same port to Dunfanaghy, the freight had been eighteen shillings. The reader may naturally ask, what gold-field was discovered in Gweedore, to supply the means of supporting these new-born habits of extravagance? The answer, we believe, may be truly given in the moral of the fable of the old man who bequeathed to his sons a treasure, hidden a yard beneath the surface of his garden. Except a trade in kelp, which has been re-established by the demand for iodine during the last few years, no new diggings have been opened in those parts. The increased expenditure, and higher scale of living, have been rendered possible, simply by the introduction of regular habits of industry, and the growth of a better system of husbandry. Such prosperity as exists is not the gift of any demigod, but the development of very limited natural resources, relieved, by the exertions of a true-hearted and resolute man, from some portion of the burthen of ignorance and evil customs that oppressed them. Eggs, butter, hides, woollen stockings and oats, soon formed the staple of an export trade, when an outlet through the port of Bunbeg was once established. During the first year (1839), £479 9s. 6d. was paid for oats at the store,

and in 1844 no less than £1,100. One hundred and thirty-five pounds' worth of stockings was bought for a London house, during eight months of the present year. The export of oats has been, of course, much diminished by the potato-famine; but, in its place, as we have intimated, a new trade in kelp has sprung up, and seems likely to grow into a traffic in manufactured iodine. About 400 tons of kelp, at from forty to fifty shillings a-ton, have been this year shipped at Bunbeg, and, at the time of our visit, the little quay was covered with iron boilers and other materials recently landed for the establishment of an iodine factory. The kelp trade is carried on by native jobbers, who have superseded the original Scotch buyers; and as its growth has been natural and unassisted, its activity is an indication of, no less than an agent in, the advancement of the people. And they have got forward—no very great absolute length it is true—but still so far, that a little metropolis of industry, justice and religion, now surrounds the port of Bunbeg, where, thirteen years ago, all was waste. To the store and shop, which have passed into ordinary commercial hands, Lord George Hill has added an excellent mill. Neat houses and a station have been built for the coast-guard. The constabulary are provided with dwellings. There is a sessions-court, a post-office and a dispensary on the quay; and at a short distance from it, a substantial parsonage, with a school-house at hand, fitted up and licensed for the performance of divine service according to the forms of the Established Church.* The priest is lodged in a substantial new house; detached cottages with well-thatched roofs and whitewashed walls have everywhere replaced the crowded villages of the olden time; drains

and fences have been constructed, and every man lives, if not under his own vine and his own fig-tree, at least upon his own farm, none making him afraid of evil consequences, should he dare to step beyond the customary limits of the common indolence. "We found," said a committee of gentlemen, who acted as judges at the annual exhibition in 1843, "that the interior of the houses fully realised the expectations raised by their exterior appearance—clean, orderly, and well-ventilated rooms, comfortable and suitable beds and bedsteads, with a supply of bedclothing and furniture equal at least to the wants of the inmates, and, in many instances, showing a taste in the arrangement for which we were quite unprepared." There was, even then, "a considerable extent of new ground, reclaimed from bog and mountain, bearing crops of oats and potatoes, and, in many places, the tenants were already attempting the cultivation of green crops," and labouring with comparative skill at draining and spade husbandry.

Slow and painful were the steps by which this progress was attained. Skilled artisans there were none: it was the habit of the people to subsidise a foreign carpenter, by the payment of an annual tribute of oats, on the condition that he would make their coffins when they died. Carpenters and masons were therefore imported from a distance, and such were the privations to which they were exposed during the erection of the buildings, that they frequently deserted in despair. The most vexatious and harassing opposition was offered by the people themselves; they would not labour at the foundations or fences, and they carried off the tools from such desperate wanderers as hunger and necessity forced to engage in the works.

* M. Pichot's remark upon this point is not unworthy of consideration:—"Nous avons oublié qu'une question pourrait nous être faite sur ce Lord Anglais que nous avons représenté comme exclusivement inspiré par une pensée *utilitaire*. Tous les habitans de Gweedore sont Catholiques—et lui? Lord George Hill est Anglican. Au des obstacles qui lui ont été suscités, n'en fut-il donc aucun emprunté à cette lutte des cultes chrétiens, qui est une des causes de l'anarchie de l'Irlande? Non sans doute, puisque Lord George n'en parle pas. Faut-il en conclure qu'il est un homme sans *culte*, ce qui, à notre sens, désigne simplement un homme indifférent aux formes extérieures du Christianisme? Il paraît que non; car dans le brochure dictée sinon écrite par lui nous lisons cette phrase; 'un ministre résident de l'église d'Angleterre célèbre le service divin matin et soir, chaque Dimanche, dans la salle de l'école: les enfans qui y assistent reçoivent aussi des instructions religieuses.' Il est évident que Lord George Hill veut que les gens de sa maison, les ouvriers étrangers et leur enfans puissent pratiquer la culte de l'église dans laquelle ils sont nés."

The new-made fences were levelled at night; the whole scheme of innovation roused the ridicule no less than the indignation of the country. "They imagined, that by persevering in this way, they would in the end tire out Lord George Hill, prevent the divisions from being occupied, and thus defeat altogether the new plans." They were met, however, and overcome by a perseverance greater than their own. The store was built, the quay made, and the market of Bunbeg established; and then, "the next important step was to endeavour to obviate the old rundale system, by placing each tenant on his own farm, preparatory to which, every landholder on the estate was served with a 'notice to quit.' A surveyor was employed, and maps were drawn. After six months had elapsed a commencement was made upon one of the townlands."*

The tenants were all assembled, and it was fully explained to them that each man should be allotted a just proportion of the townland, in accordance with all pre-existing rights and bargains. In order that they might be satisfied of the good faith in which the proposition was made, they were asked to appoint a committee of their own number to accompany the agent and surveyor, and assist in re-dividing the farms. When the division was accomplished, an interval of some days was allowed for objections and revisions, and then the farms were distributed by lot. This work, simple as it may seem, was not finished in less than three years; and, as it was accomplished in each case, a greater difficulty remained to be overcome. The house of the tenant was to be removed from the cluster in which it was originally placed, to a convenient site upon his newly laid-out farm. Here a host of prejudices and ancient pleasant customs rose in the way of the reformer. Recollections of nights of social converse, of aid in sickness, of sympathy in joy and sorrow, of combined operations of defence against bailiff or guager, contrasted mournfully with the picture fancy was able to sketch of the solitary grandeur of the new self-contained dwelling. The expense of the change was declared by the first adventurers to be ruinous: it entailed upon them

the necessity of keeping a servant-maid, "just to talk to the wife." But these difficulties also were overcome. When a house was to be removed, a fiddler was engaged, whose services realised the myth of Orpheus. The stones moved at the sound of his notes, and travelled on the backs of the assembled neighbours to the new site, where they were again composed into a dwelling, by the power of music. Man, woman and child gathered around the artist, and, for that occasion, working with a will, they effected the bodily transplantation of a house in an incredibly short time, labouring and dancing alternately, and closing each day's work with a ball, often prolonged till the next rising of the sun.

The abolition of the rundale system and allotment of separate holdings was made the occasion of settling many disputes and redressing many grievances of old standing. Complaints, long suppressed, then found a ready vent; and some of the facts disclosed might be studied with profit by the dilettanti reformers of the land system of Ireland, who are so prone to look at the subject from a single point of view. Numerous usurpations of land by strong individuals or factions, were brought to light, and restorations were effected under the influence of the newly-created public opinion. In one instance, a tenant complained that a portion of his farm, for which he was paying rent, had been forcibly seized, and held by a neighbour for thirty years. It was found, upon inquiry, that the life of the former landlord had been seriously endangered in an attempt to do justice in this case, which was now redressed without commotion or resistance. Here was a cruel violation of tenant-right, which might have pointed the moral of many a tale by English fortnightly tourists, or adorned the address of many an aspirant senator, had it ended, Tipperary-wise, in the shooting of Lord George Hill or his agent; but which the former of these public instructors do not suspect, and the latter well know to be, in fact, the type of the majority of the agrarian grievances of Ireland. For one case of oppression of tenant by landlord, there are nineteen cases of oppression of tenant by fellow-tenant: nineteen agrarian murders are com-

* "Facts from Gweedore."

mitted in revenge for the redress of tenants' grievances, for one that has its origin in the wild justice of revenge for landlords' tyranny.

Coincidentally with these operations, an attempt was made to stimulate industry by arousing a spirit of emulation, and by the hope of reward. An annual show was announced, and premiums were offered for draining, trenching and fencing; for neat cottages with chimneys, and clean homesteads; for bedding and bedclothes; for green crops; for improved breeds of cattle; for flannel, woollen cloth, stockings, and butter. To those disposed to compete, the assistance and direction of the agricultural steward of the estate was tendered, and a preliminary exception was taken to any competitor who should be convicted of making or dealing in illicit malt or whiskey, or of being engaged in any breach of the public peace, or who did not pay his rent without compulsion. The first year not a single candidate appeared; the announcement was thought to be a hoax, and was laughed out of court accordingly. In 1840, it began to be suspected that there was something in the matter, and thirty-six competitors came forward, among whom the premiums were so adjudged as to give general satisfaction. The shows have been since held yearly, and with increasing success.

The curious social experiment we have been describing was severely tested during the melancholy years that have passed over Ireland since 1846; still it endures, and so far as a trial of fourteen years' duration can go, it goes towards solving the question of the permanency of the good done. In addition to those signs of advancement we have already alluded to we may mention, that there are no arrears due upon the rental, which is the same as it was in 1838; the average wages of a farm labourer is nine pence a-day; there are no beggars visible; no paupers from the district are, as we were informed, chargeable upon the union; the people are well clad, healthy-looking, and orderly; the business of the post-office is steadily increasing; the traffic over the newly-made roads to Dunfanaghy and Letterkenny, growing daily more considerable. These are tenable positions in advance, yet we will not venture to say that the ground has yet been made

sure. We do not believe that the despotism under which so much has been done has as yet turned out a complete and finished work, and sincerely do we hope that the benevolent despot may be spared to accomplish and to enjoy the completion of his task; that he may live to abdicate, having trained his people into fitness for social self-government and freedom. With a view towards this end, it is manifest that Lord George Hill has shaped all his plans, and it is upon this peculiarity in his policy that we most confidently fix our hopes of his ultimate success. He has not shrunk from the exercise of authority nearly absolute, but he has exercised it manifestly with a design of training beings endowed with human faculties, not in the coercion and ordering of senseless machines. He issues his ukase against the sub-division, sale, or exchange of land, without his leave; he forbids the building or enlargement of houses, unapproved of by his agent, and he is prepared to enforce his laws by "severe punishment," by ejection from the farm, expulsion from the estate; but he causes all men to know that such tyranny is "freedom's best and truest friend." His arbitrary power is directed to the overthrow of the hard slavery of poverty and dependence; his object, avowed and recognised, is to evoke a spirit of self-reliance, and a power of self-maintenance, which is liberty.

"The sons and daughters of the tenants must try and do for themselves; and if their parents can give them a cow, or the price of one, they should take a mountain farm, or go out to service, or get work elsewhere, if none is to be had near home.

"The old plan of dividing the land amongst the children of a family has made many beggars; this will, therefore, no longer be allowed."

It is thus, Lord George addresses his tenants; but while he forbids the rising generation to impose misery and slavery upon themselves, their parents, and their descendants, he opens a way by which they may attain to self-support and freedom. Under the circumstances indicated in his address, he will let them mountain farms at a shilling an acre for the first seven years, and give them security of tenure for twenty-one years, with no greater increase of rent than a shilling an acre at the close of each septennial period.

"My object," says his Lordship, in a communication which we know was not intended for the public eye—

"My object was, to put the district in a working state, so that any industrious man might avail himself of what Providence had abundantly provided. To an utter stranger, accustomed only to a more civilised state of things, the people may appear to have done but little, and so indeed they have; but yet, looking back ten years, the district is much changed for the better. I may be very thankful to have been enabled to accomplish this much *peaceably*, without having put out a single individual, and to have made them understand, that I only wished to place them in a more favourable position. 'We have great peace now,' has been sometimes said by them."

We looked at the work with eyes not utterly strange, and we can understand the fear, as well as the self-gratulation here expressed; but we cannot think that any reflecting man could visit this district, and not value the opportunity it affords for the study and solution of many hard problems in the Irish difficulty. Verifying our account of its past condition on the spot, a candid advocate of tenant-right might

be induced to admit that an entire negation of landlord-claims is not sufficient to save tenants from oppression, or to secure agricultural improvement and prosperity. The bitterest hater of the proud Saxon invader might learn that his absolute non-intervention is not necessarily followed by Celtic domestic peace and happiness. Nay, the over-zealous controversialist might see that much can be done, ought to be done, and must be done, by physical training and discipline, before the mind of an uncivilised man can be prepared for the reception of the great truths of spiritual religion. But the grand moral which, as we think, the progressing experiment in Gweedore will teach to men, whose minds and hearts are wide and genial enough to render their friendship for Ireland something more than a speculation in party trade, lies in the truth—that social regeneration must be begun by absolute authority, and can advance towards permanency and perfection only in proportion as a capacity for self-government is developed among the people, by discipline and knowledge.

THE GOLDEN GUILLOTINE.

BY SHAFTO D'ARZAC.

I PASSED part of the year 1824, and nearly the whole of 1825, in France. I was then more than a boy, though not quite a man—that is, I was able to observe everything, without having attained the full power of reasoning upon what I saw. Above all, my memory was more retentive than it has ever been since, for I have remarked that the pictures drawn upon the retina of the mind do not become fastened by after processes. As they first impinge, so they remain, all the more distinctly and permanently from having been traced upon a delicate and virgin surface. Youth employs itself little with the images it stores within its memory. They are kept for after use—a use that wears them out.

One over-clouded afternoon, having just had my fencing lesson, and finding it quite impossible to remain within doors any longer without getting hope-

lessly into the blue devils, I sallied forth into the street of Tours (the town in which we then resided), without any very definite idea of the next thing to be done. There were two ways, of course, to choose between—one to the left, up the Faubourg, past the *Fabrique de Passementerie*, the *Pension*, and the ancient stone, on which was inscribed the record of some ancient inundation of the Loire, "*jusqu'ici*," stopped by the visible interposition of St. Anthony. But, then, in that direction lay the *abbatoir*, and the bare idea of a sanguine gush from within the archway and down the kennel whilst I was traversing its brink, was enough to decide me. I turned to the right.

This led me to the more ancient parts of the town, and the congenial vicinity of the great Cathedral of St. Gatien. The echoes of the deep bells

swept over the roofs of the houses, and chimed in with the sombre tone of my contemplations. At a particular break in this ridge of roofs, I caught a sight of the massive towers, staring over ominously upon me from the region of tempest, while two or three ravens seemed to be blown out of them ever and anon by the gusts, slowly and perseveringly returning with each lull to the shelter of the ragged tracery near their summits, and forcibly reminding me of those evil thoughts which, when expelled, return again and again to find shelter in some rent of our ruined organisation. It was not without a certain sensation of awe that I found myself thus under the archiepiscopal shadow, for I had learned thus early to succumb to the genius of great structures, and to suffer myself to be bestridden by these dark embodiments of mediæval influences.

Suddenly I observed indications of the avenue coming to an end. Grass started greenly between the stones, and the street appeared untrodden by man or beast. A few steps farther, and a heavy gate stood opposite me, under the skeletons of large timber trees, barring all farther advance. I now cast about me for some means of exit, other than by retracing my steps, which somehow or other conveyed to me a sense of humiliation; and I did contrive to make out at the right a low archway, through which a paved alley sharply descended, I knew not whither, but apparently a public thoroughfare. Down this, after a moment's hesitation, I plunged, and found myself, as soon as I had emerged into the light at the rear of the buildings, in a deserted plot, which seemed to stretch away in one direction, comfortless and grass-grown, nearly to the inner face of the town walls.

Long as I had resided in Tours, I had never seen or heard of this place. Where was I?—what was it? I determined to find out. Besides, it was sheltered from the wind, which was getting keener every moment, as the short day began to close in. I knew not what it was that urged me on, but I felt a forward impulse, and followed the path for some distance, until a slight bend removed altogether from my view both the buildings I had left behind, and the distant town wall, and brought me to the foot of an ancient terrace.

The solitude was impressive. The storm, which roared amongst the leafless great trees on the terrace overhead, as through the cordage of a ship, could not get down to where I was, except in an occasional gust and eddy, striking a bare branch against a bare stone, as if bent on killing what the winter had robbed; and the soft, moist black loam about me I could fancy to partake of the genius of the place, and derive its richness from accumulated relics of mortality.

Here I paused, marvelling at the Cyclopean proportions of the stones of which the terrace wall was composed. Surely, said I, they were giants who fashioned and put together these huge masses! But what is this? Why, the terrace looks as if it was undermined!

This exclamation was forced from me by my coming suddenly upon a breach, similar to what the waves sometimes make in a sea-wall—that is, the lower courses for some distance appeared to have been removed outwards, the upper remaining hanging together by their own weight, so as to give a cave-like appearance to the aperture.

I had not time, however, to speculate upon the cause of what I saw, for at that instant I perceived, just within the shadow of the opening, the figure of a man kneeling. There is always something startling in stumbling upon the hidden devotions of another. If you add to this, in the stranger's appearance, a stern melancholy of countenance spread over the rigid prominence of protruding bones, scarcely covered by the sallow flesh, and the peculiar expression of eyes, the balls of which seemed, instead of swelling outwards, to hollow inwards, as you look into a rock crystal, some idea of my first sensations may be realised. I felt my heart throb, and drew a step back, in hopes I had not been observed; but the stranger, without turning his eyes in the direction in which I stood, bent towards the sound, and held up one hand, with a motion which seemed to warn me not to go, as well as not to advance.

I obeyed, as if under the spell of a mesmeriser, and stood there for three or four minutes, during which the great bells of the cathedral came down upon us ever and anon, like puffs of smoke. They were, I now for the first time remarked, tolling solemnly—a mournful peal. Presently they ceased; and then

the stranger rose, and came out into the entrance of the grotto, towards me. I bowed respectfully, and, in such French as I could muster, apologised for having intruded, however unconsciously, upon his devotions. I now saw that that peculiar expressionless look I had at first remarked could give place to a more searching one. He drew his eyes, as it were, to a focus by an instantaneous effort, and set them burning upon me like a lens; then again retracted them within himself and said, calmly, and almost mournfully—

"The Archbishop died an hour ago. I had a prayer to say for his soul as well as the rest. They prayed before the High Altar—I before Heaven. Where should I pray but *here*?"

"You knew him, perhaps?" I rejoined, scarcely knowing what to say.

"I have known many people, young man. It is not for that alone I knelt under this ruin. But come, sit down here; you, I see, are a stranger—so am I, though a Frenchman. We have thus a bond between us. You are young—I am old. That, too, is a bond. You are guiltless of the last century. Sit down, we can have a word with each other."

The quiet self-possession with which he addressed me, an utter stranger, surprised me. I could only account for it as the result of that one intense, concentrated glance, by which I fancied he had satisfied himself as to my character. But such a man, so nervous, energetic, and decided, must be of no common stamp. Indeed, young and inexperienced as I was, I scarcely needed more than a moment to read thus much.

Whatever it was—whether fear or confidence, or the youthful love of adventure that prevailed with me, I made no demur, but seated myself beside him upon one of the blocks of stone.

"Let us know each other a little better," said he, "and we shall be more at our ease. I ask no particulars of *you*. I will not hear them; for you are too young to be master of your own secrets. All I required, I have discovered. *You are English*. Had I not been satisfied of this, do not suppose you would have been sitting *here*, *now*!"

"Well. I am."

"Enough. My name you may set down as Jean François Lenoir. I have seen many strange things in my day,

young man. Ay, and picked up odd relics from the past, as a man who digs into the bed of a stream will come upon coins, and potsherds, and bones. Here is one, now, so out-of-the-way, that I always carry it about me."

So saying, he held up before me a small gold ornament, apparently designed for the neck; but which, to my inexpressible horror, I perceived at once to be fashioned into the shape of a *guillotine*! I started up—and he rose too; but instead of entering into an explanation, he stepped over to me, and, taking my hand, led me to the light at the entrance of the grotto, then, holding the ornament so as to exhibit the reverse side, bid me read the inscription there written. It was this—

"*La tête tombe, le cœur reste.*"

As I read, he looked me steadily in the face; and, as soon as I had pronounced the words, he led me back to my seat, and, placing himself once more beside me, said—

"Now, I have given you the key to my history. Harken to it, for it contains instruction:—

On the 20th day of October, in the year 1793, I was conducted a prisoner to the Palace of the Luxembourg. They had accused me of the crimes of being rich, noble, and a royalist. My estates having been forfeited, I had been arrested in the provinces, and was now brought up, along with several prisoners of inferior rank, to Paris. As the gate of the Luxembourg closed after me, I resigned all hope of liberation, except by one exit—the scaffold; and secretly determined to seek, if I could, the most solitary recesses of the prison, there to remain shut up with my own thoughts until my time should arrive for removal to the Conciergerie, and execution. I trusted to what ready money I had the command of for the means of obtaining this indulgence—for the time had not come when the system of *rapiotage* had been organised, under which every one of the better class was robbed on entering the prison-gate.

The first person I saw, amidst the crowd who thronged round the wicket, anxious to catch a glimpse of their fellow-sufferers, was Pierre Levasseur, a travelling companion of mine in former years, and afterwards an occasional

associate, until something incompatible in our positions in society (for he had not the *cent années*), and then the stormy scenes of the Revolution, had parted us, and I had lost sight of him. He embraced me with the utmost demonstrations of affection, and taking me by the hand, led me a little apart, and told me that having been some time an inmate of the prison, he could be of great service in introducing me to its customs as well as to its inhabitants, and preventing me making mistakes which might compromise me.

"But," said I, "I have determined to make no acquaintances here. I have friends enough for the rest of my life, I'm sure. If I want to make a last confidence, you are here, my dear Levasseur, and will shrive me."

"Unless," replied he, with a laugh, "I have first to make my confession to you, which, in the order of our arrest, is the most likely thing."

"And how came you here?" I inquired, suddenly recollecting that he had never appeared to me a very warm royalist, but, on the contrary, avowed himself, when I parted from him two years before, rather inclined to the popular side.

"Oh, we must not forestall our revelations. We should be at the mercy of each other, you know, if we became confidants *here* until compelled by necessity. Enough for me to say, in a whisper, that Robespierre fancied my linen was finer than his, and as we employed the same *blanchisseuse*, he thought, I presume, that the best way of reducing my fabric to the texture of his own, was to transfer my *lingerie* to the *laveuses* of the Luxembourg."

"The same extravagant *drôle* as ever!" I exclaimed, recognising the *esprit railleur* I had so often observed and rebuked. "Take care that your nonsense does not get you into a scrape. I am told that there are eyes and ears busy hereabouts —"

"Hush! I know it; but I know, too, that the best way of disarming suspicion is to be frank, careless, and jovial. Do you think, now," continued he, lowering his voice to a distinct whisper, at the same time putting his mouth so close to my ear, that he had to lift up my hair for the purpose— "do you think that you could form any guess, amongst the persons about us, as to that character we are all so much in dread of—the agent of the police?"

"I don't know," replied I, venturing a stealthy look round me, which I instantly withdrew, adding—"Is it safe to scrutinise people? You confirm my suspicions as to our being watched."

"Scarcely safe, I believe," he replied; "but they *have* a few marks, nevertheless. For instance, when you see a man sitting gloomily apart, avoiding much converse with the prisoners, and noticing neither the motions nor the conversation of the groups which pass him by, you may be pretty sure that that man is a spy of Fouquier's. Upon such a fellow as me, now, they have an uncommonly sharp eye; but I laugh at them, and they can make nothing of me. Whatever evidence exists against me outside, they shall add nothing to it *here*, I promise you. You must act as I do, my dear friend. Come into society (for we have our society here); address every one, get all you can out of them; make your own observations in silence, and if you want to pass remarks, come to me. Ten to one, my superior knowledge of character, gained here at the foot of the scaffold, which strips off all masks, will stand you in stead. And now, remember, there is a select re-union this very evening in the Salle des Pleurs, as we have named it. A few of the better order, as it used to be called—you know what that means—meets there, so I will direct (request, I beg his pardon) my peculiar little turnkey to summon you to that apartment at the usual hour, and there you will meet me, and some others of the *missing aristocracy* of France!"

I was amazed at the levity of Levasseur under such circumstances; still, I was young myself, naturally high-spirited, and was greatly reassured by meeting an old acquaintance where I had so little expected it; so, after a moment's hesitation, I abandoned my original design, and surrendered myself to my friend's invitation.

As soon as we had separated, however, my mind relapsed into despondency. The execution of Marie Antoinette had taken place only a few days before. When I first heard of it, my soul had boiled over with vengeance, but by this time its effect was only to aggravate and deepen my dejection. Besides, the terrible reality of my situation forced itself upon me through every chink of my senses. It was now that I felt, for the first time, the iron

of captivity enter into my soul. Pallid and emaciated faces peered spectrally into mine, as if they envied me the flush of health I had borne in among them from the world without, and could not communicate. A confused wrangling consequent on overcrowded accommodation incessantly met my ears; a contention in which every loftier feeling proper to man as a member of society, gives way to the one grovelling instinct of self, degrading his high humanity down to the level of the brutes. The forced intermixture of ranks and grades, previously dissociated by a natural arrangement assented to on both sides, displayed its effects in fierce and humiliating collisions, in which the great social drama of the Revolution was enacted on a small and mean scale under my eyes. I might easily enter into detail. Here and there a group lay apart, unconscious, apparently, of the terrible tumult around. The messenger of death had come to these—had taken one, or two, or more away to the Conciergerie, never to be heard of more. I saw one man, who seemed to be the survivor of a family; for even the wretches expecting their own fate, pitied him. He sat still, in a ray of sunshine, a thing which the full blaze of day was powerless to resuscitate.—But why torture you with all this? It is past—and here am I.

Evening came, and, instead of the turnkey, appeared Levasseur himself. He suspected I might make excuses, or be unable to muster my spirits, and determined, he said, to use his own influence. I saw it was useless to resist, so I rose from my seat, leaned on his arm, and passed along the corridor to the Salle des Pleurs.

I entered; and found myself in an ill-lighted but spacious hall, furnished with some rude chairs, tables, and benches, in which were already assembled probably more than one hundred persons. It was at once perceptible that here, though a prisoner, I was in elevated society. The eye of one accustomed to mix with the world detects, almost at a glance, and under any disguise, the grade of the company it surveys. Besides, mine was not wanting in quickness, and at that time, though uninstructed as yet, possessed in full vigour those natural powers it learned afterwards to turn to better account. I saw that, in spite of those dim lamps,

and iron bars, and rude benches, I stood amongst the nobility of France, and, like a true aristocrat, my heart and courage instantly bounded within me. I felt that amidst the convulsion of society it was still permitted me to associate with the ancient blood of an ancient kingdom, and I scarcely cared even though I were to suffer the penalty of having its current flowing through my veins, so I were permitted to the last to enjoy the exquisite privileges its participation afforded me.

"But, M. Lenoir," interrupted I, "you had not previously informed me of your being noble!"

"Nor had I intended to do so," replied he, after a moment's pause, drawing a long breath, as the strain was taken off his memory; "you have made an unconscious discovery amidst my revelations. Few older families existed even then—none exist now within this kingdom—than the Vicomtes de Martigny, of which I was the sole representative."

"De Martigny!" cried I. "Why they belonged to this very province!"

"To this spot, almost," he replied. "Their estates were bounded on two sides by the walls of Tours, and extended across to the lordship of Montbazou. But what of that? They are gone; and he who might have transmitted them, he, too, will go; and with him, the last claimant who could have recovered them. I stand here, the sole survivor of my race!"

I looked with a degree of reverence upon this solitary representative of a long line of nobles, many anecdotes relating to whom I had heard during my residence at Tours, and who were always spoken of as the *Grands Seigneurs* of the district.

"Let me ask a question," said I, "arising out of your disclosures. How comes it that you live alone, under an assumed name, and yet remain *here*, where you are likely to be most easily recognised?"

"You will understand the reason before I have done. My immediate object in living as I do, and in renouncing my proper title, is to elude the curiosity and the kindness of those who have nothing to discover which I would not keep concealed, and can offer no consolation that could repair the past."

I entered the Hall of Tears (as with a ghastly conceit they named their place of meeting), and was recognised by

more than one of the personages assembled there. Woe was imprinted on the visages of many of these; a reckless hilarity lighted up the countenances of a few of the younger men, but most of them retained their ordinary cheerfulness and vivacity unimpaired and unexaggerated; and all, without exception, appeared to preserve the lofty and chivalrous demeanour which might be deemed hereditary in their families, and had, at all events, become a second nature. For me to have appeared otherwise than myself in such a society, would have been derogatory to my pretensions—so in a few moments I fell in with the spirit of the assemblage, and, shutting my eyes to the gloomy accessories, strove to imagine myself once more in one of the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain.

What struck me as most singular, though in keeping with the name of this hall, was, that many of the ladies present wore as ornaments, either on their heads, round their necks, or on their bosoms, pieces of jewellery significant in their forms of the horrors that surrounded and awaited them. One exhibited a chain and padlock bracelet, another a dagger through her hair, and a third a skull and cross-bones as a brooch. A shudder ran through me as I observed this grim pleasantry associated with death; and though I learned at last to look upon these emblems with indifference—nay, with something less than indifference, as you shall hear—yet it took some time to reconcile me to the fashion.

Levasseur stuck close to my elbow, and watched the effect of what I witnessed, as it depicted itself upon my countenance. He gave me credit more than once for my steadiness of nerve under circumstances so trying and so novel, and at the same time satisfied my curiosity every now and then, by recounting anecdotes and incidents relating to the more remarkable of the personages who approached and receded from us.

“There; do you see that reserved, downcast-looking body, with the tonsure of a monk only half overgrown by the locks of a *sans-culotte*? He seems to think that society is a mistake, now that it is likely to lose *him* so soon. That is the *ci-devant* Abbé Fauchet, who will probably remove his gravity from hence to the Conciergerie in a

day or two. He figures, you know, among the Girondin worthies, who seem so indignant that their turn should come at last for the guillotine.”

“What! a Girondin?” exclaimed I; “are *they* actually in the room?”

“To be sure. The noblesse admits them on the score of their youth and approaching dissolution. See, here we have another of them, for they are gregarious. He is hobbling up on his crutches to cheer up Fauchet. That is Sillery; a jolly dog to the last.”

“Where is Vergniaud?” I whispered, unable to repress the interest I felt in the theme of all tongues.

“We must go further up the room to reach him,” replied Levasseur. “He and Ducos have contrived to excite pretty nearly as violent a *fureur* amongst the *grandes dames* as they formerly did *chez les dames de la halle*; and can never manage to get even in prison a moment’s peace, or what *they* would call peace; that is, solitude.”

I could scarcely refrain from a smile at this wild travesty of the classic sentiment, and advanced into the hall until I reached the circle, in the midst of which stood Vergniaud, Ducos, and Fonfrède. For a moment I could not help feeling a flush of triumph at seeing these firebrands themselves the victims of their own exterminating frenzy. The next, I stood spell-bound like the rest, listening to such a flow of eloquence from the lips of the principal speaker as no experience of my life had ever prepared me for. It was not the excited extravagance of mere declamation you so often listen to, full of florid luxuriance upon a dead level, like a tropical forest. Vergniaud spoke like a philosopher and a man of the world as well as an orator. Every exalted theme he discussed by turns; and when the poetic youth, Ducos, illustrating the subject Vergniaud had last touched upon, namely, the miseries of France and the unhappy dangers into which young and gifted spirits had been drawn by their patriotism, uttered, with the fervour of a martyr, that fine sentiment of Corneille’s—

“La plus douce esperance est de perdre l’espoir,”

the eye of the speaker bent upon him with an expression of sympathising affection, which seemed to go to the hearts of

the listening group around, and certainly disarmed mine for the moment of some of its prejudices.

"Come, come," cried Levasseur, jogging my elbow, "it will not do to have you embrace the Gironde *contre cœur*. Were Madame Roland here to-night indeed, there might be some excuse for you. She, alas! has taken a most extraordinary and unaccountable aversion to me, do you know; and, when I appear here, seldom honours us with her presence. But, see, away goes Vergniaud turning on his heel, and after him sails that most aristocratic provincial neighbour of yours, the Marquise de la Cour Cheverny, in a flood of ancestral tears. Young Montmorenci follows her, with a vinaigrette and heart at her service. Ah! you see, Vicomte, they cannot bar the Faubourg out, after all!"

Here Levasseur laughed softly, with the discreet hilarity of an *habitué* of these prison festivities.

"Levasseur! Levasseur! be serious, I entreat of you. This is not the place for such levity!"

My remonstrance was prompted by the entrance of two persons.

One of them was an elderly lady, the other a young one. As soon as they had entered, an ecclesiastic of dignified demeanour, whose face I did not see at the time, but who seemed to have been expecting them, moved over towards them, as if to afford them the protection their sex and unprotected condition had need of in such an assemblage as this.

They were dressed differently from the rest of the company, who most of them contrived still to adorn themselves in what might be called, by courtesy, the fashion of the day, even as far as paint, patches, and powder, to say nothing of the ominous jewellery they wore. A sepulchral simplicity marked these ladies. The elder wore a plain grey robe, and a plain cap covering her grey locks. The younger was in spotless white, with an extraordinary weight of what is called black hair, but which in northern nations is more frequently dark brown, drawn away from her brow, and falling in shadows of lustrous intricacy upon her neck and shoulders. It would be a vain task to describe her face. At the time, I could not have even made the attempt; and if I afterwards knew her marble complexion and Grecian fea-

tures by heart, it was in that moment but a wonderful and radiant embodiment of loveliness that I saw, penetrating without definite outlines the tissues of my imagination. At the instant she entered, a rich voice from amongst the company was just giving the minor motive of the then favourite aria by Gluck, "*Che farò*;" and that form, to my excited fancy, seemed to start out of the melody, as if born of grief and loveliness; so that when the strain ended, I expected to see her, too, vanish with the song, and leave memory like an echo ringing in my heart. It was not till the sounds had been lost in the deepening hum of voices that I could utter—

"My friend—who—what are these?"

"I knew you would be on wires as soon as Alphonsine entered," exclaimed my companion, without fully answering my question. "She has turned our heads here already, and must, if she has a fair trial, soften the heart even of the great Rhadamanthus of the Hotel de Ville."

I felt this levity to be more than out of place—to be revolting. Still, I must not, I knew, judge the unhappy throng around me by the rules of a world from which they were, most of them, for ever shut out. Accordingly, I contented myself with repeating my question.

"These are aunt and niece," replied he. "Noble, and all that—the St. Lucs. The elder lady's husband, Alphonsine's uncle, has already had his last promenade upon the fatal cart. These two are charged with 'complicité,' and when their turn comes will, no doubt, follow in procession, unless they have better success than Custine's daughter. Meanwhile, let us make the most of them. They lend salt to our "*pleurs*," and do all that mortals—or immortals—can to reconcile us to iron bars and stone walls. You must not be known not to know them. Come along, the Archbishop must give place for this once."

So saying, and without affording me time to collect my thoughts, he dragged me by the arm up to the ladies, who seemed already to have gathered a respectful and sympathising circle about them. He made his obeisance with a deferential courtesy, strangely contrasted—to me, who had just heard the remarks he had made—with his true sentiments; and was proceeding to in-

roduce me, when just at that moment I caught a glimpse of the clergyman that had at first joined them, and, to my surprise, discovered him to be the archbishop of the province to which I belonged, the excellent and loyal M. de Montblanc. Our mutual recognition was at once pleasurable and painful. I threw myself at his feet, and the excellent prelate shed tears over my youthful captivity. When I raised myself up, I observed the eyes of the younger of the two ladies resting upon me with a mournful expression, and, turning towards Levasseur, saw upon his countenance the last traces of a smile, which he had not intended to have left lingering there so long. As it was, he took my hand, and gallantly kneeling before the two ladies, presented, with an extravagance of gesture looking very like a caricature of the *ancien régime*, Citoyen le Vicomte de Martigny!

The Archbishop seized my other hand, and, without seeming to notice the overstrained acting of my companion, spoke my name over again, adding some words of delicate commendation—dictated, I felt, more by his kindness, and the interest he had evinced in my family, than by any deserts of mine.

I look back with astonishment at the intensity of the glow which I felt pervading my whole soul—at the magnificence of the conflagration kindled within me by the consciousness felt at the instant and in its full energy, that now, at the portals of the grave as it were, I had for the first time met with the fulfilment of my destiny, the substance of that shadow of love my whole previous life had been one vain pursuit of. It is possible, young man, that no human being in a less desperate emergency could have all the aspirations of his nature so completely and instantaneously embodied before him. Life was condensed, as we believed, from years into hours. The world was compressed within the boundaries of our prison. Our career was to be accomplished in a few actions, for which we scarcely had time. Our destiny was cooped up in a few fierce feelings, crowding to rend their barriers within our breasts. I received the image before me into my heart as a revelation from heaven—a great light, which I only knew to be light, too dazzling for me to look at.

It passed in, blinding me on its way. I could scarcely say what it was I worshipped.

This powerful heart-stroke carried with it the reciprocating conviction which alone could make the sensation endurable. I felt that the shock was mutual—that the electric current of passion could not rend one bosom so completely, without a corresponding rift in the other. To have doubted this would have been death. And, as after knowledge showed me that these subtle influences, while they transcend reason, act in strict conformity with it, so now, in very truth, I had divined aright in the midst of my bewilderment. Oh, mighty force of one master passion! Terrific and fatal power, which lightens and blasts at the same moment, according to what inscrutable law are thy thunderbolts turned loose amongst mankind? To what end was it, mighty Creator! if not to vindicate thy superseded worship, that the swift and merciful axe cut off the authors of our woes, while upon us was wreaked the slow vengeance which has cast *her* bones *here*, and still binds *me* fast to life, like a malefactor chained to the oar which strains without liberating him?

The wretched man, as he alluded to the fate of the woman appearing to be thus idolised, had seized my arm, and when he shrieked the word "*here*," pointed with his skinny finger to the ground at our feet—which caused me to start up—but the next moment set me upon endeavouring, in the midst of my excitement, to form some conjecture as to the cause of his haunting this spot, coupling what he had now uttered with some expressions used previously. I immediately perceived, however, that there was not enough revealed as yet to justify any plausible surmise, so I turned once more in the attitude of anxious attention towards the exhausted narrator, on whose forehead big drops of sweat stood out.

Let us hasten on, my son. Hasten as I may, I cannot make my relations as rapidly as time flew. Nearly four months had gone over our heads as prisoners in the Luxembourg, and still, though the Angel of Death entered those gloomy dungeons day after day, laying his finger of blood upon victim after victim right and left of us, upon our shoulders his touch had not yet descended. We had survived, as it

seemed to us, whole generations of mankind. From the young and gifted Girondins, and the regicide Orleans, to the very turnkeys themselves, all had been swept off to the guillotine, and new victims and new goalers were still brought in to pass their probation for the scaffold. The festivities with which we had affected to make a microcosm of the precincts of our prison-house, had died with the projectors of them. To us, and with new-comers, it became flat and wearisome, this attempt to re-enact gaieties which only reminded us of our losses. In the Conciergerie, it is true, those who had been brought so far on their way to the grave still made wild sport of their last hours, in the dead of each night rehearsing the ghastly tragedy they were to perform on the morrow. Suppressed laughter floated through the empty corridors, and troubled the sleep of the conscience-ridden goalers, making them lie closer, as they half believed that the ghosts of headless tenants were rejoicing at the ample repasts preparing for the tomb they had descended into. But here we had neither hope nor despair enough for such things. Life for us had become a dream—a sepulchral shadow, under which silence alone flourished. The discipline having become stricter, we could not indeed have indulged in all the relaxations once open to us; but the stringency of their rules was an unnecessary severity. Our spirits had descended to the level of their requisitions before ever they had been devised.

A question, I know, by this time suggests itself to you—how did all this act upon the feelings and affections of two individuals thrown together as spectators of such horrors? A curious speculation, no doubt. It was the fire mighty to separate the gold from the dross. We bore the test. Happiness hovered over us both like a commiserating angel, not quite daring to alight upon us, but without once winging its way out of sight. To me, no period of life, before or since, has equalled that in felicity. For her, I believe, I may answer with equal confidence. If the chamber of life was dark and vaulted, there was a window through which each could look into a world, and deem it its own. The barriers which shut out heaven and earth, had left to us our eyes, and left us together. Into these luminaries we looked for light, and saw in them

perspectives, heights, depths, distances, glories, sufficient for the amplest aspirations of two beings like us joined, fused now, in the furnace of adversity, into one. We had sworn upon a token I had given her—one devised in accordance with the spirit of the strange and half-sepulchral world we lived in—the token I have already exhibited to you—to be true to each other until divided by its stroke. The vow was intended to strengthen our hearts, and fortify them against the worst fate we apprehended—though not the worst that awaited us. I had no hope, no wish, no thought, beyond where I was. She pastured upon my looks; and though her paleness had become mortal, her flush hectic, and the gleam of her eyes meteoric, nothing boded that she was not blessed, and might not be immortal, in her present condition.

The demeanour of Levasseur during the period we have come to, was puzzling. He made friends and intimates on all sides, and succeeded, by his appearance of sympathy and the pliancy of his character, in gaining the confidence of those most opposed to each other in station and opinion. He was always occupied, if not in the large common apartments, in the more secluded parts of the palace; and the very turnkeys appeared to exhibit towards him a deference which they refused to more exalted personages. As fresh arrests took place, the new comers found in him a ready and instant sympathiser, and when at last the summons of death came (for such everybody felt the removal to the Conciergerie to be), he took leave of the departing wretches with every demonstration of commiseration, frequently remarking to us how bitter a drop it was in the cup of his captivity that so many of those with whom he had formed the closest intimacy, were amongst the number thus selected for sacrifice. It became a common topic, indeed, with the survivors, this ill-omened peculiarity respecting him; and we should have been more ready, perhaps, under some superstitious feeling, to dissociate ourselves from his society, but for the dread that was uppermost with us all of having it supposed, by any withdrawal from each other, that we might be classed with those retiring and morose individuals whom he had himself taught us to suspect of being implicated with the police in their system of *espionnage*.

Alphonsine alone manifested a reserve towards Levasseur. I could not comprehend this; and occasionally rallied him upon it. He turned off the subject with a laugh; and only redoubled his assiduities in his usual sarcastic style, which won upon so many and amused all. As for me, I kept nothing from him—my heart was as open as the sun to his gaze.

The 10th of February, 1794, *was the day fixed upon for our flight—yes, that was a thing arranged.* Her aunt Madame de St. Luc, and the Archbishop, were to accompany us. Levasseur was to remain; but told us he had reason to calculate upon following us ere long. It is unnecessary to tell you how all this was brought about. Our names seemed to have been forgotten in the vast number of later arrests, and day after day had come, without placing us upon the list of the proscribed. What interest was made for us, it is as little needful that you should hear; you may believe it was powerful—and that it was woman's. With that one woman rested the generosity of the action,—with the man whom she influenced, the treachery, if treachery it must be deemed. I am not called upon to tell you wonders unconnected with my own history; but I might well excite your astonishment. Well, let it pass. Had my distempered and gangrened fancy contented itself with accepting the manna from the hand of providence, without thrusting its own miserable devices between heaven and its bounty we might—but, who knows? "*Ceux qui ont avancé que tout est bien, ont dit une sottise; il fallait dire que tout est aux mieux.*"

A fierce hilarity buoyed up my spirits as the day approached. I had difficulty in keeping this under control in the presence of my fellow-prisoners. Alphonsine did not share in it. On the contrary, she was grave and pensive, and wept occasionally. She said she had a foreboding that she should never be as happy elsewhere as she had been within the walls of the Luxembourg. It was arranged that we should make our way to Tours, where the Archbishop possessed the means of concealing us until better times. We were to be married as soon as we arrived there; or, if this plan should not succeed, so soon as he could procure the material means of solemnising that sacrament.

Why was Alphonsine sad?—My mind was feverishly active. The times were wild. Our plan was desperate. Was she true? *Shall I try her?* It was the suggestion of an instant. Another moment had decided me to put her to the proof. "She would leave happiness in the prison," were her words. Who was remaining behind? Why, of our intimates, only Levasseur. Infernal thought! How had this never occurred to me before? Nothing more likely. He was ever of our party. He would not speak of her. True, she avoided him in my presence, and his very attentions were tinged with something of bitterness. But what of that? The thing was—not plain, perhaps, but probable—*probable*. I will test him to the quick. *He shall aid me in the business himself!*

I was sitting in the depth of a window, with my back to the light, leaning against iron bars, pondering these things. Levasseur entered;—I sprang up, and laid a hand upon each of his shoulders—

"Levasseur, *mon garçon*, we are off, if all succeeds, to-night, you know."

"Well? Yes, you are."

"You are sorry, infernally sorry—eh?"

"Yes; it will make a difference to me for a time."

"Oh, I know. Suppose we enliven the scene, to keep up your spirits?"

"Enliven the scene!—How?"

"Take a lesson from the Conciergerie; enact a drama, or something of the sort."

"I don't understand you, De Martigny. Don't let the people see you so *ébloui*, or they will suspect something."

"Women are not always what they look."

"Sometimes they are better."

"Sometimes, Levasseur, sometimes. Old Madame de St. Luc, for instance.—Eh?"

"Quite as good, at all events."

"Can we be sure of *any* of them?"

"You can, I suppose. For myself, I have seen too much of the world to be anything but a sceptic on such points."

"Then you do not entirely believe in Alphonsine?"

"Ha, ha! I knew what all this was coming to. A discreet question to put to a friend!"

"That is the point. I want to try her."

"Try her!" he exclaimed, disengaging himself from my grasp. How is that to be done?"

"Oh, easily. Parbleu! it will be such a famous preparation for the journey! Now, *you* can help me in this."

Fool that I was! I might have seen in the sudden introversion of his eyes, so well remembered afterwards, what that man's soul was made of. They drew back, as it were, deep beneath his brows, and glowed with a flickering suspicious gleam, which he could neither control nor conceal.

All this I laid at the instant to a distrust of his own powers of assisting me, or, at most, to a momentary unwillingness to implicate himself in any new difficulty or adventure. I gave him time to recover,—and lost for ever the golden opportunity of unmasking him.

"Yes! you can help me. The postern towards the gardens will be opened this night at twelve o'clock by an unknown agent. An outer gate will likewise be unguarded. We have the password. Disguises and places of concealment are prepared. A guide awaits us. I have till midnight to put Alphonsine to the proof. If I let that hour pass, I shall never know her—*never*, Levasseur. Her heart I feel to be my own. Look at me, Levasseur. You know we need not put her *affection* to the test: but she may not be proof against terror. Muffle yourself in a disguise; touch her on the shoulder, Levasseur, as she passes to her cell; say she must come to the Conciergerie; that if she utters an exclamation or arouses her friends, all must accompany her; that she must, therefore, be silent, and *acquiesce*. Then tell her that her only chance of evading the horrible fate yawning before her, is by revealing what she knows *concerning me*—what are my sentiments on public affairs—what intrigues I am a party to, and, generally, what secrets I have to divulge. Let this go on, until her inmost heart is probed; and *then, and not till then*, release her. The trial will be a sharp and terrible one, but it will be final and complete."

Levasseur hesitated, meditated,—and undertook the task. As for me, I felt a wild elation, agonising as if my own trial had been at hand, and compounded of I know not what of distrust, excitement, alarm, recklessness, passion,

and revenge. Utter confusion was in my breast.

The scene was fixed for eleven o'clock, after the turnkeys had gone their rounds, and when the galleries were deserted. Young man, I had my own plan within the other. Do not suppose I believed that I should have satisfied myself by leaving the trial in Levasseur's hands. No; I had not informed him of the interior secret, which was, *that I should be myself a concealed witness of the seizure and examination of Alphonsine*.

In the shadow of an arched niche some of the prisoners had set up a crucifix of overgrown proportions, before which, in passing to and from their cells, they might stop to offer a hurried prayer. Behind this crucifix the darkness was complete, and as it was close to the place arranged for the arrest, I ensconced myself there. The only ray, indeed, which reached the spot, struggled from a coarse lamp, hung at a considerable distance in an angle, where it was contrived to throw its feeble light down two diverging galleries. As the moment approached, I trembled all over; the joints of my knees refused their office, my trepidation being increased by the apprehension that my very nervousness might betray my concealment, and frustrate my scheme. Listening for every sound, I heard at a distance the rumbling of the fatal cart, usually arriving at this unobserved hour from the Conciergerie for those wretches who were next to undergo examination before the revolutionary tribunal. Presently it came into the yard, and stopped; and then my ear, rendered acute by the silence and the morbid disturbance of my nerves, became conscious of sounds from distant cells, mumbled whispers of plotting fellow-prisoners, agonised ejaculations of solitary prayer, the moaning hum of disturbed sleep; nay, I even fancied I could catch ever and anon the more remote clank of a chain, as some unhappy wretch in the vaults beneath the palace turned himself round in the darkness. From without, there came to my ear now and then, as if borne upon a breeze, the hushed thunder of the great city, like the premonitory voices of a volcano, whose long inactivity is about to have its term at last. By-and-bye, an owl blundered against the stone-work of the window at the end of the passage, and startled

me. I had scarcely recovered from this, when I heard a stealthy step approach, and, a little further removed, a light but firm foot-fall following in the same direction.

The stealthy step drew near, stopped close to me, and I could see the outlines of a figure cloaking itself. Scarcely had it time to draw aside when the other came up; and the first, which I had no difficulty in recognising as Levasseur's, suddenly emerged into the middle of the passage, and confronted the advancing figure. A faint shriek issued from the lips of Alphonsine—for it was she; but she immediately recovered herself, and demanded with firmness who barred her passage.

"One," said Levasseur, disguising his voice with considerable skill, "who has your life and death in his hands. Follow me."

"Not unless forced to do so," said Alphonsine, in a low, agitated whisper. "I know you not—and am passing to my cell."

"But I know you; and am come to offer you better lodgings—at the Conciergerie. Come, citoyenne, we allow of no leave-takings, and you will not want many changes of raiment. Come along with me, and come quietly—do you hear? The quieter the better, for others as well as yourself."

"Oh, my God! must I go—alone?"

"Certainly not, mademoiselle. You can have all your friends along with you. You have only to rouse them up by uproar, a struggle, shrieks, or the like, to place me under the disagreeable necessity of forming a gang of the whole family party, and taking you off together in the tumbril which is waiting for us down below in the court."

"Hush! I'm silent. Don't breathe a word. If I must go, God's will be done. One prayer before this crucifix, and I am ready."

"What? And you make so little of it! Do you know whither I am to conduct you?"

"I know it well. To ignominy, torture, and death. Alone, unfriended, and unheard of, shall the unhappy Alphonsine endure the most terrible of fates. To endure it she will be torn from all that her life holds dear, from those for whom she would suffer a thousand deaths. I know it well. But—~~breathe~~ not a word: they sleep

sound. I will make my prayer with silent lips—then let me depart."

So saying, she was about to throw herself down at the foot of the cross behind which I stood, when Levasseur, casting off his disguise, seized her in his arms, and exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with suppressed emotion—

"No, Alphonsine; not for this am I come. Let the divinity of reason within your own heart be favourable, and plead for me. I have much to reveal—of myself, of others. Listen to me, who can speak and answer; and turn from that image, before which you might pour forth your supplications for ever without response or succour. Who, think you, has sent me here, to accost and confront you in this lonely cloister? You dare not answer, though I understand your misgivings. The loved, trusted, faultless De Martigny!"

A faint exclamation burst from the lips of the girl as she drew back from his embrace.

"Ay, De Martigny. He believes you false; he does not understand you—he never understood you. Selfish, even in his predilections, he now seeks to test you in this cruel manner, as much, perhaps, to seek evidence against you, and a plausible excuse for—shall I say?—deserting you——"

Alphonsine gave signs of faintness, and supported herself against the masonry of the wall. It was too dark for me to see her face, though she was close to me, but I could hear the heart beat.

"Or, perhaps," continued he, relaxing the strain when it appeared too violent, "it is only levity; though methinks it is a cruel game to play. You are going to run away with him this night—at least so you think. Perhaps he thinks so, too. Is it to happiness you are going? Just reflect upon this scheme. Suppose it never went farther. Is it for this man—the man who devised all this torture—is *he* the one for whom you are prepared to risk so much? I see you pause—you reflect. You have need to do so—far greater need than you imagine. Harken! do you know *me*? Have you ever heard for what crime I was thrust in here, or why I have not followed Vergniaud, Madame Roland, and the rest to the guillotine? Ask Fouquier-Tinville who I am. Put the same question to Danton—to Robespierre. Dost thou suppose the rulers of the destinies of France are not represented within these walls? or only represented

by gaolers and turnkeys? I have thy life—*your lives*—in my hand. A turn this way, and you are safe—a turn the other, and you are under the bloody axe. He has betrayed you—*be mine!*”

“*Yours?*” feebly ejaculated Alphonsine, scarcely able to stand, or utter the word.

“Yes—mine. Reassure yourself. Your ridiculous plot I have taken the means of frustrating. It never had a chance of succeeding. Should the attempt be made, and fail, you are all swept to execution. Let it drop. Nothing will happen to your aunt and friends—in short, to *him*. They will remain here as before; and when peace is proclaimed, they will be free. A short time—a *very* short time—will show you what stuff *he* is made of. Come with me. You know that long before this fickle fool appeared amongst us, I was devoted to you. I have never ceased to be at your feet. Yes; through the whole humiliation of this hated rival’s courtship, never for an instant did I relinquish my claim upon the heart of Alphonsine. Let her now understand constancy—and reward it.”

“Reward it, sir?”

“Oh, yes, yes, yes! I have earned something; your reason must tell you so. Come then, fairest, dearest Alphonsine! A word from me is our passport beyond these gloomy walls, into safety and happiness.”

“Begone!” she exclaimed, in a hollow voice, hoarse with indignation, spurning him from her with a gesture I judged to be a blow.

He staggered back towards the crucifix—and *me*. I heard, or rather felt, his breast heave with rage.

“Miserable woman!” he muttered; “think you that the supercilious caprice of a court can find here an appropriate field of action? Do you nourish the delusion that heroism, as you may name it, will in these gloomy cloisters preserve the victim an hour from the Barrière du Trône? Humble yourself, woman! not to this stump of idolatry here, but at Levasseur’s feet, and implore him not to drag you through the streets by the hair of your head to the guillotine!”

“Villain! in this hour of anguish and horror, I tell thee that I despise thee more than I hate the sanguinary gang whose spy thou boasted to be. And here I, Alphonsine de St. Luc, knowing I am to die, yet stand prouder, and purer, and more joyful

at heart before the effigy of my crucified Saviour, as the affianced bride of that Charles de Martigny whom thou falsely malignest, than thy masters ever did at the shrine of the Reason their deeds have outraged, and in the face of a heaven that sickens at the blood they have spilt!”

“Call, then, upon thy God, or upon Charles de Martigny, which thou pleasest, for all other help is in vain.”

“Oh, Charles! oh God!” cried Alphonsine, as she sprang forward, with the intention, it was evident, of embracing the crucifix. Levasseur threw himself between it and her,—and at the same instant my hands were round his throat with so deadly a gripe, that he was at once deprived of all power either to utter or to resist. There I held him, paralysed,—and was about to call Alphonsine by name, when the continuing immobility and rigidity of the figure I clutched, shot a sudden conviction into my mind,—and I was silent. Agitation, and darkness, and meditated crime, make a man susceptible of any extravagant impression. Circumstances afterwards gave strong corroboration to the judgment formed at that instant. *I was satisfied that Levasseur believed himself to have been seized by the figure on the cross!*

Had I addressed Alphonsine, indeed, my words would have fallen upon unhearing ears. She had dropped senseless to the floor.

I now ventured to glance round at Levasseur’s face. There was light enough to show that it was swollen, livid. The eyeballs stared and were bloodshot; the tongue protruded; blood trickled from the nose. I had no weapon, but I raised him up by main strength, without relaxing my grasp, and dashed him upon the stone floor at the foot of the crucifix; and where I cast him he lay, irredeemable now—in my fury I exulted to think—even by Him whose emblem hung above him. I then took the fainting form of Alphonsine in my arms, and bore it to Madame de St. Luc’s cell.

We escaped. Why need I dwell on these things? Paris, the faubourgs, the villages, floated off behind us, like a misty and lamp-lit dream. We scarcely knew more than that the breath of heaven fanned our burning temples. If at times a recollection of what we had left came upon the horizon of our imaginations like a spec-

tral chase, it only urged us the more madly forward in our flight, and forced the breeze more revivingly against our brows.

We turned our faces southwards. As long as it was night, we kept the high road; and so long we were able to avail ourselves of a conveyance. But when daylight appeared this had to be relinquished, and then the fields and the farm-houses afforded us tracks and a shelter. The simplest things, emblems of the country and of freedom, drew tears from our eyes. Our feelings had all been intensified in proportion to the paucity of objects we had to exercise them upon; and now the sight of a peasant driving his team in the fallow, a milk-maid returning home with her pail; nay, even the kine ruminating in the pasture, the very trees and grass waving in the breeze, kindled irrepresentable emotions within our hearts. On the way I made full confession to the heroic creature of my cruel suspicions, of my employment of Levasseur, of my own counter-plan—of all that to her was still inexplicable. I made no attempt at extenuation. I could only confess myself utterly unworthy of *her*, and acknowledge that my bitterest punishment was to learn how faultless was the object I had presumed to suspect of a taint of earthly corruption. She wept as I recounted these things, received my explanations with a heavenly tenderness, smiled sadly at my doubts,—and forgave me. We were too new to life, and too uncertain of its lasting, to waste time upon anything but the great love that possessed us.

We had to trust ourselves to numerous individuals. It was a slender chance our reaching Tours unbetrayed. Terror reigned around; and when occasionally we were constrained to ask for shelter in some remote and humble homestead, even where it was afforded, paleness and trembling seized upon the inmates, and we were dismissed with furtive haste, leaving dread and disquiet behind us, as if a crime had been committed upon the premises.

Besides, I could not help experiencing a sort of boding apprehension, coupling itself with the revelations of the wretch Levasseur. Suppose him dead, had his agents already received instructions to act, and were we to be the victims of posthumous malignity? It was plain that he had had his reason for not having us swept away in the

usual course to the Conciergerie. Perhaps he judged that he should have a freer stage for the accomplishment of his iniquitous designs outside the prison walls. It was easy to understand his hints as to seeing us soon again. Now the question arose, on the supposition that he was dead, should we change our course at once? I did not hesitate to decide against doing so. We had a plan laid, the only one which afforded rational grounds of hope, but which might have been thwarted by the machinations of a traitor. He being dead, we had so much the better chance of success, since under no circumstances could his emissaries act without communicating with him—these not being times for men to compromise themselves without the warrant of influential instigators. But suppose him alive—I would not allow myself to speculate upon this alternative at all. The thing, I insisted, was impossible. Nevertheless, prudence constrained us so far to deviate from our plan, as to make Tours only a first halting place, with the design of penetrating at once farther into the west, where we should be more out of the reach of pursuit.

We arrived here safely: the Archbishop had made his plans previously, and contrived matters so, that a passage leading from the palace underground was open for us; and the secret oratory which existed in the spot where we now stand, received the wearied party of fugitives on the night of their arrival. Then for the first time since our departure from the prison were we able to collect our thoughts, and devise means for our ultimate safety.

Our plans were as follows. We were to remain where we were for the night, and the next day the Archbishop and I, after ascertaining as well as we could the state of public feeling in Tours, were to proceed down the river to the retired hamlet of Luynes, and there engage one of the flat-bottomed boats that ply on the river, which was to be ready for us—that is, for Alphonsine, her aunt, and myself—to embark on the same night, and follow the current of the Loire in the direction of La Vendée, where we believed we should find friends, and were likely to obtain an asylum. But before we set out upon our voyage, the exemplary prelate, who had thus far been our guide, protector, and friend, was to perform for us a last service, and within this apartment unite my adored

Alphonsine and me in the holy bond of wedlock.

Look about you, young man. Does this look like an asylum of refuge—a bridal chamber? Behold these gigantic blocks, dislocated as if by an arm still more gigantic, and ask yourself whether an ordinary frenzy, even of destruction, could have wrought the ruin you see!

The next morning arose, serene and bright. As Alphonsine and I ascended from the apartments beneath into the secluded gardens of the Archeveché, and for the first time looked upon the enchantment of heaven and earth in freedom and together, we felt our souls overpowered, and stood long in speechlessness under the open sky, unable to do more than silently inhale an atmosphere of happiness almost too rare for our subdued spirits. I then turned towards Alphonsine, and perceived the tears coursing down her marble cheeks.

“Oh! my well-beloved,” cried I; “give this day at least to smiles, and let the current of our destiny, if it must form to itself a channel of tears, flow round the tranquil island of this present happiness, even though it meet to-morrow, to unite the past and the future in one stream of sorrow!”

I could not adopt another tone, though I felt how impossible it was for such language to establish confidence within her breast. We had gone through too much—our fortunes had been of too eventful and too terrible a cast, to make the idea of security anything but a mockery. It was better to be true than to be cheerful, and in a minute my tears mixed with hers.

“In a few days, perhaps, Alphonsine, we may feel that there is a life before us. I admit that as yet we cannot reckon upon an hour.”

“Yes, Charles, until then we have only to hope the best, and be prepared for the worst. Your gift is yet upon my bosom”—here she showed me the golden guillotine suspended from her neck. “As long as I wear this I am reminded that I belong half to death, half to life. Only when we are safe will I remove it from its present place, and preserve it as a relic of dangers—and pleasures—that are past.”

So saying, she replaced it in the folds of her dress next her heart, and a smile, the last I ever saw her wear, dawned upon her pallid countenance. If I imprinted a kiss upon those lips,

and drew that form to my breast, it was with so largely mingled a sense of foreboding, and so evasive and unrealised a throb of joy, that it became a question with me in after years, whether the bliss of that instant did not belong to the domain of dreams, and deserve a place among the other aspirations after which a heart destined to misfortune feebly flutters out of the shadow of a doom it cannot escape.

The first buds of spring tipped the fruit-trees of the garden. An hundred birds sported from branch to branch, and the frosty dew of the morning yet hung upon the early flowers. We could not but feel all this. These simple things, of all other things, went most to our hearts. We fell upon our knees, and prayed there under the open sky.

And there I quitted her. Oh, God! can I go on? The Archbishop and I found the town in a state of fierce excitement. Recent arrivals from Paris had still further inflamed the revolutionary zeal of the inhabitants, whose vicinity to the seat of the Vendeian war had rendered them from the first ardent partisans of the Montagne. Riotous parties paraded the streets, armed with weapons, carrying fire-brands, and shouting their wild *car-magnoles*, and all business was suspended. It was with difficulty, even under the favour of our disguise, that we evaded these bands, and made our way across the bridge, to the right bank, towards St. Cyr and Luynes. At last, however, we reached the hamlet; and my companion's former knowledge of the inhabitants enabled us to bribe an old boatman, whom he remembered to have been less imbued with the new ideas than his neighbours, to drop the party down during the night below Saumur, where we could put ourselves at once in communication with certain Seigneurs of the Bocage, in whom we knew we should find staunch friends. Having settled this matter to our satisfaction, we turned our steps towards Tours again, my heart in a glow of anticipation, and even the good Archbishop elated with the near prospect of our speedy deliverance. For himself, he refused to accompany us. He trusted to some faithful friends, and a knowledge of the hiding-places about his own palace, and preferred awaiting a turn of affairs, which it was his fixed opinion would speedily arrive.

It was evening before we drew near

the city; but long before we reached the barriers, the shouts of the mob were audible, and to our alarm we heard the tocsin ringing from the great Abbey of St. Martin. We hastened our steps, only to discover] on entering the town that a dreadful scene of havoc and devastation was going forward. Above the shouts of the mob screams arose, as if from victims of their barbarity; and now and then there shot up a lurid glare towards the sky, which betokened too plainly that the ravages of fire were to be added that night to those of violence and plunder. Advancing in an easterly direction, we discovered that the ancient Abbey Church of St. Martin, the pride of central France, from whence the tocsin had been sounding, was the principal object of the fury of the mob, probably for that very reason. It was in flames before we arrived there, and we met many wretches escaping with the sacred vessels and ornaments, their share of the spoil. Hurrying our steps towards the Cathedral, we found the mob less numerous and violent in that direction, and although St. Julien was on fire, it was evident that the set of the raging tide was towards St. Martin, and that the quarters in our neighbourhood were emptying themselves of their population, to swell the main flood thereabouts. This process appeared to me, I remember, even in that hurried and anxious moment, to go forward according to an organised system, and as if under the guidance of certain recognised leaders; for I repeatedly heard the words *à droit, à gauche*, given at the head of these gangs, by voices which they seemed instructed to obey.

The precincts of the palace were completely deserted. Not a sound was to be heard but the distant hubbub of the rioters, and occasionally the distant crash of a roof or tower of one of the burning edifices. When this occurred, we were further notified of the catastrophe by the sudden leap of the towers of the Cathedral out of the darkness, as they were smitten by the red-hot glow from behind us.

With trembling joy we believed all safe; and, stealing cautiously up, descended into the concealed passage leading to our hiding-place. Traversing it as quickly as we could in the pitchy darkness, we both of us stopped simultaneously. It was—it must be—a dream. We rubbed our eyes. Where we had

left the chamber we emerged into this open cavern, into which the lurid sky darted its dull glances, and the cries we had left found their way with the vapours and exhalations of the night.

Nobody was there. Nothing was to be seen but ruin. Not a vestige. Not a piece of furniture. Not an article of clothing. Nothing but these huge fragments scattered about, and the desperate marks of wedges and crowbars, and other mechanical means of aiding human fury.

Like lightning, Levasseur darted across my mind. "He is alive!" I shrieked, dashing my hands up towards heaven.—The next moment I had fled out through the aperture into the darkness, leaving the Archbishop motionless where he had first become aware of the catastrophe.

For weeks my existence is a dream. I believe I was mad. Levelled with the beasts, I acquired the keen scent and sagacity of these tribes, when instinct draws them after their prey. I remember myself at Saumur, at Angers, in the forests of Brittany, subsisting upon roots. The slot of my enemy lay towards Nantes. There Carrier was multiplying his human sacrifices. Blood was too slow in flowing. The river offered more speedy execution, and a roomier grave. Shoals of victims choked the channels of the Loire, and turned its waters into putridity. There were people about, here and there, who could afford some inklings. Kennelling as I did with the wolves, with them I made nightly descents upon habitable places, and the abodes of men. As these bore away lambs and other weaklings of the flock, so I fragments of intelligence, whispers, hearsays, eavesdroppings, and vague surmises of the bloodshot stranger, who was urging some females westward. I saw whither all this was tending. Hope had left my bosom; I scarcely cared to accomplish a rescue; and dared not think upon anything but revenge. To enter Nantes was certain death, and death would frustrate all my objects, and crown *his* with triumph,—so I reserved myself for the consummation.

I joined the remnant of the Vendéans, wandering houselessly through Brittany, and prowling about since the battle of Savenay in bands of fifties and hundreds, with every man's hand against them. For such I was a fit companion. They armed me; I

clasped my sword like a friend who was to do me a service. Thenceforth it was my closest companion.

Daring as were these Chouans, they found in me one whom they could not hope to rival. The gang I led gained a name for its desperate audacity, and carried Terror even to the gates of Nantes, within which unhappy town likewise that fearful Presence now stalked abroad in visible shape, and daily devoured its victims wholesale. The river, which had flowed past the walls ever since they were built bearing blessings on its bosom and reflecting heaven on its surface, now yawned like a judgment close at hand, and into its depths continually travelled the youth and bravery and beauty and virtue and loyalty of Nantes. We, when we were caught, were shot; but it was not easy to catch us,—and we generally obtained more than life for life.

It was the spring equinox. Carrier's *noyades* went on; it was now whole ship-loads of victims that he sent down the stream, to be sunk bodily at its mouth, where he believed the ocean would do the rest, and rid him of further trouble. But ocean itself began to show symptoms of refusing to dispose of more dead than lay to its own account. It had enough to answer for already. Renouncing complicity in these deeds of earth, it at last took advantage of a mighty west wind and cast the unburied mass of mortality at the mouth of the stream that had rejected it. The whole population flocked down to discover and reclaim its dead. What it found it had to dispute with the ospreys and vultures, and the loathsome familiarity of wild beasts, which struggled between the legs of the human throng, in the absorbing fascination of such a banquet.

And like a fascinated wild beast there am I. The storm howls across the bleak sands, carrying the grains along like a mist, mingled with the surf and foam-flakes. And the blast as it howls, bears other sounds upon it—shrieks of sea-mews, and of mothers and daughters of stranded corpses, croakings of quarrelling ravens, and the imprecations of desperate outlaws, who dispute the bones of a comrade. There I stand, looking seawards, for I know that ocean has an account to render up to me, and that it will fulfil its trust. And it is without shuddering, therefore, that I find at my

feet a thing of human outline, having mark and token which may be recognised, such as a ribbon with a golden ornament attached, and on the ornament the words inscribed—

La tête tombe, le cœur reste.

Yes, boy, I am prepared for all that; and with my sword I dig a hole in the sand, high up, above the reach of the tides, and there I cover up that human remnant, after placing the ornament in my bosom; then, having taken the bearings, I plunge into the woods again, and whet my blunted sword against the first smooth stone I find.

One object was left me in life. It wore a definite aspect; but the means of obtaining it were difficult and circuitous. For many a month I herded with the Chouans of Bretagne; a wild, irregular banditti. The gang I led hovered closer to the enemy than the rest of our adherents, and addicted themselves less to plunder. Something which might be called strategy marked our movements, and the information we acquired from prisoners was frequently of considerable service to the cause of the Royalists in communication with Puisaye and the British Government.

Since the discovery of the body my character had undergone a change. I was no longer the reckless madman who inspired respect only by his personal daring. My mind now controlled without impeding the impetuosity of my animal nature. In particular, a certain tact and subtlety I evinced in the examination of prisoners and deserters, caused that department at last to be left exclusively to me; and it was during this period that I perfected and brought to the condition of a system, that theory of the investigation of character, which I put in practice on my first encountering you.

Ever and anon, I was able to glean some intelligence respecting my enemy. He was near me. When Carrier was superseded at Nantes, he was for a time in disgrace as his friend; but soon associated himself with Hoche, and distinguished himself, one deserter informed me, by the sanguinary zeal he showed in prosecuting the design of his chief, which consisted, as in La Vendée, in hemming in the remnant of the insurgents by a narrowing *cordon*, out of which they had no possible escape, and within which, unless some

sudden blow was struck, they must be all finally enveloped and taken. With a counter-instinct to mine, he, too, I felt, knew that the man he had wronged was here, and that he must be got rid of to make life safe. This was what infused such uncompromising ferocity into his conduct, and gave his acts so sanguinary a complexion, as to call more than once for a reprimand and rebuke from his chief. It was a single combat between us; we both of us strengthened the ranks of two opposing armies, and advanced the causes of royalty and republicanism respectively, only in order that we, the centre of our war and of our world, might meet at last and terminate the struggle with the existence of one or both of us.

You know how events hurried on. How an amnesty was offered to us, if we would lay down our arms. Lay down our arms! I grasped my sword, and laughed, till the forest rang again. How Carrier came to the guillotine—he was not my quarry; I let him die without a thought. How treachery appeared among us—and symptoms of disaffection. We held together, for war was my game. To the meeting at La Mabilaye I repaired; for, believing that Hoche was to be there, I calculated on his accompanying him. I know not why it was, but Hoche declined coming, and we did not meet. *Tout était aux mieux.* How we were organised into regular companies of chasseurs under Stofflet, and manœuvred as a regular army, notwithstanding the nominal truce; how the British squadron hove in sight, and the white cockade was mounted on every cap, and long and reiterated shouts of *Vive le roi!* rent the air, and rung through the forests of Brittany. All this is history; so is the result. My part alone of these deeds and disasters is necessary to be told.

The emigrant army landed from the English fleet at Quiberon. The noblest blood of France was there assembled; and I found myself once more associated with the Polignacs, and the Clermont-Tonnerres, and the Condés, and the D'Orsays. I was assigned the command I most coveted, however, that of my own Chouans, whom I knew, and who knew me. Had all known themselves and each other as we did, the expedition might have turned out differently.

I soon saw that things were going

wrong; I had become lynx-eyed. There was no concentration, no organised system. There was no prince of the house of Bourbon around whom to rally. Puisaye and D'Hervilly quarrelled. Instead of an instantaneous advance, as urged by Tinteniach and me, days were wasted in consultations and disputes, which came to nothing. I soon saw that we were to be victims,—but I was determined to *achieve my object.*

The republican armies closed round us. Desperately we confronted them; but individual valour could not make amends for the want of unity of plan. Hoche drove us in from point to point; and at length, having taken St. Barbe, shut us up in the narrow peninsula of Quiberon, whence we must either escape to the British fleet, or die without hope of quarter.

As the republican front closed with us, I became, from day to day, more intimately acquainted with Levasseur's movements. Every prisoner had something to tell. His blood-thirsty ferocity had gained him celebrity amongst them. I knew his division, his quarters, his assigned place on each day's march—nay, his very uniform, and the colour of his horse. I kept myself so thoroughly in the secret of the man's movements, that whenever we should meet in open field, I should be able without difficulty to mark him out, and have him before me in the thickest confusion of battle.

The night of the 20th of July, 1795, fell dark and tempestuous. The waves rolled in with fury upon the narrow strip of sand we yet retained upon the shore of France. Our only barrier against the enemy was Fort Pen-thièvre, which stood, a darker mass, against the dark sky. I lay upon the sand, with my sword—my inseparable companion—in my grasp. Suddenly, a shout was heard above the roar of the waters. I started up,—but could see nothing. It proceeded from the direction of the fort, and I knew that a surprise was at least attempted, if it had not succeeded. A moment's agony passed across my brow, like the glow of a fierce fire. This was the only contingency I had *not* foreseen: my enemy and I might be close to each other *in the darkness*, without coming into contact.

My worst suspicions were the best founded. Fort Pen-thièvre had been surprised and taken—we were now at

the mercy of the republican army. All those within reach of me rose along with me, and obeying the word of command, placed themselves in order, and rushed upon the advancing enemy. The collision was tremendous. Hoche's guns had already begun to play, and in a few minutes the English squadron, which had been obliged to keep out to sea in consequence of the tempest, announced their presence by the roar of their artillery. From the first I saw that resistance was hopeless; and that escape was almost equally so. D'Hervilly was mortally wounded; Sombreuil, who succeeded him, was a stranger to the place, and lost his presence of mind. It was a hopeless carnage; and my men fell around me in heaps. Nevertheless, I assumed the command which others were unable to exercise, and contrived for some time to protect the masses of emigrants who, with their wives and children, were rushing into the water to embark on board the English boats. I must have been calm; for while engaged in this arduous duty, I took advantage of every cannon shot fired close to me, to survey the opposite ranks in search of Levasseur. In so dark a night, the flash of the discharge from a piece of ordnance throws an intense glare for a considerable space; and as I had habituated my eyes to take in numerous objects distinctly at a sudden glance, I was now, after one or two of these momentary surveys, able to ascertain with tolerable accuracy the order of the hostile column, and where I ought to look for him. I found that in order to confront him, I must move to the right, or as close to the edge of the sea as possible. This was difficult, in the face of the enemy; but finding that Sombreuil had just come up to the point I defended with a fresh body of emigrants, I drew my exhausted men off for a moment, and moving round a small sandy eminence, threw them once more upon the hostile army, almost within the surf of the shoreward waves.

The result was as I had anticipated. Certain signs gave evidence of Levasseur's vicinity. I recognised the uniform of his corps, and at last had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing his voice, above the roar of the waves, urging on his men.

By this time matters had drawn to a conclusion. The two armies were mingled together in the darkness.

The few boats which had succeeded in gaining the shore, had either sunk or were sheering off overloaded with fugitives; in all directions cries were heard of "quarter! quarter!"—a boon which in some instances was accorded by the soldiers, as the despairing emigrants or Chouans laid down their arms; though in most these wretches were cut down without mercy. From the sea, the frightful confusion was added to by the broadsides of the British fleet poured in upon the shore, and sweeping off friend and foe in indiscriminate slaughter. I had almost given up the hope of surviving to fulfil my mission, when a sudden flash discovered Levasseur within five yards of me, a little advanced before his men, in the act of pointing a gun at a boat which had just quitted the shore, filled with women and children.

I might have rushed forward and cut him down. I do not know why I did not do so. I walked up to him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder, uttering in his ear the word "Levasseur!" He started up from the stooping posture, and in an instant drew a pistol from his belt, and fired. Had he not been disconcerted, he must have killed me; as it was, his ball grazed my ribs. He drew back, aghast.

"Coward!" cried I; "draw your sword. I shall wait until you can defend yourself."

We could see each other, now we were so close, by the gleaming of the cannonade. Even at that desperate moment, I was startled as I suddenly became conscious that a change had taken place in his appearance. *His black hair had grown white.* The confirmation of an original surmise flashed across my mind. He must have existed for a greater or less period of time, under the belief that, at the moment of his mortal sin, he had fallen into the hands of the LIVING GOD.

"Why should we fight?" he now exclaimed, in a subdued voice. "She is dead, long ago."

"And buried!" cried I, holding up to his eyes the Golden Guillotine.

"God! Whence has that come?"

"From the depths of the ocean, in which thy bones shall whiten ere long. Thought'st thou that thou wert to escape the Avenger of Blood, because thou had'st placed a mill-stone round the neck of thy secret, and sunk it in the sea?"

"De Martigny, thou wast my rival

—thou soughtest to strangle me—was it not so?"

With death staring him in the face, he was yearning to extract some expression which should relieve him once for all from the remnants of the horrible suspicion that had once haunted him. I saw that;—and at the same time felt myself growing weak from loss of blood; yet, so much was I still overpowered with the thought of the fiery tortures the wretch must have gone through to run the stony blackness of his locks into silver in the time, that I could not bring myself to sabre him, and have done with him.

Nor had I need. He had just observed my growing faintness, and was planting his feet to commence the combat in which the chances began to show in his favour, when a ball from an English line-of-battle ship ploughed the sand over both of us, and in its *ricochet* tore Levasseur's right arm from its socket, laying the ribs of the same side bare to the waist. We fell together—he in the agonies of death, I from the shock and previous loss of blood. I had strength left to dip my finger in the pool of gore between us—whether his or mine I knew not, or both mingled together—and write upon his forehead the single word—ALPHONSINE. This I did that the devils might know what to do with him.

Our men, on both sides, had missed us, and as the action now confined itself to another quarter, they had drawn off to lend their aid at that point. I was left alone with the dying man; and witnessed the blackness of his brow fade into the spectral pallor of death, upon which the gory letters came out like faint writing held against a fire.

The object of my life was accomplished: a dizziness came over me. I believed that I died.

I recovered my consciousness on board of a British man-of-war. It was not for some days afterwards that I discovered how I had been saved. An officer who, taking advantage of the darkness, had pushed boldly on shore in a boat just after the termination of the action, in the hope of saving somebody, and who saw me lying wounded and motionless, but, with some signs of life about me, had, at the risk of his own, cutlass in hand,

rescued me from two republican soldiers who were just about to knock me on the head and plunder me, and borne me aboard Admiral Warren's squadron.

Young man, little more remains to be said. When, years afterwards, royalty had been restored to France, I repaired to the lonely beach at the mouth of the Loire, and had the bones of all that had once made life dear reverently removed to this sacred precinct, where, with the consent of the Archbishop, they were buried privately, and a certain number of masses appointed to be said for the soul of the departed. Over this grave I posted myself a sentinel for life. Here I pass my days—often my nights. The venerable Archbishop would have solaced my watchings by his presence over and over again, but I withstood him. I preferred performing this duty alone. Nevertheless, when he died, I was smitten to the heart, as you saw—for I had lost my last friend.

Here ended Lenoir's—or De Martigny's—narration.

To say to him, at its close, that I trusted he would consider himself as having gained a new one, might be supposed a natural impulse. Nevertheless I could not bring myself to utter the words. Not the story alone, but the sentiments, the feelings, the morality, were *French*, and did not altogether square with the principles I had been brought up to respect and cherish. I looked upon this man as a formidable relic of formidable times:—as one, in short, who with all his fancied theories, had been rather the slave than the master of those sudden impulses that had so deeply tinctured his life; and I felt a corresponding doubt as to how far an inoculation with ideas of the kind might benefit myself.

The embarrassment caused by these reflections must have shown itself somehow or other at the surface, for, with one of his electric glances, the recluse abruptly rose, and, without uttering another word, stepped forth before me into the now black void outside the grotto; and as he led the way back to the street, his dark cloak, agitated by the wind, flapped heavily before me, and his whitening hair streamed over his shoulders like a meteor.

A CHAPTER ON LEGENDS.

THE publication of the "Golden Legend,"* by Longfellow, seems to have awakened curiosity, and excited interest, for legendary lore—a branch of literature usually considered obsolete in Protestant countries, and which, we think, has never held its due rank, being placed either too high or too low: Roman Catholics too often assigning to legends the respect due to articles of religion, and Protestants too often condemning them in the aggregate as a farrago of rubbish. Yet in this case, as in most others, "*in medio tutissimus ibis*"—the truth lies between the two extremes. While legends do not deserve the authority with which they are invested by one party, they do not deserve the obloquy cast upon them by the other, who overlook their original utility, and the good intention of their promulgators; and while observing only the blots in the collection, *ignore* entirely the many beauties. We speak of Christian, religious legends. True, there are some legends that transgress orthodoxy, common sense, and even delicacy; and some that are irreverent, if not profane, in the manner in which they introduce the Almighty; and are thus critically bad, violating the Horatian rule of composition—

"Nec Deus Intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit;"

and violating it far more reprehensibly than ever Horace contemplated, seeing that the Deity, whose providential interference is so unwarrantably introduced into some Christian legends, is so ineffably and immeasurably above the fabled gods of the heathen.

But notwithstanding the existence of faulty legends, there are very many that enlist themselves in the service of divine faith and social virtues, that have much solemnity and pathos, and much poetic beauty, and that array truth in a becoming and attractive garb. Legends were originally intended to convey instruction in a concise and easily-remembered form; and were thus of great utility at a time

when printing was unknown, and manuscripts were scarce and costly. The root of the legend was oral tradition; but as scribes multiplied (especially in the cloister), and subsequently after the invention of printing, the short narrative was transferred from the lip to the parchment or the paper, for its preservation, and thus changed its name to legend, *ad legendum*.

Legends are of two classes: the didactic, for instruction in faith and morals; and the historical. The latter are often exaggerated or distorted, and have much encumbered the historian's path; but there is scarcely an historical legend in which a nucleus of truth is not discovered or discoverable under its adventitious integuments. And to this class of tradition we are indebted for the preservation of many an event and many a character, which now give interest to the historic page. It was the design of this species of legend to inculcate patriotism, valour and fidelity; and herein lies the merit of heathen (especially classic) legendary lore; for, as *didactics*, the religious or mythic legends signally fail. Mythology is but a chain of Pagan religious legends; but how extravagant! how puerile! how shocking to morals! These legends place their gods below humanity; but the historic heathen legend endeavours to place its heroes above it. Take up Valerius Maximus, for instance—a book full of legendary anecdotes—in the historical parts there is much that is noble and admirable; but look at his mythic legends (see the chapter *De Miraculis*), how childish and how aimless. And in the speaking images, who does not perceive the palpable trick of the Pagan priest, and marvel at the state of the popular mind to be so easily cheated.

But it is not of heathen legends we would speak; our business is with the didactic legends of a more truthful and better faith. In early times, when teachers had but little aid from books, they sought to instruct in the mode best suited to the understanding and

* See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for May, 1852. No. CCXXXIII.

the memory of their hearers, and the most likely to attract their attention ; and accordingly chose the form of short narrative, of which fable seems to have been the earliest species, for this purpose. A characteristic of fable is, that the actors and speakers represented in it are of the inferior creation—animals, birds ; even trees and plants. Later, to fable succeeded parable—which is of higher rank, because its personages are higher : not animals, or inanimate things, but human beings ; and because the parable became, in the hands of the worshippers of the true God, a vehicle for instruction in religious faith and moral duties. The fable appears to us to aim chiefly at the maxims of worldly wisdom and prudence : even Jotham's fable of the trees electing a king (Judges, ix.), the oldest we believe extant, only teaches a lesson of policy. Parable, though using human personages, leaves them anonymous and indefinite, saying only, "A certain householder," "A certain king," &c. ; and this is one mark of distinction between parable and its younger relative, the didactic legend, which assigns special and definite names to its *dramatis personæ* ; choosing, of course, some saint or devout person for its hero, either to give a greater appearance of reality, or to invest it with more authority : nay, there can be no reason to doubt that some, at least, are *founded* on fact. But we think it probable that many legends were not originally intended to be believed *literally*, but only to be received in the same manner as parables ; as *true* in conveying some sound axiom of faith and morals, but

as figurative and imaginative with regard to the action and the actors. So we recognise and embrace the teachings in our Lord's parables ; but we are not required to believe that a real vineyard was let to husbandmen, who literally and actually murdered the son of the proprietor ; or that a real king made a feast, and literally sent out into the highways to bring in all the wayfarers for guests.

The oldest legends are generally the simplest and purest, as the rivulet is purest at its spring : as it flows onward it gathers rubbish on its course, though still the stream often runs clear beneath. When the tide of legendary literature has rolled through a dark and corrupt age, then, of necessity, it becomes the more sullied. Of late years, since Scriptural light has been more diffused, modern pens have produced some beautiful and edifying legends, either purified from old originals, or written from ideas caught up at the ancient source.

Having said thus much by way of preface, we proceed to offer to the reader a few legends from amongst the limited number to which we have access, trusting by our selection from the grave, the earnest, and the poetically conceived, to prove the truth of what we have ventured to assert of the merits of legendary literature. The first we present is one, the conception of which we think very beautiful. Kosegarten, a Protestant divine of Mecklenburg (who died 1818), has clothed it in German blank verse, from which we translate it :—

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

Beda * was blind with age ; yet went he forth
To preach the Gospel message, new and joyful :
Led by his guide, the grey-haired man sped on
Through city and thro' village, still proclaiming
The glorious " Word," with all the fire of youth.

Once, through a valley desolate, he passed,
Where all around huge stones and crags were scatter'd ;
Thus said the boy, his guide (but more from mirth
Than malice), " Reverend father, here are many
Assembled, and they wait to hear thy teaching."

The blind old man drew up his bended form,
Gave forth his text, expounded it, and preach'd.
He threat'ned, warn'd, exhorted, cheer'd, consol'd
So heartily, that his mild, earnest tears

* This is not the " Venerable Bede."

Flow'd down to his grey beard. Then, at the last,
 When, with the Lord's Prayer closing, thus he spake :—
 "For Thine the kingdom, power, and glory is,
 For ever and for ever."—through the vale
 Ten thousand voices cried, "Amen! Amen!"

The boy, affrighted and repentant, knelt
 Down at the preacher's feet, and own'd his sin.
 "Son," said the holy man, "hast thou not read,
 When men are silent, stones shall cry aloud!
 Never again sport with the Word of God;
 It is a mighty and a living Word,
 Cutting like two-edg'd sword. When man his heart
 Hardens to stone, defying his Creator,
 A heart of flesh God in a stone can mould."

This is one of the class of legends never intended to be taken *literally*; though we must at once be struck with the *truthfulness* of its lesson.

Here is a legend of a more solemn cast, which appears to have had its origin in Italy :—

THE STRANGE PREACHER.

It happened once in Padua, that a Minorite friar was appointed to preach the Lent Sermons in the Cathedral of St. Anthony. The subject of his discourses was, the Pains of Hell. One day, however, when in the pulpit, he found himself indisposed, and obliged to discontinue; but he promised the congregation to resume the discourse on the following morning. The morning came, and found the friar so much worse, that the physician of the convent forbade him to leave his bed; and the invalid sent for the brethren, and begged that some one of them would take his place in the pulpit, and resume the interrupted discourse; but they, each and all, excused themselves, alleging the want of time for due preparation. Our sick friar fretted exceedingly at the idea of disappointing the congregation, and was beginning to grow feverish from vexation, when one of the Minorites, on recollection, observed, that a foreign brother, from France, had arrived at the convent the night before, on his way to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto; and that he had the appearance of an intellectual man; he was tall, had black eyes and beard, and high black eyebrows; doubtless, he would be able to preach extempore. The invalid sent for the stranger, told him his dilemma, and requested his good offices. After some hesitation the foreign friar consented; went to the cathedral, ascended the pulpit, and preached on the given subject—the Pains of Hell. Never before had such a sermon been heard in Padua. He showed forth, in the most glowing colours, the enormity of sin, and the danger of trampling under foot the holy commandments: but especially in describing the miseries of hell, he spoke with such a fiery and overpowering eloquence, that he seemed to set before the eyes of the astonished and terrified people,

not so much a vivid picture, as an awful reality. They felt their hearts pierced, as with a sword, by his intense earnestness, and could not refrain from weeping and sobbing aloud, making mentally a thousand vows of reformation and newness of life. When the preacher descended from the pulpit, the people retired in tears, and the Minorite brethren expressed their warmest thanks to the stranger for the manner in which he had exerted his extraordinary talents, and expressed their delight at the great benefit the hearers had evidently received. Then, as he wished to take his leave of the brotherhood, and proceed on his pilgrimage, they all attended him, with proper courtesy, to the outer gate of the convent.

But as they were walking on, an aged and very devout friar, whose eyes were often enlightened to see things beyond the perception of ordinary mortals, espied a cloven-foot under the monastic habit of the stranger, and immediately discovered that it was no Minorite brother, but an incarnate fiend of hell. The old man summoned up his courage, and adjured him in the name of the great Creator of all things, to confess was he not a devil? why, then, had he unworthily assumed that holy habit, and come thither to preach and teach the way of salvation, to which he himself could never attain, and from which it had ever been his aim to turn away mankind! The fiend thus adjured, confessed in the presence of the brotherhood, and of some laymen who were in company, that he was in truth a devil (then the expression of his face became too hideous to look upon, and his eyes blazed forth flames of lurid light); he said that his desire for the perdition of men was as great as ever, and that the sermon he had preached to the people that day would be so far from turning them to the way of salvation, that, on the contrary, it would tend to their condemnation, for he had preached to them awful truths, and they had owned the force of those truths by their tears and their penitence. But those tears were dried when they left the church-door, and that penitence lasted no longer than till they found themselves at home, amid their usual occupations and pleasures, and their acknowledged, but soon stifled

conviction, was but an increase of sin. "At the last day," he continued, "I myself will appear as a witness against these people, and will say to the Judge upon the throne, 'O thou Mighty One! behold these men! how can they accuse me of tempting them to sin? Have I not warned them in a voice of thunder of the consequence of sin—I, who knew it so well? have I not described to them—forcibly described—the agonies of hell? and who knows them as I do, or can paint them as I can? Have they not owned for a moment that I preached awful truths, and then turned away, dried their tears, and forgot to repent?—how shall they justify their sins by accusing me as their tempter?'"

Thus saying, he vanished out of their sight, leaving them mute with terror and astonishment. The devout old friar was the first to speak. "Woe!" he said, "woe to those men who will not be persuaded to heaven by the mild and gracious invitations of their God, nor scared from hell by the solemn warnings with which Satan himself admonishes them."

This tale may have been the origin of the proverb—"The devil rebukes sin." It teaches a fearful and solemn truth, of which the world has daily experience. For what preacher can so powerfully demonstrate the danger of sin, and its frightful consequences, as sin itself does, when walking through the world incarnate in human forms, in all their loathsomeness and anguish! This is one of the few legends we have seen, in which a fiend makes his appearance in an appropriate and impressive manner. In most monkish legends, the devil is introduced in a ludicrous manner, not as a mighty, implacable and tremendous power, but as a mere blockhead buffoon, easily overreached, filling the same part as "the vice," in the ancient miracle-plays and mysteries, like the Pantaloon of modern pantomime, duped and buffeted by all. Such legends must have been incalculably injurious to the popular mind in olden times, tending to place Satan in a false light, and leading men to estimate too meanly their danger from their great spiritual enemy.

As a relief from this gloomy subject, we will turn to one more gracious, a legend of St. Augustine (the celebrated Bishop of Hippo), referring to him in the early period of his life, before his conversion from the perverted learning and too daring researches of

the Manichean heresy, in which he was entangled from A.D. 373 to 384, when struck, probably, by some such thought as is suggested in the following legend, he went to Milan, to hear the preaching of St. Ambrose, by which he was converted. It was at the baptism of his great convert, that St. Ambrose is said to have sung that sublime hymn, commonly styled the *Te Deum*. The legend has been clad by Aloysius Schreiber* in a poetic garb, from which we translate it:—

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Along the shore of summer sea
Walked Saint Augustine thoughtfully:
Too deep!y did he seek to scan
The nature of the Lord of man.
Nor was the task abstruse, he thought—
His mind with Scripture texts was fraught;
He deemed to his presumption given
To learn the mysteries of Heaven.
Then, suddenly descried he there
A boy of aspect wondrous fair,
Who, bending forwards o'er the strand,
Scoop'd out a hollow in the sand,
And filled it, with a limpet shell,
From out the ocean's briny well.

Augustine spake—"My pretty boy,
What is thy play, or thy employ?"
"Look, sir! within this little hole,
The sea, with all the waves that roll,
For sport I'll put." Augustine smiled—
"Thy sport is all for nought, my child;
Thy utmost labour is in vain—
Thine aim thou never can'st attain."
"Let him to whom such power's denied,
Content in his own path abide:
Much to the loving heart is dear,
That to the brain doth dark appear."
So spake the boy: then to the light
His wings display'd, of glistening white,
And, like an eagle, soared away,
Lost in the sun's resplendent ray.

Long after him Augustine gaz'd,
And said, with heart and eyes uprais'd—
"The truth he spake; the human mind
Is still to time and space confined,
And cannot pass beyond; but he
Who lives in faith and righteously,
So much of God shall he discern
As needeth man on earth to learn."

We proceed to a legend, in which the rash enthusiasm for the ascetic life, that was so prevalent in the fourth century, is sensibly and feelingly rebuked. We translate from the German of the poetic version by Herder:—

* Native of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

ONUPHRIUS IN THE WILDERNESS.

The rose and myrtle form the lover's wreath ;
 For bard and hero grows the laurel bough ;
 The palm-tree to the holy victor gives
 Its glorious branch—and to the wanderer,
 Weary and lone, his God can cause to spring
 A palm-tree in the barren wilderness.

Onuphrius, a rash and zealous youth,
 Had heard Elijah's life ascetic lauded
 With highest praise: to imitation fired,
 He girt himself, and to the desert fled.

Seven days he wander'd there—but heard no voice
 Speaking from heav'n—"What dost thou here, Elijah?"
 From hunger, thirst, and the fierce burning heat
 He sank exhausted—"Take, O Lord! my life;
 But grant, O grant! one cool refreshing draught."

Then came deep sleep upon his heavy eyes:
 His angel stood beside him.—"Thou, presumptuous!
 Who tempt'st the Lord thy God—Art *thou* Elijah?
 Yet to instruct thee, and console thee, listen!—
 A stream is rippling at thy side, and o'er
 Thy head a palm-tree rustles: sev'nty years
 Here shalt thou live with them; and they shall die
 E'en when *thou* diest; but all those lonely years
 Never shall the sweet sound of human voice,
 Or human footstep, echo in thine ear,
 Till one shall come, who comes to make thy grave."

Soothed, though astonied, he awoke and saw
 The stream, the tree, e'en as the angel said.
He called the palm his brother, and the stream
His sister: from the water and the fruit
 Refreshment found, and clad him with the leaves.
 But through the long, long years, threescore and ten,
 He never heard the welcome voice of man.

At length a footstep—"Now, he comes!—'tis he!
 The man whom God hath sent to make my grave."
 He met his guest, and welcom'd him, and told
 The story of his Palm. Then spake the stranger—
 "Thy duty is fulfilled—speed hence! these wilds
 Befit thee not; for man was made for man."

Scarce had he spoken, when that grey old hermit
 Sank down in death—a sudden wind uprooted
 The sighing Palm; and the clear stream dried up.
 But through the air a joyful hymn was heard—
 "Come, brother! come from out thy wilderness—
 Come! angel choirs invite thee to enjoy
 Beneath the palms of heav'n at length that bliss—
 Brotherly love, thy fault had forfeited."

Paphnutius buried there the dead, whose face
 With happiness seemed radiant. The rude desert,
 With frowning aspect, from its wastes repelled him.
 "Ah!" thought he, "for so many men as grieve
 And wrong their brethren, e'en so many more
 Give to each other pity, aid, and strength,
 And consolation—Man was made for man."

There is a beautiful touch of miniature painting in this little piece. It is the yearning after social ties still lurking

in the heart of the hermit, as betrayed by his calling the palm his brother, and the stream his sister; soothing himself,

in his isolation, by the names of kindred bestowed on his inanimate companions. Paphnutius, mentioned in the legend, was a bishop of the Upper Thebaid, in Egypt. He had been a sufferer for the faith in the persecution under Maximian (A.D. 302 and 303), having had his left leg cut off and his right eye plucked out; and in that maimed state being condemned to work in the mines. He was distinguished among (perhaps *above*) his contemporaries for moderation, good sense, and good feeling. A pleasing anecdote, illustrative of his judgment and humanity, is related in some ecclesiastical histories. After the persecution had ceased, he had gone to visit St. Anthony, called the Great, the famous Egyptian ascetic, whose example had filled the Thebais with so many solitaries. It happened that one of the monks of Anthony's convent had committed a fault, for which he was reproached by his brethren with the utmost virulence, by way of showing him the magnitude of his transgression, and leading him to repentance. The monk went to complain to Anthony of their undue severity, but they pursued him, and continued their vituperations, even in the presence of Anthony and Paphnutius; and the latter, in order to mark his opinion of their injudicious and injurious conduct, calmly observed, "I once saw a man sinking in a bog: some persons, passing by, ran to help him out, but instead of so doing they plunged him in deeper." Anthony, turning to the good bishop, with a look of approbation, replied, "Thou hast said well, Paphnutius; I see thou understandest how souls are to be saved." Paphnutius was at the Council of Nice in 325; and when the assembled ecclesiastics proposed to establish as a rule, that any man who received holy orders, being married, should put away his wife, he prevented the adoption of the resolution, referring the Council to the ancient ecclesiastical law, that a man who received holy orders, being married, should retain his wife; but being single, should remain unmarried.

As pendants to the foregoing legend of Christian origin, we would add two or three more ancient, borrowed from the elder sister of Christianity, Judaism. The Talmud is a great store-

house of Jewish traditions, theological, historical, and didactic; some of them, it is true, wild and overstrained allegories; some exaggerated with Oriental extravagance; some puerile; some (the later ones) offensive to our faith as Christians; some absurd, with an absurdity *sui generis*, peculiar to the Rabbis; but the general tenor is mild, peaceful, humane, and moral, with a rural and pastoral spirit. Buxtorf, though often declaiming against the faults of the Talmud, admits that it contains admirable maxims, acute and excellent proverbs, gentle and instructive tales, and much information in various branches of knowledge. The first legend we shall give is from those divisions of the Talmud, called the Treatise, "Shabbath," and "*Aboda Zara*:"—

RABBI ELIESER'S REPENTANCE.

Rabbi Elieser was convinced of the great necessity all men continually have of repentance. He used constantly say to those around him, "Repent one day before death." His disciples asked him, "How can any man know upon what day he should die?" Rabbi Elieser replied, "So much the more is it needful that he should repent to-day, lest he should die to-morrow; wherefore, it is expedient that he live in repentance all his days. And Solomon, the king, hath said, in his wisdom, 'Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment.'* By which he means repentance, and a life fruitful in good works; so as to be always in a state of preparation for death." Notwithstanding the pious convictions of Rabbi Elieser, and his anxious teaching of others, it happened one day that he yielded to a temptation, and fell into grievous sin. But he hardened not his heart. The passing breeze awoke in him a sudden reflection. "As a breath of air returneth no more to the place whence it came, so shall the soul of Rabbi Elieser return not to salvation."

Deeply smitten with the sense of guilt, the afflicted and contrite Rabbi dared not lift up his heart to his offended God; but, in the extremity of his anguish, he called on the mountains and the hills, entreating them to pray for him. But they replied—"Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves: for is it not written, '*The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed?*'"—(Isaiah, liv. 10.) Then stretching forth his hands, Rabbi Elieser invoked the intercession of the heavens and the earth, and besought them to pray for him; but in vain, for they replied—"Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves: for

* Eccles. ix. 8.

is it not written, *'The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment?'*—(Isaiah, li. 6.) The distressed penitent thus repulsed, sought the mediation of the sun and moon, but unsuccessfully; for they, too, refused, saying, "Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves: for is it not written, *'The moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed?'*"—(Isaiah, xxiv. 28.) As a last resource, the repentant Rabbi turned to the lesser lights of heaven—"O ye stars and planets, pray for me!" But they answered him, "Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves: for is it not written, *'All the host of heaven shall be dissolved?'*"—(Isa. xxxiv. 4.)

The Rabbi thus repulsed, sat down upon the earth, and wrapping his head in his mantle, wept sore, lamenting his transgression; till at last, in the bitterness of his sorrow, his soul departed from him—and, at the same instant, a voice from heaven was heard to say, "Rabbi Elieser is pardoned!"

This legend, which greatly partakes of the nature of parable, tells, in a fine imaginative strain, of the insufficiency of any created thing to mediate for the sins of another; of the frailty of all (however glorious to us) in the eyes of their Creator, and of the hope that remains in the mercy of God for the sincere penitent: so far it is good and impressive; but its author, a Jew and a Talmudist, was not able to carry it far enough.

From an old Rabbinical book, we give another figurative tale, short but pithy:—

THE INAUGURATION OF THE VINEYARD.

When Noah was occupied in planting the first vineyard, Satan stood by to behold the work. In a short time he comprehended its nature, and foresaw all the evil consequences that would flow from it, with the juice of the vineyard. Delighted at the prospect of all the vice, disease, misery, and degradation about to be introduced into the world, the Evil One exultingly inaugurated the first vineyard, by sacrificing, in the midst of it, a sheep, a lion, and a swine.

These three animals typify the three bestial stages of intoxication; the first, maudlin good humour, when man is bland and silly as a sheep, a ready dupe for the designing; next, when he becomes quarrelsome, and is fierce and dangerous as a lion, and ready to stain himself with blood; and last, when he becomes brutal, like the swine, and wallows on the earth in the mire of degradation.

Our last specimens shall be two of a peaceful and pastoral strain:—

THE TREASURE TROVE.

When Alexander of Macedon was seeking realms to conquer, he met with a people in Africa, who lived in a very remote and obscure corner, who had never heard of war or conquerors, and who enjoyed their humble cottages in profound peace. They met the Macedonian king, and conducted him to the dwelling of their ruler, who received him hospitably, and set before him, as a feast, dates, figs, and other fruits made of gold. "What! do you eat gold here?" asked Alexander. "No; but I imagined thou hadst food enough to eat in thine own country, and that it was a desire of gold that led thee forth from it. Why, therefore, has thou come to us from so far a country?" "It was not for your gold I came," replied Alexander; "but I desired to learn your customs." "Even so; then abide among us as long as thou wilt."

While the ruler and the Grecian were conversing, two men of the tribe came in, to appeal to the ruler's judgment. The complainant spoke—"I bought a piece of ground from this man, and when I was digging it, I found a treasure. The treasure is not mine, for I purchased only the ground—I never included in the purchase any hidden treasure; but this man, who sold me the land, refuses to receive the treasure from me." The defendant now replied—"I am as conscientious as my neighbour. I sold him the ground, and everything that might be in it; therefore, the treasure is justly his, and I cannot take it."

The ruler took time to understand the case clearly, and then asked one of the parties—"Hast thou a son?"—"I have." He inquired of the other—"Hast thou a daughter?"—"Yea." "So, then the son shall marry the daughter, and the young couple shall have the treasure as a wedding portion."

Alexander betrayed some emotion. "Is not my judgment just?" inquired the ruler. "Perfectly just," returned Alexander; "but it surprises me." "How, then, would the case have been decided in thy country?" "To own the truth," said Alexander, "both the men would have been taken in custody, and the treasure seized for the king." "For the king," said the ruler, full of astonishment; "does the sun shine in that land?"—"Surely." "Does the rain fall?"—"Of course." "Wonderful! but are there gentle grazing animals there?"—"There are, and of many kinds." "Then," said the ruler, "it is for the sake of those innocent animals that the all-merciful Creator permits the sun to shine, and the rain to fall upon your land; ye deserve it not."

RABBI ISAAC'S BENEDICTION.

The aged Rabbi Isaac had gone to visit his friend, Rabbi Nachman. Many weeks they abode together, conversing of the law of

Moses, and mutually instructing and enlightening each other. At length the hour of parting came. The idea that he might never again behold his aged friend, caused Rabbi Nachman's eyes to fill with tears. At length he said—"Bless me, even me, my dear and honoured friend, ere thou dost depart from me." "I bless *thee*, O thou excellent of the earth! thou who art so like yon palm-tree." "What palm-tree, Rabbi Isaac?" "Listen, my brother. There was once a wanderer in the wilderness; he was hungry, thirsty, and very faint. Suddenly, he discovered, on the banks of a stream, a thickly foliaged palm-tree, hung with ripe dates. He lay down beneath its shade, satisfied his hunger with the fruit, and quenched his thirst from the stream, and was refreshed. He arose, and leaning on his staff, looked thankfully upon the shadowing tree. 'Kind and liberal palm, I bless thee; but where-

withal shall I bless thee, that thy fruit may prosper? Lo, they are even now sweet and refreshing. That thy branches may spread around? Yet how lofty is thy crown, and how cool and extended is thy shade. That a rivulet shall water thy roots? How bright and pure is the stream that flows beside thee. Yet thus will I bless thee, thou mighty palm; may all thy saplings be like unto thee! Even thus I bless *thee*, my friend and host. Thou hast great wisdom; and wealth and high station are thine; the joys of a pure conscience, a happy home, and the love of the righteous, are thine in all their fulness. May thy children resemble thee! may *their* lot be as *thine*.' "

With these words of peace and benediction, we take our leave (we trust not unaptly) of the reader.

M. E. M.

MILTON HUMBL Y IMITATED.

I.

How pleasant is thy face, O friendly moon!
 How calm, how pensive, how devoid of guile,
 How deep, intense, yet tearful in thy smile—
 Like a sun struck with sorrow at its noon!
 About the paths of earth careering ever,
 The garish day thy modest courses shun;
 But when the journey-work of man is done,
 Thou proffer'st thy clear cup, to cool his fever.
 'Tis much from the sad labours of my way,
 These withering struggles, thus by night to steal,
 And sit where down between dark walls may stray
 My silent footfall—and the blessing feel
 Of calm repose succeed the toilsome day—
 Or in thy mystic presence rapt, to kneel.

II.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

Cynthia! now riding high o'er land and sea,
 Immeasurably high, yet calm and mild,
 Like the meek mien of some imperial child,
 Unconscious of its empire! here to me,
 Sunk in the cell of deep despondency,
 Yet canst thou be from thy bright realm beguiled,
 Content to turn this way thy footsteps wild,
 Pale, pitying ministrant to misery!
 Low as I lie, I've comfort yet to view,
 Thy light step steal about, like hers that bore me;
 Fresh from above, and scenting of the dew
 That bathes the planet-sown savannahs o'er me,
 And think how strange, since man in scorn withdrew,
 The queen of heaven herself should wait before me!

SONNETS ON THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

BY B. B. FELTUS.

"For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof; but by a man of understanding and knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged."—PROVERBS, xxviii. 2.

"But Thy most awful instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man, arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea! carnage is thy daughter."—WORDSWORTH—"Thanksgiving Ode."

I.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, ON LEAVING SWEDEN, ADDRESSES THE SENATE.

"Not for myself—not for myself, my friends,
I entered in this quarrel. 'Twas my aim
To admit a wife's and daughter's tender claim
To my repose. No natural love commends
War to my breast; I waged it for just ends
When duty called, and Sweden bless'd my name
When peace, not wrung from weakness or from shame,
But that fresh laurels with its olive blends,
Came near our hopes at last; Heaven wills not so.
Called by the voice of many states oppressed
By the League's plunder, and the Austrian's thrall,
It may be never to return, I go,
Leaving my Queen, and all our hopes hath blessed—
Christina to succeed me, if I fall."

II.

LANDS IN GERMANY.

"Almighty God!"—'twas thus Gustavus spoke,
Kneeling the first of twenty thousand Swedes
On German soil—"No thirst for conquest leads
Us here. Behind no subterfuge we cloak
Our aims. Again would Rome impose her yoke
On our freed souls. Brother to brother pleads
For aid; but what avail all mortal deeds
Without *Thy* aid—the aid we here invoke?"
Steadfast they rose. No soldier idly chats
To his comrade; but from rank to rank there ran,
From breast to breast, from kindling eye to eye,
A flame, might startle Ferdinand of Gratz,
In the Schonbrun, Wallenstein, a kinglier man
Might scare, as if a meteor crossed his sky.

III.

THE EMPEROR'S RUMINATIONS.

"What! Pomerania in his hands so soon!
All Saxony before him! Tilly far
From the scene of action! Wallenstein's proud star
Lost in Bohemia! Yet another moon,
And France to the Lutheran's will her part attune;
And, 'gainst such odds, what force have I to bar
His way to Ulm? or, if he cross the Aar,
His march on Vienna?" Amid papers strewn

Confusedly in his cabinet, you may see
 The Emperor's pale, quivering lips betray
 These torturing thoughts. Ere while, oft in his mouth
 The Swede went coupled with a *jeu d'esprit*—
 "We'll never catch this snow-king," he would say—
 "He'll melt before he reaches so far south."

IV.

TILLY'S MARCH UPON MAGDEBURG.

But Tilly saw the danger, and he took
 His measures promptly. In appearance, still
 He strikes and parries, his foes' hands to fill ;
 But secretly, his well-laid projects look
 To Magdeburg. 'Twas written in Fate's book
 His plans should prosper. With unconquered will,
 Through wood and wild, o'er valley, stream, and hill,
 A horde, unpaid, untaught restraint to brook,
 He urged on—on, scarce halting day or night ;
 They walked, ran, limp'd, and if some lay down faint,
 They felt the outraged peasants' vengeance soon.
 But see ! the city bursts upon their sight,
 Marked out for woes that language cannot paint,
 By Cossack, Croat, Magyar, and Walloon.

V.

KING OF SWEDEN DEFENDS HIS CONDUCT.

"But where's the King of Sweden?" Europe cries—
 All Protestant Europe. Ah ! what anguish burst
 From his great soul, when to his ears came first
 That sack's black tidings. But when questions rise
 Of his high conduct, calmly he replies :—
 "To march against a foe by Heaven accurst,
 By man abhorred, I could not, if I durst,
 When the enemy, to cut off my supplies,
 Upon my rear lay quartered. In this strait,
 I claimed from the Elector, in frank style
 To hold Custrin and Spandan, 'till I'd chased
 Those wolves from Magdeburg. I now forget
 What frivolous excuse he framed. Meanwhile,
 Time passed, I marched, but Fate outran my haste."

VI.

SACK OF MAGDEBURG.

"General, 'tis time to stop the sack," cries one
 In the retinue of Count Tilly. "No, my friend,
 Our soldiers would not gladly so soon end
 Their pastime. Many a comrade fell upon
 Those trenches." Thus replying, he looked on
 At rape and butchery, and heard shrieks would rend
 His heart, if 'twere not stone. But he could spend
 An hour in such a scene, as if joy shone
 On all around him. He was a small man,
 Meagre and thin ; his cheeks like yellow leaves ;
 But over them was spread a forehead graved
 With anxious thought. His eyes were trained to scan
 Far objects. A green doublet, with slashed sleeves,
 He wore, and one tall feather o'er him waved.

VII.

MAGDEBURG BEFORE THE SIEGE.

Short time ago, and as he passes through
 Thronged thoroughfares, full warehouses, rich shops,
 The booted traveller reins his steed, and stops
 To gaze on all they show. Here, two by two,
 On high days, all the trades, in doublets new,
 Each with its badge, marched by, while belfry-tops
 Shook with their chimes. Here, reared on massive props,
 Pillared and arched, to just proportion true,
 Bulwark of freedom! rose the stately halls
 Of audience, council-chambers, courts of law,
 Where native genius, taught by her own light,
 Grouped her creations. On those smouldering walls
 The old cathedral struck the mind with awe—
 There Luther's Column marked a century's flight.

VIII.

THE SAME AFTER.

What see you now? Great God! the very stones
 Are smeared with gore; the dead are all you meet,
 Save dogs that lap the puddle of the street,
 Warm human blood! and mumble human bones!
 Anon, come on the ear the feeble groans
 Of some poor lingering wretch! The eye to greet
 Promiscuously are scattered—heads, arms, feet,
 And forms of death that Nature's voice disowns!
 O'erhead, a cloud of pestilence and smoke
 Almost excludes the light; the putrid air
 Sickens the sense; the flames reduce their prey
 To ashes; but those ashes cannot soak
 The blood of thirty thousand butchered there—
 "Butchered to make a Roman holiday!"

IX.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG.

'Tis sunrise in September. Hark! the boom
 Of the League's cannon. "On! my own true Swedes—
 And if your valour such incentive needs,
 Think of the wolves that wrought the bloody doom
 Of Magdeburg." High waves the eagle plume
 Of Sweden's king, amid the rush of steeds
 Flashes his sword. On! valiant hearts! he leads
 Who knows the way to glory. To a room—
 It was a grave-digger's, where cross and bones
 Most ominously hung—a wounded man
 Was borne upon a litter; far and wide
 'Tis rout and ruin; mixed with a few groans,
 He faltered forth, "I've felt as if God's ban
 Was on my soul to-day"—thus Tilly died!!

X.

RICHELIEU DISCLOSES HIS THOUGHTS TO FATHER JOSEPH.

"By our Lady, Father Joseph, 'tis not well
 This Swedish bravo should make havoc thus
 Of half our creed—he'll show his teeth at us
 Ere long. What if our heretics rebel?"

A thing has happened ; how their flight would swell
 His rank and file. When minus becomes plus
 'Tis time to change relations, and discuss
 New measures and new men. If we would fell
 This oak, we'll work with the invisible strokes
 Of policy : supply Bavaria's king
 Through Spanish channels ; mould the coming shock
 Of Wallenstein's fury ; with a raven's croaks
 Appal the Saxon. Thou the leading-string
 Of all, meek pilgrim, in thy friar's frock !"

XI.

THE EMPEROR SOLICITS WALLENSTEIN TO RESUME THE COMMAND.

Courier on courier—from the Danube's bank
 To Zsnain there's nought but hurrying to and fro.
 Proud man ! these courtiers wait on you, and go
 Back to the Emperor scouted : he hath drank
 Humiliation to the dregs, and sank
 To be his subject's subject. "There will flow
 From private life, at least, no second blow
 To crush me to the earth. Return, and thank
 The Emperor in my name. It is his way,
 In danger's hour to fawn upon the man
 He knows can save him ; when the storm blows by,
 Dismissal and contempt the debt repay—
 Thus was I treated. 'Tis my present plan
 For a better recompense to live and die."

XII.

WALLENSTEIN MARCHES TO BLOCKADE NUREMBURG.

On, Wallenstein—roll on the deafening din
 Of war wide-wasting ; for thy cannon's wheel
 Snatch from the plough its team, their scanty meal
 From trembling peasants. If Bavaria win
 Thy tardy aid, her master has a sin*
 Still unatoned for ; and he soon shall feel
 What private hate, making the common weal
 Its pretext, can inflict. Meantime, within
 The walls of Nuremburg the King secures
 His faithful Swedes ; the citizen, with joy,
 Cries, "God save good Gustavus ! our last loaf
 We'll share with him." Outside, the foe endures
 Like famine. Who starves longest will destroy
 The other ; but such warfare soon tires both.

XIII.

BOTH ARMIES BREAK OFF.

On, on ! ye rival hosts—all Europe's eyes
 Expect the issue. Here two chiefs are met
 That never knew defeat—both equal yet,
 But still how different. One—brave, good, and wise :

* The King of Bavaria was a principal agent in constraining the Emperor to dismiss Wallenstein from his first command.

The other, who can paint—what wing can rise
 High as his thoughts—what plummet bottom get
 In that dark soul?—a midnight black as jet,
 Flared up with lightning. On! a sumless prize
 Is cast between you: both the foremost men
 Of the age ye live in—both ordained to live
 For ever. One may teach what steady light
 That man receives, who works by sword or pen,
 From the Word of God; the other, too, might give
 A warning, if weak man could read aright.

XIV.

BATTLE OF LUTZEN—VIEW IN THE BEGINNING.

The high road parts both armies. Wallenstein,
 'Ere dawn, had planted it with musqueteers
 And cannon. The fog's thick, but, as it clears,
 A hymn well chanted, a sweet native strain,
 The Swedes pour forth—then charge, opposed in vain
 By trench and fire: regiment to regiment cheers,
 "Brave Upland, Smaland, Finland, cross the spears
 Of these skirmishers with your bayonets." Ha! again
 The enemy reels—the cannon's taken. Lightnings flash
 From Wallenstein's eye—himself's already there.
 "Ho! Tersky—Illo, charge with trampling steeds
 Their flank. All cowards infamy shall lash
 Upon the recreant backs they turn—who'll spare
 His life, or doubt the event, where Wallenstein leads?"

XV.

SAME, AT A MORE ADVANCED PERIOD.

"Sire, the left wing is driven across the road,
 The batteries are retaken." This ill news
 Overtakes the King on the right, as he pursues
 The flying Croats. No alarm he showed—
 A few quick sentences on Horn bestowed:
 "Regiment of Steinbock, it is thou I choose
 For escort. See! our brothers yonder lose
 Some ground. Away, my charger, thou'rt bestrode
 By one must prove thy mettle." In a trice
 He's at the post of danger; with a cheer
 Rallies the broken—all resources tries.
 "Yon's no mean trooper—let thy aim be nice,"
 Says a gefreyter* to a musqueteer.
 "The King's struck!" through the ranks, soul-harrowing, flies.

XVI.

DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

"Brother, we'll take a circuit to the right,
 'This bleeding arm I wish not to be seen—
 The sight disheartens." He thus called had been
 An Imperialist: deserted on some slight,

* A gefreyter with the Imperialists held a rank similar to that of a corporal in our army.

And changed religions—changed again, to plight
 Twice-broken faith to other colours—seen
 So often false, what he this day did mean
 Is a vexed question ; but suspicion's blight
 Cleaves to Saxe-Lauenburg. As on they passed
 At a quick gallop, Lauenburg behind,
 The King fell, shot. His charger backward flew
 To the Swedes, revealing what their fears forecast ;
 They broke their ranks, by no command confined,
 And round his corpse a murderous conflict grew.

XVII.

CONCLUSION OF THE BATTLE.

“ Who cares for life when Sweden's sun is set ?
 Our glory is departed : we live now
 Only for vengeance ! ” Thus the Swedes avow
 Despair and desperation. With cheeks wet
 With tears they charge. How could such charge be met
 By serfs and hirelings ? But behold ! the brow
 Of Wallenstein brightens. Pappenheim's troopers bow
 O'er outstretched necks, o'er clattering hoofs that threat
 The ear, ere seen. But see ! as on they come,
 A hedge of pikes starts up. They cannot shake
 That serried mass, to all impressions numb
 As adamant, that to no odds will yield :
 All's carnage—quarter neither give nor take.
 At length night falls, and both, defiant, quit the field.

XVIII.

MOURNING AT WEISSENFELLS.

Enough for rage—enough's for vengeance done :
 Grief now must claim its own. Around a bier
 Grim warriors weep o'er all their hearts hold dear—
 Weep o'er that form their swords from outrage won,
 'Mid heaps of slain. All now beneath the sun
 Indifferent to them. But soon draws near
 Another mourner, to which these appear
 But passing shadows. Speaking not, that none,
 In turn, vain words might offer : wrapt in weeds,
 Pale, but revealing such a depth of love
 As earth hath now no object left to fill,
 Eleonora, for the last time, feeds
 That grief an angel soon will sooth above,
 On what lies there pale, silent, cold, and still !

XIX.

PAPPENHEIM.

On Pappenheim's forehead Nature's hand had drawn
 Two sanguine strokes. A soldier from his choice,
 War was his element—his eye, his voice,
 And those two sanguine strokes, marked out from its dawn
 A mind congenial to those scenes where yawn
 Flames and convulsions. Oft did he rejoice
 To lead the hope forlorn, the first to hoise
 His flag upon the ramparts. Though to fawn

On princes he disdained, in faith firm-set,
 He deemed Heaven served by all the blood he spill'd.
 From Spain the order of the Golden Fleece
 Had almost reached him, when his death-blow met
 Him first at Lutzen. "Since the Swede is killed,
 The Catholic's foe," he gasped, "I die in peace!"

XX.

OXENSTIERN.

Alas! that spirit is no more that swayed
 All counsels, bent all wills, and awed all minds.
 One hangs aloof, or one a leader finds
 That serves mere personal ends. To be obeyed
 By princes, who sit down beneath the shade
 Of a great fame and will that bends and binds
 All others to itself, amid mankind's
 Events, has not been oftentimes displayed.
 Such was the lot of great Gustavus—such
 Of few besides by moral strength made strong.
 Another great example we discern
 In a poor noble—poor, though charged with much.
 This man, in peace and war prime mover long,
 Was Sweden's Chancellor, Oxenstiern.

XXI.

DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

Night falls in Egra: in its castle hall
 The few friends left to that still towering man,
 Great, though so fallen! marked out for death, outran
 In revel their few sands. He, far from all,
 No voices hears, save one—the still, the small,
 That whispers, "Thou'rt a traitor." He would scan
 The heavens, and soon with Seni* he began
 From this remorseful spirit to disenthral
 His thoughts, when th' old man croaked—"The Fates that spin
 Your destiny turn pale: a cloud appears
 On your natal star." "My friend, 'twill soon be sped."
 Another hour! and crash! the door falls in.
 Rush on the breast he shows two halberdiers!
 'Twas thus from him his soul indignant fled!

XXII.

BERNARD, DUKE OF SAXE WEIMAR.

"Courage, Father Joseph, Breysach will be ours—
 Saxe Weimar is no more." "Your Eminence,"
 Replied the Capuchin softly, "may dispense
 With Protestant allies now." Amid the flowers
 That memory strews before our vacant hours,
 None raise the feelings to a livelier sense
 Of valour never backward in defence
 Of injured right—of love that owns no powers
 Save the heart's dictates—than thy stirring tale,
 O Bernard, early-lost and long-deplored!
 The Cardinal urged him to a marriage suit—
 "My niece is worth a duchy." "All would fail,"
 Said he, "though lord of nothing but my sword,
 To reconcile me to your stolen fruit."

* Seni was the name of the astrologer to whose skill in the "occult science" Wallenstein so much trusted.

XXIII.

THE SWEDISH GENERALS.

How many glorious stars have left the field
 Of view, and still war thunders on. The eye
 That saw Gustavus soon will satisfy
 Its gaze on men who only stand revealed
 When he is gone. Yet they were taught to wield
 Their arms in a school that genius could supply
 From imitation. Planets in the sky
 Of memory, a reflected light they yield.
 Amongst this group Kniphausen may be named ;
 Brave Horn, Falkenberg, Tott, Bandissen,
 Wrangel, who last of all these leaders shone ;
 Banner, whose follies oft his glory shamed ;
 Greatest of all, the rival of Turenne,
 Gustavus's pupil, Bernard Tortensohn.

XXIV.

THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.

Thirty long years of war, and ruin spread
 O'er hamlet, town, and field !! But worse—far worse !
 By moral blight, by killing, withering curse
 Of foul misdeeds in lawless license bred,
 The sanctities of faith, the marriage bed
 Polluted and profaned ! Time, gentle nurse,
 Heals Nature's wounds ; but can it reimburse
 The losses of the heart—revive the dead—
 Recall to pristine health truth, charity,
 And stainless love ? At length war's thunders cease ;
 The sword now yields precedence to the pen,
 That leaving much the argument to be *
 Of future broils, builds up Westphalia's peace,
 And Germany's crushed spirit breathes again.

XXV.

CONCLUSION.

Thus musing on some features of the past
 That still irradiate that exhaustless mine
 Of human aims and passions, I combine
 The scattered fragments, and the whole recast
 Into one picture—there connect, contrast,
 Compare them with each other, and assign
 Due place to all, till harmony divine
 Breaks on the patient, mental eye at last.
 What's the great moral that the sum conveys ?
 Alas ! all times have told it oft in vain :
*Build not for glory—if thou dost, essay
 No work unhallowed. Prefer not man's praise
 To the smiles of Heaven—much less, thy hands distain
 With guilt that tears will never wash away.*

* Amongst the omissions of the Treaty of Westphalia may be cited two, from which the "seeds of discontent rapidly germinated." "The relative proportions of taxation, not only in regard to each state, but to the different social classes of each, was one. Another was the regulation of the Diets of Deputation."—See Dunham's *His. Ger. Em.*, Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. iii. p. 229.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MIDNIGHT RENCONTRE.

My father had walked several streets of the capital before he could collect his thoughts, or even remember where he was. He went along, lost to everything save memory of his vengeance. He tried to call to mind the names of those on whose zeal and devotedness he could reckon; but so imbued with suspicion had his mind become—so distrustful of everything and every one, that he actually felt as if deserted by all the world, without one to succour or stand by him.

Thus rambling by chance, he found himself in Stephen's-green, where he sat down to rest under one of those great trees, which in those times shaded the favourite promenade of Dublin. Directly in front of him was a large mansion, brilliantly lighted up, and crowded by a numerous company, many of whom were enjoying the balmy air of a summer's night, on the balcony in front of the windows. As they moved to and fro, passing back and forwards, my father could recognise several that he was acquainted with, and some that he knew most intimately.

Filled with one consuming thought, he fancied that he heard his name at every moment; that every allusion was to him, and each burst of laughter was uttered in derision at his cost. His rage had worked him up almost to madness, and he could hardly restrain himself from calling out, and replying aloud to these fancied insults and aspersions on his character.

At such moments of doubt as these, certainty flashes on the mind with a power of concentration and resolution that seems to confer strength for anything, however difficult. So was it to my father, as suddenly the tones of a well-known voice struck on his ear, and he heard the easy laugh of him that he hated most of all the world. It was Barry Rutledge himself, who

now was leaning over the balcony, in the centre of a group, whom he was evidently entertaining by his remarks.

The bursts of laughter which at each moment interrupted him, showed how successfully his powers of entertaining were being exercised, while at intervals a dead silence around proved the deep attention with which they listened.

It was at the moment when, by the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, a new ministry was formed in England, and the Duke of Portland recalled from his viceroyalty, to be succeeded by Lord Temple. The changes that were like to ensue upon this new appointment were actively discussed in society, and now formed the subject of conversation on the balcony.

"You will be at large again, Barry," said one of the group; "these new people won't know your value."

"Pardon me!" cried he, laughing, "I'm handed over with Cotterell and the state coach, as functionaries that cannot be easily replaced. Let them try and manage Dublin without me! I defy them! Who knows every flaw and crack of reputation—every damaged character, and every tarnished fame, as I do? Who can tell each man's price, from knowing his weak points? Who can play off the petty jealousies of rivals against each other; disgust them with their party; and buy them cheap for the Castle? Who but Barry Rutledge? I'll offer a wager of five hundred, that there is not a family secret I can't have the key to within one week."

"What the devil ever induced you to take up such a career?" asked a deep-voiced burly-looking country gentleman.

"The turf gave me the hint," said Rutledge, coolly. "I lost every sixpence I once possessed, when I backed this horse or betted on that one. I

regained a considerable share of my loss when I limited myself to looking out for what they style 'disqualifications'—to discover that Wasp wasn't a two-year old, or that Muffin was clean bred; that Terry had won before, and that Ginger was substituted for another. I saw that political life was pretty much the same kind of game, and that there would be a grand opening for the first fellow that brought his racing craft to bear on the great world of state affairs. I'm sure others will follow out the line, and doubtless eclipse all the cleverness of Barry Rutledge; but at all events, they can't deny him the merit of the invention. They talk to you about skilful secretaries and able debaters; I tell you flatly I've got more votes for the Government than any one of them all, and just in the way I've mentioned. Was it Dick Talbot's convictions or his wife's losses at loo that made him join us last session? How did Rowley come over? Ask Harvey Bruce who horsewhipped him in the mess-room at Kells. Why did Billy Hamilton desert his party? Lady Mary may tell you; and if she won't, George Gordon, of the Highlanders, can. What's the use of going through the list, from old Hemp-hill, that was caught cheating at picquet, down to Watty Carew, with his wife won at a game of Barocco?"

"Slanderer—scoundrel!" cried out my father, in a voice hoarse with passion; and as the words were uttered, the balcony was suddenly deserted, and the rushing sounds of many people descending the stairs together, were as quickly heard. For a few seconds my father stood uncertain and undecided; but then, with a bold precipitancy, he seemed to calculate every issue in an instant, and made up his mind how to proceed. He dashed across the street towards the dark alley which flanked the "green," and along which ran a deep and stagnant ditch, of some ten or twelve feet in width. Scarcely had he gained the shelter of the trees when a number of persons rushed from the house into the street, and hurried hither and thither in pursuit. As they passed out, my father was enabled to recognise several whom he knew; but for one only had he any care; on him he fastened his eyes with the eager steadfastness of hate, and tracked him as he went, regardless of all others.

Without concert among themselves,

or any clue to direct their search, they separated in various directions. Still my father held his place unchanged, doubtless revolving, in that brief interval, the terrible consequences of his act. Some fifteen or twenty minutes might have thus elapsed, and now he saw one return to the house, speedily followed by another, and then a third. At last Rutledge came alone; he walked along slowly, and as if deep in meditation. As though revolving the late incident in his mind, he stood for a moment looking up at the windows, and probably speculating in his mind on the precise spot occupied by him who had uttered the insult.

"Here, beneath the trees," said my father, in a low, but clear accent; and Rutledge turned, and hastened across the street. It will, of course, never be known whether he understood these words as coming from a stranger, or from some one of his own friends, suggesting pursuit in a particular direction.

My father only waited to see that the other was following, when he turned and fled. The entrances to the park, or Green, as it was called, were by small pathways across the moat, closed by low, wooden wickets. Across one of these my father took his way, tearing down the gate, with noise sufficient to show the course he followed.

Rutledge was close at his heels, and already summoning all his efforts to come up with him, when my father turned round and stood.

"We are alone!" cried he; "there is none to interrupt us. Now, Barry Rutledge, you or I, or both of us, mayhap, shall pass the night here!" and, as he spoke, he drew forth his sword-cane from the walking-stick that he carried.

"What!—is that Carew? Are you Walter Carew?" said Rutledge, advancing towards him.

"No nearer—not a step nearer!—or, by heaven!—I'll not answer for my passion—draw your sword, and defend yourself!"

"Why, this is sheer madness, Watty. What is your quarrel with *me*?"

"Do you ask me?—do you want to hear why I called you a scoundrel and a slanderer?—or is it that I can brand you as both, at noon-day, and in a crowd, adding coward to the epithets?"

"Come—come," said the other, with a sarcastic coolness, that only in-

creased my father's rage. "You know as well as any man, that these things are not done in this fashion. I am easily found when wanted."

"Do you think that I will give you another day to propagate your slander? No, by heaven! not an hour!" And so saying, he rushed on, probably to consummate the outrage by a blow. Rutledge, who was in court dress, now drew his rapier, and the two steels crossed.

My father was a consummate swordsman; he had fought several times with that weapon when abroad; and had he only been guided by his habitual temper, nothing would have been easier for him than to overcome his antagonist. So ungovernable, however, was his passion now, that he lost almost every advantage his superior skill might have conferred.

As if determined to kill his enemy at any cost, he never stood on his guard, nor parried a single thrust, but rushed wildly at him. Rutledge, whose courage was equal to his coolness, saw all the advantage this gave him; and, after a few passes, succeeded in running his sword through my father's chest, so that the point actually projected on the opposite side. With a sudden jerk of his body, my father snapped the weapon in two, and then shortening his own to within about a foot of the point, he ran Rutledge through the heart. One heavy groan followed, and he fell dead upon his face.

My father drew forth the fragment from his own side, and then stooping down, examined the body of his adversary. His recollection of what passed in that terrible moment was horribly distinct ever after. He mentioned to him from whom I myself learned these details, that so diabolical was the hatred that held possession of him, that he sat down in the grass beside the body, and contemplated it with a kind of fiend-like exultation. A light, thin rain began to fall soon after, and my father, moved by some instinctive feeling, threw Rutledge's cloak over the lifeless body, and then withdrew. Although the pain of his own wound was considerable, he soon perceived that no vital part had been injured—indeed, the weapon had passed through the muscles without ever having penetrated the cavity of the chest. He succeeded, by binding his handkerchief around his waist, in stanching the blood; and,

although weakened, the terrible excitement of the event seemed to lend him a momentary strength for further exertion.

His first impulse, as he found himself outside the Green, was to deliver himself to the authorities, making a full avowal of all that had occurred. To do this, however, would involve other consequences which he had not the courage to confront. Any narrative of the duel would necessarily require a history of the provocation, and thus a wider publicity to that shame which was now embittering his existence.

Without ultimately deciding what course he should adopt, my father determined to give himself further time for reflection, by at once hastening back to the country ere his presence in the capital was known. He now returned to the hotel, and, asking for his bill, informed the waiter that if any one inquired for Mr. Cuthbert that he should mention his address at a certain number in Aungier-street. The carman who drove him from the door was directed to drive to the same place, and there dismissed. After this, taking his carpet-bag in his hand, he walked leisurely along towards Ball's-bridge, where already, as the day was breaking, a number of vehicles were assembled on the stand. Affecting a wish to catch the packet for England, he drove hastily to the Pigeon-house, but the vessel had already sailed. It was strange enough that he never was able to say actually whether he meditated passing over to England, or simply to conceal the line of his flight. Thus uncertain whither to go, or what to do, a considerable time was passed; and he was on the point of engaging a boat to cross over to Howth, when a sudden thought struck him, that he would drive direct to Fagan's, in Mary's-Abbey.

It was about six o'clock of a bright summer's morning, as my father alighted at Fagan's door. "The Grinder" was already up, and busily engaged inspecting the details of his shop, for, however insignificant as a source of gain, some strange instinct seemed to connect his prosperity with the humble occupation of his father and his grandfather, and he appeared to think that the obscure fruit-stall formed a secret link between *their* worldly successes and *his* own.

It was with surprise, not altogether devoid of shame, that he saw my father descend from the jaunting-car, to salute him.

"I've come to take my breakfast with you, Tony," said he gaily, "and determining to be a man of business for once, I'm resolved to catch these calm hours of the morning that you prudent fellows make such good use of!"

Fagan stared with astonishment at this sudden apparition of one from whom he neither expected a visit at such an hour, much less a speech of such meaning. He, however, mumbled out some words of welcome, with a half-intelligible compliment about my father's capacity being fully equal to any exigencies or any demands that might be made upon it.

"So they told me at school, Tony, and so they said in College. They repeated the same thing when I entered Parliament; but, somehow, I have been always a fellow of great promise and no performance, and I am beginning at last to suspect that I shall scarcely live to see this wonderful future that is to reveal me to the world in the plenitude of my powers."

"It will, then, be entirely your own fault, sir," said Fagan, with an earnestness that showed the interest he felt in the subject. "Let me speak to you seriously, sir," said he; and he led the way into a room, where, having seated themselves, he went on—
"With *your* name, and *your* position, and *your* abilities, Mr. Carew—no, sir, I am too deeply concerned in what I say to be a flatterer—there was a great and glorious career open before you, nor is the time to follow it gone by. Think what you might be amongst your countrymen, by standing forward as their champion. Picture to yourself the place you might hold, and the power you might wield. Not a power to depend upon the will of a minister, or the caprice of a cabinet, but a power based upon the affections of an entire people; for I say it advisedly, the leadership of the national party is yet to be claimed. Lord Charlemont is too weak and too ductile for it. Besides that, his aristocratic leanings unfit him for close contact with the masses. Henry Grattan has great requisites, but he has great deficiencies too. The favour that he wins in the senate, he loses in society. We want

a man who shall speak for us in public the sentiments that fall from us at our tables; who shall assure the English Government, and the English nation too, that the Irish Catholic is equal in loyalty as in courage—that his fealty is not less because his faith is that of his fathers. It is not eloquence we need, Mr. Carew. Our cause does not want embellishment. Orators may be required to prop up a weak or falling case. Ours can stand alone, without such aid! An honest, a resolute, and an independent advocate—one, whose ancient name on one side, and whose genial nature on the other, shall be a link betwixt the people and the gentry. Such a man, whenever found, may take the lead in Ireland; and, however English ministers may dictate laws, he, and he alone, will govern this country."

My father listened with intense eagerness to every word of this appeal. Not even the flattery to himself was more pleasing than the glimpses he caught of a great national struggle, in which Ireland should come out triumphant. Such visions were amongst the memories of his boyish enthusiasm, begotten in the wild orgies of a College life, and nurtured amidst the excesses of many a debauch; and although foreign travel and society had obliterated most of these impressions, now they came back with tenfold force, in a moment when his mind was deeply agitated and excited. For an instant he had been carried away by this enticing theme; he had actually forgotten, in his ardour, the terrible incident which so lately he had passed through, when Raper rushed hurriedly into the room where they sat, exclaiming—

"A dreadful murder has taken place in the city. Mr. Rutledge, of the Viceroy's household, was found dead this morning, in Stephen's-green."

"Within the Green?" asked Fagan. "What could have brought him there after nightfall? There must have been some assignation in the case."

"Do you know—have you heard any of the circumstances, sir?" asked my father.

"No further than that he was killed by a sword thrust, which passed completely through his chest. Some suspect that he was lured to the spot by one pretence or other. Others are of opinion that it was a duel! Robbery had certainly nothing to say to it, for

his watch and purse were found on the body."

"Have they taken the body away?"

"No, sir. It remains for the coroner's inquest, which is to assemble immediately."

"Had Rutledge any political enemies? Is it supposed that the event was in any way connected with party?"

"That could scarcely be," said Fagan. "He was one who gave himself little concern about state affairs—an easy fop, that fluttered about the Court, caring for little above the pleasures of his valueless existence!"

"For such men you have few sympathies, Fagan!"

"None, sir. Not one. Their history is ever the same. A life of debauch—a death of violence!"

"This is to speak hardly, Fagan," said my father, mildly. "Men like poor Rutledge have their good qualities, though they be not such as you and I set store by. I never thought so myself, but others, indeed, deemed him a most amusing companion, and with more than an ordinary share of wit and pleasantry."

"The wit and pleasantry were both exerted to make his friends ridiculous, sir," said Fagan, severely. "He was a man that lived upon a reputation for smartness, gained at the expense of every good feeling."

"I'll wager a trifle, Tony," said my father, laughing, "that he died deep in your books. Come, be frank, and say how much this unhappy affair will cost you."

"Not so dearly as it may you, sir," whispered Fagan in my father's ear; and the words nearly overcame him.

"How so?—what do you mean?" muttered my father, in a broken, faltering voice.

"Come this way, for a moment, Mr. Carew," said the other, aloud, "and I'll show you my snugery, where I live, apart from all the world."

My father followed him into a small chamber, where Fagan at once closed the door, and locked it; and then approaching him, pulled forth from beneath his loose cuff, a lace ruffle, stained and clotted with blood.

"It is fortunate for you, Mr. Carew," said he, "that Raper is so unobservant; any other than he would have seen this, and this;" and as he spoke the last words, he pointed to a small

portion of a bloody handkerchief which projected outside the shirt-frill.

So overwhelmed was my father by these evidences, that he sank powerless into a chair, without strength to speak.

"How was it?—how did it occur?" asked Fagan, sitting down in front of him, and placing one hand familiarly on my father's knee. Simple as the action was, it was a liberty that he had never dared before to take with my father, who actually shuddered at the touch, as though it had been a pollution.

"Unpremeditated, of course, I conclude," said Fagan, still endeavouring to lead him on to some explanation. My father nodded.

"Unwitnessed also," said Fagan, slowly. Another nod implied assent.

"Who knows of your presence in Dublin?—Who has seen you, since your arrival in Dublin?" asked he.

"None of my acquaintances, so far, at least, as I know. I went, by a mere accident, to a hotel where I am not known. By another accident, if I dare so call it, I fell upon this rencontre. I will endeavour to tell you the whole, as it occurred—that is, if I can sufficiently collect myself; but first let me have some wine, Fagan, for I am growing weak."

As Fagan left the room, he passed the desk where Raper was already seated, hard at work, and, laying his hand on the clerk's shoulder, he whispered—

"Be cautious that you do not mention Mr. Carew's arrival here. There is a writ out against him for debt, and he has come up here to be out of the way."

Raper heard the words without even discontinuing to write, and merely muttered a brief "very well," in reply.

When Fagan re-entered the chamber, he found my father just rallying from a fainting-fit, which loss of blood and agitation together, had brought on. Two or three glasses of wine hastily swallowed, restored him, and he was again able to converse.

"Can you be traced to this house?—is there any clue to you here?" asked Fagan, resuming his former seat.

"None, so far as I know. The affair occurred thus——"

"Pardon my interrupting you," broke in Fagan; "but the most important thing at this moment is, to

provide for your safety, in the event of any search after you. Have you any ground to apprehend this?"

"None whatever. You shall hear the story."

"They are talking of it outside!" whispered Fagan, with a gesture of his hand to enforce caution; "let us listen to them." And he slowly unlocked the door, and left it to stand ajar.

The outer shop was by this time filling with the small fruit-venders of the capital—a class peculiarly disposed to collect and propagate the gossip of the day; and Fagan well knew how much the popular impression would depend upon the colouring of their recital.

"'Tis lucky," said one, "that his watch and money was on him, or they'd say at once it was the boys done it."

"Faix! they couldn't do that," broke in another; "there's marks about the place would soon contradict them."

"What marks?"

"The print of an elegant boot. I saw it myself; it is small in the heel and sharp in the toe, very unlike yours or mine, Tim."

"Begad! so much the better," said the other, laughing.

"And I'll tell you more," resumed the former speaker: "it was a dress sword—what they wear at the Castle—killed him. You could scarce see the hole. It's only a little blue spot between the ribs."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" exclaimed a woman's voice; "and they say he was an elegant, fine man!"

"As fine a figure of a man as ever ye looked at!"

"And nobody knows the reason of it at all?" asked she again.

"I'll engage it was about a woman!" muttered a husky, old, cracked voice, that was constantly heard, up to this moment, bargaining for oranges.

And Fagan quickly made a sign to my father to listen attentively.

"That's Denny Cassin," whispered he, "the greatest newsmonger in Dublin."

"The devil recave the fight ever I heerd of hadn't a woman in it, somehow or other; an' if she didn't begin it, she was shure to come in at the end, and make it worse. Wasn't it a woman that got Hemphill Daly shot?—wasn't it a woman was the death of Major Brown, of Coolmines?—wasn't it a woman ——"

VOL. XLI.—NO. CCXLI.

"Arrah! bother ye, Denny!" broke in the representative of the sex, who stood an impatient listener to this long indictment; "what's worth fightin' for in the world barrin' ourselves?"

A scornful laugh was all the reply he deigned to this appeal; and he went on—

"I often said what Barry Rutledge 'ud come to; ay, and I told himself so. 'You've a bad tongue,' says I, 'and you've a bad heart. Some day or other you'll be found out;' and ye see, so he was."

"I wonder who did it," exclaimed another.

"My wonder is," resumed Denny, "that it wasn't done long ago; or instead of one wound in his skin, that he hadn't fifty. Do you know that when I used to go up to the officers' room with oranges, I'd hear more wickedness out of his mouth in one mornin', than I'd hear in Pill-lane, here, in a month of Sundays. There wasn't a man dined at the Castle—there wasn't a lady danced at the Coort, that he hadn't a bad story about; and he always began by saying—'He and I was old school-fellows,' or 'she's a great friend of mine.' I was up there the morning after the Coort came home from Carew Castle; and if ye heard the way he went on about the company. He began with Curtis, and finished with Carew himself."

Fagan closed the door here, and walking over, sat down beside my father's chair.

"We've heard enough now, sir," said he, "to know what popular opinion will pronounce upon this man. Denny speaks with the voice of a large mass of this city; and if they be not either very intelligent or exalted, they are, at least, fellows who back words by deeds, and are quite ready to risk their heads for their convictions—a test of honesty that their betters, perhaps, would shrink from. From what he says, there will be little sympathy for Rutledge. The law, of course, will follow its due path; but the law against popular feeling is like the effort of the wind to resist the current of a fast river. It may ruffle the surface, but never will arrest the stream. Now, sir, just tell me in a few words, what took place between you?"

My father detailed everything, from the hour of his arrival in Dublin, down to the very moment of his de-

ascending at Fagan's door. He faltered, indeed, and hesitated about the conversation of the coffee-room, for even in all the confidence of a confession, he shrunk from revealing the story of his marriage. And in doing so, he stammered and blundered so much, that Fagan could collect little above the bare facts, that my mother had been wagered at a card-table, and won by my father.

Had my father been in a cooler mood, he could not have failed to remark, how much deeper was the interest Fagan took in the story of his first meeting with my mother, than in all the circumstances of the duel. So far as it was safe—farther than it would have been so at any other moment—the Grinder cross-questioned my father as to her birth, the manner of her education, and the position she held before her marriage.

"This is all beside the matter," cried my father, at last, impatiently. "I am now to think what is best to be done here. Shall I give myself up at once?—and why not, Fagan?" added he, abruptly, interrogating the look of the other.

"For two sufficient reasons, sir: first, that you would be needlessly exposing yourself to great peril; and, secondly, you would certainly be exposing another to great——." He stopped and faltered, for there was that in my father's face that made the utterance of a wrong word dangerous.

"Take care what you say, Master Tony; for, however selfish you may deem me, I have still enough of heart left to consider those far worthier of thought than myself."

"And yet, sir, the fact is so, whether I speak it or not," said Fagan. "Once let this affair come before a public tribunal, and what is there that can be held back from the prying impertinence of the world? And I see no more reason why you should peril life than risk all that makes life desirable."

"But what or where is all this peril, Fagan? You talk as if I had been committing a murder."

"It is precisely the name they would give it in the indictment, sir," said the other, boldly. "Nay, hear me out, Mr. Carew. Were I to tell the adventure of last night, as the bare facts reveal it, who would suggest the possibility of its being a duel? Think of

the place—the hour—the solitude—the mere accident of the meeting! Oh! no, sir; duels are not fought in this fashion."

"You are arguing against yourself, Tony. You have convinced me that there is but one course open. I must surrender myself!"

"Think well of it, first, Mr. Carew," said Fagan, drawing his chair closer, and speaking in a lower tone. "We must not let any false delicacy deceive us. There never was a case of this kind yet that did not less depend upon its own merits than on fifty things over which one has no control. The temper of the judge—the rank in life of the jury—the accidental tone of public opinion at the moment—the bias of the press; these are the agencies to be thought of. When Grogan Hamilton was tried for shooting John Adair, in the mess-room, at Carlow, his verdict was pronounced before the jury was empanelled!"

"I never heard of that case," said my father, anxiously.

"It occurred when you were a boy at school, sir; and although the facts would not read so condemnatory now, at that time there was not one voice to be heard on the side of mercy. The duel, if duel it could be called, took place after every one, save themselves, had left the table. The quarrel was an old grudge, revived over the bottle. They fought without witnesses; and with Heaven knows what inequality of weapons, and although Hamilton gave himself up——"

"He gave himself up?" interrupted my father.

"Yes, sir—in direct opposition to his friends' advice, he did so; but, had he followed a different course—had he even waited till the excitement had calmed down a little—till men began to talk more dispassionately on the subject, the result might have been different."

"And what was the result?"

"I have already told you, sir—a conviction."

"And what followed?"

"He was hanged—hanged in front of the old gaol at Naas, where the regiment he once had served in were quartered. I don't know how or why this was done. Some said it was to show the people that there was no favouritism towards a man of rank and fortune. Some alleged it was to spare

the feelings of his relatives, who were Carlow people."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed my father, passionately, "was there ever such an infamy!"

"The event happened as I tell you, sir. I believe I have the trial in the house—if I have not, Crowther will have it, for he was engaged in the defence, and one of those who endeavoured to dissuade Hamilton from his resolution of surrender."

"And who is Crowther?"

"A solicitor, sir, of great practice and experience."

"In whom you have confidence, Fagan?"

"The most implicit confidence."

"And who could be useful to us in this affair?"

"Of the very greatest utility, sir; not alone from his legal knowledge, but from his consummate acquaintance with the world and its modes of thinking."

"Can you send for him. Can you get him here without exciting suspicion?" said my father; for already had terror seized hold on him, and even before he knew it, was he entangled in the toils.

"I can have him here within an hour, sir, and without any risk whatever, for he is my own law-adviser, and in constant intercourse with me."

Fagan now persuaded my father to lie down, and try to obtain some sleep; promising to awake him the moment that Crowther arrived.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CONFERENCE.

SCARCELY had my father laid himself down on the bed, when he fell off into a heavy sleep. Fatigue, exhaustion, and loss of blood, all combined to overcome him, and he lay motionless in the same attitude he at first assumed.

Fagan came repeatedly to the bedside, and opening the curtains slightly, gazed on the cold, impassive features with a strange intensity. One might have supposed that the almost death-like calm of the sleeper's face, would have defied every thought or effort of speculation; but there he sat, watching it, as though, by dint of patience and study, he might at length attain to reading what was passing within that brain.

At the slightest sound that issued from the lips, too, he would bend down to try and catch its meaning. Perhaps, at moments like these, a trace of impatience might be detected in his manner; but for the most part, his hard, stern features showed no sign of emotion, and it was in all his accustomed self-possession that he descended to the small and secluded chamber, where Crowther sat awaiting him.

"Still asleep, Fagan?" asked the lawyer, looking hastily up from the papers and documents he had been perusing.

"He is asleep; and like enough to continue so," replied the other, slowly, while he sank down into an arm-chair, and gave himself up to deep reflection.

"I have been thinking a good deal over what you have told me," said Crowther, "and, I own, I see the very

gravest objections to his surrendering himself."

"My own opinion!" rejoined Fagan, curtly.

"Even if it were an ordinary duel, with all the accustomed formalities of time, place, and witnesses, the temper of the public mind is just now in a critical state on these topics—MacNamara's death, and that unfortunate affair at Kells, have made a deep impression. I'd not trust too much to such dispositions. Besides, the chances are, they would not admit him to bail, so that he'd have to pass three, nearly four months in Newgate before he could be brought to trial."

"He'd not live through the imprisonment. It would break his heart, if it did not kill him otherwise."

"By no means unlikely."

"I know him well, and I am convinced he'd not survive it. Why the very thought of the accusation—the bare idea that he could be arraigned as a criminal, so overcame him here this morning, that he staggered back, and sunk into that chair, half fainting."

"He thinks that he was not known at that hotel where he stopped?"

"He is quite confident of that—the manner of the waiters towards him convinces him that he was not recognised."

"Nor has he spoken with any one since his arrival, except yourself?"

"Not one, save the hackney carman, who evidently did not know him."

"He left home, you say, without a servant?"

"Yes! he merely said that he was going over, for a day or two, to the mines, and would be back by the end of the week. But, latterly, he has often absented himself in this fashion; and, having spoken of visiting one place, has changed his mind, and gone to another, in an opposite direction."

"Who has seen him since he arrived here?"

"No one but myself and Raper."

"Ah! Raper has seen him?"

"That matters but little. Joe has forgotten all about it already, or if he has not, I have but to say, that it was a mistake for him to fancy that it was so. You shall see, if you like, that he will not even hesitate the moment I tell him the thing is so."

"It only remains, then, to determine where he should go—I mean Carew; for, although any locality would serve in one respect, we must bethink ourselves of every issue to this affair; and, should there be any suspicion attaching to him, he ought to be out of danger—the danger of arrest. Where do his principal estates lie?"

"In Wicklow—immediately around Castle Carew."

"But he has other property?"

"Yes! he has some northern estates; and there is a mine, also, on Lough Allen belonging to him."

"Well, why not go there?"

"There is no residence; there is nothing beyond the cabins of the peasantry, or the scarcely more comfortable dwelling of the overseer. I have it, Crowther," cried he, suddenly, as though a happy notion had just struck him; "I have it. You have heard of that shooting-lodge of mine at the Killeries? It was Carew's property, but has fallen into my hands: he shall go there. So far as seclusion goes, I defy Ireland to find its equal. They who have seen it, tell me it is a perfect picture of landscape beauty. He can shoot, and fish, and sketch for a week or so, till we see what turn this affair is like to take. Nothing could be better; the only difficulty is the distance."

"You tell me that he is ill."

"It is more agitation than actual illness: he was weak and feeble before this happened, and of course his nerves are terribly shaken by it."

"The next consideration is, how to

apprise his wife, at least, what we ought to tell her if he be incapable of writing."

"I hinted that already as I accompanied him up stairs, and by his manner it struck me that he did not lay much stress on the matter; he merely said, 'Oh! she has no curiosity; she never worries herself about what does not concern her.'"

"A rare quality in a wife, Fagan," said the other, with a smile.

Whether it was the prompting of his own thoughts, or that some real or fancied emphasis on the word "wife!" caught him, but Fagan asked, suddenly, "What did you say?"

"I remarked that it was a rare quality for a wife to possess. You thought, perhaps, it was rather the gift of those who enjoy the privilege, and not the name of such."

"Maybe you're right, then, Crowther. Shall I own to you, it was the very thought that was passing through my own brain."

"How strange that Rutledge should have hinted the very same suspicion to myself, the last time we ever spoke together," said Crowther, in a low, confidential whisper. "We were sitting in my back office, he had come to show me some bills of money won at play, and ask my advice about them. Carew was the endorser of two or three amongst them, and Rutledge remarked at the tremendous pace the other was going, and how impossible it was that any fortune could long maintain it. There was some difficulty in catching exactly his meaning, for he spoke rapidly, and with more than his accustomed warmth. It was something, however, to this effect—'All this extravagant display is Madame's doing, and the natural consequence of his folly in France. If, instead of this absurd mistake, he had married and settled in Ireland, his whole career would have taken a different turn.' Now, when I reflected on the words after he left me, I could not satisfy myself whether he had said that Carew ought to have married, in contradistinction to have formed this French attachment, or simply that he deemed an Irish wife would have been a wiser choice than a French one."

"The former strikes me as the true interpretation," said Fagan, "and the more I think on every circumstance of this affair, the more do I incline to this

opinion. The secrecy so unnecessary—the mystery as to her family, even as to her name—all so needless. That interval of seclusion, in which, probably, he had not yet resolved finally on the course he should adopt. And lastly, a point more peculiarly referring to ourselves, and over which I have often pondered: I mean the selection of my daughter, Polly, to be her friend and companion. It is not at *my* time of life," added Fagan, with an almost fierce energy of voice, "that I have to learn how the aristocracy regard *me* and such as *me*. No one needs to tell me that any intercourse between us must depend on something else than similarity of taste and pursuit; that if we ever sit down to the same table together, it is on the ground of a compromise. There is a shame to be concealed or consoled, or there is a debt to be deferred, or left unclaimed for ever. Walter Carew's wife would scarcely have sought out the Grinder's daughter for her friend and bosom companion. His *mistress* might have thought such an alliance most suitable. Polly has herself told me the terms of perfect equality on which they lived; that never by a chance word, look, or gesture, was there aught which could imply a position of superiority above her own. They called each other by their Christian names, they assumed all the intimacy of sisters, and that almost at once. When she related these things to me," cried Fagan, sternly, "my passion nearly overcame me, to think how we had been outraged and insulted; but I remembered, suddenly, that there were others, far higher than us, exposed to the same indignity. The Castle was crowded by the rank, the wealth, and the influence of the whole country; and if there be a disgrace to be endured, we have, at least, partners in our shame."

"Yes, yes," said Crowther, nodding his head slowly in assent; "the whole assumes a strange and most remarkable consistency. I remember well, hearing how many of those invited on that occasion had sent letters of apology; and stranger again, the way in which the party broke up and separated has been made public enough in the newspapers. Rutledge's own words were—'*It was a rout, not a retreat.*' That was a curious expression."

Who has not, at some time or other

of his life, experienced the force of that casuistry which is begotten of suspicion? Who has not felt how completely reason is mastered by the subtle assaults of a wily ingenuity, which, whilst combining the false and the true, the possible and impossible together, makes out a mock array of evidence almost too strong for a doubt? The least creative of minds are endowed with this faculty, and even the most commonplace and matter-of-fact temperaments are sometimes the slaves of this delusion! To render its influence all-powerful, however, it should be exercised by two, who, in the interchange of suspicions, and by bartering their inferences, arrive at a degree of certainty in their conclusions, rarely accorded to the most convincing testimony. As a river is swollen by the aid of every tiny rill that trickles down the mountain side, so does the current of conviction receive as tributary, incidents the most trivial, and events of the slightest meaning.

Fagan's spirit revolted at what he felt to be a gross insult passed upon his daughter, but this very indignation served to rivet more firmly his suspicions, for he reasoned thus:—Men are ever ready to credit what they desire to be credible, and to disbelieve that which it is unpleasant to accept as true. Now, here have I every temptation to incredulity! If this be the fact, as my suspicions indicate, I have been deeply outraged. An affront has been offered to me, which dared not have been put upon one of higher rank and better blood. It is, therefore, my interest and my wish to suppose this impossible, and yet I cannot do so. Not all the self-respect I can call to aid, not all the desire to shelter myself behind a doubt, will suffice. My reason accepts what my feelings would reject, and I believe what it is a humiliation for me to credit.

Such was, in brief, the substance of a long mental struggle and self-examination on Fagan's part—a process to which he addressed himself with all the shrewdness of his nature. It was a matter of deep moment to him in every way. He ardently desired that he should arrive at a right judgment upon it, and yet with all his penetration and keen-sightedness, he never perceived that another agency was at work all the while, whose tendencies were exactly in the opposite direction.

To believe Walter Carew still unmarried, was to revive his long extinct hope of calling him his son-in-law, and to bring back once more that gorgeous dream of Polly's elevation to rank and position, which had filled his mind for many a year. His whole heart had been set upon this object. In pursuit of it, he had made the most immense advances of money to my father, many of them on inferior security. For some he had the mere acknowledgment contained in a few lines of a common letter. The measures of severity which he had once menaced, were undertaken in the very paroxysm of his first disappointment, and were as speedily relinquished when calm reflection showed him that they could avail nothing against the past. Besides this, he felt that there was still an object, to the attainment of which my father's aid might contribute much, and towards which he hoped to urge him—the emancipation of the Catholics. It had been long Fagan's cherished idea, that the leadership of that party should be given to one who united to reasonable good abilities the advantages of birth, large fortune, and, above all, personal courage.

"We have orators and writers in abundance," would he say. "There are plenty who can make speeches, and even songs for us; but we want a few men, who, with a large stake in the country, and high position in society, are willing and ready to peril both, and themselves into the bargain, in the assertion of our cause. If we ever chance to find these, our success is certain. The worst thing about our cause," added he, "is not its disloyalty, for that admits of discussion and denial; but the real plague-spot is its vulgarity. Our enemies have been cunning enough to cast over the great struggle of a nation, all the petty and miserable characteristics of a faction, and not of mere faction, but of one agitated by the lowest motives, and led on by the meanest advocates. A gentleman or two, to take service with us, will at once repulse this tactic; and until we can hit upon these, we shall make no progress."

I have been obliged to dwell even to tediousness on these traits of the Grinder; for if they be not borne in mind, his actions and motives will seem destitute of any satisfactory explanation. And I now return to the

chamber where he sat with Crowther, as they compared impressions together, and bartered suspicions about my father's marriage.

"Now that I begin to consider the matter in this light," said Crowther, "it is curious what an explanation it affords to many things that used to puzzle me formerly. All that coldness and reserve towards Carew that his neighbours showed—the way his former acquaintances fell off from him, one by one—and, lastly, those strange hints about him in the newspapers. I suppose we should see the meaning of every one of them now easily enough?"

Fagan made no reply; his mind was travelling along over the road it had entered upon, and would not be turned away by any call whatsoever.

"Yes," muttered he to himself, "the little cottage at Fallrach, in the Kille-ries—that's the place! and the only thing now is to get him down there. I must go up and see how he gets on, Crowther. I'm half afraid that he ought to see a surgeon." And so saying, he arose and left the room.

My father was still sleeping as he entered, but less tranquilly than before, with a feverish flush upon his face, and his lips dry and dark-coloured.

With a noiseless hand, Fagan drew back the curtain; and, seating himself close to the bed, bent down to gaze on him. The uneasy motions of the sleeper denoted pain; and more than once his hand was pressed against his side, as if it was the seat of some suffering. Fagan watched every gesture eagerly, and tried, but in vain, to collect some meaning from the low and broken utterance. Rapidly speaking at intervals, and at times moaning painfully, he appeared to labour either under some mental or bodily agony, in a paroxysm of which, at last, he burst open his vest, and clutched his embroidered shirt-frill, with a violence that tore it in fragments.

As he did so, Fagan caught sight of a handkerchief, stained with blood, which, with cautious gesture, he slowly removed, and, walking to the window, examined it carefully. This done, he folded it up; and, enveloping it in his own, placed it in his pocket. Once more he took his place at the bed-side, and seemed to listen with intense anxiety for every sound of the sleeper's

lips. The fever appeared to gain ground, for the flush now covered the face and forehead, and the limbs were twitched with short convulsive motions.

At last, as the paroxysm had reached its height, he bounded up from the bed, and awoke.

"Where am I?" cried he, wildly. "Who are all these? What do they allege against *me*?"

"Lie down; compose yourself, Mr. Carew. You are amongst friends, who wish you well, and will treat you kindly," said Fagan, mildly.

"But it was not of *my* seeking—no one can dare to say so. Fagan will be my back to any amount—ten thousand, if they ask it."

"That will I—to the last penny I possess."

"There, I told you so. I often said I knew the Grinder better than any of you. You laughed at me for it; but I was right, for all that."

"I trust you were right, sir," said Fagan, calmly.

"What I said was this," continued he, eagerly: "the father of such a girl as Polly must be a gentleman at heart. He may trip and stumble, in his imitations of your modish paces; but the soul of a gentleman must be in him. Was I right there, or not?"

"Pray, calm yourself; lie down, and take your rest," said Fagan, gently pushing him back upon the pillow.

"You are quite right," said he; "there is nothing for it now but submission. MacNaghten, Harvey, Burton—all who have known me from boyhood—can testify if I were one to do a dishonourable action. I tell you again and again, I will explain nothing; life is not worth such a price—such ignominy is too great!"

He paused, as if the thought was too painful to pursue; and then, fixing his eyes on Fagan, he laughed aloud, and added—

"Eh, Fagan! that would be like one of your own contracts—a hundred per cent.!"

"I have not treated *you* in this wise, Mr. Carew," said he, calmly.

"No, my boy! that you have not. To the last hour of my life—no great stretch of time, perhaps—I'll say the same. You have been a generous fellow with me—the devil and yourself may, perhaps, know why. I do not—

say, more, Fagan—I never cared to know. Perhaps you thought I'd marry Polly. By George! I might have done worse; and who knows what may be yet on the cards. Ay, just so—the cards—the cards!"

He did not speak again for several minutes; but when he did, his voice assumed a tone of greater distinctness and accuracy, as if he would not that a single word were lost.

"I knew your scheme about the Papists, Tony. I guessed what you were at then. I was to have emancipated you!"

A wild laugh broke from him, and he went on—

"Just fancy the old trumpeter's face, that hangs up in the dinner-room at Castle Carew! Imagine the look he would bestow on his descendant as I sat down to table. Faith, Old Noll himself would have jumped out of the canvas at the tidings. If you cannot strain your fancy that far, Tony, think what your own father would have said were his degenerate son to be satisfied with lawful interest!—imagine him sorrowing over the lost precepts of his house!"

"There; I'll close the curtains, and leave you to take a sleep," said Fagan.

"But I have no time for this, man," cried the other, again starting up; "I must be up and away. You must find some place of concealment for me till I can reach the Continent. Understand me well, Fagan. I cannot, I will not make a defence; as little am I disposed to die like a felon! There's the whole of it! Happily, if the worst should come, Tony, the disgrace dies with me: that's something—eh?"

"You will make yourself far worse by giving way to this excitement, Mr. Carew; you must try and compose yourself."

"So I will, Fagan. I'll be as obedient as you wish. Only tell me that you will watch for my safety—assure me of that, and I'm content."

As though the very words he had just uttered had brought a soothing influence to his mind, he had scarcely finished speaking, when he fell off into a deep sleep, unbroken by even a dream. Fagan stood long enough at the bedside to assure himself that all was quiet, and then left the room, locking the door as he passed out, and taking the key with him.

A TRIO OF NOVELS.

ESMOND, REUBEN MEDLICOT, AND BASIL.

As well as we can recollect, it is the poet Gray who gives utterance to the wish, that he could pass his existence in eternally reading new romances, by Marivaux and Crebillon. If, at the conclusion of that important part of a critic's duty, which necessarily precedes the enunciation of his opinion, we did not express a similar sentiment, it was from no want of appreciation of the excellencies of those works we are now about to discuss, but because other business, although perchance of a nature far less agreeable, must unfortunately be performed.

Without, therefore, going so far as the French savant, who thought more could be learned from a good novel than from the greatest treatise on history or philosophy, we must confess, there are few works which we more frequently turn to for instruction and profit, than productions in this species of composition, by men who have proved themselves fitted for the task. Seated in our easy chair, we can avail ourselves, at small expense of mental exertion, of the results of a knowledge of men and books, which it may have taken the writer half a lifetime of close observation, patient industry, and continuous toil, to accumulate; as a record of past manners and opinions, such writings afford more minute and abundant information than any other. Where, for example, could we discover in any records of the same period so graphic and circumstantial an account of the general state of society during the reign of the second George, as can be gathered from the adventures of Joseph Andrews and his friend Parson Adams. But not so much, perhaps, to its connexion with the general happiness of society, as to its relation to the happiness of mankind as individuals, is the popularity of this species of literature to be ascribed. What amusement can occupy so delightfully the vacant moments of life,

even with those whose business is pleasure. The taste for literature is one of those which increases by indulgence. Its objects become more numerous the greater the cultivation of the habit. It is more independent of the will of our fellows than any other species of enjoyment. The man whose mind is to him a kingdom, can people it with the very creatures of thought, *ad infinitum*. The indulgence of a literary taste is naturally attended with a perception of increasing power. It is followed by the delightful conviction of gaining a higher claim upon the love and admiration of mankind, and of acquiring a greater command over those feelings and passions which render men odious to their fellows. It amalgamates with the best feelings in every condition of life; it engages and employs the thoughts of the wretched, tempers the character in prosperity; and has so long been felt, so often described, with all the powers of language and genius, that it may be regarded as one of the laws to which universal assent is attached. "If the riches of both the Indies," said Fenelon, "if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love of literature, I would renounce them all." Considerations such as these must force themselves upon the mind which comes to the consideration of such a subject as is now before us.

Public expectation, which had for so long a period been kept alive by the promise of a continuous tale from the pen of the author of "Vanity Fair," is now satisfied, by the appearance of a work in every way as unlike what was looked for as can well be imagined, professing to be the autobiography of a gentleman living under the reign of Queen Anne, written in the quaint phraseology of those times, and printed in type after the fashion of the "Willoughby Papers." The book* has taken

* "Esmond: a Story of Queen Anne's Reign." By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," &c. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

the public completely by surprise, and, notwithstanding the obvious danger and difficulty of the undertaking, has achieved what we may, without using the language of exaggeration, denominate a complete success. Nor, when we came to look critically into it, were we at all surprised. Carefully written, elaborately finished, and containing a story, carried on with a continuous interest, which excites the reader's curiosity nearly to the end, "*Esmond*" is, beyond all question, if we regard it merely as a work of art, of a higher order of composition than any of Mr. Thackeray's previous performances. The period, as well as the characters—it is a matter of notoriety—have been suggested by his lectures on the humorists of the last century. Having thoroughly mastered the history and literature of those days, if any man could come well prepared to his work, it was the present writer. The great danger of overlaying the course of the narrative with too many events, or of crowding together on the canvas too great a variety of characters, has been dexterously avoided; and of the historical events which came in his way, Mr. Thackeray has availed himself more to bring out in a strong relief the character of the individuals who take part in the incidents of his story, than with any design of critically scanning that portion of our domestic history in which the scene is laid. His novel, therefore, although it must necessarily be placed in the category of historical fiction, is something still better. The mere suggestions of authentic history can scarcely be expected to convey adequate notions of the state and condition of those who live in its troubled periods; but the history of an individual life, as it is operated upon by historical events, with which accident has brought it more or less in contact, must always be a study full of the deepest interest. The main incidents of which history takes cognisance can never have a direct influence on the great body of the people. Men marry and are given in marriage; frequent their places of business, or of pleasure; go to the forum or the theatre, the stock-exchange or the ball; are absorbed in schemes of personal distinction or worldly advancement, in periods of revolution or public discord, just as much as in the piping times of peace. The great current of life flows on

steadily in its accustomed channel, but slightly affected by the storms that sweep above it; and while long tracts of time will always seem to the student of the past to be darkened by the clouds of oppression, the greater part of the men who have lived in those ages will be found to have enjoyed an average share of human happiness. Few men are historical characters; no man is always performing a public part. The actual happiness of every life depends far more on things that regard it exclusively, than on those political occurrences which are the common concern of society. But, notwithstanding this, there is nothing which lends such an air, both of reality and importance to fictitious narrative, as what serves to connect its heroes with events in real history. Although it is the imaginary individual himself who excites our chief interest throughout, yet that interest owes in a great degree its depth, reality, and importance, to the great political incidents with which his fortunes are associated. Public events are only important as they concern individuals; if one be selected who comes in direct contact with them, and their operation on him be accurately described, we are enabled, in following out his adventures, to form a just estimate of their true character and value. But we must not suffer ourselves to enlarge further upon the merits of this species of composition. Of "*Esmond*" it is not too much to say, that the author has made the most of his materials, without suffering himself to fall into any of the dangers which beset so adventurous a path.

It will be beside our purpose to enter into the plot of the story farther than is sufficient to illustrate and explain such observations as have suggested themselves. The opening is a little dull, in consequence of the intricacy of the pedigree and connexions of the Castlewood family. Colonel Henry Esmond, the hero of the tale, is supposed to be the illegitimate son of Thomas Esmond, afterwards third Viscount Castlewood, a profligate soldier, who has repaired his fortunes by marriage with a Roman Catholic lady, whose reputation had suffered not a little from the attentions paid to her by James II., in her younger days. Soon after his marriage, becoming wearied of a court-life, he retires to his paternal domain of Castlewood, and sends for

Henry, then an inmate of the house of an old French refugee. He is kindly treated and educated under the care of a Jesuit priest, one Father Holt, until he attains the age of twelve years, when his father having joined the army of King James, Lady Castlewood is arrested on a charge of high treason. The Lord of Castlewood is afterwards killed at the Battle of the Boyne, and his cousin Francis inherits the title and estates.

This stage of the history introduces us to a new set of characters, in the persons of the second Lady Castlewood, her son Francis, and her daughter Beatrice. The boy remains in his old home, until the period has arrived for his entrance at college. This lady proves the guiding star of his existence; and, in the delineation of the boy's affection for her occur some of the most beautiful and touching passages of the story at this period.

Lord Mohun makes his appearance on the stage. His attentions to the mistress of Castlewood excite the jealousy of her careless lord. A duel is the indirect result, which ends in the death of the Viscount. He makes a death-bed confession, however, to one Mr. Atterbury, that Henry was the lawful issue of the late lord, and heir to the title and estates—a fact which the pecuniary difficulties into which the Viscount had fallen, had rendered it necessary for him to conceal. The confession is burned by Esmond, as soon as he reads it; he makes the magnanimous resolution never to assert his rights, so as to cause any injury to the family who had so kindly befriended him. Being thrown into prison for the share he had taken in the fatal duel, he loses a church-living, for which he had originally been destined, and enters the army under the famous Duke of Marlborough, whose picture is thus presented to us with a terrible distinctness:—

“Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchman, worshipped almost, had this of the god-like in him, that he was impassable before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle, or the most trivial ceremony, before a hundred thousand men, drawn in battalia, a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death, he was always cold, calm, resolute—like

fate. He performed a treason or a court bow; he told a falsehood as black as Styx as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress, and left her; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him always; and having no more remorse than Clotho, when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis, when she cuts it. In the hour of battle, I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the prince became possessed with a sort of war-like fury—his eyes lighted up, he rushed hither and thither, raging, he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and lashing his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the front of the hunt. Our duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love, or hatred, or pity, or fear, or regret, or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny with the like awful serenity, and equal capacity of the highest or lowest acts of our nature. His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and plenty of shrewdness and wit; but these invested such a perfect confidence in him as the first captain of the world, and such a faith in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay—the chiefs whom he used and injured, for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the god-like in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears—he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears and smiles alike; and whenever need was for using this cheap coin, he would cringe to a shoe-black as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand or stab you, whenever he saw occasion. But yet those of the army who knew him best, and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion, reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.”

Colonel Esmond—the wars being over—retires from the army, and mingles at home with the great wits and statesmen of the day. He becomes, too, desperately enamoured of his cousin Beatrice, who amuses herself by coquetishly exacting the passion of her lover, much in the same way as Becky Sharp used to plague her adorers.

Here is her picture:—

“The most beautiful woman in England in 1712, when Esmond returned to this country; a lady of high birth, and though of no fortune, to be sure, with a thousand fascinations of wit and manners. Beatrice Esmond was now six-and-twenty years old, and Beatrice Esmond still. Of her hundred adorers she had not chosen one for a husband: and those who had asked her had been jilted by her, and more still, had left her. A succession of near ten years’ crop of beauties had come up since her time, and been reaped by proper husbandmen, if we may make an agricultural simile, and been housed long ago. Her own contemporaries were sober mothers by this time; girls with not a tithe of her charms or her wit, having made good matches, and now claiming precedence over the spinster, who lately had derided and outshone them. The young beauties were beginning to look down on Beatrice as an old maid, and sneer and call her one of Charles II.’s ladies, and ask whether her portrait was not in the Hampton Court Gallery? Part of her coquetry may have come from her position about the court, where the beautiful maid of honour was the light about which a thousand beaux came and fluttered; where she was sure to have a ring of admirers round her, crowding to listen to her repartees as much as to admire her beauty; and where she spoke and listened to much free talk, such as one never would have thought the lips or ears of Rachel Castlewood’s daughter would have uttered or heard. When in waiting at Windsor or Hampton, the court ladies and gentlemen would be making riding parties together; Miss Beatrice, in a humorous coat and hat, the foremost after the stag-hounds and over the park fences, a crowd of young fellows at her heels. If the English country ladies at this time were the most pure and modest of any ladies in the world, the English town and court ladies permitted themselves words and behaviour that were neither modest nor pure, and claimed, some of them, a freedom which those who love that sex most would never wish to grant them. But still she reigned, at least in one man’s opinion, superior over all the little misses that were the toasts of the young lads, and, in Esmond’s eyes, was ever perfectly lovely and young.

“Who knows how many were made happy by favouring her?—or rather, how many were fortunate in escaping this syren? ’Tis

a marvel to think that her mother was the purest and simplest woman in the whole world, and that this girl should have been born from her. I am inclined to fancy my mistress, who never said a harsh word to her children (and but twice or thrice only to one person), must have been too forced and pressing with the maternal authority, for her son and her daughter both revolted early, nor after their first flight from the nest could they ever be brought back again to their mother’s bosom. Lady Castlewood, and perhaps it was as well, knew little of her daughter’s real life and thoughts; how was she to apprehend what passed at the queen’s antichambers and court tables? She was alike powerless to resist or to lead her daughter, or to command or persuade her.”

This charming young person is at length on the eve of marriage with the Duke of Hamilton. But when the *trousseau* is prepared and everything ready, his grace is killed in a duel with Lord Mohun, and the effect of this blow upon the pride of Beatrice is told in some passages of singular grace and power. The whole of the *dramatis personæ* now become involved in a plot, with the leaders of the Jacobite party, to bring back the Pretender. The prince has arrived in England, and takes up his abode at Lady Castlewood’s house, in Chelsea. He becomes enamoured of the fair Beatrice, who gives him so much “encouragement” that she is taken away by her relatives, and shut up in Castlewood. The prince having followed in pursuit, is out of the way at a critical period of his fortunes. When he is wanted he is not to be found, and the Jacobite conference is broken up. The Pretender returns to France, and the novel closes with the marriage of Lady Castlewood to the hero of the story.

In dealing with the first appearance in this species of fiction, of so distinguished a writer, we are not disposed to be hypercritical. We have some doubts if the author be always correct in his statements. We rather incline to think that he has substituted one Pretender for another, and we doubt if the game of whist was known in England in the reign of Queen Anne; and we are quite certain that so very shrewd an observer of mankind as the great Dean of St. Patrick’s would never have been thick-witted enough to mistake a distinguished soldier, like Colonel Esmond, for a hack writer in a newspaper office. In these days, when a peer may be seen walking

to the House in a paletot and tweed continuations, it is quite possible that the gentleman of the *Times*, who is going down to report his speech, may be the better-dressed man of the two. But in the time of the *Spectator*, nothing could be more marked than the difference between the costume of the various classes of the community. A distinguished officer in her Majesty's service could be no more mistaken for a Grub-street writer, than the author of "Vanity Fair" for Mrs. Harris or Mrs. Grundy. Nor are we able to accept the *dramatis personæ*, who figure in the story as new creations. To us they wear the look of well-known faces. There is about the gallant Colonel, with his brave true heart and affectionate nature, a certain family resemblance to blundering old Dobbin; and if the fair Beatrice does occasionally remind us of Rebecca, we can trace a likeness as well between the Lady of Castlewood and Helen Penderennis. In a word, while "Esmond" gives us abundant proof of its author's complete mastery over the rhetorical part of fiction, his fine appreciation of character, and his power in its delineation, we think he is more completely in his element when he describes characters of his own times than of those from whom he is separated by so long an interval. It is manifestly impossible for a writer of such marked originality to merge his characters so as to soften their individuality; and yet so well is this book written, so completely has it caught the spirit of those times, we have no doubt that had it been palmed upon the public as an authentic record, it would have passed muster, provided the public had known nothing of Mr. Thackeray or his previous writings. But so familiar and so well known are they, so distinguished by striking peculiarities altogether their own, that neither the old type, the quaint phraseology, nor the persons with whom we are associated, can make us, for a single instant, the victims of the delusion. We feel the whole of the *dramatis personæ*, the creatures of the nineteenth century, dressed up in the quaint attire of by-gone times. Their costume is perfect. Their sayings and doings are in

good keeping, but they are stamped in the Thackeray mint, and the impression is too indelible to be mistaken for an instant. What advantage, then, can be gained by this distinguished writer projecting himself into the past, getting up with infinite pains and labour a vast quantity of antiquated material, and then weaving it into the form of an old romance, when he has only to look forth into the world before him, quaintly and curiously as is his fashion, and write? In saying this we mean not to depreciate, in the least, the value of the book he has just given us. But we would rather keep the writer among ourselves. No better illustrations can be afforded now by the most patient industry and toil, the most minute research, and the most splendid imagination, than the writers of those days have left behind them in their own works. So long as the works of Swift and the *Spectator*, with other of their great contemporaries, remain, we want nothing further. We say this in no spirit of disparagement. Whatever genius, labour, humour, and perseverance could accomplish, has been successfully done in the volumes before us. But that genius, and those other qualities with which Mr. Thackeray is gifted in no ordinary degree, we would prefer should be applied to the age in which he lives. His great powers, instead of being squandered in research and imitation of the writings of others, should be applied in leaving monuments which men of after-times will study with instruction and delight.

From the reign of Queen Anne to that of George IV. is a good long stride; but the critic, to whom time and space are matters of indifference, thinks nothing of it. We have but to reach out our hand and open another volume and, *presto!* we find ourselves in another age. The gallant loyal-hearted soldier; the capricious beauty, who held him sighing in her chains; the atrabilious Churchman; the reckless Dick Steele, and the accomplished Addison, fade into the distance, and we are surrounded by beings of our own time once more.

The charming novel* we now open

* "Reuben Medlicot; or, the Coming Man." By M. W. Savage, Esq., Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," "My Uncle the Curate," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

belongs to the didactic school of fiction. The moral it professes to inculcate is the necessity of steadiness and singleness of purpose, to those who would succeed in life. "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," is the text which is enforced upon us, in a discourse as brilliant and as powerful as any we have ever read.

If any one expects to find in this novel any of the old stock machinery of fiction, he will be sadly disappointed. The plot is simple, barely sufficient to string the characters together. There are no harrowing passages, nor any scenes of a sentimental kind; but, as in the author's previous novels, the realities of life are painted with an honest and vigorous pencil. There is no pandering to the cant of the day, nor any chiming in with whatever cry happens to be uppermost; but a fine healthy tone of thought, an accurate discrimination of character, and a power of humorous description, which never flags.

The satire of Mr. Savage is of a healthy kind, rather that of the friend who laughs at our weakness, than the ill-natured cynic who sneers at us for having them. If he does not look at mankind through pink glasses, which convert every object into a rose-coloured monster of perfection—after the manner of some contemporaries whom we could name—neither does he gaze upon human nature with a microscope, eager to detect flaws which he may hold up to odium.

The hero of the story is the son of a country clergyman, and the grandson of a dean, who obtains a mitre by rattling on the Catholic question. He is educated at Cambridge, and destined for the Church, as a matter of course; but the habits of desultory reading and dillitante trifling into which he had insensibly fallen, together with an overweening estimate of his own powers, have unfitted him for adhering steadily to any one pursuit. He makes a speech upon the subject of consistency, at the time his grandfather went over to the minister, which effectually demolishes his prospects of promotion in the Church. His friends advise him to go the bar, where a brilliant career is anticipated for him; he acts upon their suggestion, succeeds very tolerably while the fit lasts, but abandons, after a little time, the forum for the senate. His chance of parliamentary suc-

cess is spoiled by his again speaking at the wrong time. Having failed in public life, he is so fortunate as to obtain what many who had succeeded would be glad to secure—viz., a snug place with very little to do. That little he trusts to a deputy, who robs him, and then steps into his shoes. All other trades having failed, he terminates his career by turning Quaker, of which sect his wife was a member. But the same ill-fortune which attended him in the earlier portions of his career, follows him to the close: advancing years having diminished his physical powers, he appears upon the stage for the last time, an unsuccessful and a broken-hearted man. We must allow the author to speak for himself. The scene is beautifully described:—

"A very short time since, two students of the same college, where Reuben Medlicot received his education, sauntering late one summer evening on the banks of their favourite stream, observed a melancholy man, with a frame broken down more by grief and malady than by years; his cheek hollow, his eye dim, and his lip quivering, moving feebly beneath the willows. Something intellectual in his countenance, faded and worn as it was, together with an air of distinction about him, the remains of former consequence, whether real or imaginary, excited their curiosity, and tempted them to address him. Feebly, but politely, he received and even encouraged their advances. Evidently pleased to talk, and, perhaps, flattered by their willingness to listen, he inquired about their studies, then spoke about his own formerly; began by relating his college recollections, and at length proceeded to unfold the history of his life. He surprised them by his knowledge of many subjects and even professions: delighted them by the variety and even the brilliancy of his language: perplexed them by the extent of his experience as a lawyer, an author, a traveller, and a divine. They marvelled, as he talked, who the man could be, seemingly possessing every talent and all accomplishments, yet wandering there forlorn, needy, and unknown. The mood of his narration changed often; now it was calm, now excited, but most frequently it was in a tone of deep pathos, as if there was always some regret uppermost—some painful emotion, even when he recalled his triumphs. At length he stopped suddenly in his tale, and leaning on his staff, regarded his hearers earnestly, and bade them mark his counsel, for it was the province of age to instruct youth.

"'I have excited your admiration, young men,' he said, 'while I only merit your compassion. You see in me a signal example of

how little is to be done in this busy world, by much knowledge, much talent, much ambition, nay, even by much activity, without singleness of aim and steadiness of purpose; for want of these two undazzling qualities, my life has been a broken promise and a perpetual disappointment.' . . . A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, when he came to the last words of the quotation: The young men were much affected, and waited in respectful silence for him to resume his discourse, but he broke it off abruptly, with an ejaculation in so low a tone, that it scarcely reached the ear. 'Alas!' he sighed, 'what I might have been.'

"Not many weeks later, the same infirm old man was seen in one of the green lanes near Chichester. He took up his abode as a lodger, in a small cottage, from which he only removed to lie in the same grave with his father in the quiet churchyard of Underwood, where an ancient raven, hopping from an adjoining garden, through a stately row of yews, croaked his requiem."

The brief outline which we have thus given will show how admirably adapted is this book for the exercise of Mr. Savage's peculiar powers. His chief *forte* lies in the delineation of character. A keen observation has furnished him with ample materials, out of which he builds up, piece by piece, the creation of his fictions. He lingers over his work, bringing out into stronger relief the lights and shadows, until the picture seems breathing from the canvas. If his imaginative power, or rather the power of constructing a story of continuous interest, were equal to those other qualities with which he is gifted, he would, beyond all question, be one of the very first writers of his time. We rather incline, however, to the belief, that the defects of his books, regarding them in an artistic point of view, are less owing to any want of power than to want of care, or, it may be, of knowledge of his art. In the novel now before us there are passages of singular force and beauty, such as could never have been produced save by genius of the very highest order; but, as the story comes near to its termination, we feel that, as a story, its interest is over;—why, it would be impossible to tell. We meet with gems of thought, as bright and brilliant as ever, but the setting is not so good; either the workman has grown tired of his work, or, from other causes, he is unable to finish it. The moral teacher's aim and object are worked out; but the elaboration and careful hand-

ling, which made the commencement so delightful, are not found as he approaches near a close. The author's perception of individuality, his keen humour, and power of vigorous as well as sparkling description, never flag. The commonplaces of criticism, as applied to this writer's works, are strangely at fault. They are a class in themselves—they are undoubted originals; and we are greatly mistaken if any other writer of this day could produce them. The difficulty of conveying, to those who have not read it any adequate idea of the singular power of this book is considerable; for the characters are only perfectly evolved in the progress of the story. Like the old and familiar illustration of the "brick," a bit or two will give but a poor idea of the whole structure. We wish to make the world at large acquainted with Dean Wyndham, but we find it out of the question. All we can do is, to let such as please it have a peep at him, or rather at a fragment of him; but he must be seen as he moves all through the piece, *teres atque rotundus*, to be thoroughly appreciated.

The book contains many other characters, which are perfectly unique—such as the Pigwidgeons, father and son—they are new creations, so far as our opinion goes. We do not remember that we ever met them in the realms of fiction; but being there now, they must remain immortal. De Tabley, too, and the aunt of Reuben, the magnates of Chichester, and the family of the ambitious wine merchant, are all exquisite in their way. If Cervantes could have seen them, he would have left them on record; but we doubt if he could have made of them preserved meats for the delectation of posterity, in a happier manner than the author of the "Coming Man."

We had been led to the conclusion, from a perusal of his former works, that Mr. Savage, however gifted in other respects, had but little power of pathos, that his mind was too hard and too keen to admit images of tenderness. We are glad he has afforded us an opportunity of seeing our error. Let the following passage suffice:—

"The Vicar fell with the leaf. It was a chill, damp day, towards the close of October, when his remains were committed to the earth, within a dozen yards of the spot whose

tillage had been his innocent amusement for forty years.

"The last words I ever heard him speak," said the old sexton, talking with Reuben, in that melancholy, deserted garden, when the ceremony was over—"he was standing just where you are standing at this moment—were these:—"Thomas," he said, "you and I cultivate the same ground, but you are the superior gardener; for what you sow will be immortal, and will blossom hereafter in heaven." His reverence had a cough upon him at the time; you see he never finished planting out those young cabbages."

Reuben looked, and saw a bed recently dug, but only partially planted. A little bundle of the plants that remained unset was lying on the walk, almost at his feet; and against the trunk of the pear-tree, mentioned before in this history, a spade was leaning, telling the story most distinctly of the abrupt summons his father had received.

Men of sterner nature than Mr. Medlicot's would have been moved by this; he was powerfully affected, and turned away to indulge his grief in solitude. How neglected, how bleak, how utterly forlorn, was all that once exquisitely-cultivated rood of earth, associated in Reuben's mind with so many happy days of his childhood, with so many eventful periods of his maturer years, with the chief objects of his love and reverence, with his early studies, and the recollection of all he had imagined that never was realised, and all he had hoped that never was fulfilled—everything both to his eye and heart was insufferably sad. A cold mist hung in the perfectly still air; the yellow leaves were dropping listlessly on the ground; those of the old walnut-tree covered the rustic table that stood beneath it. The last time Reuben had ever sat with his father at that table was the day of his return from Chichester, and the birth of his son. There were birds, but they were silent; the walks, wont to be so trim, were grass-grown in many places; here and there they were strewn with fallen apples; the last crop of peas had come to maturity in vain, the pods were swollen and growing brown."

We must now take a reluctant leave of Mr. Savage. He is a writer, of whom we may feel justly proud. Thinking, as we do, that his books combine instruction with amusement more completely than any others of the present day, it would be a point of honour with us to give them all the notoriety they can derive from our recommendation, even if their execution were more liable to objection. Such defects as those to which we have adverted may be remedied by a little

care. Nothing but this is required to make them perfect. The brilliancy of their wit is not less remarkable than the justness of their sentiments. They are not less pleasant than instructive; and if to some, this book, like its predecessor, may seem deficient in the fairy colouring of romance, it should be remembered, that the author does not profess to write mere love tales. The objects at which he aims are of a higher order than the mere occupation of an idle hour. These objects he has achieved, and never with a success more brilliant than in "Reuben Medlicot."

The abundant promise of future excellence contained in the former writings of Mr. Collins led us to anticipate a brilliant success when he should again make his appearance in the lists. That he has not yet achieved it is less owing to any want of imaginative excellence, than to an unfortunate selection of material. The writing by which "Basil" is distinguished, eloquent and graceful as it is, affords another proof that the author is qualified to take a high place among his contemporaries. It is beside our purpose to enter into a discussion as to the limitations and restrictions which bound the province of fiction. The taste of the age has settled the point, that its proper office is to elevate and purify, as well as to amuse; and unless the writer keep this object constantly before him, he can never hope to win a lasting popularity.

Basil is the son of a gentleman of family and fortune, more proud of his ancient lineage than even of his broad hereditary acres. On his way home from the City, where he had been to get a cheque for his quarter's allowance cashed, he enters an omnibus, and there meets his fate, in the shape of a young lady of considerable personal attractions. He falls violently in love, at first sight—follows her; and, having marked her down in a square near Camden-town, he returns home—finds himself restless—goes back—discovers the object of his admiration to be the daughter of a wealthy linen-draper, in Oxford-street. He succeeds, not without some diffi-

* "Basil; a Story of Modern Life." By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

culty, in obtaining an interview—declares his passion; and, having announced his intention to ask her hand in marriage from Monsieur le Père, a day of meeting is appointed; and Mr. Sherwin, a vulgar tradesman, anxious to seize the opportunity of a great match, closes at once with the offer, upon the condition, however, that the consummation of the marriage is to be postponed for the space of a year. This strange condition is acceded to by the infatuated young man. The scion of one of the proudest families in England finds himself, within the space of a fortnight from the date of their first meeting, the son-in-law of the linen-draper. The frequent and unaccountable absences of Basil from his home, have, of course, excited the uneasiness of his family; but they are on the eve of leaving London, and their departure takes place without any explanation. The year rolls slowly past; and on the very night before the husband is to obtain the prize for which he has sacrificed so much, he discovers he has been made a miserable dupe; and the young lady, upon whom he has lavished so much affection, turns out to be, in a word, no better than she should be. Over this part of the story we must drop a veil.

The author in his preface has stated that the incident is one which actually occurred in real life; and we believe him. But much occurs daily—as any one may see who reads the police reports in the *Times*—about which the less that is said the better; and we must confess, that we would rather some catastrophe less startling had been selected as the turning-point of a story, so full of carefully finished pictures and beautiful imagery. With this drawback, the novel is not only carefully considered, but very brilliantly written. The actors are not numerous; they consist mainly of the family of Basil, that of his wife, and the arch-villain Mannion.

The hero is not a personage of whom we can speak favourably. A good position in society, a fine education, and home associations of the fondest and most ennobling kind have failed to make him anything better than a fool—a fool, who rushes blindly to his own fate, without discrimination of character, or power of controlling passions which are the infirmities of

human nature. As the characters rise before us, that of Mr. Sherwin, the linen-draper, is the most complete and carefully finished:—

“He was a tall, thin man; rather round-shouldered, weak at the knees, and trying to conceal the weakness in the breadth of his trousers. He wore a white cravat, and an absurdly high shirt collar. His complexion was sallow, his eyes were small—black, bright, and incessantly in motion. Indeed all his features were singularly mobile. They were affected by nervous contractions and spasms, which were constantly drawing up and down, in all directions—the brow, the mouth, and the muscles of the cheek. His hair had been black, but was now turning to a sort of iron grey. It was very dry, wiry, and plentiful, and part of it projected almost horizontally over his forehead. He had a habit of stretching it in this direction, by irritably combing it out, from time to time, with his fingers. His lips were thin and colourless, the lines about them being numerous and strongly marked. Had I seen him under ordinary circumstances, I should have set him down as a little-minded man—a small tyrant in his own way over those dependent on him—a pompous parasite to those above him—a great stickler for the conventional respectabilities of life—and a great believer in his own infallibility. But he was Margaret’s father, and I was determined to be pleased with him.

“He made me a low and rather a cringing bow, then looked to the window, and seeing the carriage waiting for me at the door, made another bow, and insisted on relieving me of my hat with his own hand. This done he blew his nose, coughed, and begged to know what he could do for me.

“I felt some difficulty in opening my business to him. It was necessary to speak at once. I began with an apology—

“‘I am afraid, Mr. Sherwin, that this intrusion on the part of a perfect stranger——’

“‘Not entirely a stranger, sir, if I may be allowed to say so.’

“‘Indeed!’

“‘I had the great pleasure, sir, and profit, and indeed advantage, of being shown over your town residence last year, when the family were resident in London. A very beautiful house. I happen to be acquainted with the steward of Mr. —, your respected father. He was kind enough to allow me to walk through the rooms—a treat—quite an intellectual treat, indeed—the furniture and hangings, and so on, arranged in such a chaste style—and the pictures, some of the finest pieces I ever saw. I was delighted—quite delighted indeed.’

“He spoke in under tones, laying great stress upon particular words, that were evidently favourites with him, such as ‘in-

deed.' Not only his eyes but his whole face seemed to be nervously blinking and winking all the time he was addressing me. In the embarrassment and anxiety which I then felt, this peculiarity fidgetted and bewildered me more than I can describe. I would have given the world to have had his back turned before I spoke to him again.

" 'I am delighted to hear that my family and name are not unknown to you, Mr. Sherwin,' I resumed. 'Under these circumstances I shall feel less hesitation and difficulty in making you acquainted with the object of my visit.'

" 'Just so, quite so, indeed. May I offer you anything. A glass of sherry, a ——'

" 'Nothing, thank you. In the first place, Mr. Sherwin, I have reasons for wishing that this interview, whatever results it may lead to, may be considered strictly confidential. I am sure I can depend on your favouring me thus far?'

" 'Certainly, most certainly, the strictest secrecy of course. Pray go on.'

"He drew his chair a little nearer to me. Through all this blinking and winking I could see a latent expression of cunning and curiosity in his eyes. My card was in his hand. He was nervously rolling and

unrolling it without a moment's cessation."

In point of artistic merit this book is an advance upon its predecessors, and gives us the very highest opinion of the author's powers. If the subject he has been so unfortunate as to select, be not one of which we can approve, to the method of his handling of it no exception can be taken. And we hope when he next makes his appearance, Mr. Collins will profit by the hint which we have offered in no unkindly spirit. Fertile and comprehensive as is the domain of imaginative art, comprising the whole region of probabilities within its jurisdiction—all the different scenes in which man has been called upon to act or suffer, his power and his weakness, his wisdom and his folly, his struggles and vicissitudes, all in combinations infinitely diversified—it is not too much to expect that his vices, in the lowest abyss of their degradation, should not be selected as the subject of fiction.

CONMACNOISE, CLARE, AND ARRAN.

PART I.

I HAD been under the impression that the banks of the Shannon, immediately below Athlone, offered nothing to the view but a dreary expanse of bog, and was prepared to see a succession of level, black, peat-banks at either side, as I descended the river to Clonmacnoise. It is true, these banks of the Shannon are low; and stakes, erected at different points, show that in flood-time the channel has to be marked out from lateral inundations. With the exception, also, of the flight of wild birds, the occasional passage of a turf or hay-boat, or the appearance, here and there, of a solitary angler, there is little to vary the monotony of the scene; but on the clear and serene September day on which I descended the Shannon from Athlone to Clonmacnoise, it was a monotony of verdure and beauty that surrounded me. The banks are continuous meadow; and, as our little bark was wafted along, the breeze came deliciously scented from the harvest of the after-grass. The

skies were of a pearly lustre; the river was just heard to murmur among the beds of sedge and bulrushes, that occasionally fringe its banks. Where the green sward, at any point, rose a few feet above the level of the water, the banks, through a distance of several miles, were seen to consist of a white stratum of marl, supporting the vegetable soil; but in general, the emerald carpet of the meadows extends to the water's edge. Without timber, without any diversification of surface, without edifices, even in ruin, the scene was fresh, sparkling, and delightful. Shall I ascribe all those agreeable impressions to the sky, and air, and the smooth motion with which I was carried along between continuous green meadows and whispering reeds? The gentle reader will probably guess that other influences contributed to the charm; and that such pleasures as the scene could afford, were enhanced by being shared with a sympathising companion.

At five or six miles below Athlone,

the eye becomes aware of the line of the Slievebloom mountains, extending along the southern horizon; and we perceive that several minor elevations rise from the intermediate level, and run in picturesque green ridges towards the left bank of the river. At length we have a feature; a long green *esker*, or gravel-ridge, terminating in a steep mound of about one hundred feet in height, round the base of which the river, here enlarged to a considerable lake, takes a sweep westward. As the hill is thrown back in our progress, and the further prospect opens, we come into view of the towers and gables of Clonmacnoise. At first sight, the long line of buildings appears as if rising from the water; but, on a nearer approach, the ruins are seen to stand on a green acclivity rising from the river, and sloping backward to another series of romantic *eskers*, which overlook the left bank of the river, through a distance of about two miles. On the opposite side, beyond the margin of meadow, lies the vast flat of red bog so conspicuous in all Petrie's drawings of the locality. But to imagine that Clonmacnoise stands immediately in the midst of bogs, would be a very erroneous conclusion to draw from Petrie's paintings. On the contrary, it stands in the midst of meadows, and pastoral hills, and warm tillage lands, set, it is true, in an encircling ring of bogs, which surround the fertile tracts on every side: and, in truth, nothing can be more impressive than the sight of these vast deserts from the summit of any of the green heights around the ruins. Towards the east, in particular, the brown, heathy surface, as level as the sea, extends from beneath your feet to the horizon; and, if the eye could penetrate so far, would conduct it, hardly interrupted by any object to break the solemnity of the solitude, to the confines of the county of Dublin; for, at this point, we are in the major axis of the Bog of Allen. The unbroken bog-surface is not unpleasing to the eye. It is only round the margins of those tracts, where pools and peat-banks alternate with rushy patches of swamp, that the sight of them impresses us with the feeling of ruggedness and sterility. The level, russet floor of the interior possesses the grandeur of the sea, and wears an air of repose that is almost sublime. Between the level, brown

surface of the bog, and the undulating, verdant *eskers*, the contrast is one of the most striking that can be imagined. These detached green ridges are composed of limestone-gravel, often mixed with disintegrated limestone in the form of marl, and are clothed with the sweetest grasses. The porous nature of the substratum keeps them, at all times, perfectly drained. The excellence of the soil is seen not only in the verdure of its grasses, but in the golden hue of its corn-fields. Nowhere have I seen straw of so deep and florid a yellow. This combination of objects so diversified in form and colour, with the wide, blue Shannon, its course defined by those immense tracts of meadows, backed by the still more immense tracts of bog winding through the midst, would alone fill the eye of a lover of natural beauty with abundant enjoyment; but, seeing in the midst of so singular a scene, the remains of a place so venerable and celebrated as Clonmacnoise, adds vastly to the charm, and really renders this one of the most interesting spots that can be imagined.

The objects constituting the group of ruins are of an antiquity of from six hundred to upwards of a thousand years. In crossing the stile that leads into the churchyard, you step on a tombstone of the tenth century. When Dr. Petrie first visited this vast depository of historic evidences, one of the earliest inscriptions he deciphered was that of Suibhne Mac Maelhumai, one of the three "most learned doctors of the Irish," who visited Alfred in the year 891, and aided in laying the foundations of learning at Oxford. Since the publication of Dr. Petrie's work on Irish ecclesiastical architecture (for so, in truth, it should be called, and not merely an essay on the Round Towers), the formula employed in this class of inscriptions has become familiar to antiquaries; and the legends on the tombs at Iona, which so long baffled the Scotch archæologists, are now read with facility. The formula is simple and affecting, however it may offend those who deprecate prayers for the dead. "A prayer for Daniel," "a prayer for Columb," written thus:—"Or do Daniel," "or do Columb," the contracted *or* standing for the Irish *oroit* or *oratio*. With enough of repugnance to the system which enables ecclesiastics to make a market of their intercessions, I cannot quarrel

with the sentiment which leads any one, on entering a cemetery, especially a cemetery where the remains of so many pious and eminent men repose, to breathe the aspiration, "May the souls of the faithful departed rest in peace." How their names have been preserved through so long a lapse of ages, may excite surprise in any one who has endeavoured to decipher the inscriptions, of even one or two hundred years' date, in a modern churchyard. The success of these early stone-cutters has arisen from the hardness of their material, and the simplicity of their inscriptions. Whether it may have been from the difficulty of procuring slabs of the silicious sandstone, which seems to have been the material most in request, or from any peculiar fitness ascribed to materials which had already served some of the purposes of life, it is a singular fact, that most of these early Irish headstones are fragments of irregular shape, and many of them obviously broken portions of querns and mill-stones. Their extreme hardness has, in general, preserved the characters in wonderful freshness; and the vividness and distinctness with which the round, incised, Roman-Irish letters are engraved, enable a moderately skilled antiquary to decipher the greater number with comparative ease. Among the names which, from the character of the letters and form of the monuments, may be referred with confidence to periods before the twelfth century, I noticed:—*Finnachty, Cholumb, Maelfinnia, Findrétich, Ingorm, Brigitte, Meloena, Lorcun, (Fe)rgal, Maelphetir, Gillagiuran, Eochaig, Comascache, Dathal, Ronain, Murtain, Dainiel, Cellach*. Most of these have probably been identified, and their dates fixed by Dr. Petrie, who has already, in his "Round Towers," given the dates and details of several others, and possesses, I believe, the material of an ample and satisfactory history of the place. Clonmacnoise has its own annals, of which a translation, in quaint old English, by Connel MacGeoghegan, is extant, and frequently quoted by O'Donovan, in his commentary on the Annals of the Four Masters.

The most conspicuous objects among the ruins are the two round towers; and the greater of these, or O'Rourke's tower, may be said to be the most remarkable building of its kind, both as being the largest and the

only one the date of which is known with absolute accuracy; for, as recorded in the Annals, it was finished by the Abbot O'Malone, for King Turlogh O'Connor, in A.D. 1127. The other, the tower of Temple Fineen, is evidently and unquestionably of contemporaneous date with the church to which it is annexed. The age of the church is doubtful. The remaining decorations of the chancel-arch may be of any date, from the ninth to the twelfth century; but, in the absence of direct evidence, these speculations from style are necessarily very uncertain. But of whatever age the church may be, of the same age is the tower; its stones being recessed, and adapted to the slope of the chancel roof, and so carefully jointed into the work of the wall, that, in some instances, the same block forms portion, at one end, of the flat surface of the church wall, and, at the other, of the curved surface of the round tower. The masonry of both parts of the building is of remarkable excellence.

Next to the round towers the great sculptured stone crosses, at the west-end of the cathedral, take the eye with peculiar attraction. The formula of inscriptions on stone crosses is equally simple and emphatic with that on the old tombstones, but is longer, and demands a somewhat better acquaintance with antiquated Irish; and the misfortune of such inscriptions is, that being committed to a softer stone (for the labour of carving one of these decorated crosses out of such adamant as is employed on the old tombstones would be insuperable), they have, in almost every instance, been more or less obliterated by the corrosions of time, as well as in some cases by the violence of fanatics. Although pretty successful in reading like legends elsewhere, I failed to make out more than a small portion of the inscriptions on the great cross, but believe they have been truly deciphered by Dr. Petrie, who reads them thus:—On the west face—*Oroit do flaind mac maelsechlain*, "A prayer for Flann, son of Moelsechlainn;" and on the east, *Oroit do Colman dorroindi in crossa ar in ri flainn*, "A prayer for Colman, who made this cross on (for?) the King Flann." Now, Flann, son of Moelsechlain, King of Ireland, and the abbot Colman Conolly, built the Cathedral of Clonmacnoise, as we learn from

the Annals, in the year 909, and, doubtless, set up this cross in their joint commemoration, on the same occasion. We have here, therefore, a specimen of the art of sculpture, as it flourished among our Irish forefathers nearly a thousand years ago. The western side of the cross is covered with bass-reliefs, representing, in a rude but effective way, the crucifixion and other scriptural scenes, from which the cross derives its appellation of *cros-na-screaptra*. The sculptures on the east side appear to refer chiefly to acts of donation and events in the life of St. Kieran, the patron. Intermixed with these, and on both sides, are objects of the same grotesque character as we see in early English and Lombardic churches. The rudeness of these sculptures is barbaric, not barbarous. There is considerable grandeur in the proportions of the stone, great delicacy in its knops and interlaced pattern-work, and a sumptuous, although rude beauty, in its general effect. It is eminently interesting also, as exhibiting the costumes of its period. Here we have the Roman soldiers asleep at the sepulchre, arrayed in conical helmets, such as the Bayaux tapestry exhibits on the Normans of two centuries later. Here we have kings, warriors, and various orders of ecclesiastics in their proper costumes. On the base appear horses and chariots, with very high wheels, and hunters following the deer with hound and horn. The other cross is of even greater elegance of form, but its decorations are confined to ornamented bosses and pattern work. These circular-armed stone crosses are peculiar to Scotie and British districts. They are nowhere to be found on the continent of Europe, save, I believe, in Brittany. A suitable monument to O'Connell would be a cross of this kind, of gigantic size, covered with bronze bass-reliefs, bearing the old conventional inscription, *or do Dainiel*.

It happened that the two days I spent at Clonmacnoise were the eve and festival of the patron Saint, Kieran; and the holy wells, crosses, and sacred graves were, during most of the time, surrounded by pilgrims at their devotions. This idea of the peculiar efficacy of prayer offered at particular places, seems to be an oriental one. We find it continually presented in the Koran, and in the writings of Mahomedan doctors. The course of de-

votion at Clonmacnoise begins with certain repetitions of prayers, at the well of St. Kieran, distant about a quarter of a mile. After pacing round the well and its aged hawthorn in several circuits, from left to right, the pilgrims proceed to Tobar Fineen, a clear fountain, immediately below the ruins, and close to the Shannon, which covers it in flood time. Thence, after like exercises, they proceed to the churchyard, and having made certain rounds of that precinct, they repeat the same proceedings at the crosses, and at the graves of Saints Fineen and Kieran, following, throughout all these gyrations, the course of the sun, and making certain circuits and progresses, from point to point, on their bare knees—a very sad spectacle. Those who were so engaged on this occasion, were of the poorest and most ignorant sort, guided in their rounds by two miserable old women, and were almost exclusively females. Great multitudes used formerly to flock to this pilgrimage, even from counties so distant as Kerry and Cavan; but famine, and emigration, and, I believe, recently, ecclesiastical disapproval, have so reduced the number, that I doubt if one hundred in all went their rounds during the two days of my sojourn. Whether these pilgrimages be or not of pagan origin, it is certain that for a period of twelve hundred years, Clonmacnoise, and, in particular, this well of St. Fineen, have been so frequented. Under various dates, between 610 and 758, the Annals record the death of Gorman, the progenitor of the MacQuins, on his pilgrimage here, after having fasted for the space of a year on bread and the water of Tiobrait-Finhin. The well is a clear and copious one, as, from the character of the tract of eskers, from the foot of which it issues, may be well understood.

The story of the original foundation of Clonmacnoise is one of those monkish legends in which the dependence of the royal authority on the ecclesiastical is inculcated without much regard to the morality of the means employed in exemplifying the moral. In the lowest compartment, on the east side of *cros-na-screaptra*, may be seen two figures, which, although mistaken by Dr. Ledwich for Adam and Eve at either side of the tree of life, are evidently enough a king and monk on either side of a stake, or young tree, to the stem of

which their hands are applied, those of the monk being uppermost, as if in the act of planting it. The monk is St. Kieran, and the king Dermot Mac Cearbhail, who made the first donation of lands to Kieran's Church. The incident represented is thus related in the Annals of Clonmacnoise, under the years 535 and 547, in the quaint translation of which I have spoken:—

“Twahal Moylegarve (Teuthal Mael-Garbh) began his reign, and reigned eleven years. He caused Dermot Mac Kervil to live in exile and in desert places, because he claimed to have a right to the crown, having proclaimed his banishment and a great reward for him that would bring him his heart. Dermot, for fear of his life, lived in the deserts of Clanvicknose, then called Artibra, and meeting with the Abbot St. Keyran, in the place where the Church of Clanvicknose now stands, who was but newly come thither to dwell from Inis-Aingen, and having no house or place to reside and dwell in, the said Dermot gave him his assistance to make a house there; and in thrusting down in the earth one of the piers or wattles of the house, Dermot took St. Keyran's hand and did put it over his own hand, in sign of reverence to the saint. Whereupon St. Keyran humbly besought God of his great goodness that by that time to-morrow ensuing that the hands of Dermot might have superiority over all Ireland, which fell out as the Saint requested; for Mulmory O'Hargedie (Maelmora Mac Airgeadan) foster-brother (elsewhere called tutor) of the said Dermot, seeing what perplexity the nobleman was in, besought him that he would be pleased to lend him his black horse, and that he would make his repair to Greallie-da-Phill, where he heard King Twahal to have a meeting with some of his nobles, and there would present him with a whelp's heart, on a spear's head, instead of Dermot's heart, and by that means get access to the king, whom he would kill out of hand, and by the help and swiftness of his horse save his own life, whether they would or no. Dermot listening to the words of his foster-brother was loath to refuse him, and more loath to lend it to him, fearing he should miscarry and be killed: but between both he granted him his request; whereupon he prepared himself, and went as he resolved, mounted on the black horse, a whelp's heart besprinkled with blood on his spear, to the place where he heard the king to be. The king and people, seeing him come in that manner, supposed that it was Dermot's heart that was to be presented by the man that rode in poste haste; the whole multitude gave him way to the king; and when he came in reach of the king, as though to tender him the heart, he gave the king such a deadly blow of his spear that he instantly fell down dead in the midst of his people; whereupon

the man (Maelmora) was on all sides besett, and at last taken and killed; so as speedy news came to Dermot, who immediately went to Taragh, and there was crowned king, as St. Keyran prayed and prophesied before.”

Dermot in return for these services afterwards became one of the most munificent patrons of the Church; but having in a luckless moment asserted his authority, by following and arresting a civil culprit in the sanctuary of Bishop Rodhan of Lorah, brought down the vengeance of that ecclesiastic, who contented himself, however, with fulminating his curses against the royal residence, so that Dermot was compelled to evacuate Tara which has lain desert ever since. Worse still, it was the lot of this unlucky monarch to incur the displeasure of the better-known churchman, Columbkille, not only in consequence of a similar assertion of the civil jurisdiction against a criminal who claimed Columba's protection, but also on account of Dermot's award as arbitrator between Columba and St. Fineen, in their dispute about Columba's transcript of a copy of the psalter belonging to the latter. Dermot adjudged that, on the principle *partus sequitur ventrem*, Columba's copy should be the property of the owner of the original, which so incensed the choleric Tri-Connellan, that he returned to Ulster, raised the Clanna-Neill, obtained aids from Connaught, and gave battle to the king at Cuil-Dreibhne, near Sligo, where he utterly overthrew him, and compelled the restoration of his manuscript. It was in his forty-second year, and after a life of so much turbulence, that Columba went on his mission to North Britain, leaving his psalter, however, with his clan, by whom it was, for a thousand years after, preserved as a *palladium*, and borne before them in battle. Until within a very recent time, this renowned manuscript, after an existence of thirteen hundred years, rested in the custody of the Royal Irish Academy, where it might be seen beside the coeval crozier of St. Kieran. As for Dermot, he was slain at Rathbeg, on the Six-mile-water, in Antrim, by that “*valde sanguinarius homo et multorum trucidator*,” Aedh the Black, King of the Picts of Ulster, whom Columba afterwards ordained a priest, under the strange circumstances related by Adomnan. His body lies buried

at Connor, and his head rests here at Clonmacnoise. Dermot, at Cuil-Dreibhne, appears to have apostatised to paganism, which, indeed, after such examples of episcopal violence, is hardly surprising; for we find him, on that occasion, employing the sorcerer Fraochan, the son of Tenisan, to cast him a Druidic spell, for the protection of his host against the army of Columba. Columba's own hymn, or battle-psalm, composed on the same occasion, invokes the protection of God against "the host which makes the circuit (*timchel*) of the cars," alluding to some pagan practices of Dermot's people, which, most probably, were the same with the rounds still in use in our Irish pilgrimages and stations.

The cathedral so founded by Flann still stands, and in a state of sufficient preservation to enable one to judge pretty accurately of its former appearance. The east end appears to have been modernised at the time of its restoration by MacDermott, in the end of the thirteenth century. A very graceful doorway, in florid Gothic, adorns the north side, having an inscription in the raised characters of the fifteenth century. The contrast between the easy simplicity of the old inscriptions, and the crabbedness and obscurity of this legend, is very striking. Doctor Ledwich, it seems, quite failed to read it; and, save in the unpublished portfolio of Doctor Petrie, I know not where the true tenor of it is to be found. This cathedral, like all the other ancient Irish churches, here and elsewhere, appears to have been an edifice of great simplicity. Some traces of grotesque sculptures appear on the columns of the western doorway, and elsewhere in the interior. We may judge of the class of objects which constituted its treasury from the entry in the Annals, at A.D. 1129, of a sacrilege committed by certain thieves, who stole from the high altar, among other valuables, a model of Solomon's Temple, several chalices, one of them bearing the stamp or engraved motto of the daughter of Roderick O'Connor, and a gold-mounted drinking-horn presented by Turlogh O'Connor.

On the south of the churches, at a little distance, stands Lis-na-abbaid, or the Abbot's fort—an earthen *dun*, surrounded with a deep ditch and lofty external rampart, and crowned by the

ruins of a fine old feudal castle. It has been destroyed by gunpowder, and its massive fragments lie and lean against one another in picturesque disruption. The green hills, the fragrant meadows, this verdant mound with its toppling masses of masonry—the towers and ruins of the roofless churches, with their one ash-tree and wilderness of grave-stones, all form a scene not to be forgotten, and, as often as recalled, associated with recollections of pleasing intercourse, at the homely but genial hearth of my entertainer.

I cannot leave Clonmacnoise without again ascending the green ridge of eskers lying immediately behind the churches. The forms assumed by the rolled gravel are not unlike those seen in sandhills on the sea-coast, only, instead of a glaucous covering of bent, we have here the greenest and sweetest grasses. Bowls and hollows, which in any other formation would catch the drainage, and form little lakes, are here quite dry at the bottom—perfect cups and chalices of emerald. These eskers extend across the centre of the island, from hence to Dublin; and, in the old times, under the name of Esgair-Riada, formed the division between the territory of Conn of the hundred battles, who reigned over the northern half, and of Mogh Nuadeth, who reigned over the southern half, of Ireland. As being the driest ground, also, they constituted the leading line of communication between the western and eastern parts of the kingdom; and of the five chief highways leading to Tara, that which lay along Esgair-Riada was distinguished as early as the second century by the name of *Slighe Mor*, or the great road. The causeway extending northward from the churches marks the site, and, perhaps, contains some of the pavement of this highway, which, at least in point of antiquity, equals most of the Roman roads in Gaul and Britain. But the steamer from Athlone is in sight, and we must hasten on board.

Of the descent of the Shannon to Killaloe, and the drive thence to Limerick, I need say nothing. Loch Dearg and the rapids of Castleconnell have received their full tribute of admiration, even, in truth, to overflowing. In reference to the rapids, I must discharge my conscience of a public duty. Let no one who seeks for moderate enjoyments launch on the eddies of

Doonas, in charge of its extortionate boatmen, without a previous bargain; nor believe the lying emissaries of these knaves, who hang about the inn and boat-station, that the rapids cannot be seen without their assistance. A turn to the right, after passing the ruins of the castle which stand conspicuously in the centre of the village, leads direct to the river's edge, and thence, by the brink of the rapids, through Lord Massy's demesne of Hermitage, within the compass of a half hour's walk. If you desire a boat, and would protect yourself from imposition, let no representation of the toils and dangers of the adventure tempt you to stipulate for more than half a-crown.

The Lower Shannon, although its banks have great woods and castles, possesses none of the peculiar charm which the near green meadows and pastures impart to the upper portion of the river. Everything is on a widely-expanded scale; and but for the distant outlines of the Galtee and Kerry mountains, and the dome of Keeper, which presides over the eastern half of the scene with imposing grandeur, the prospect would be tame. Keeper is little more than 2000 feet high; yet its isolation and massive swelling outline give it the effect of much greater altitude. The object most worthy of note on the passage to Kilrush is the huge old Keep of Bunratty. Built in or about 1210, and inhabited until within the present generation, it presents the most perfect realisation of the castle of a powerful noble of the thirteenth century to be seen anywhere in Ireland. Its dimensions are apparent from the height to which it towers above the lofty timber trees that surround it. I wish either of our Archæological Societies could be induced to publish, with a good translation, the *Cuithreim Thomond* of Mac Craith, a really heroic prose-poem, which chronicles all the events that occurred in Thomond from the erection of Bunratty to the expulsion of its owners, in 1296. An imperfect translation of the "Wars of Turlough," by Peter Connell, among the Egerton manuscripts in the British Museum, will give the metropolitan reader, who may have any curiosity to know more of Bunratty, a good idea of the old Irish modes of historic commemoration. The Dublin reader may consult another copy in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy.

Of the various fine seats which one sees in the descent of the Shannon, there seem to me to be three worthy of particular notice; Derry Castle, on Loch Dearg, a mansion of the last century, of moderate dimensions, but of admirable compactness, elegance, and solidity; Mount Shannon, a noble palace, embosomed in equally noble woods; and the house of the Knight of Glynn. This last is unfinished; but in point of site and design, is quite worthy of the great river and estuary which it overlooks.

Foynes and Tarbert are doubtless excellent roadsteads; but one cannot help thinking them rather distant from the sea. The selection of a spot not at present accessible by railway for a western packet station, is tantamount to having, for the present, no western packet station at all. If another railway must be made before the mails will be suffered to go by any shorter route than at present, why not make it to the point which is really the best and nearest — Bantry Bay, at once? From Mill-street, on the Killarney line, now in progress to Bantry, is not much farther than from Limerick to Foynes. For the present, Galway Bay suffices for a traffic employing vessels of every size, and we hear no complaints of any want of shelter or secure anchorage. A gain of twenty-four hours is worth having, in the meantime, although a gain of forty-eight hours may be had by-and-bye. But by the time this railway is made to Foynes, I much "misdoubt" the packet station will have been decided on somewhere else.

Although I spent two days pleasantly and with instruction on Scattery Island, I need not repeat descriptions of objects already so well known, farther than to mention the existence of an Ogham inscription on the great stone at the west end of St. Synan's Chapel. This stone, which had served as the covering of a tomb at some distance, was lately raised, to make way for some agricultural operations, and placed in its present position.

The peninsula of Moyarta, running south-west from Kilrush to Loophead, although destitute of timber, and full of bogs, has a favourable exposure to the sun, the surface sloping with a gentle ascent to the west and north, till it terminates on the cliffs that overhang the Atlantic. No one, to look at the bleak, black, and water-soaked

aspect it presents, on entering it from Kilrush, could suppose that it yields, as in fact further west it does, good crops of oats, and sustains a tolerably comfortable class of farmers. Approaching the Atlantic also, no one would imagine that so many charms of coast scenery lay at the back of a district so rugged and featureless. In this respect the neighbourhood of Kilkee resembles that of the Giant's Causeway, the land rising towards the coast, and presenting little to please the eye, and much to wound the sensibilities. But although mendicancy shows, or used to show itself in sufficiently painful forms about Ballintoy, and elsewhere on the Antrim coast, no one ever beheld there such distressing sights, not, indeed, of mendicancy, but of silent destitution, as, I grieve to say, are still to be seen in this part of Clare. In the month of September, 1852, in walks in the immediate vicinity of Kilkee, I saw no fewer than three families living actually in the wayside ditches, and as many more among the ruins of prostrated cabins. The weather was fine, and the spots they had selected were then dry; but when these ditches should become water-courses, as they since have done, I shudder to think of the fate of the many helpless children and aged people who have been driven out shelterless from their poor holes and burrows in these bog-drains. Poverty, however, is on the decrease; and a ride to Carrigaholt or Loophead sends one back with more cheerful feelings. It requires, indeed, something very urgent and instant in its pressure to check the flow of animal spirits excited by the Atlantic breeze, and the varied recreations for the eye, presented by the downs, and cliffs, and great swelling waves of the ocean rolling below. The cliffs all along the coast of Clare are characterised by their abruptness. Elsewhere we usually find masses of debris at the foot of the precipice, and frequent dells and ravines, conducting to the beach. Here the masses of clay-slate, as they are detached by the elements, plunge at once out of sight in deep water; and, owing to the reverse slope of the surface, which carries all the drainage inland towards the Shannon, there are no streams to seek the sea, and, consequently, no channels to convey their waters. Nevertheless, the continual action of the waves and weather on strata of different textures and

inclinations, has wrought the wall of rock into an endless variety of clefts, chasms, caves, islands, and sloping glacis, of the most picturesque forms, and of sufficiently grand proportions to excite sensations of pleasing awe. The little creek of Kilkee forms a nearly circular basin, with a level beach of fine, firm sand, to which the sea has access through a break in the external cliff-line, of about 600 yards in width. A reef of rocks, extending nearly across this opening, forms a natural breakwater, but, at the same time, prevents the entrance of large vessels, save at high-water, and through one very narrow passage. Were a portion of these rocks cleared away, as might readily be done by submarine blasting, and the rest of them raised to above high-water mark, the creek would form, not only, as now, a delightful resort for bathers, but a harbour of refuge for embayed seamen. It is distressing to hear of the fate of many fine ships, which have lately gone, one cannot say *on shore*, but rather *against shore*, at various points along this natural sea-wall. The only one of them whose crew escaped, was the *Edward* passenger ship, which had the extraordinary and most singular fate to be driven into the creek of Kilkee, through the narrow opening of the reef, and stranded on the beach within. The astonishment of some Kilkee emigrants, who had left their homes here but a few days before, may well be imagined, on finding themselves thus emerged from the very bosom of destruction, and cast up literally at their own doors. A portion of the wreck still remains firmly wedged under the bridge at the head of the creek.

A favourite ride from Kilkee is that along the range of the southern cliffs to the promontory and ruins of Doonlickey. This was a castle of the MacMahons (not the northern clan of that name, but a branch of the great Dalcassian family), in the sixteenth century. Nothing now remains but the gate-tower, and part of the wall which cut off the insulated rock from the mainland. On one side, the sea lies, as blue as amethyst, in the bottom of a perpendicular cleft, some forty feet wide, and perhaps 200 in depth; and on the other, breaks with a continually rolling surge along the natural glacis, where a vast rock-slip has left the shelf of stone, smooth and steep as a cathedral roof, sloping to the

water's edge. A close carpet of verdure covers the summit; and when the sun shines on its many-coloured groups of visitors, with their equipages of ponies and donkeys, and ragged lacqueys, the scene is as amusing as picturesque. If Mac Mahon resided here in winter, he can hardly have preserved his hearing; but his provisions, I think, would have kept from Christmas to Easter without salt: for the air, even in summer, is a kind of gaseous brine.

A geologist may find matter enough for speculation on any of these shelves, or other accessible points of the coast. You see stratum over stratum of sandstone and clay-slate, the former all rippled, just as if the sand, before being consolidated into rock, had been beaten into these furrows by the action of the tides or winds: and the direction of these rippings is different in the different strata; as if, after one beach or bed of blowing sand had been turned to stone, a new floor of sand had been spread over it, rippled by another current of air or water, then hardened and covered again with a fresh supply of sand, to be subjected to the same process, in its turn, and so on, through successions of layers to so great an extent, that to account for them on any ordinary hypothesis, would demand periods of time quite inconceivable.

Still more remarkable is the formation of the clay-slate further north, which splits into thick flags, such as one sees on the *trottoirs* of cities, but of great size, and, what renders them peculiarly suitable for surfaces to be walked on, rusticated, or I should rather say vermiculated, with infinite remains of eel-like fossils. The mass of mud now constituting this rock, of many miles in extent, and many hundred feet in thickness, must have been as thickly alive with these creatures, as a cup of corrupt paste with its *vermiculi*, when the shock of electricity, or whatever other agency has been employed in its transformation, was sent through it, and turned all into stone. The facility of obtaining these great slate slabs has led to some peculiarities in the modes of burial characteristic of the cemeteries of this district. The whole surface of the churchyard is flagged over, several layers of these flat covering-stones being often laid and piled on one another where many inter-

ments have taken place; and, again, the ease and security with which a vault can be roofed in with a few of these broad, massy slabs, has led to the erection of great numbers of little chapel-like burying vaults. Thus the old church of Kilmurry Ibrickane, about midway between Kilkee and the cliffs of Moher, appears, at a little distance, to be surrounded by a multitude of lateral chapels, which, on nearer examination, turn out to be the burial-vaults of the neighbouring families, roofed in for the most part with not more than four, in some cases with no more than two, of these great flagstones.

Where this formation occurs, from Kilmurry to Liscanor, the coast is, comparatively speaking, low, but equally fatal to embayed vessels, as the names of Malbay and Spanish Point, where one of the Armada went to pieces, may sufficiently attest. Beyond Liscanor the land again rises towards the sea, but with a much bolder ascent than in the neighbourhood of Kilkee, and having attained a height of from 300 to upwards of 500 feet, terminates over the Atlantic, in the great range of the cliffs of Moher. For a distance of nearly seven miles these vast precipices present a rugged, and in general, perpendicular front to the Atlantic. The strata being horizontal, give to the cliff all the appearance of a natural wall, built up in courses of uneven masonry. The rock is more argillaceous than on the southern portion of the field, and especially when lighted by the rays of the evening sun, is full of colour. Seen from the ocean at sunset, the range of cliff looks, in truth, like a mighty wall of brass. But save for the grandeur of their general effect, a grandeur, indeed, amounting to sublimity, these cliffs present less variety, and are less accessible than the lower and more picturesque ranges near Kilkee. Looking from the highest point, where one stands in the midst of Mr. O'Brien's well-improved lands, laid down in excellent pasture to the very verge of the cliff, the whole coast of Connemara and isles of Arran lie in distinct prospect; the latter, seemingly within three or four miles, though their nearest point is ten miles distant. I do not know whether at Meenaun, in Achill, where the cliff rises to more than double the height of the highest point at Moher, it is absolutely perpendicular; but if it be not at Meenaun, I know of

no other spot of equal altitude, where one can look from so dizzy a height directly down on the sea. Several of the points of view at Moher overhang, so that a stone dropped from the verge, after a descent of five hundred feet, falls in the water; and this, notwithstanding a palpable inward deflection, caused by the attraction of the mountain.

The clay-slate and sandstone formation terminates at the northern extremity of Moher, where the cliffs subside at the beach of Doolin and little bay of Ballaghalyne. Beyond this commences the singular limestone district of Burren, which occupies the north-west of the county of Clare, and exhibits a very extraordinary contrast to the scenery of the rest of the country—a species of scenery, indeed, quite unlike anything in the rest of Ireland, save in the isles of Arran, which form portions of the same geological formation.

For those who do not regard a few splashes of saltwater, the shortest and, in moderately calm weather, the most eligible access to the isles of Arran is by canoe from Doolin, which is only seven miles distant from Inishere, the southernmost of the group. The canoe, the modern representative of the British *coracle*, or hide-covered boat of wickerwork described by Cæsar, is formed of a light framework of ashen ribs, covered with tarred canvas. Being quite cylindrical at bottom, and without a keel, the canoe is easily upset, but possesses the advantage of floating with so slight an immersion, that a stroke of the paddle will spin it round, as on a pivot, in less time than would be required to change the position of the helm in a keeled boat. No sea-bird rises more buoyantly on the wave than these waifs of navigation; but the portion of them above water being so much greater than that below, they catch the wind, and are liable to be thrown over by a sudden lateral blast or breaker, unless the crew see the coming danger and turn their prow, which, indeed, they do with the rapidity of thought, to avert it. Each oarsman pulls a pair of narrow-bladed “oar-sticks,” or skulls, and a *corragh* is not adequately manned with less than three oarsmen. One passenger being then placed in the stern, and another, or in his absence a heavy flat stone, as counterpoise, in the prow, the canoe

is trimmed, and will pull through a very rough sea without more danger than arises from the spray occasionally dashed up, when the spoon-shaped prow encounters the stroke of the wave.

Doolin is one of the most secluded and primitive places on this coast. The people in general speak English imperfectly; and two of my crew from hence to Arran did not speak English at all. Strange to say, the name of the third, the owner of the canoe, was Davenport; but I imagine this must have been a corruption of some native Irish name, for although Davenport spoke a little English, nothing could be more Irish than his features; and, indeed, nothing could afford a better example of the cheerful and obliging Irish character, than his conduct during the three days his crew remained in my service. I had regarded Doolin as the scene of the great final battle between the Clan Turlough and the Clan Brian-Roe, commemorated in the wars of Turlough; and, on that account, gave a closer examination to the remains of the little ruined fourteenth century abbey than I otherwise would have done. But although the building offers nothing remarkable beyond a pretty ogeed transept window, with a square dispostone, it stands in a field which a stranger cannot walk through without wonder. As I mentioned, we are here on the verge of the limestone country of Burren, and I had often heard of the surprising verdure and succulence of the grasses in the spots where grass grows amongst these fields of marble; but so green, so thick, and so tender a coat of grass as covers this particular field I was not prepared to see. The enclosure contains, perhaps, fifteen acres, and was crowded with bullocks eating down the thick juicy herbage with assiduous delight. It seems this field, part of the property of Major Macnamara, is reputed the best piece of grass-land in Clare. To step on it after walking in ordinary pasture is, in truth, like treading on Wilton carpet after drugget. Yet at the distance of a few fields on either side the surface is almost sterile. Near the abbey ruins, on a pretty slope of sheep-pasture, are the remains of a well-built square castle of the same period; and about a mile southward, in the direction of Moher, on an eminence overlooking the vale and creek, stands the round castle-tower of Dona-

gore, one of the few mediæval round castles of this country, and one of the most singular to be seen here or elsewhere. A full description of this keep, which, in the sixteenth century, was a residence of Sir Donnel O'Brien, and had then, probably, been built some two hundred years, would furnish material for a lengthened archæological essay. To compare small things with great, it closely resembles the tower of Coucy, in Picardy; only in its chambers, stairs, passages, and other contrivances in the thickness of the walls, it comes nearer than it to the primitive type of the Pictish dun or stone *cahir*. The present doorway, opening from the level of the ground, is modern; but on the south side of the tower, at a distance of about fifteen feet from the base, is an opening which, if it constituted the original doorway, appears to me to be the most singular feature of that kind to be found in the architecture of the period. It is an oblong aperture, of about six feet in width by three feet high, having at either side stone holdfasts, grooved towards the wall, as if to provide for the letting down of a cover from above; and immediately over this opening, separated from it only by its massive lintel, is another aperture of equal width, but not more than one foot high, seemingly designed for some portcullis apparatus, by which this sliding-door may have been lowered and elevated. If it be a doorway, I am not aware of any like example elsewhere.

A cheerful apartment at the summit, commands the prospect of the surrounding district, through four windows, in one of which are the stone stanchions of a well-wrought ogee window, of like workmanship with that of the abbey. The tower is twenty-four feet in diameter, and about fifty feet high, and has been surrounded by extensive buildings and outworks now in ruin.

A row of two hours, against an unfavourable wind and through a rough sea, brought us to a little creek on the south side of Inishere. Here the canoe was drawn up, inverted, and carried on the backs of two of the crew, to one of the country dry-docks for the reception of craft of this kind, which might, without much impropriety, be called a *corragh-haggard*. Half a dozen other *corraghs* were already laid up within the little enclosure, resting with their

gunnels on stone props, so as to clear their curved prows of the ground; and ours being deposited on a vacant stand, we proceeded to the village. Our path lay across a vast sheet of grey limestone rock which separates a capacious pool that nature seems to have designed for a floating dock, from the external waters. On the opposite side of this lake, the ridge of limestone rises with a mural front all along the ascent to the higher part of the island. This natural wall is quite smooth, save where it is diversified by patches of ivy, and in some places is about twenty feet high. A natural stair, wonderfully resembling the architectural approach to the platform of an Assyrian palace, leads up this escarpment to the upper division of the island. A section of the rock, of some thirty feet in length, and about a yard thick, has detached itself from the face of the wall behind, and stands forward just at a sufficient distance to admit two persons between; and the debris accompanying its disruption has so fallen in this interval, as to form two stairs of stone, leading symmetrically from either side to the top, and there meeting at the centre. It would make a pretty picture, with the faces of some of the handsome young Arran people peeping over the rock parapet to gaze at the unusual sight of a stranger—for this South Island is still very rarely visited.

Following the pathway, which is defined only by the polish of the rock-surface, over a further succession of limestone ridges, we reached the principal village, consisting of about a dozen cabins, in the midst of irregular stone enclosures, sheltered on the north and west by a craggy knoll, exhibiting the first patches of verdure that had so far caught my observation. The cabins are of a better character than on the mainland. That of the respectable Widow O'Flaherty, to whom I am indebted for the rites of hospitality, contains a cheerful, though unceiled and earthen-floored sitting-room, with a little bed-room attached, not to be despised by one accustomed to sea-side lodgings. As elsewhere along the western coast, the thatch is tied down by a net-work of ropes fastened by pegs projecting from the wall. To admit of the insertion of these pegs, the top part of the wall immediately under the eaves, is sometimes built of mud; but the masonry

of the walls is generally of the most massive kind. There are many cabins in the hamlets of Inishere which would be called Cyclopean, if they were of ancient date. Indeed, it is scarce possible to avoid the employment of very large stones in building here, the ground, or rather the rock-surface, being everywhere strewed with masses of limestone ready squared and cut by the hand of nature; for the natural cleavage of the rock detaches it in blocks and slabs disposed in the most convenient way to the hand of the builder. Masses which would not disgrace the foundations of the Temple at Jerusalem, may be seen in the lower courses of many of these cabin-walls; and, I have no doubt, if a block of the dimensions of Cleopatra's Needle were required, such a one might be found without going beyond the ready-cleft segments of the surface. The patches of vegetable soil which occur here and there over this rugged tract are carefully enclosed, and generally planted with potatoes. The soil is light and sandy, but owing to the absorption of heat by the rock, peculiarly warm and kindly; and the islanders here have had the singular good fortune never to have been visited by the potato blight; never to have had a death from destitution; and never to have sent a pauper to the poorhouse. They are a handsome, courteous, and amiable people. Whatever may be said of the advantages of a mixture of races, I cannot discern anything save what makes in favour of these people of the pure ancient stock, when I compare them with the mixed populations of districts on the mainland. The most refined gentleman might live among them in familiar intercourse, and never be offended by a gross or sordid sentiment. This delicacy of feeling is reflected in their figures, the hands and feet being small in proportion to the stature, and the gesture erect and graceful. The population consists principally of the three families or tribes of O'Flaherty, Joyce, and Connely. Martin Joyce, an obliging young fisherman, conducted me to the objects of interest, and beguiled the way, which, for the most part, is the roughest imaginable, with conversation full of intelligence and good-nature.

On the northern side of the rocky knoll I have described, a sandy beach, terminating in a strip of verdure, runs

up between it and the central eminence of the island. The sands occupy a considerable extent of beach, and have risen round the picturesque ruin of the church of St. Cavan (brother of him of Glendalough), which stands at the opening of the little valley, till the surface is nearly on a level with the top of the side wall next the sea. But the doorway in the inland wall has so guided the draught of the wind, as to keep a passage on that side clear, the sand sloping down to the threshold, as in the upper half of an hour-glass. The aspect of these graceful ruins, with their airy chancel-arch, and ivied gables, surrounded by a surface so pure and untrodden, is singularly impressive. On the sea-side all the hillock is covered with tombs and headstones. A rugged pillar-stone, higher than the rest, marks the site of *Leaba coemhain*, or St. Cavan's bed—a grave held in great veneration, which the blowing sands have risen around till it now forms a pit of about five feet in depth. An engraved cross, of very ancient design, decorates the flagstone at the bottom, but there is no inscription. The clear, fine sand alternating with patches of verdure, and backed by the blue, incorruptible ocean, gives an air of purity to the scene very congenial to the idea of a last resting place for people of a simple and virtuous life. "Our island is clean—there are no worms here," were the repeated expressions of my companion; and when, on passing a little farther on, we came to where the wind had stripped the sand from a skeleton, I could see that the cleansing, calcerous envelope had brought the bones to the whiteness of chalk. I thought of Archytas, *prope littus Matinum*, and bestowed the rites of ancient piety—*ossibus et capiti inhumato*. Old as this interesting ruin is—I judge it to be of the twelfth century—it is the most modern of all the ecclesiastical remains on the Isles of Arran. It is, at the same time, the most picturesque, and, perhaps, the best calculated to awake, while it tranquilises, the soul.

The rocky eminence behind St. Cavan's, forming the central elevation of the island, is crowned with a telegraph tower and a grim old castle of the O'Briens. The construction of the castle is worth remark. The lower story is divided into three parallel vaults, the arches of which formed

the floor for the principal apartments. The wall-plates of broad flagstones, and the apertures for the discharge of the water, show where the roof was set on; but, what is chiefly remarkable is, that the parapet-wall of the tower rises to so great a height as must have quite masked the roof, even though of a very high pitch. Perhaps the design was to protect the sedge or other light materials with which it may have been covered; for the tower stands exposed to every blast from the Atlantic. I afterwards observed the same disproportion between the height of the roof and parapet at the church of Mac-Duagh on Arran More.

Re-entering among the rocks, we passed through another village, the pathway to which runs between enclosures of apparently a very unprofitable kind; for, in several cases, the only thing enclosed is the bare surface of limestone, no earth having yet been laid down; and, when earth does occur, it is wholly adventitious, having been carried from a distance and spread on the rock. Yet these patches of fictitious soil yield very good crops of oats and potatoes. To see the careful way in which the most has been made of every spot available for the growth of produce, might correct the impression so generally entertained and so studiously encouraged, that the native Irish are a thriftless people. Here, where they have been left to themselves, notwithstanding the natural sterility of their islands, they are certainly a very superior population—physically, morally, and even economically—to those of many of the mixed and planted districts.

This practice of forming artificial fields by the transport of earth, recalls the old tradition of the Fir-Volgic origin of the early inhabitants of Arran. It is stated by Duaid MacFirbis, on the authority of an ancient tract preserved in the book of Leacan, and the statement is corroborated by very evident remains of which I shall speak by-and-bye, that after the overthrow of the Fir-Volg, by the Tuatha-de-Danaan, at the battles of Traigh Eochaille and northern Moy-Tuire, the remains of these people crossed over to the Isles of Arran, and inhabited them at the beginning of the Christian era. These Fir-Volg, according to their own account, were Thracians, who had been enslaved in Greece, and there employed

in carrying earth in leathern bags, to form the artificial terrace-gardens of Bœotia. If any portion of the existing population of Ireland can, with propriety, be termed Celts, they are of this race; and, certainly, those who now represent them here, whether of Welsh or Gaelic descent, do the name no discredit.

Passing beyond the village and its rugged, diminutive gardens, the track conducts to the little old cell of St. Gobinet, seated under the shelter of a great limestone crag, and backed by a stunted thorn-bush, the one tree of the island. St. Gobinet's is of the primitive type, so fully illustrated by Petrie; and may vie in diminutiveness with any of those described in the Round Tower Essay, measuring, internally, no more than thirteen feet by nine. A corpulent person would find some difficulty in entering by the narrow Egyptian-formed doorway. This Gobinet is the same who has given her name to the church of Kilgobbin, in the county of Dublin; and there seems no reason to doubt that her cell in South Arran is of the period at which she lived, the early part of the seventh century. South Island seems to have been a favourite resort of female ascetics. At the western extremity of the little valley, running inland from St. Kevin's, are the graves of seven holy ladies, called the Seven Sisters, and now converted into penitential stations. The path leading to the fountain here is the only part of the whole island where a person can walk a distance of twenty yards on tolerably level ground. All the rest is rock, reticulated with dry stone walls enclosing scattered patches of cultivation and pasture.

An hour's rowing brought us from Inishere over Gregory's Sound to Middle Island, or Innis Maen. On approaching our landing-place on the southern extremity of the island, my eye was attracted by two edifices, the only ones in sight, in remarkable contrast with one another. Close by the sea, under the shelter of a similar wall of limestone to that which encircles the inner platform of Inishere, is a church, to all appearance older, as it is still smaller, than that of St. Gobinet. On the eminence above stands one of the circular stone fortresses of the Firvolg, enclosing, perhaps, half a rood of land, and its walls, of twelve feet in thickness, still standing, to the

height, in some places, of fifteen feet. The little church is called *Teampul Cinerigi*; the fort, *Dun-Farvagh*. Who *Kinerigy*, or *Cennanach*, may have been I know not; but an elder bush of moderate size suffices to fill his church to overgrowing: its whole interior space might be scooped out of the thickness of the wall of the Gentile stone fortress that overlooks it. Its dimensions, internally, are twelve feet by eight; and when roofed, it received its modicum of light through a triangular-headed east window of some ten inches high. The doorway, not more than two-and-twenty inches across, is of equal width at top and bottom. In the north-east angle the walls are joined by the mere apposition of the stones, without any tying of the masonry. I know not whether it was from the idea of a portable shrine, or arc, that these little churches were designed; but in this, and several other primitive churches, I observe a peculiar feature, not irreconcilable with this idea. At each end, two of the quoin stones of the side wall are made to project, like handles, by which the little structure might seemingly be lifted, as one would lift a sedan-chair. I vouch for nothing but the fancifulness of the idea, and the fact, that the primitive churches of *Macduach* on *Arran More*, and of *Oughtmama*, in *Burren*, are provided with similar appendages. These *cellulæ* have no chancels; as I shall also have to observe respecting the larger churches of the same epoch.

The Christian remains on *Innis Maen* yield in interest, as well as importance, to the pagan. The fort on the hill over *Teampul Cennanach*, imposing as it appears in contrast with that little oratory, is of moderate dimensions when compared with the really magnificent stone fortress of *Dun-Conor*, which crowns the central summit of the island. A square barbican, containing about a rood of ground, stands in front of the entrance, towards the east. The walls of this outpost are about six feet in thickness, built, as all the rest of these Gentile works are, without mortar; but the size of the stones is not sufficient to justify the appellation of Cyclopean. In all the structures of this kind which I shall have to mention, the stones employed in the main work of the walls are such as could be carried by, at most, two or three men of ordinary strength.

In this respect, the *Fir-Volgic* remains in *Arran* correspond, I believe, with the *Picts'* towers of the Scottish isles, which Irish tradition assigns to the same people: for it is said, that on the dispersion of the *Fir-Volg*, after their last stand at *Moy-Tuire*, they took refuge not only in the isles of the west and north-west of Ireland, but also in *Rathlin*, *Isla*, and the *Innis-Gaul*, or *Hebrides*. Judging from the nearer approximation of *Dun-Dornadilla*, and other like structures in the Scottish isles, to the form of the feudal round castle in its early development, as at *Coucy* and *Donagore*, it seems probable that these are of more recent date than the wider, lower, and less artificial stone fortresses of the west of Ireland. A peculiar Greek feature, however, which strikingly corroborates the tradition associating these structures with the Cyclopean architecture of Greece, the triangular aperture over the doorway, present in the Hebridean duns, is wanting in these Arranese stone fortresses. The doorway of *Dun-Conor* is broken down, and although the walls which remain are of a considerable height externally (twenty to twenty-five feet in some places), the internal arrangements can only be guessed at through masses of debris, the ruins of the upper portion of the fort. From the remains, however, of several flights of stairs, still visible on the inner face of the rampart, corresponding to similar remains in *Dun-Farvagh*, and other fortresses of like construction, it appears pretty clearly, that the construction was much the same as that of *Staigue* fort in *Kerry*, a model of which may be seen in the vestibule of the *Dublin Society House*, and which, as it is the most perfect of these remains, though not comparable in extent to the *Arran* fortresses, I may here shortly describe:—Externally, the circular enclosure presents the appearance of a low, round tower of wide diameter, bulging above the base, and thence receding to the summit—a form observable in several of the Hebridean duns, and apparently designed to prevent escalade. A single low, broad doorway admits to the interior. Within, the thickness of the wall, at about six feet from the surface, is diminished by one-third, so as to leave a circular ledge, or *terre-plein*, of five or six feet in width, projecting all round. This ledge is reached

by flights of stairs, on the inner face of the wall. At a height of five or six feet higher, another contraction of the thickness of the rampart takes place, leaving a like ridge, or shelf of masonry, approached in like manner, by steps from the former, and serving as a kind of *banquette* to the parapet formed by the remaining height of the rampart. At Staigue, the flights of stairs are carried up in symmetrical lines, each lower pair of stair-flights converging to the point where each upper pair diverge, and so surrounding the internal face of the rampart with a reticulation of pyramidally-arranged stone steps. In the Arran fortresses the same distribution of the rampart into three successive thicknesses, forming successive platforms, or *banquettes*, on the interior face, is still quite traceable, but the stairs which led from one to the other do not appear to have been symmetrically arranged, or so numerous as at Staigue. The communication with the first platform at Dun-Farvagh appears to have been by a stair ascending laterally on the right of the entrance. At Dun-Conor there are tiers of several ascents, not laterally stepped in the plane of the wall, but carried perpendicularly into its thickness, giving access to both *banquettes*. An arrangement in the building, exhibiting a good deal of military contrivance, is made subservient to the formation of these internal stages. Instead of building the rampart in bulk, and starting with a fresh face of masonry above each ledge, the Fir-Volg builders have, in every case, built their rampart from the foundation in as many concentric independent walls as they designed to have *banquettes*; so that if an enemy should succeed in breaching the external envelope, he would find immediately behind it a new face of masonry, instead of the easily-disturbed loose interior of a dry stone wall.

The outer envelope, as rising higher than either of the others, and having only its own thickness to oppose to the elements, has fallen all round Dun-Conor to the level of the second, and in some places below it; so that what formerly constituted the upper *banquette* behind the parapet, now forms the top of the rampart—its independent face of regular stone-work being visible in some places as low as the

foundation, through breaches of the external rind of masonry that formerly overlapped and overtopped it. The dimensions of these walls is something surprising. Making allowance for the disruption and spreading of the masonry, each envelope appears to have been nine feet thick at the base, giving an aggregate breadth for the composite triple rampart, of twenty-seven feet. The original height may have been about twenty-five feet. Cavities are discernible, which seem to indicate the site of chambers in the wall; but the dislocation of the loose materials renders this a very uncertain speculation. Exposed as the fabric is to tempests from the Atlantic, and dependent for its cohesion on the weight of its materials only, it is surprising that it should have stood, even in ruins, for so many centuries. The walls, however, are built with considerable art, long stones being employed on both faces, and carefully laid with their ends outward. Dun-Conor covers a large space of ground; the area is an irregular oval, the greater axis measuring seventy yards, and the lesser forty. Looking at the enclosure as it now stands, one is led to speculate on the sort of habitations its tenants may have had within it. Traces of minor buildings appear over the area, but too indistinct to afford material for any tangible conjecture. A sloping roof might easily have been erected against the inner face of the wall; and from the occurrence in other buildings of the class, of recesses and cells round the internal area, it seems not improbable that such may have been the arrangement. It is interesting to trace the gradation from the single *enceinte* of stone, behind which the warrior could stand, and throw his dart at his enemy, to the round castle-tower of feudal civilisation. First, we have the means of access to the summit of a loftier rampart, provided by means of stairs cut perpendicularly up the inner surface, as here at Arran; next, we have these stairs and passages, the extent of which before was limited by the thickness of the wall, carried spirally up its plane, and included within it, as at Dun-Dornadilla and the Scottish Picts' houses; next, the height being thus capable of indefinite increase, the diameter is narrowed, and, while a covering, thrown over the top,

excludes the weather, light is admitted by windows, pierced through the upper side walls; but the stairs and chambers of greater security are still retained within their thickness, as at Dunagore; and, finally, the admission of light by windows diminishing too much the strength of the walls, to admit of other cavities within them, the stairs, and all other accommodations of the dwelling, are brought under the area of the roof, as in the finished castle or modern dwelling-house.

Leaving Dun-Conor with feelings of admiration strongly excited, I pursued my way to the beach by Killmurry, a little old church, which, with the addition of a modern transept, suffices for the island congregation, and past the grave and holy well of St. Canannach. Leaba Cinerigi, as the grave is called, serves as a penitential station; it consists of an oblong pile of rough stones, of no great size, and appears as puny a work, compared with a Gentile sepulchre, called by its generic name of *Leeba Diarmuid as Graine*, on the beach hard-by, as the patched, dwarfish chapel does in comparison with Dun-Conor. I were ungrateful, having recorded the name of my guide, on Inishere, if I left Martin Faherty, my companion on Innis Maen, uncommemorated. He was waiting for the evening tide to return to Kilronan with his hooker, and would have been happy to accommodate me with a passage, or to tow us at his stern; but time pressed, and I put off for Arran More in my coracle.

A spit of sand, terminating in what constitutes an island at high water, forms the southern boundary of the harbour of Killaney. Here we landed, through a considerable surf; and having drawn our canoe across the isthmus, launched again on the still waters of the inner basin, crossing which, we reached the creek and pier of Kilronan.

After a two days' dependence on the hospitality of poor villagers, I found the change to Mrs. Costello's comfortable, albeit deal-furnished and carpetless, apartments extremely grateful. Her house immediately adjoins the inner pier; and should her two rooms be occupied, the visitor will find accommodation of the same description in the house of Mr. Patrick Dillon, a little farther up the street of the village. Patrick Mullen is the guide and

antiquary of the island. Hitherto his intellectual pursuits have not added much to his worldly wealth; but as the island becomes better known, Mullen, I should hope, will be able to make an appearance more suitable to the dignity of his calling. Ponies can easily be procured, and I believe Mrs. Costello can, if necessary, furnish a side-saddle; but there are no wheeled vehicles of any description on this or either of the other islands. It is, however, a great relief, after the toil of stepping from rock to rock, or scrambling up and down the rugged trackways of Inishere and Innis Maen, to find here, all along the eastern coast of Arran More, a smooth and tolerably level road. The island faces the east and north, and rises to the south-west. All the higher portions are bare rock, although divided by innumerable dry stone enclosures. In the crevices, which everywhere occur through the limestone, there is found a sweet winter herbage; so that none of these paddocks can be said to be absolutely barren, but the quantity of pasture fenced off by such an enclosure is extremely small. The fertile soil of the island lies at foot of the rocky ascent, along the eastern shore; and in this tract all the religious houses have here been located; but the great Gentile stone fortresses of Dun-Angus, Dun-Eochail, and Doo-Cathair are erected on the summit and Atlantic verge of the rocky desert above; Dun-Angus on the north, Doo-Cathair on the south, and Dun-Eochail, on the highest and central point of the island. The first speculation that suggests itself on sight of these immense keeps is, as to whence supplies were procured for so large a force as they must have needed for their occupation. In the end of the fifth and beginning of the sixth century, when the first Christian recluses settled here, the difficulty of obtaining supplies of food for even a few persons was so great as to furnish material for the best part of their chroniclers' miracles. Was it by plunder, or by those arts of rock-cultivation which their ancestors practised in Greece, that Angus and Muirbheac Mil, and Conor, and Farvagh victualled their stone palaces? Of the Picts, their cousins, or, more probably, their brethren, who remained in Ireland after

the first Cuithneac emigration, recorded in the Irish Nennius, we are told—(Irish Nennius, p. 145)—

“Plundering in ships
By them was taught—
Hills and rocks they prepared for the plough;”

so that, they may have been *utrobique parati*; but, I should suppose the former method of livelihood the more probable. King Angus must have possessed more treasures than the rocks of Arran could well have afforded, when he employed such labour as has been expended at Dun-Angus, in fortifying the approaches to his stronghold.

I noticed the Pictish form given to the name as pronounced by the Arran people, “Doon-Ungust,” and “Doon-Unguish.” It is the same name as the Scandinavian Hengist, the Roman Ancus, and the Trojan Anchises. Angus, the founder of this fortress, was son of Uaidhmore, and built it in the first century of our era (Mac Firbis's Account of the Firbolgs, Book of Lecan, *fo.* 2776). As the most extensively fortified and best authenticated of these remains, it will probably be the first object sought by visitors. The road to it from Kilronan abounds in objects of the greatest interest.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE expectation which the announcement of Lord John Russell's “Memoirs of Moore”^{*} was calculated to create, has not been disappointed. The first two volumes have appeared, and are among the most interesting books we have read. A graceful preface tells the share which Lord John Russell has in the work, which as yet seems to have been little more than selection. The work opens with a memoir commenced by Moore in the year 1833, in which he gives an account of his early school and college life, but which is continued no farther than to the period of his becoming a law student at the Middle Temple, in order to his being called to the Bar. The memoir is followed by nearly 400 letters of Moore—the first bearing date April 3, 1793; the last, November 8, 1818. At the close of this part of the work is the following note of the editor:—

“These letters are, many of them—most of them, I may say—without a full date, and I fear several have been wrongly placed.”

Then follows a very full diary of Moore's, extending from the 18th of August, 1818, to the 30th of August, 1819—this being, as might be antici-

pated, the most interesting part of the book.

In Moore's will, written in 1828, there was a request that Lord John Russell should, from such papers or letters as Moore might leave, form some publication that might afford the means of making some provision for his wife and family. This publication is undertaken in fulfilment of that request. The business of selection from a mass of letters written on private business, must always be accompanied with difficulties. Had there not been a sort of custom, creating almost an indisputable law of society on such subjects, we should have imagined it more than doubtful whether the kind of confidence in which letters giving domestic details, intended for friends and not for the public, are written, is not violated by such exposure; and we rather think that such things, after being read to the fireside circle, for whom they are intended, should be thrown into the fire. Such was, we believe, Sydney Smith's habit—a man not likely to err in a question of the minor morals of life. However, the question seems to have been settled the other way. It was regarded as a moot point in the days of “Mason's Gray.” Hayley, in his “Cowper,” followed the example; and there seems now no feeling on the

^{*} “Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.” Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans. 1853.

subject except, perhaps, occasionally a modest fear, that the public may conscientiously refuse to read.

Lord John is, however, released from all scruples by Moore's will. His difficulties arise not from any general doubts of the kind we have indicated. They are only as to the extent of the selection, and on what principles it is to be determined. He has to choose between the risk of not sufficiently exhibiting the poet's mind if he omits too much, and of overloading the work with unimportant details if he errs on the side of minuteness.

He determines, finally, on printing as much as he can. The lives of Scott and Madame de Genlis are interesting, "from the reality which profuse details give to the story." He refers to "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver," for the way in which great masters of fiction give an air of seeming truth to their narratives, by the introduction of "small circumstances and homely remarks":—

"If this is the mode in which those great masters have imparted an interest to imaginary events, it is a proof that in slight but characteristic details is to be found the source of sympathy in the story of a real life."

A more serious difficulty than that which we have indicated with respect to the letters, arises in the case of the diary. The events recorded by Moore are so recent, that pain is not unlikely to be inflicted by the publication of his papers. From the nature of the office imposed on Lord John Russell by his friend, and the language in which it was expressed, much—nay, everything—was left to his discretion. Moore's chief, if not his sole object, was to make out a provision for his family; and, consistent with this being done, it is plain that Lord John was intended to have unlimited power over the papers left. With Mr. Longman arrangements sufficient for the chief purpose have been made, and "with respect to the second consideration," he says—

"I have endeavoured to preserve the interest of letters and of a diary written with great freedom and familiarity, at as little cost as possible to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected. It is a comfort to reflect, that the kindness of Moore's nature, and the general benevo-

lence which his bright talents and warm heart excited, tend to exhibit society, in his view of it, in its best aspect. It is thus with a good portrait-painter. Not only would Sir Joshua Reynolds paint better that which was before him than an ordinary limner, but that which was before him would be better worth painting. For, by agreeable conversation, and by quickness in catching the best turn of the features, he would raise upon the countenance and fix upon the canvas, the wisest look of the judge, the liveliest expression of the wit, and the most brilliant glances of the beauty.

"Moore's life, from infancy to decay, is represented in his own account, whether in the shape of memoir, letters, or diary. There will be seen his early progress as a schoolboy; his first success as an author; his marriage; the happiness of his wedded life; the distress arising from the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda; his residence at Paris; his popularity as a poet; and, lastly, the domestic losses which darkened his latter days, and obscured one of the most sparkling intellects that ever shone upon the world. His virtues and his failings, his happiness and his afflictions, his popularity as an author, his success in society, his attachment as a friend, his love as a son and a husband, are reflected in these volumes. Still there are some remarks which an editor may be allowed to make by way of introduction to this work.

"The most engaging as well as the most powerful passions of Moore were his domestic affections. It was truly and sagaciously observed of him by his friend, Miss Godfrey, 'You have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone: and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all.'"—Vol. i. pp. ix. x. xi.

Moore's domestic character may be gathered from the fact, that twice a week, while his mother lived, he wrote to her, with the exception of a year which he passed in America and Bermuda. In married life, there was to his wife and home the same affection which was so marked a feature of his character in his intercourse with his mother and sisters.

Lord John, in the preface, recapitulates Moore's titles to fame, attaching more moment to his political and polemical works than they at all deserve—discussing the merits of "Lalla Rookh," and seeking to determine the relative merits of each of the poems of which it consists, and ending the preface by ex-

tracts from Gerald Griffin's "Letters," Willis's "Pencillings by the Way," Leigh Hunt's "Memoirs," and Wilson's "Recreations of Christopher North." These extracts are all from publications easily obtained, but which it is convenient to have brought together, and which the editor of this work found done to his hand in a contemporary periodical. We have, in an appendix to the preface, a comparison between Tasso's and Milton's Devils. We suppose that Moore's "Loves of the Angels" brought them to Lord John's mind. In Tasso's demon, we are told the features are "those of as foul and noisome a fiend as can well be described—not so Satan." In Milton, "All is great, and nothing is disgusting." The criticism is just enough, but out of place—strangely out of place—

"The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it came there."

Speaking of "Lalla Rookh," we are told that—

"It is difficult to give a preference to one of the poems which compose the volume over the rest. Crabbe preferred the 'Veiled Prophet'; Byron the 'Fire-Worshippers.' Of these the 'Veiled Prophet' displays the greater power; the 'Fire-Worshippers' the more natural and genuine passion. The story of the 'Veiled Prophet' is somewhat revolting, and requires the most musical and refined poetry to make it even bearable. The Ghebers were no doubt associated in the mind of Moore with the religion and the country most dear to his heart."—Vol. i. p. xxv.

Moore was born at No. 12, Aungier-street, corner of Little Longford-street, on the 28th of May, 1779. Of his father's family, Moore is able to tell us nothing, except that they were from Kerry; and that, when his name became known, he was haunted with applications for his patronage from first which he appears to have disregarded or repelled. Of his mother's people he knew more. Her maiden name was Codd:—

"My old gouty grandfather, Tom Codd, who lived in the Cornmarket, Wexford, is connected with some of my earliest remembrances. Besides being engaged in the provision trade, he must also, I think (from my recollection of the machinery), have had something to do with weaving. But though thus humble in his calling, he brought up a

large family reputably, and was always, as I have heard, much respected by his fellow-townsmen.

"It was some time in the year 1778 that Anastasia, the eldest daughter of this Thomas Codd, became the wife of my father, John Moore, and in the following year I came into the world. My mother could not have been much more than eighteen (if so old) at the time of her marriage, and my father was considerably her senior. Indeed, I have frequently heard her say to him in her laughing moods, 'You know, Jack, you were an old bachelor when I married you.' At this period, as I always understood, my father kept a small wine-store in Johnson's-court, Grafton-street, Dublin; the same court, by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received, I rather think, some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier-street."—Vol. i. pp. 1, 2.

Some how or other, we are rather glad that the poet's name was Moore, not Codd. Think of Codd's "Anacreon!"—Anacreon Codd! Codd's "Travels in search of a Religion!" It is well that the gouty old grandfather did not insist on the poet bearing his name.

Moore's mother, soon after his birth, commemorated the event by having a medal struck off, bearing engraved upon it his name and the important date. The medal was a crown-piece, smoothed to receive the new record. Moore ascribes the strange fancy to some difficulty arising from the penal laws then in force, of registering the births of Roman Catholic children:—

"At a very early age I was sent to a school kept by a man of the name of Malone, in the same street where we lived. This wild, odd fellow, of whose cocked hat I have still a very clear remembrance, used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public-houses, and was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon. He would then generally whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers. I was myself, however, a special favourite with him, partly, perhaps, from being the youngest boy in the school, but chiefly, I think, from the plan which then, and ever after, my anxious mother adopted, of heaping with all sorts of kindnesses and attention, those who were in any way, whether as masters, ushers, or school-fellows, likely to assist me in my learning.

"From my natural quickness, and the fond pride with which I was regarded at home, it was my lot, unluckily perhaps—though from such a source I can consider nothing unlucky—to be made, at a very

early age, a sort of *show* child; and a talent for reciting was one of the first which my mother's own tastes led her to encourage and cultivate in me. The zealous interest, too, which, to the last moment of her life, she continued to take in the popular politics of the day, was shown by her teaching me, when I was not quite four years old, to recite some verses which had just then appeared against Grattan, reflecting severely upon his conduct on the question of simple Repeal. This short eclipse of our great patriot's popularity followed closely upon the splendid grant bestowed on him by the House of Commons; and the following description of an apostate patriot, in allusion to this circumstance, I used to repeat, as my mother has often told me, with peculiar energy:—

“‘ Pay down his price, he'll wheel about,
And laugh, like Grattan, at the nation.’

“I sometimes wonder that it never occurred to me, during the many happy hours I have since passed with this great and good man, to tell him that the first words of rhyme I ever lisped in my life, were taken from this factious piece of doggerel, aimed at himself during one of those fits of popular injustice, to which all fame derived from the populace is but too likely to be exposed.

“One of the persons of those early days to whom I look back with most pleasure, was an elderly maiden lady, possessed of some property, whose name was Dodd, and who lived in a small neat house in Camden-street. The class of society she moved in was somewhat of a higher level than ours; and she was the only person to whom, during my childhood, my mother could ever trust me for any time away from herself. It was, indeed, from the first, my poor mother's ambition, though with no undue aspirings for herself, to secure for her children an early footing in the better walks of society; and to her constant attention to this object I owe both my taste for good company, and the facility I afterwards found in adapting myself to that sphere. Well, indeed, do I remember my Christmas visits to Miss Dodd, when I used to pass with her generally three whole days, and be made so much of by herself and her guests: most especially do I recall the delight of one evening when she had a large tea-party, and when, with her alone in the secret, I remained for hours concealed under the table, having a small barrel-organ in my lap, and watching anxiously the moment when I was to burst upon their ears with music from — they knew not where! If the pleasure, indeed, of the poet lies in anticipating his own power over the imagination of others, I had as much of the poetical feeling about me while lying hid under that table as ever I could boast since.”—Vol. i. pp. 3-5.

Moore's parents took great care of his education. He was sent to Whyte's school, then in high reputation. Whyte was proud of his own verses, and was fond of declamation, and all manner of theatrical display. Moore, for the first time, saw his name in print in the play-bill for some private theatricals, which promised, as an epilogue to *Jane Shore* — “A Squeeze to St. Paul's, by MASTER Moore.”

Moore's own first remembered rhymes were an epilogue of a few years later date. His first published verses were in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, a well-conducted magazine of 1793 or 1794. Moore's mother was very attentive to every person engaged in the instruction of her children; and through this disposition of hers, and also through generous kindnesses to all who stood in need of her kindness, Moore was early acquainted with Frenchmen and Italians, who, in one capacity or another, were seeking bread in Dublin, and thus he became early acquainted with modern languages. At Whyte's school was a teacher of Latin, named Donovan, who, in addition to whatever classical learning he might communicate, indoctrinated Moore in those political views which some men call patriotism, and others rebellion. Moore describes himself as “being, if I may say so, born a rebel.” Still to his school hours with Donovan, and their conversations, he attributes much of the hold which such subjects took of his imagination and his feelings.

In 1793, some of the disabilities affecting Roman Catholics were removed. The advantages of an education at the University of Trinity College, Dublin, were opened to them, though they were not rendered admissible to any share in the property of that institution, or to any of the honours or advantages of fellowships or scholarships. This created a debate among the Moores, when it was determined that their son should enter College, whether he ought not to be entered as a Protestant:—

“But such an idea could hold but a brief place in honest minds, and its transit, even for a moment, through the thoughts of my worthy parents, only shows how demoralising must be the tendency of laws which hold forth to their victims such temptations to duplicity. My mother was a sincere and warm Catholic, and even gave in to some of the old superstitions connected with that faith,

in a manner remarkable for a person of her natural strength of mind. The less sanguine nature and quiet humour of my father, led him to view such matters with rather less reverent eyes; and though my mother could seldom help laughing at his sly sallies against the priests, she made a point of always reproving him for them, saying (as I think I can hear her saying at this moment), 'I declare to God, Jack Moore, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.'—Vol. i. p. 29.

Moore entered College. Burrowes, afterwards Dean of Cork, was his tutor. In the first year he obtained a premium and a certificate; but there his college honours ceased—at least, in the regular course, he obtained no others. An English theme of his attracted the attention of one of the fellows, Walker, a remarkable man. He read the theme; it was in verse. He asked Moore did he himself write the verses—a question perfectly reasonable, as at that time exercises of the kind were regarded as a mere form, seldom written by the pupils examined—seldom read by the examiners. On being assured that they were, Walker obtained a premium for them from the Board.

Moore's success led to diligence, and at the next examinations he was a candidate for classical honours. A class-fellow of the name of Ferral, however, Moore tells us, was a successful competitor for the premium given by the Board to the best answerer.

We suspect that the Ferral of Moore's narrative was no other than a man of very remarkable talents, and one of the best classical scholars, and most accomplished men, whom we have ever met, the late M. J. Farrell, of Cork. He was, we know, a class-fellow of Moore's; and through his whole college course he was one of the most distinguished men of his day. If we are right, it seems to us strange that Moore could have mis-spelt his name. But this may be a misprint, or arise from imperfect recollection, after so long an interval.

It was the era of republicanism. There was, however, one king acknowledged by the good people of Dublin. The *boy bishop* of the old days of Church dominion did not create greater fun, or afford more opportunity of satirical allusion, than did the King of Dalkey. Dalkey is a little island, some eight miles from Dublin; and here was the seat of an elective mo-

narchy. There was an annual election, and an annual coronation. We believe that the monarch was re-eligible, and often held his sceptre for years. In Moore's early university days, Stephen Armitage, a very charming singer, was the reigning king. The anniversary of his accession to the throne was celebrated every summer:—

"A gayer and more amusing scene (for I was once the happy witness of it) could not be well imagined. About noon on Sunday, the day of the celebration, the royal procession set out from Dublin by water; the barge of his majesty, King Stephen, being most tastefully decorated, and the crowd of boats that attended him all vying with each other in gaiety of ornament and company. There was even cannon planted at one or two stations along the shore, to fire salutes in honour of his majesty as he passed. The great majority, however, of the crowds that assembled, made their way to the town of Dalkey by land; and the whole length of the road in that direction swarmed with vehicles, all full of gay laughing people. Some regulations were made, if I recollect right, to keep the company on the island itself as select as possible, and the number of gay parties there scattered about, dining under tents, or in the open air (the day being, on the occasion I speak of, unclouded throughout) presented a picture of the most lively and exhilarating description.

"The ceremonies performed in honour of the day by the dignitaries of the kingdom, were, of course, a parody on the forms observed upon *real* state occasions; and the sermon and service, as enacted in an old ruined church, by the archbishop (a very comical fellow, whose name I forget) and his clergy, certainly carried the spirit of parody indecorously far. An old ludicrous song, to the tune of 'Nancy Dawson,' was given out in the manner of a psalm, and then sung in chorus by the congregation, as thus,

" 'And then he up the chimney went,
The chimney went—the chimney went;
And then he up the chimney went,
And stole away the bacon.' "

—Vol. i. pp. 43, 44.

From the description of these humorous festivities, Moore passes to the awful period of the Irish rebellion, and gives an account of the memorable visitation held by Lord Clare, when it was discovered that political meetings of a treasonable character were held within the walls of Trinity College. The memoir terminates with Moore's first visit to London; and the series of letters to his mother, never dis-

continued during her life, may be said to commence. This part of the work is not susceptible of abridgment, nor would extracts be of any great interest. His first visit to London is for the double purpose of entering his name as a student on the books of the Middle Temple, and publishing a translation of "Anacreon," which he had been led to execute by the attention his verses had received from Dr. Burrowes and Dr. Kearney, of the Dublin University. He was induced to hope, that if a selection of the odes were translated by him, the Board of Trinity College would, probably, give him some premium, in testimony of their disposition to encourage polite letters. An old library attached to the Cathedral of St. Patrick's contained what was once a very valuable collection of books; and in this place Moore passed a great deal of his time, reading all manner of out-of-the-way books—lives of saints, dead philosophies, damned theosophies—love verses, in Latin and Greek, the ardour of which had been long quenched for all but such an inquirer—everything and anything was food to his untiring industry; and yet, so remote were his studies from anything which could ever be professionally useful, that they looked very like idleness; yet idle for one moment Moore does not appear to have ever been. His first letter, written on his arrival in London, tells the incidents of his journey. At Chester he falls in with a madman, who has taken a fancy to him, and sits down at his breakfast-table at the inn—tells how he has escaped from a strait waistcoat—boasts of having killed a woman and child, in the theatre at Warrington, the night before; and proposes to Moore, as neither of them had seen the lions of Chester, that they should take a walk through the town together. The young traveller had no sooner got rid of the madman, than he falls in with a sharper, whom, however, he finds reason to suspect before he has suffered any inconvenience from the acquaintanceship.

From the first, Moore moved in good society; and not only in good society, but does not seem, as one might be led to fear, at all placed in the embarrassment of having also acquaintanceships of a different character. He, however, amid all the gaieties of London, and all the attentions paid him, was impatient for his own home:—

"I think the wearisomeness of this place is beginning almost to make me bilious; after all, there are few samenesses more disagreeable than that of seeing faces you don't care two-pence about, returning periodically and domestically, and mixing themselves, as if they belonged to you, with every function of life. Oh, solitude! solitude! you hold the very next rank to the society of the few we love. I wish prudence did not keep me away from you, dearest mother, and I should exchange all my fineries for Irish stew and salt fish immediately. Your own,

"Tom."

—Vol. i. p. 91.

Before returning to Ireland, Moore is engaged in negotiations for the publication of his "Anacreon," and some of the letters seem to intimate that he had found, among the booksellers or the theatrical people, some occupations by which he was enabled to lighten the pressure of his demands on home.

The publication of "Anacreon" by subscription was now determined on; and on his return to Dublin friends seem to have been active in promoting its success. On his next visit to London, in the winter of the same year, 1799, his whole time seems to have been occupied in such corrections of his manuscript as almost amounted to re-writing the work. A letter from Dr. Lawrence, Burke's friend, to whom parts of the manuscript had been shown, gave Moore great delight and encouragement. The fault of the translation being too much of paraphrase, was felt and pointed out by Lawrence; but this is a fault not very easily avoided by a translator. The language of every true poet is suggestive—suggestive of much more than it expresses to an ordinary reader—and much of what is suggested to the reader of the original must be somewhat more distinctly expressed by the translator, if he wishes to please his readers in the same relative position to his work that the readers of the original are to it. This, however, is one of the mysteries which, to the uninitiated, it is impossible to explain, and Moore must be satisfied to bear such reproaches as Dryden and Pope have borne. A more serious fault than this, or even than another which Lawrence imputes, that of the translator adding some turns not to be found in the original, is, that the character of the translation of "Anacreon"

is different from that of the original. Gay, sportive, everywhere light and graceful, is the Greek original.—The translation is loaded with metaphor, and cloying with too much of sweet. It is, however, wherever picture was to be brought out, always superior to the original. Its music is often perfect, and we regard it as a wonderful work of genius. The translations of several little French and Italian poems in the notes are always admirable. They are more faithful to the originals than the “Anacreon.”

In May or June, 1800, he obtains permission to dedicate “Anacreon” to the Prince of Wales.

On Moore's first visit to London we find him receiving attentions from Lord Moira. On the next, he is at Donington:—

“Among the most vivid of my early English recollections, is that of my first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me, himself, to my bed-room; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long-lighted gallery, bearing in his hand my bed-candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but at the same time, most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home, and at my ease, I should one day find myself in that great house.”—Vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

We have him now (1800) everywhere. “Three parties,” he says, “each night”—his singing the great object of attraction. Here is a letter, of March, 1801, to his mother:—

“ . . . I was last night at a ball, which (as we say) *swept the town*—everybody was there—two or three of the Princes, the Stadtholder, &c., &c. You may imagine the affability of the Prince of Wales, when his address to me was, ‘How do you do, Moore? I am glad to see you.’ . . . I kept my piece back too long. I am afraid they will not have time to bring it out this season, and it is too expensive for Colman's theatre. He has read it, however; is quite delighted with it; and wishes me to undertake something on a more moderate scale for the little theatre, which, perhaps, I shall do. But, please God! I must, I think, see my dear ones in summer again. Don't let me be forgot in your lodgings: keep a corner for Tom. Love to you all—to the whole rookery.”—Vol. i. p. 112.

In 1802 we find him designated

Anacreon Moore. In 1803 there is a letter to his mother, from which, if we understand it rightly, he was offered the office of poet laureate; nay, accepted it—wrote a birth-day ode, and immediately resigned the post which he regarded as, at least, of doubtful honour.

He was soon afterwards given an office in the Admiralty Court, at Bermuda, which was never of much emolument to him, and was, in after years, the cause of great anxiety and vexation. The letters to his family carry on the story of his adventures to the year 1806. In the shiftings of party, he had reasonable expectations of getting something from Lord Moira, or through his interest. An office of no great value, but sufficient for his wants, was obtained for his father; and to this extent Moore, on whom the support of the old people had now in great part fallen, obtained relief. The Bermuda office carried Moore abroad, and he also visited America in the course of the same year. Every thought of Moore's heart and mind expressed itself in language. The interruption of his constant intercourse, by almost daily letters with his family, which his separation from them now created, probably led to his writing down every impression of the moment in the more permanent form of verse; and soon after his return he published his “Odes, Epistles,” &c. The *Edinburgh Review* was then in its highest power. Moore was the poet, too, most in fashion. Without other magic it could not have commanded the great power it possessed over the public mind, but as in the Eastern tale of Southey the sacrifice of a red-haired Christian was necessary to complete the spell, no number would do without something of the kind. We do not mean to say that Moore was a red-haired Christian, an imputation which he would have probably, as far as the colour of the hair went, be disposed to resent; but the Irish poet was felt to be an acceptable sacrifice, and Jeffrey, the then high priest, prepared himself for the task. In all Jeffrey's reviews of poetry, there is a clear appreciation of the powers of the writer—great disclaim of all affectation; and we know no writer in whom we should more expect to find burning indignation against the sort of immorality which is involved in the production of profligate

or corrupting books. Moore had published, a few years before, a volume which he was supposed to have regretted—in which there was much levity—and much that must, in the gentlest language that could be used, be described and characterised as licentious. His youth, and the sort of privilege which the mask of “Little” gave, made people disposed to forget such offence as the book was calculated to give, and not to regard the offending volume as permanently fixed with the name of Moore. A more ambitious publication, brought before the public, too, in such a way as to render it certain of extensive circulation, and among the classes where its faults were likely to do most mischief, was not so easily pardoned. The book was severely reviewed in the *Edinburgh*, and by Jeffrey himself. Moore had been at Lord Moira’s, to whom his volume was dedicated, and describes himself as loitering there to see the number of the *Review*, the contents of which were announced a few days before its publication. From Lord Moira’s he went to Lady Donegal’s, and at Worthing, at a little inn in the neighbourhood of Lady Donegal’s he saw the *Review*. The *Review* is not before us at this moment, nor do we know the precise point in which Moore thought he had the rights of an aggrieved person. It would seem he represented Jeffrey as ascribing to him the deliberate purpose of corrupting the minds of his readers. Moore describes himself as not actuated in seeking a hostile interview with Jeffrey, or acting from any feeling of anger or ill-will to Jeffrey, but as influenced chiefly by a sort of “*Irish predilection*” for such affairs, leavened by a dash of vanity. If vanity was the actuating motive, it was amusingly punished by the result. Moore having provided himself with a second, gave him a letter to deliver, in which he abused Jeffrey in such language as left no choice whatever but mortal arbitrament—“You are a liar” was the language of the letter.

Having provided himself with a sufficient cause of quarrel—with an intelligent second—and having found his man in London—whom he tells us he would have found it too expensive an amusement to go look for in Edinburgh, nothing was wanting but pistols. Moore went to borrow pistols from William Spencer. Spencer lent

the pistols, but communicated the intended rencontre to friends, who communicated it to the police. The police do not appear to have been active. The meeting took place at Chalk-farm.

Of the use of fire-arms Moore knew nothing, except that once, in firing an overloaded pistol, he had nearly blown his thumb off. On the morning of the appointment, when Moore reached the ground, he found Jeffrey already there:—

“And then was it that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag, which contained the pistols, in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around.

“It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together.

“All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey’s saying, on our being left together, ‘What a beautiful morning it is!’ ‘Yes,’ I answered, with a slight smile, ‘a morning made for better purposes;’ to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations: upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner, while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. ‘Don’t make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,’ said Egan; ‘sure, isn’t it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?’

“Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them,) and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance; the pistols were on both sides raised; and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey; and one of them, striking at Jeffrey’s pistol with

his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed, crest-fallen, to Bow-street."—Vol. i. pp. 203, 204.

In the act of dashing Jeffrey's pistol to the ground, the ball fell out. The newspapers, in speaking of the affair, instead of bullet, used, by a pretended misprint, the word pellet. Moore, to escape the ridicule which attached to the whole affair, had a statement drawn up of the real circumstances, which was prepared by Horner, Jeffrey's second, and which—perplexity upon perplexity—Hume, Moore's second, annoyed by the turn the whole thing took, refused to attach his signature to. When the thing was pretty well forgotten, Byron's verses came to fasten it on the public mind, and Little's leadless pistol became an everlasting joke, though it would seem it was Jeffrey's, not Little's, to which, were not the poet privileged to mould the story at will as might best answer his purpose, this description would alone have been applicable.

Moore seems to have watched with anxiety every gleam of hope that changes in the ministry were to create for the party with whom, from the first, he may be described as allied. From Lord Moira were his strongest hopes, and his disappointment when, in 1812, the negotiations for a reconstruction of the ministry, which were carried on through the intervention of Lord Moira, finally failed, was exhibited, both in several letters here preserved, and in his very lively little volume of the "Twopenny Postbag; or, Intercepted Letters." For a while he had plans and hopes of a provision in India, through Lord Moira, but these all failed, and he was thrown—fortunately, we think, for his happiness, as well as his fame—for support on his own unwearied industry and almost unbounded genius.

Moore himself ascribes his poetical power to his delight in music, and his efforts to communicate to others in words the feelings which were conveyed to him in the inarticulate language of music. We have often said, that the only forms of his which he thought likely to survive their author, were those which were wedded to the music of his country. There can be no doubt that to Moore is due, not alone the

honour of associating those divine airs with words which we think can never die, but also what we think the greater merit—of dissevering them from the old words with which they had been strangely united; for, as had been said of the songs of Scotland, it might have equally been said of those of Ireland, that the music seemed the creation of angels, while the words were those of devils. The old associations are, through Moore, for ever broken, and the airs allowed to produce their proper effect, without anything to disturb or destroy it. The production of those songs—not alone the "Irish Melodies," but numberless songs, of many of which the words and the music were his—was, at all times of Moore's life, his chief employment. From the Powers, the publishers of his music, he received an annuity of five hundred a-year, which gave them the exclusive copyright of whatever songs he might produce. We believe also, that he was bound to give a certain number each year. Moore's musical publications and his money affairs, created the necessity of a continued correspondence between him and the Powers. Too many of these mere business letters are here published. They exhibit the good terms on which bard and publisher lived, without, however, on that account, being much the better worth printing. Like Daniel O'Ruark to his eagle, they were very civil to each other, for a reason they had.

The detestable politics of the Irish Catholics were Moore's perpetual torment and curse. He felt their meanness and their mischiefs, but yet he never succeeded in relieving himself from them. He thought that in his poetry they formed a part of his inspirations. It seems to us, that they greatly deteriorated his poetry by perpetual allusions, and by his never looking at his proper subject, without some reference, more or less direct, to the insane politics of Dublin and its wretched parties. He often in his better moods felt this:—

"Dublin is again, I find, or rather *still*, the seat of wrangle and illiberal contention. The Roman Catholics deserve very little, and even if they merited all that they ask, I cannot see how it is in the nature of things they should get it. They have done much towards the ruin of Ireland, and have been so well assisted by the Protestants throughout, that, between them, Ireland is at this

instant as *ruined* as it need be."—Vol. i. p. 231.

Among the best letters are those from Miss Godfrey, the sister of Lady Donegal. In one of her letters (September, 1811) she describes the people in Kerry as living in a state of greater harmony with each other than elsewhere; and tells of the Donegals having a Roman Catholic and Protestant bishop at the same party. When she is mentioning this peaceful state of Kerry, she adds—"I wish I could say as much for the rest of Ireland upon the same subject as I can for this county; but I can't; and unless they turn Mahometans, I see no chance of their living together like Christians."

In a letter from London, dated May, 1812, she tells him:—

"Yesterday, at the levee, Lord Cholmondeley and Lord Hertford were leaning on a writing-table, which broke, and down they came. That good honest man, that nobody cares for, because he is honest, Lord Sidmouth, caught at the table, to prevent the fall, and got his hands all over ink. 'Well,' he said, 'I did hope to have got out of office with clean hands.'"

Notwithstanding the failure of Moore's political hopes—notwithstanding the prolonged reign of the Tories—the year 1814 opened with unequivocal proofs of his being a great man. Byron dedicated the "*Corsair*" to him. Ladies who wrote tragedies, assailed him for epilogues—nay, the Dublin Society were disposed to hail him as the national bard of Ireland, and were anxious to reward him according to their estimate of his deserts. Writing to Lady Donegal, he says, "Last packet brought me proposals of being elected librarian to the Dublin Society; £200 per annum, coals, candles; and to be qualified in German for it, at half an hour's notice, by Mr. Professor Feinagle. Everybody thinks me a person of consequence." We should have thought this some joke, if it were not repeated in a letter to his mother:—"I have had a proposal from Dublin, to stand for the librarianship of the Dublin Society, with a promised prospect of success; but £200 a-year, and residence on the spot, are but poor temptations, and I have declined it."

In 1812, Moore first formed the design of writing a poem of some

length on an oriental theme. In the same year he opened a negotiation with Mr. Longman on the subject. No decisive steps were taken for a year or two; but some time in 1814 the subject was re-opened, and a sum of £3,000 was agreed upon as the price of the future poem, of which not a line was written at the time of the bargain. In 1817, the poem was finished. During the interval, Moore, more than once, offered to release the Longmans from a bargain which the declining taste of the public for poetry seemed not unlikely to have rendered one injurious to them. Poet and publisher seem to have vied in generous and gentlemanly conduct, and the result was in every way one advantageous to both. The immediate sale of "*Lalla Rookh*," under which name the poem finally appeared, was considerable, and we should imagine that it must still be in great demand, not alone in the collected editions of Moore's works, but also in the detached form. The delight which the poem, or rather the series of poems, which are connected together by, no doubt, too slight a tie, gave, was such as perhaps never had been before experienced. The triumph was perfect. At home, Jeffrey, and Wilson, and every man of any name or note in our literature, announced and hailed the perfect triumph; but it is probable that greater gratification was felt by Moore in the acknowledgment of its true representation of everything eastern by natives of the east, and travellers in those regions. Parts of the work had been translated into Persian, and Moore quotes from Luttrell the following pleasant lines:—

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

Mr. Frazer, in his "*Travels*," says, that "being delayed for some time on the shores of the Caspian, he was lucky enough to be able to amuse himself with a copy of '*Lalla Rookh*,' which a *Persian* had lent him." A few years after the publication of the poem, it was the subject of a splendid fête; and the story was represented at the Chateau Royal of Berlin, during the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas, in the year 1822. The principal characters were represented as follows:—

"Fadladin, Grand-Nasir . . .	<i>Comte Haack (Mârchal de Cour).</i>
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie . . .	<i>S. A. I. Le Grand Duc.</i>
Lallah Roûkh . . .	<i>S. A. I. La Grande Duchesse.</i>
Aurungzeb, le Grand Mogol . . .	<i>S. A. R. Le Prince Guillaume, frère du Roi.</i>
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris . . .	<i>S. A. R. Le Duc de Cumberland.</i>
La Reine, son épouse . . .	<i>S. A. R. La Princesse Louise Radzivill."</i>

—Works, vol. vi. p. xxiv.

We have more pleasure in recording proofs of Moore's affectionate nature, almost, than in telling of his literary triumphs; and we therefore give a sentence from a letter to his mother, mentioning how he disposed of the money received for his work:—

"I arrived here yesterday morning, after having set the printers to work on my manuscript, and fixed upon a cottage at Hornsey, within six miles of town. The way I have arranged my money matters with Longman is satisfactory and convenient to them, and, I should hope, safe for myself. I am to draw a thousand pounds for the discharge of my debts, and to leave the other two thousand in their hands (receiving a bond for it) till I find some mode of disposing of it to advantage. The annual interest upon this two thousand (which is a hundred pounds) my father is to draw upon them for quarterly, and this I hope, with his half-pay, will make you tolerably comfortable. By this arrangement, you see, I do not touch a sixpence of the money for my own present use, and I consider myself very lucky indeed to be able to refrain from it. If my poem succeeds, I have every prospect of being very comfortable; and, indeed, whether it succeeds or not, there is no fear of me."—Vol. ii. p. 115.

Moore was never for a moment idle. We have letters from Jeffrey connected with contributions from Moore for the *Edinburgh Review*; and after a short visit to Paris we find the poet engaged with the "Fudge Family in Paris"—a lively *jeu d'esprit*, which gave him near £400.

The office which Moore held in Bermuda was managed by deputy. He had neglected to take security from the person who managed the business for him, and found himself liable for the defalcations of his substitute. This, at first, bore a more threatening aspect than events finally justified. In our "Memoir of Jeffrey," we gave a letter published by Lord Cockburn from Jeffrey to Rogers, in which he proposed removing or diminishing Moore's difficulties by the application of a large sum of money to the purpose. He also wrote to Moore a letter, which Lord John Russell prints—

"What I enclose has been justly owing you, I am ashamed to say, ever since you were so kind as to send me that account of M. de J——, I do not know how long ago; but I did not know your address, and I neglect everything. Will you let me hope for a contribution from you some day soon?"

"I cannot from my heart resist adding another word. I have heard of your misfortunes, and of the noble way you bear them. Is it very impertinent to say that I have £500 entirely at your service, which you may repay when you please; and as much more, which I can advance upon any reasonable security of repayment in seven years?"

"Perhaps it is very unpardonable in me to say this; but upon my honour I would not make you the offer, if I did not feel that I would accept it without scruple from you.

"At all events, pray don't be angry at me, and don't send me a letter beginning Sir. I shall ask your pardon with the truest submission if I have offended you; but I trust I have not, at all events; and however this end, no living soul shall ever know of my presumption but yourself. Believe me, with great respect and esteem, very faithfully yours,

"F. JEFFREY."

—Vol. ii. pp. 138–9.

The selection from the correspondence ends with November, 1818, and the next division of the book consists of a diary commencing 18th of August, 1818, and in the part of the 'Memoirs' now published continues to August 30, 1819.

The diary is pleasanter, far pleasanter, than the letters. Of the letters, they deserve the praise that they are perfectly honest—perfectly natural—flowing from the feelings and occasions of the moment, but always the language of a man of most affectionate nature, and of great manliness of thinking—as affectionate men most often are. The wear and tear of life disturbed him as little as any man that lived. The perpetual exercise of his wonderful gifts of music and poetry—each cultivated to the highest—was a delight; and his having fortunately found in it the means of supporting his family, made that which was in itself a delight, a duty. In the first portion of this work we find some of the letters in which Moore communi-

cated to his family the fact of his marriage—a wise step—and in married life never did a man enjoy or deserve more entire happiness. The ill-health and early death of his children, all of whom he survived, was, no doubt, a severe trial; but at the period of his life to which these volumes extend, these calamities had not yet occurred; and in domestic life—the domestic life, too, of England, where home is best understood and enjoyed—he seems to have been as happy a man as ever lived. Literature may now be described as his profession in life. Though he called himself a law-student, and went through all the outward ceremonies of dining at the Temple, and paying stamp-duties, and such other demands as the introduction to legal studies requires, we do not believe he ever read a law book, or ever even bought one. Literature had become his profession—his sole means of support. Moore brought to his profession unusual acquirements in classical learning—acquirements, not of a higher kind than many men in England possessed, but acquirements unusual in any one who was not sure of their being recognised and rewarded by the universities or the Church. In Moore's case, the religion of his parents, from which, though he educated his children as Protestants, he never formally separated himself, deprived him of the means of advancement on the professional high-ways of life. The good things of life which were provided for others, were carefully guarded from him, and such as he was. For him was reserved, what is, after all, a blessing in disguise—unceasing toil, daily labours for his daily bread.

The men who live by the booksellers must write such books as can be sold. It would never do to act on the principle which Coleridge was fond of enunciating—that literature gained most by the works on which the publishers had the heaviest losses. We doubt the proposition in any sense of the word, though we can well understand and excuse the feeling of impatience in which it was uttered by a querulous man, whose lot was not very happily cast, and whose books were never, during his life, advantageously brought before the public. But whatever truth there may be in what he said, it is only applicable to those great works in which large capital must be

embarked, and of which the returns are slow, and often uncertain. Moore's works are of a class and character distinct altogether from these. If the year's harvest was in any way blighted, all was lost. His means of support depended on that one harvest; and it was necessary for him to look attentively, if not anxiously, to the period of the preparation of the ground, and the time of sowing—to the day of the former, and of the latter rain. Nothing should be neglected that his own diligence could do; but yet much must remain dependent on what would seem accident. Such a combination was not within his power. Moore seems to have worked on, when he had determined on his work, industriously. But the work itself was what the accident of the day suggested as then, and perhaps only then, saleable.

The first entries in the "Diary" of 1818, refer to the life of Sheridan, for which he was then busy in collecting materials. He describes a visit to Leamington, to see Mrs. Lefanu, the sister of Sheridan, for the purpose of consulting her about the "Life." While there, who should make his appearance but Dr. Parr, in full wig and apron. Parr was a prebendary of St. Paul's, and delighted in exhibiting the very blossom of canonical costume. "Though it was morning, he drank two glasses and a-half of wine, and over that, when going away, a glass of the Spa." In the course of three or four days, Moore met Parr a good deal, but lost much of what was said, through the thickness of Parr's utterance. We are told by Lord John, on Lord Holland's authority, that when Parr spoke, nobody could make out what he said, and when he wrote, nobody could read his handwriting. A good-natured clergyman in the neighbourhood often took the trouble of writing his letters for him. We have an amusing entry of September 1, which we transcribe, about his neighbour, Bowles, the poet:—

"September 1st. My Sheridan task in the morning: interrupted by Bowles, who never comes amiss; the mixture of talent and simplicity in him delightful. His parsonage-house at Brenhill is beautifully situated; but he has a good deal frittered away its beauty with grottos, hermitages, and Shenstonian inscriptions: when company is coming he cries, 'Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set

the fountain going.' His sheep bells are tuned in thirds and fifths; but he is an excellent fellow notwithstanding; and, if the waters of his inspiration be not those of Helicon, they are at least very *sweet* waters, and to my taste pleasanter than some that are more strongly impregnated."—Vol. ii. pp. 152, 3.

Another entry gives some amusing mistakes of the press. A Dublin paper, giving a sentence of a speech rather too metaphorical, in which an orator spoke of his political opponents having taken "a *position* in the depth of the middle ages," is made to say, "they have taken a *physician*," &c. The same journal spoke of "Dr. Lawrence, the eminent civilian, being dangerously *disposed*." "I mentioned," says Moore—

"The mistake in the *Freeman's Journal*, which brought out some good instances of typographical errors. Professor Playfair's advertisement of a 'Syllabus or Heads of Lectures,' was all last year inserted as 'Heaps of Lectures.' Bowles mentioned a doctor somebody, correcting his sermon through the press, but not knowing the method; in consequence of which a sentence stood thus:—'Christ, Italic; Son of, Roman, God.' Talked of Mitford's 'Harmony of Languages,' praised by Lord L. His 'History'—the bad taste of carrying back the virulence of modern politics into a history of the Grecian republic. It was remarked as a singular thing, that the two historians of Greece and of Rome (Gibbon and Mitford) were both colonels in the Hampshire militia. Talked of Malone—a dull man—his white-washing the statue of Shakspeare, at Leamington or Stratford (?), and General Fitzpatrick's (Lord L.'s uncle) epigram on the subject—very good—

'And smears his statue as he mars his lays.' "

—Vol. ii. pp. 154, 155.

Moore mentions a printer's blunder in the American edition of Gifford's "Juvenal." Gifford had said, "Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence;" the printer changes it into "inclining to insolence."

The stories about Sheridan are, some of them, new to us, and are well told:—

"Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, 'You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?' Old S. burst out laughing, and they

became friends again. The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the house, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemplative posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his hand under the seat to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as if his conscience really dreaded some attack from the race he was plotting against. Sheridan angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall, because it tempted the duns to stay, by making them so comfortable."—Vol. ii. pp. 179, 80.

Moore got angry with the *Blackwood* men, and with the stanza of a song supposed to be sung by Murray. He sent the verses to Murray in something of the same temper as Dryden was in when sending a publisher the first lines of a wicked lampoon; he told him, "He who wrote these, can write more." It would seem that the poets, in each case, frightened the respective publishers—for Dryden's rhyme effected his object, and Murray promised Moore—and, we presume, found means of fulfilling his promise—that he should not be molested. Here are Moore's lines. If it was in the days of Maginn, we do not think rhymes such as these would have silenced him:—

" 'Beware ye bards of each degree.
From Wordsworth down to Packwood,
Two rods I've got to tickle ye—
The *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*.
Not Cribb himself more handsomely,
Your hollow noddles crack would;
I'll *slap* you in the *Quarterly*,
And *ruffian* you in *Blackwood*.

" 'So tremble, bards of each degree,' &c., &c.

"Wrote a letter to the *Chronicle* signed 'J. P., Croydon,' about the misrepresentation and misquotation in *Blackwood's* article. Wrote also to Murray, hoping he would soon put into practice the intention Wilkie told me he had of coming down here, and sending him the above stanza for his *amusement*."—Vol. ii. p. 208.

The communication to Murray was on the 31st of October. The 4th of the following month brought his reply:—

"Received two most civil and anxious letters from that great 'Bibliopola Tryphon,' Murray, expressing his regret at the article against me in *Blackwood*, and his resolution to give up all concern in it if it contained any more such personalities. Read, with a shock I have hardly ever felt before, the account of that great and amiable man, Romil-

ly's death, in the papers.. He has left a void behind in public life that no one can fill up. But what a splendid martyrdom to conjugal love! She was too, if I mistake not, a simple, gay, *unlearned* woman; no *Blue*; no, if she *had* been, such a man as Romilly could not have loved her so much."—Vol. ii. p. 210.

We have some comments on the language of Lord John's "Life of Lord Russell." Moore defends the use of the word "develope," which had been objected to as not English. The word seems pretty well naturalised now. We remember Milton argues, from the use of the word "demagogue" in the "Eikon Basilike," that the author of the "Eikon" could not have been Charles, whose knowledge of Greek he did not think equal to compassing a rare word of that kind. Moore tells a good thing of Sheridan. When Lord Lauderdale said he would repeat some good thing Sheridan had mentioned to him, "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale," said Sheridan; "a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter." Sheridan's ignorance of French was so great, as to be almost incredible:—

"Lord H. mentioned how amusing it was, on the discussion of Lord Auckland's 'Memorial to the States-General,' to hear Sheridan and Dundas, neither of whom understood a syllable of French, disputing upon the meaning of the word, '*malheureux*,' while Mr. Fox, &c., sat by silent. 'I have always thought (said Dundas) that *maleroo* means 'unfortunate gentleman.'" Lord H. imitated Lord Thurlow. His phrase in a speech (resembling that of Johnson's 'shallows are always clear'), 'perspicuous, but, my lords, not less shallow for being perspicuous.' Thurlow, all seemed to agree, a great humbug. Mr. Fox's saying, 'I suppose no one ever was so wise as Thurlow *looks*—that is impossible.' The Prince's imitation of Thurlow excellent. I mentioned I had heard him give it at his own table at Carlton House; and Tom Sheridan told me the story with which he introduced it was made extempore. If Tom S. said true, it showed great quickness of invention. Lord H. told me of the Prince's mimicking Basilico, Mr. Foxe's servant, saying to him (the Prince), 'I have had de honneur, sare, of being at Windsor. I have see your fader; he looks as well as ever;' the latter words spoken in a side whisper and a rueful face, as if sympathising with what he thought the Prince must feel at the intelligence. Sheridan's witticisms (those which were his own) all made *à loisir*, and kept by him with a patience quite miraculous, till the exact moment when they

might be brought forward with best effect. This accounts for his general silence in company, and the admirable things that came when he *did* speak."—Vol. ii. pp. 224, 5.

At a dinner at Holland House we have some very amusing stories, one of which we give:—

"Lord Holland told an excellent story of a trick practised to attract people to a coffee-house in Paris, by announcing that they should see there an animal between a rabbit and a carp; and when you went in, the man told you, with a grave voice, that 'M. Lincepede, the great naturalist, had just sent for this curious animal, in order to make some experiment; mais voici,' added he, 'ses respectable parens' (showing a rabbit and a carp) 'que vous trouverez très intéressans,' &c., &c. 'Sheridan,' Lord H. said, was 'an annual parliament and universal suffrage man,' but it seemed rather as a wag-gery that he adopted it. 'There is nothing like it,' he would say; 'the most convenient thing in the world. When people come to you with plans of reform, your answer is ready: don't talk to me of your minor details; I am for annual parliaments and universal suffrage; nothing short of that.'"—Vol. ii. p. 231.

We have several proofs in these volumes of how great a lion Moore was:—

"Received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, signed 'J. Aicken,' telling me he is the centre of a little circle of admirers of mine, who all feel interested about me as a man not less than as a poet, and entreating I would tell them the ages, names, &c., of my children, as they had seen by the papers lately that I had just had a fourth child. The letter is intelligently and feelingly written. He also begs for one of the sacred songs, 'The Turf shall be,' in my own handwriting. When I was in town I received a letter from a person equally unknown to me, but who says we were introduced to each other fifteen years ago—a Mrs. Atherston. This lady must be a little mad. 'I have known,' says she, 'two giants in my time, the giant of body and the giant of intellect. When quite a child I knew O'Brien and loved him, I saw you too,' &c. It is strange how people can summon up all this interest, and take all this trouble, about one who is a perfect stranger to them; at least, to most of those who thus address me, I am only known by my writings.'"—Vol. ii. p. 239.

We soon meet this lady again:—

"Received from one of my female correspondents (the lady who loved the Irish

giant) a Christmas present, consisting of a goose, a pot of pickles, another of clouted cream, and some apples. This, indeed, is a tribute of admiration more solid than I generally receive from these fair admirers of my poetry. The young Bristol lady, who inclosed me three pounds after reading 'Lalla Rookh,' had also very laudable ideas on the subject; and if every reader of 'Lalla Rookh' had done the same, I need never have written again."—Vol. ii. p. 242.

Thady Conellan had some project of instructing the Irish through the medium of the Hebrew, of which we are reminded by the following entry:—

"Sir J. Mackintosh told of 'Barry Close,' the well-known East Indian officer, that not having learned anything previous to his going to India, he got everything he knew through the medium of *Persian* literature; studied logic in a translation (from Arabic into Persian) of Aristotle; and was a most learned and troublesome *practician*, as well as theorist, in dialects. Some one brought him a volume of Lord Bacon (of whom he had never heard), and said, 'Here is a man who has attacked your friend, Aristotle, tooth and nail.' 'Who can the impudent fellow be?' said Close. 'Lord Bacon.' 'Who the devil is he? What trash people do publish in these times!' After reading him, however, he confessed that Lord Bacon had said some devilish sensible things. Music in the evening; all but Mackintosh and the elder Macdonald attentive. They talked the whole time; I did not mind Macdonald, but I was sorry for Mackintosh."—Vol. ii. p. 245.

On the same day Mackintosh pointed out some beautiful passages in Dryden's "Juvenal," and entered into a comment on the opening of his translation of "Virgil:"—

"I mentioned Lord Holland's imitation of poor Murat, the King of Naples, talking of Virgil, 'Ah Virgile, qu'il est beau! C'est mon idole; que c'est sublime ça—*Tityre tu patulus recubans*,' &c., &c. Lord Lansdowne mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' by a foreigner, whom I remember in London, called the Commandeur de Tilly, and the line, 'As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away,' was done, 'Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe.' I told an anecdote mentioned to me by Lord Moira, of a foreign teacher of either music or drawing at Lady Perth's in Scotland. As he was walking round the terrace with Lord M., the latter said, 'Voilà le Château de Macbeth.' 'Maccabee, milor,' said the artist. 'Je crois que c'est Macbeth,' modestly answered Lord M. 'Pardon, milor, nous le prononçons Maccabee sur le Continent; Judas Maccabees, Empereur

Romain!' Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbe de Pradt begins one of his books 'Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi.' The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was; and, on the Abbe making a pause at the word 'l'Europe,' all eyes were turned to the Duke; but then came out, to their no small astonishment, 'C'est moi.'"—Vol. ii. p. 247.

The latter part of the journal of this year is very much occupied with Moore's preparations for avoiding the inconveniences brought upon him by his Bermuda affair. At one time the debts for which he appeared to be liable seemed to be about £6,000, and his personal liberty appeared to be in danger. The newspapers caught up the subject, as the report of the proceedings in the law courts brought the matter before the public, and not only Moore's intimate friends pressed forward to assist him, but a general subscription was spoken of. All, public or private, Moore declined. He proceeded to break up his establishment, and proposed to reside either on the Continent, or, should he find the liberties of Holyrood House afford him the required protection from legal process, in Edinburgh. Evil, however, is seldom—rather, is never—as great in actual fact as in imagination. Every possible contingency is presented to the thoughts when we contemplate impending calamity. When it comes it assumes some single and definite shape. The £6,000, when accounts were investigated, become diminished to something about £1,000; of the £1,000 a portion was paid by the relatives of the person whose conduct had created the distress: and while Moore no doubt suffered inconvenience, and loss, and anxiety—which, to a man whose support was dependent on his mind being in good working order, must have been a drawback,—yet, on the whole, the matter terminated without occasioning such mischief as to justify the way in which it is sometimes stated in the accounts of Moore's life. Moore himself says "that he felt it really worth while to be in the scrape to have such testimonies of friendship exhibited on all sides." Lord Lansdowne wrote to know how he could assist him, offering himself as security in any way that could be useful. Jeffrey's efforts our readers have already seen. Perry, of

the *Morning Chronicle*, made some movement in his paper to aid Moore:—

"The paragraph occasioned," says Moore, "a great sensation. We had a letter from 'Examiner' (Hunt) the night before, urging the instant opening of a subscription without consulting me at all, and saying, with a warmth which I am very grateful for, 'that he would sooner sell, and would actually sell, the pianoforte which had so often resounded with my music, than not contribute his mite to prevent such a man from going to prison.'"

We have the following entry within a few days:—

"Received a letter from Lord J. Russell, inclosing one which he had just got from his brother, Lord Tavistock, and which, after requesting Lord John to make inquiries about me as to whether anything was doing to save me from imprisonment, adds, 'I am very poor, but I have always had such a strong admiration for Moore's independence of mind, that I would willingly sacrifice something to be of use to him.' Lord John in his letter says, that had I not expressed to him on Monday my resolution not to accept of any assistance, it was his intention to offer me the future editions of his 'Life of Lord Russell,' just published, which, if worth anything, were much at my service, though he would not have ventured to mention it now only for Lord Tavistock's letter.' This is all most creditable to them and me." —Vol. ii. p. 343.

We entertain no doubt whatever of Lord John's anxiety to have been of assistance to his friend, and we equally feel that he proposed what he thought the only kind of assistance that could be, with proper regard to Moore's feelings, offered; but the proposal itself reminds us of the way the English humorist, Lamb, represents the wild preacher, Irving, proposing to provide for some purpose of the hour by profits to arise from the sale, in some millennial days to come, of the second edition of some prize speech or sermon. The "Life of Lord Russell" could not at any time be as good a selling book as "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress," or the "Letters of the Fudge Family." Moore went to Paris, but found the dissipation and perpetual distractions of that gay capital such, that he could work but little, and he was obliged to write to the booksellers who had agreed to give him £1,000 for the "Life of Sheridan," seeking a postponement of this

engagement till he should be able to return to England, where alone the necessary materials for the fabric could be had: He thought of poetry, as that which would require least of external aid from such sources of information as, while he remained abroad, were not within his reach. But to write poetry—to think calmly—amid the distractions of debt, and the demands of society, is less possible even than any other mental exertion:—

"It was, indeed, to the secluded life I led during the years 1813–1816, in a lone cottage among the fields, in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of 'Lalla Rookh.' It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its clime."—*Works*, vol. viii. pp. 18, 14.

Moore, however, amid dissipation, and interruption, and anxiety, was never idle. The debt which so many friends were anxious, each in his own way, to relieve him from, was discharged by his own hands and brain, and was paid by the profits of his "Loves of the Angels" and "Fables of the Holy Alliance."

With this year of Moore's great difficulties—which had not been yet overcome at its termination—the volumes before us close. The book contains much less than we could have naturally anticipated of Moore's opinions of his brother poets; and it is not without some feeling of disappointment that we find there is no part of the correspondence between him and Lord Byron (which had already existed for some years) yet given to us. Let us hope that it is but reserved for a future part of the work.

Our readers would have a just right to complain of us, if we parted from them without giving some extracts from Lord John Russell's own part of the publication:—

"Lord Byron writes, upon reading one or two of the numbers of the 'Irish Melodies,' then recently published, 'To me, some of Moore's last Erin-sparks—"As a beam o'er the face of the waters," "When he who adores thee," "Oh! blame not," and "Oh

breathe not his name"—are worth all the epics that ever were composed.'

"In mentioning fancy and feeling, I have mentioned what appear to me the two qualities in which Moore was most rich. His was a delightful fancy, not a sublime imagination—a tender and touching feeling, not a rending and overwhelming passion. The other quality most remarkable is the sweetness of the versification, arising from the happy choice of words, and the delicacy of a correct musical ear. Never has the English language, except in some few songs of the old poets, been made to render such melody; never have the most refined emotions of love, and the most ingenious creations of fancy, been expressed in a language so simple, so easy, so natural.

"Lalla Rookh is the work, next to the *Melodies* and *Sacred Songs*, in proof of Moore's title as a poet. It is a poem rich with the most brilliant creations—a work such as Pope always wished to write, such as Tasso might have written. Indeed, there is no poet whom Moore resembles, in profusion of invention, in beauty of language, and in tenderness of feeling, so much as Tasso. Tasso, indeed, placed certain limits to his own invention, by taking for his subject a well-known historical event, and adopting for his heroes historical characters. Whether he has gained or lost by that choice of subject may be doubted. On the one hand, he has, indeed, shed upon his poem all the interest which attaches to the religious enterprise of the Crusaders, and has restrained his own genius from wandering into the wild realms of fiction, where some poets of his country have lost themselves; while, on the other hand, he has subjected his beautiful poem to a comparison with Homer, Virgil, and Milton, who all surpass him in the simplicity and grandeur which properly belong to the epic poem.

"Moore has, however, taken a different course; and, relinquishing all the advantages to be derived from an historical subject, has sought, in the abundant spring of his own imagination the tales upon which his poem is founded. Some few hints, indeed, he has borrowed from Eastern legends and recorded revolutions; in one of his letters, he says, that Mr. Rogers furnished him with the subject of his poem. But the whole narrative of 'The Veiled Prophet' and 'The

Fire Worshipers' is, in fact, his own creation.

"The execution of the work is exquisite. Such charm of versification, such tenderness of womanly love, such strains of patriotic ardour, and such descriptions of blind and fierce fanaticism, as are found in *Lalla Rookh*, are found nowhere else in a poem of this length. Indeed, the fault on which most readers dwell is, that the feast is too sumptuous, the lights of a splendor which dazzles the eyes they were meant to enchant, and the flowers of a fragrance which overpowers the senses they were meant to delight. To this may be added the too copious display of Eastern learning, which often brings the unknown to illustrate that which of itself is obscure."

Our task is done. We wish we had room for more extracts. The volumes contain several poems of Moore's, but they are chiefly poems with which the public are before acquainted, communicated to Power, the publisher of his music. We wish we could find one not previously published, with which to conclude this paper. Is the following epitaph, which occurs in a letter to Miss Godfrey, Moore's own?—

"Here lies John Shaw
Attorney at law;
And when he died,
The devil cried,
'Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law!'"

—Vol. i. p. 222.

While we are correcting the proof-sheets of this paper, a volume of lectures on modern poetry, by Lord Belfast, has been put into our hands. His great admiration of Moore is fully expressed in this very pleasing work. Our mention of the Donegal family in connexion with Moore leads us to transcribe from Lord Belfast's book the following graceful sentence:—

"As to myself, if there is one heirloom I prize more than another, it is the dedication of the "*Irish Melodies*" to an ancestress of mine, and the beautiful letter on music he addressed to the same Lady Donegal."

ST. SYLVESTER'S EVE.

ANOTHER year. Yet, again, another year well nigh completed — with its joys and its sorrows, its good and its evil — gone for ever, indeed, from the eyes of man, but leaving its traces upon the heart, as the ripples of the retreating waves leave their marks upon the soft golden sand — ay, and upon the hard, white, cold rock. Every one of us has the touch of that old year's hand upon us. For some, the down of the boy's cheek has passed away, and he begins to talk, and think, and look the man; the immature form of the fair girl has attained a juster proportion and a fuller development: the gay bride of a twelve-month since is now the sober matron. For others, like us elderly gentlemen, the lines are deepening upon the forehead, and the lustre, it may be, paling in the eye; a few more grey hairs are to be seen on the head, and the foot moves with a somewhat slower and more thoughtful pace. And, in short, every year tells now upon them with double power, while every day seems no longer than an hour of childhood. Well, so be it—it cannot be otherwise, and let us, therefore, be sure that it ought not to be otherwise. Come, we will even make the best of our state, as we find it, and go graveward, not with a foolish merriment, but with a wise cheerfulness. December hath ever been a season of joy and relaxation. The slave, ere the symbol of the cross had arisen to rule and to civilise the world, had his revel and feasting in the saturnalia; and the Christian, with a truer joy, rejoices in his release from the slavery of sin. Let us, then, have a cheery heart and a festive spirit; and though the wind may howl without, and the rain patter against the window-panes; though clouds may sweep over the sunlight, and night come down quick and deep upon us—what then? Let us all the more strive that there may be no storm within us, no bleakness, no clouds, no gloom. Come, then, we will be your companion, even if it be but for a half hour. Shut to the door of the closet,

close the window-shutters upon the dark night without, draw out the ample folds of the thick curtains, trim the lamp, and stir up the fire into a kindly blaze, and we shall show you some of the good things and the pleasant, that the season brings to us. We have our Christmas tree; why should we not? Are we purer than children, are we wiser, are we less fond of baubles and toys—ay, or sweetmeats and sugar-plums? Let the statesman, and the epicure, and the man of pleasure, answer the question in the negative if they dare. We should prefer to remain silent. But see, here is our Christmas tree—one of our own ever-verdant fir-trees, and from its branches hang the mimic fruit, ready to our hand. How shall we choose where so much tempts us? Well, *there* is something beautiful, at least to the eye, glittering in blue and gold, with oak leaves winding all around it, and its leaves gilt and burnished. Let us take it down and examine it, that we may see if it be as sweet to the taste as it is pleasant to the sight. What is this with the "Golden Legend" quaintly lettered upon it? Let us read. Ah!—"Pilgrimages to English Shrines."*

There are few objects within the domains of literature that present a finer scope to one of taste, feeling and genius, than that which Mrs. Hall has chosen in this beautiful volume. To wander through a land such as England is, replete with the memories of the good and the great; to linger amid the scenes they lived in and made a part of themselves, their personal history, and their very forms of thought; to wander by the pleasant streams, or through the deep forests where they wandered; to sit in the rooms where they sat and meditated, to stand beside the graves where they lie mouldering—and in doing all this, to re-people these haunts with their former tenants; to exhibit them to you as they lived, and where they lived; to interpret them by the very local associations around you—this is, indeed, to give biography its highest

* "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," by Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Notes and Illustrations, by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

charm, its most picturesque effect. It is to make topography the hand-maiden to history, and to give a grace, and an interest, and a permanency to many a detached incident, that would otherwise have passed, it may be, entirely from the memory. Who is there that has ever traversed the scenes which Burns or Scott has consecrated in their own land, or where Spencer or Moore has sung in ours, and does not feel that he has thereby known, as it were in their bodily existence, those with whose spirits they were then more immediately associated; and has not carried away in his heart and his memory some precious thing which, like the indigenous shell or flower, he could only have found upon the spot?

Mrs. Hall seems to have felt all this that we have been describing, and she evidently set out on her pilgrimage with a genuine enthusiasm, and a most inquiring spirit; and hence it is that she has given us a book at once delightful and instructive, full of learning and research, replete with vivid pictures of life and manners and of scenery, sparkling with lively anecdotes, mellowed often with the finest pathos, and animated constantly with a healthy and a just spirit of reflection. We confess to the weakness of having read it through at a sitting; and we know few books of the present day which could have betrayed us to indulge our appetite so freely without rising from table. And now we shall give you, dear companions, some notion of this fair pilgrim's pleasant converse — not, indeed, to satisfy, but rather to stimulate your desire to make a fuller acquaintance with that for which even the little we can afford you shall give you no small relish. The first of Mrs. Hall's pilgrimages was in the footsteps of Izaak Walton, that gentlest of anglers and most delectable of moralisers—the friend of Cotton, and Kenn, and Donne and King—the biographer of Hooker and of Herbert. Most agreeably and most instructively has she led us through the old man's haunts in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, and along the flower-painted banks of the silvery “Dove,” and so on to the grave of the “compleat angler,” in the little chapel in the south transept of Winchester Cathedral. We may not tarry with her by the way, nor yet bear her company while she traces that good patriot,

William Penn, through his eventful life and distant wanderings, till his return to his own land, to lay his bones amongst his own people; yet shall we let you hear our pilgrim tell you, in her own words, her visit to the grave of William Penn:—

“The sun had begun to make long shadows on the grass, and the bright stems of the birch threw up, as it were, the foliage of heavier trees, before we came in sight of the quaint, solitary place of silence and of graves. The narrow road leading to the Quakers' meeting-house was not often disturbed by the echo of carriage-wheels; and before we alighted, an aged woman had looked out, with a perplexed yet kindly countenance, and then gone back, and sent forth her little granddaughter, who met us with a self possessed and quiet air, which showed, that if not ‘a friend,’ she had dwelt among friends. The meeting-house is, of course, perfectly unadorned — plain benches and a plain table, such as you sometimes see in ‘furniture prints’ of Queen Anne's time. This table the little maid placed outside, to enable Mr. Fairholt to sketch the graveyard, and that we might write our names in a book, where a few English and a number of Americans had written before us;—it would be defamation to call it ‘an album’—it contained simply, as it ought, the names of those who, like ourselves, wished to be instructed and elevated by a sight of the grave of William Penn.

“The burying-ground might be termed a little meadow, for the long, green grass waved over, while it in a great degree concealed the general undulations which showed where many sleep; but when observed more closely, chequered though it was by increasing shadows, the very undulations gave an appearance of green waves to the verdure, as it swept above the slightly raised mounds; there was something to us sacred beyond all telling in this green place of nameless graves, as if having done with the world, the world had nothing more to do with those whose stations were filled up, whose names were forgotten!—It was more solemn, told more truly of actual death, than the monuments beneath the fretted roofs of Westminster or St. Paul's, labouring, often unworthily, ‘to point a moral or adorn a tale,’ to keep a memory green, which else had mouldered!

“The young girl knew the ‘lawgiver's’ grave among the many, as well as if it had been crushed by a tower of monumental marble. How still and beautiful a scene! How grand in its simplicity; how unostentatiously religious,—those green mounds, upon which the setting sun was now casting its good-night in golden benisons, seemed to us more spirit-moving than all the vaunted monuments of antiquity we had ever seen. How

cated to his family the fact of his marriage—a wise step—and in married life never did a man enjoy or deserve more entire happiness. The ill-health and early death of his children, all of whom he survived, was, no doubt, a severe trial; but at the period of his life to which these volumes extend, these calamities had not yet occurred; and in domestic life—the domestic life, too, of England, where home is best understood and enjoyed—he seems to have been as happy a man as ever lived. Literature may now be described as his profession in life. Though he called himself a law-student, and went through all the outward ceremonies of dining at the Temple, and paying stamp-duties, and such other demands as the introduction to legal studies requires, we do not believe he ever read a law book, or ever even bought one. Literature had become his profession—his sole means of support. Moore brought to his profession unusual acquirements in classical learning—acquirements, not of a higher kind than many men in England possessed, but acquirements unusual in any one who was not sure of their being recognised and rewarded by the universities or the Church. In Moore's case, the religion of his parents, from which, though he educated his children as Protestants, he never formally separated himself, deprived him of the means of advancement on the professional high-ways of life. The good things of life which were provided for others, were carefully guarded from him, and such as he was. For him was reserved, what is, after all, a blessing in disguise—unceasing toil, daily labours for his daily bread.

The men who live by the booksellers must write such books as can be sold. It would never do to act on the principle which Coleridge was fond of enunciating—that literature gained most by the works on which the publishers had the heaviest losses. We doubt the proposition in any sense of the word, though we can well understand and excuse the feeling of impatience in which it was uttered by a querulous man, whose lot was not very happily cast, and whose books were never, during his life, advantageously brought before the public. But whatever truth there may be in what he said, it is only applicable to those great works in which large capital must be

embarked, and of which the returns are slow, and often uncertain. Moore's works are of a class and character distinct altogether from these. If the year's harvest was in any way blighted, all was lost. His means of support depended on that one harvest; and it was necessary for him to look attentively, if not anxiously, to the period of the preparation of the ground, and the time of sowing—to the day of the former, and of the latter rain. Nothing should be neglected that his own diligence could do; but yet much must remain dependent on what would seem accident. Such a combination was not within his power. Moore seems to have worked on, when he had determined on his work, industriously. But the work itself was what the accident of the day suggested as then, and perhaps only then, saleable.

The first entries in the "Diary" of 1818, refer to the life of Sheridan, for which he was then busy in collecting materials. He describes a visit to Leamington, to see Mrs. Lefanu, the sister of Sheridan, for the purpose of consulting her about the "Life." While there, who should make his appearance but Dr. Parr, in full wig and apron. Parr was a prebendary of St. Paul's, and delighted in exhibiting the very blossom of canonical costume. "Though it was morning, he drank two glasses and a-half of wine, and over that, when going away, a glass of the Spa." In the course of three or four days, Moore met Parr a good deal, but lost much of what was said, through the thickness of Parr's utterance. We are told by Lord John, on Lord Holland's authority, that when Parr spoke, nobody could make out what he said, and when he wrote, nobody could read his handwriting. A good-natured clergyman in the neighbourhood often took the trouble of writing his letters for him. We have an amusing entry of September 1, which we transcribe, about his neighbour, Bowles, the poet:—

"September 1st. My Sheridan task in the morning: interrupted by Bowles, who never comes amiss; the mixture of talent and simplicity in him delightful. His parsonage-house at Brenhill is beautifully situated; but he has a good deal frittered away its beauty with grottos, hermitages, and Shenstonian inscriptions: when company is coming he cries, 'Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set

the fountain going.' His sheep bells are tuned in thirds and fifths; but he is an excellent fellow notwithstanding; and, if the waters of his inspiration be not those of Helicon, they are at least very *sweet* waters, and to my taste pleasanter than some that are more strongly impregnated."—Vol. ii. pp. 152, 3.

Another entry gives some amusing mistakes of the press. A Dublin paper, giving a sentence of a speech rather too metaphorical, in which an orator spoke of his political opponents having taken "a *position* in the depth of the middle ages," is made to say, "they have taken a *physician*," &c. The same journal spoke of "Dr. Lawrence, the eminent civilian, being dangerously *disposed*." "I mentioned," says Moore—

"The mistake in the *Freeman's Journal*, which brought out some good instances of typographical errors. Professor Playfair's advertisement of a 'Syllabus *or Heads of Lectures*,' was all last year inserted as 'Heaps of Lectures.' Bowles mentioned a doctor somebody, correcting his sermon through the press, but not knowing the method; in consequence of which a sentence stood thus:—'Christ, *Italic*; Son of, Roman, God.' Talked of Mitford's 'Harmony of Languages,' praised by Lord L. His 'History'—the bad taste of carrying back the virulence of modern politics into a history of the Grecian republic. It was remarked as a singular thing, that the two historians of Greece and of Rome (Gibbon and Mitford) were both colonels in the Hampshire militia. Talked of Malone—a dull man—his white-washing the statue of Shakspeare, at Leamington or Stratford (?), and General Fitzpatrick's (Lord L.'s uncle) epigram on the subject—very good—

'And smears his statue as he mars his lays.'
—Vol. ii. pp. 154, 155.

Moore mentions a printer's blunder in the American edition of Gifford's "Juvenal." Gifford had said, "Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence;" the printer changes it into "inclining to insolence."

The stories about Sheridan are, some of them, new to us, and are well told:—

"Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, 'You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?' Old S. burst out laughing, and they

became friends again. The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the house, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemplative posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his hand under the seat to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as if his conscience really dreaded some attack from the race he was plotting against. Sheridan angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall, because it tempted the duns to stay, by making them so comfortable."—Vol. ii. pp. 179, 80.

Moore got angry with the *Blackwood* men, and with the stanza of a song supposed to be sung by Murray. He sent the verses to Murray in something of the same temper as Dryden was in when sending a publisher the first lines of a wicked lampoon; he told him, "He who wrote these, can write more." It would seem that the poets, in each case, frightened the respective publishers—for Dryden's rhyme effected his object, and Murray promised Moore—and, we presume, found means of fulfilling his promise—that he should not be molested. Here are Moore's lines. If it was in the days of Maginn, we do not think rhymes such as these would have silenced him:—

"Beware ye bards of each degree.
From Wordsworth down to Packwood,
Two rods I've got to tickle ye—
The *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*.
Not Cribb himself more handsomely,
Your hollow noddles crack would;
I'll *flout* you in the *Quarterly*,
And *ruffian* you in *Blackwood*.

"So tremble, bards of each degree,' &c., &c.

"Wrote a letter to the *Chronicle* signed 'J. P., Croydon,' about the misrepresentation and misquotation in *Blackwood's* article. Wrote also to Murray, hoping he would soon put into practice the intention Wilkie told me he had of coming down here, and sending him the above stanza for his *amusement*."—Vol. ii. p. 208.

The communication to Murray was on the 31st of October. The 4th of the following month brought his reply:—

"Received two most civil and anxious letters from that great 'Bibliopola Tryphon,' Murray, expressing his regret at the article against me in *Blackwood*, and his resolution to give up all concern in it if it contained any more such personalities. Read, with a shock I have hardly ever felt before, the account of that great and amiable man, Romil-

count, as you shall soon understand, if you be a lover of scenery, or an antiquarian, or a historian, or have any acquaintance with the fine arts. For all these Mr. Bartlett has had an eye, and a hand, and a heart; and he has stored his book with the most accurate descriptions of the many singularly remarkable objects, both of nature and art, to be found in Sicily, and illustrated them with the most extraordinary minuteness of detail, and exquisite power of art. One may linger for an hour over the beautiful engravings, without even turning to the letter-press, from which, however, when he is disposed to address himself to it, he will derive considerable information. Still, as a tourist, Mr. Bartlett is rather an accurate observer than a lively describer. In truth, we do not find in his book much that we have not already met in the works of travellers, from Brydone to the Marquis of Ormond, but we often find that he gives us a more complete, if not a more brilliant, picture than we can perhaps find elsewhere. A very interesting and clearly written summary of Sicilian history is prefixed to the tour, which considerably enhances the value of the work. And so, if you have no work on Sicily, this is just the one we would recommend to you.

Ah! here is something that makes one young again — “Reynard the Fox,”* that fable of fables, whose popularity is as boundless as its diffusion is extensive throughout all nations. For centuries it has been a household possession, perused in the palace and the hall, the grange and the cottage; it has fascinated the young, and amused the old; and, as Carlyle truly says, “It has been lectured on in universities, quoted in imperial council-halls; it has lain on the toilets of princes, and been thumbed to pieces on the benches of artisans.” What antiquarian in typography and black letter does not know of old William Caxton’s “Hystorye of Reynard the Foxe?” What scholar has not read Goethe’s poem? The present edition is a triumph of art, illustrated with a skill in confer-

ring the expression of human passion and feeling upon the figures and faces of animals of the lower creation, that could not be surpassed by Landseer himself. Here, too, are other pretty things, such as Christmas times always produce—the winter flowers in the garden of literature. And, chiefly, there is the “Art-Union Journal,”† that most delectable repertory of all that is attractive in the “*beaux arts*,” with the most instructive essays upon art, and pleasant notices of the great masters and their works—all of which good things Mr. S. C. Hall has brought together in a publication which has no equal. If you are fond of looking at pretty faces and fine figures, as indeed we confess we are ourselves, you may spend half an hour in turning over the pages of “The Court Album,”‡ and when you have examined the dozen portraits of its aristocracy, you will, perhaps, be of our opinion, that no land can boast of nobler looking matrons and fairer maidens than our own British Islands. And then there is the “Keepsake” which still maintains its ground, almost the sole survivor of annual literature. And yet it is a beautiful volume, with some pleasant tales and lively sketches, and some poetry, which——But come, this is trenching upon a delicate subject, and we must not trust ourselves to speak upon periodical literature. And so you have but to reach out your hand to take many a gem of beautiful workmanship, ay, and even of intrinsic value, which those most accommodating of all people, the great publishers, fling on their counters in gorgeous and tempting disarray, as Christmas presents and New-year’s gifts.

Bless us! what is this square little book that looks like a blue sky with a golden moon in it? “Love in the Moon.”§ Oh, sweet Cynthia, what a notion! Now are we convinced that there is, of a verity, a “man in the moon,” and that the man is no other than Patrick Scott. And a very moon-learned man he is, as you will see, if you read his most interesting selenographical observations; and a very

* The Story of “Reynard the Fox:” a New Version, by David Vedder. Illustrated by Gustav. Canton. London: W. S. Orr and Co. 1853.

† “Art-Union Journal,” 4th vol., New Series. Hall, Virtue, and Co., London and New York, 1852.

‡ “The Court Album and the Keepsake.” London: David Bogue. 1853.

§ “Love in the Moon. A Poem; with Remarks on that Luminary.” By Patrick Scott. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberley. 1853.

moon-struck bard will you pronounce him, too, when you have read his strange poem, which, with all its absurdity, has some beautiful passages and really fine, nervous lines. Ah, worthy Patrick, it is in vain you labour in your remarks to convince us that the moon has nothing to do with madness, when you refute your own assertions, in the poem. Good, my Lord Chancellor—do look to Patrick Scott if you find him within your jurisdiction, and should he be moving moonwards,

just hand him over to the “curator.” We have reserved for the last something in which we feel no small pride, a volume of one of our own sons, small in size, but teeming with riches—“*Poems and Lyrics* ;”* which prove, if there were any need of proof, that Ireland is still the land of song. What shall we select for you from amongst those charming lyrics? Come—here is one, not better than many others in the volume, but it is in season :—

A LYRIC FOR CHRISTMAS.

I love these merry festive times and all the joys they bring,
The good old tales which now we tell—the good old songs we sing,
The good old social meeting round the good old people's board,
The good old fare and rich old wine the good old stores afford ;
Oh ! yes, these pleasant Christmas times can pleasures still bestow,
As in sweet childhood's happy years, a long time ago.

I love to see young hearts rejoice and still unaltered prove,
The homely happy circle join in holy peace and love,
Old friends recalling good old times and good old comrades gone,
With fine old port, till night grows old, beside the old hearthstone ;
Oh ! yes, these social Christmas times can pleasures still bestow,
As in sweet childhood's happy years, a long time ago.

I love to see the rosy boy returning to his home,
To ramble near the mountain stream and o'er the hills to roam,
I love to see the ivy branch and green old holly bough,
And hear as in my early days the Christmas carol now ;
Oh ! yes, these jocund Christmas times can pleasures still bestow,
As in sweet childhood's happy years, a long time ago.

I love to hear the church bells call the Christian flock to pray,
To praise, and bless, and honour Him who sanctified the day,
And may each Christmas festival, where'er man's feet have trod,
Be found a Star of Bethlehem, to guide him to his God ;
Oh ! yes, these sacred Christmas times can pleasures still bestow,
As in sweet childhood's purer years, a long time ago.

And here is another just opportunely for St. Sylvester :—

THE YEAR'S LAST SONG.

Drink, laugh, and sing, the time, my boys, is flying,
Drink, laugh, and sing, the fine old year is dying ;
Who knows how long he shall remain upon this sunny earth ?
Then spend the rosy hours, my lads, with music, wine, and mirth ;
With beauty blooming near us, what fool would count the time ?
And every sound that meets our ears must be a joybell's chime ;
Our yesterdays are in their graves, to-night is flitting o'er us,
And none but simpletons would score the days we've yet before us.

When with a band of kindred souls, the night in laughter passes,
Our only clock or bell shall be, the tinkling of our glasses ;
And he who deals in pleasure's mart must never mind the cost, sir,
For while we pause to make the sale, the treasure may be lost, sir ;

* “Original Poems and Lyrics.” By Stephen Nolan Elrington, Jun. Dublin : James McGlashan, 1853.

the *Morning Chronicle*, made some movement in his paper to aid Moore:—

"The paragraph occasioned," says Moore, "a great sensation. We had a letter from 'Examiner' (Hunt) the night before, urging the instant opening of a subscription without consulting me at all, and saying, with a warmth which I am very grateful for, 'that he would sooner sell, and would actually sell, the pianoforte which had so often resounded with my music, than not contribute his mite to prevent such a man from going to prison.'"

We have the following entry within a few days:—

"Received a letter from Lord J. Russell, inclosing one which he had just got from his brother, Lord Tavistock, and which, after requesting Lord John to make inquiries about me as to whether anything was doing to save me from imprisonment, adds, 'I am very poor, but I have always had such a strong admiration for Moore's independence of mind, that I would willingly sacrifice something to be of use to him.' Lord John in his letter says, that had I not expressed to him on Monday my resolution not to accept of any assistance, it was his intention to offer me the future editions of his 'Life of Lord Russell,' just published, which, if worth anything, were much at my service, though he would not have ventured to mention it now only for Lord Tavistock's letter.' This is all most creditable to them and me." —Vol. ii. p. 843.

We entertain no doubt whatever of Lord John's anxiety to have been of assistance to his friend, and we equally feel that he proposed what he thought the only kind of assistance that could be, with proper regard to Moore's feelings, offered; but the proposal itself reminds us of the way the English humorist, Lamb, represents the wild preacher, Irving, proposing to provide for some purpose of the hour by profits to arise from the sale, in some millennial days to come, of the second edition of some prize speech or sermon. The "Life of Lord Russell" could not at any time be as good a selling book as "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress," or the "Letters of the Fudge Family." Moore went to Paris, but found the dissipation and perpetual distractions of that gay capital such, that he could work but little, and he was obliged to write to the booksellers who had agreed to give him £1,000 for the "Life of Sheridan," seeking a postponement of this

engagement till he should be able to return to England, where alone the necessary materials for the fabric could be had: He thought of poetry, as that which would require least of external aid from such sources of information as, while he remained abroad, were not within his reach. But to write poetry—to think calmly—amid the distractions of debt, and the demands of society, is less possible even than any other mental exertion:—

"It was, indeed, to the secluded life I led during the years 1813–1816, in a lone cottage among the fields, in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of 'Lalla Rookh.' It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its clime."—*Works*, vol. viii. pp. 13, 14.

Moore, however, amid dissipation, and interruption, and anxiety, was never idle. The debt which so many friends were anxious, each in his own way, to relieve him from, was discharged by his own hands and brain, and was paid by the profits of his "Loves of the Angels" and "Fables of the Holy Alliance."

With this year of Moore's great difficulties—which had not been yet overcome at its termination—the volumes before us close. The book contains much less than we could have naturally anticipated of Moore's opinions of his brother poets; and it is not without some feeling of disappointment that we find there is no part of the correspondence between him and Lord Byron (which had already existed for some years) yet given to us. Let us hope that it is but reserved for a future part of the work.

Our readers would have a just right to complain of us, if we parted from them without giving some extracts from Lord John Russell's own part of the publication:—

"Lord Byron writes, upon reading one or two of the numbers of the 'Irish Melodies,' then recently published, 'To me, some of Moore's last Erin-sparks—"As a beam o'er the face of the waters," "When he who adores thee," "Oh! blame not," and "Oh

breathe not his name"—are worth all the epics that ever were composed.'

"In mentioning fancy and feeling, I have mentioned what appear to me the two qualities in which Moore was most rich. His was a delightful fancy, not a sublime imagination—a tender and touching feeling, not a rending and overwhelming passion. The other quality most remarkable is the sweetness of the versification, arising from the happy choice of words, and the delicacy of a correct musical ear. Never has the English language, except in some few songs of the old poets, been made to render such melody; never have the most refined emotions of love, and the most ingenious creations of fancy, been expressed in a language so simple, so easy, so natural.

"Lalla Rookh is the work, next to the *Melodies* and *Sacred Songs*, in proof of Moore's title as a poet. It is a poem rich with the most brilliant creations—a work such as Pope always wished to write, such as Tasso might have written. Indeed, there is no poet whom Moore resembles, in profusion of invention, in beauty of language, and in tenderness of feeling, so much as Tasso. Tasso, indeed, placed certain limits to his own invention, by taking for his subject a well-known historical event, and adopting for his heroes historical characters. Whether he has gained or lost by that choice of subject may be doubted. On the one hand, he has, indeed, shed upon his poem all the interest which attaches to the religious enterprise of the Crusaders, and has restrained his own genius from wandering into the wild realms of fiction, where some poets of his country have lost themselves; while, on the other hand, he has subjected his beautiful poem to a comparison with Homer, Virgil, and Milton, who all surpass him in the simplicity and grandeur which properly belong to the epic poem.

"Moore has, however, taken a different course; and, relinquishing all the advantages to be derived from an historical subject, has sought, in the abundant spring of his own imagination the tales upon which his poem is founded. Some few hints, indeed, he has borrowed from Eastern legends and recorded revolutions; in one of his letters, he says, that Mr. Rogers furnished him with the subject of his poem. But the whole narrative of 'The Veiled Prophet' and 'The

Fire Worshipers' is, in fact, his own creation.

"The execution of the work is exquisite. Such charm of versification, such tenderness of womanly love, such strains of patriotic ardour, and such descriptions of blind and fierce fanaticism, as are found in *Lalla Rookh*, are found nowhere else in a poem of this length. Indeed, the fault on which most readers dwell is, that the feast is too sumptuous, the lights of a splendor which dazzles the eyes they were meant to enchant, and the flowers of a fragrance which overpowers the senses they were meant to delight. To this may be added the too copious display of Eastern learning, which often brings the unknown to illustrate that which of itself is obscure."

Our task is done. We wish we had room for more extracts. The volumes contain several poems of Moore's, but they are chiefly poems with which the public are before acquainted, communicated to Power, the publisher of his music. We wish we could find one not previously published, with which to conclude this paper. Is the following epitaph, which occurs in a letter to Miss Godfrey, Moore's own?—

"Here lies John Shaw
Attorney at law;
And when he died,
The devil cried,
'Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law!'"

—Vol. I. p. 222.

While we are correcting the proof-sheets of this paper, a volume of lectures on modern poetry, by Lord Belfast, has been put into our hands. His great admiration of Moore is fully expressed in this very pleasing work. Our mention of the Donegal family in connexion with Moore leads us to transcribe from Lord Belfast's book the following graceful sentence:—

"As to myself, if there is one heirloom I prize more than another, it is the dedication of the "*Irish Melodies*" to an ancestress of mine, and the beautiful letter on music he addressed to the same Lady Donegal."

ST. SYLVESTER'S EVE.

ANOTHER year. Yet, again, another year well nigh completed — with its joys and its sorrows, its good and its evil — gone for ever, indeed, from the eyes of man, but leaving its traces upon the heart, as the ripples of the retreating waves leave their marks upon the soft golden sand — ay, and upon the hard, white, cold rock. Every one of us has the touch of that old year's hand upon us. For some, the down of the boy's cheek has passed away, and he begins to talk, and think, and look the man; the immature form of the fair girl has attained a juster proportion and a fuller development: the gay bride of a twelve-month since is now the sober matron. For others, like us elderly gentlemen, the lines are deepening upon the forehead, and the lustre, it may be, paling in the eye; a few more grey hairs are to be seen on the head, and the foot moves with a somewhat slower and more thoughtful pace. And, in short, every year tells now upon them with double power, while every day seems no longer than an hour of childhood. Well, so be it—it cannot be otherwise, and let us, therefore, be sure that it ought not to be otherwise. Come, we will even make the best of our state, as we find it, and go graveward, not with a foolish merriment, but with a wise cheerfulness. December hath ever been a season of joy and relaxation. The slave, ere the symbol of the cross had arisen to rule and to civilise the world, had his revel and feasting in the saturnalia; and the Christian, with a truer joy, rejoices in his release from the slavery of sin. Let us, then, have a cheery heart and a festive spirit; and though the wind may howl without, and the rain patter against the window-panes; though clouds may sweep over the sunlight, and night come down quick and deep upon us—what then? Let us all the more strive that there may be no storm within us, no bleakness, no clouds, no gloom. Come, then, we will be your companion, even if it be but for a half hour. Shut to the door of the closet,

close the window-shutters upon the dark night without, draw out the ample folds of the thick curtains, trim the lamp, and stir up the fire into a kindly blaze, and we shall show you some of the good things and the pleasant, that the season brings to us. We have our Christmas tree; why should we not? Are we purer than children, are we wiser, are we less fond of baubles and toys—ay, or sweetmeats and sugar-plums? Let the statesman, and the epicure, and the man of pleasure, answer the question in the negative if they dare. We should prefer to remain silent. But see, here is our Christmas tree—one of our own ever-verdant fir-trees, and from its branches hang the mimic fruit, ready to our hand. How shall we choose where so much tempts us? Well, *there* is something beautiful, at least to the eye, glittering in blue and gold, with oak leaves winding all around it, and its leaves gilt and burnished. Let us take it down and examine it, that we may see if it be as sweet to the taste as it is pleasant to the sight. What is this with the "Golden Legend" quaintly lettered upon it? Let us read. Ah!—"Pilgrimages to English Shrines."*

There are few objects within the domains of literature that present a finer scope to one of taste, feeling and genius, than that which Mrs. Hall has chosen in this beautiful volume. To wander through a land such as England is, replete with the memories of the good and the great; to linger amid the scenes they lived in and made a part of themselves, their personal history, and their very forms of thought; to wander by the pleasant streams, or through the deep forests where they wandered; to sit in the rooms where they sat and meditated, to stand beside the graves where they lie mouldering—and in doing all this, to re-people these haunts with their former tenants; to exhibit them to you as they lived, and where they lived; to interpret them by the very local associations around you—this is, indeed, to give biography its highest

* "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," by Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Notes and Illustrations, by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1858.

charm, its most picturesque effect. It is to make topography the hand-maiden to history, and to give a grace, and an interest, and a permanency to many a detached incident, that would otherwise have passed, it may be, entirely from the memory. Who is there that has ever traversed the scenes — which Burns or Scott has consecrated in their own land, or where Spencer or Moore has sung in ours, and does not feel that he has thereby known, as it were in their bodily existence, those with whose spirits they were then more immediately associated; and has not carried away in his heart and his memory some precious thing which, like the indigenous shell or flower, he could only have found upon the spot?

Mrs. Hall seems to have felt all this that we have been describing, and she evidently set out on her pilgrimage with a genuine enthusiasm, and a most inquiring spirit; and hence it is that she has given us a book at once delightful and instructive, full of learning and research, replete with vivid pictures of life and manners and of scenery, sparkling with lively anecdotes, mellowed often with the finest pathos, and animated constantly with a healthy and a just spirit of reflection. We confess to the weakness of having read it through at a sitting; and we know few books of the present day which could have betrayed us to indulge our appetite so freely without rising from table. And now we shall give you, dear companions, some notion of this fair pilgrim's pleasant converse — not, indeed, to satisfy, but rather to stimulate your desire to make a fuller acquaintance with that for which even the little we can afford you shall give you no small relish. The first of Mrs. Hall's pilgrimages was in the footsteps of Izaak Walton, that gentlest of anglers and most delectable of moralisers — the friend of Cotton, and Kenn, and Donne and King — the biographer of Hooker and of Herbert. Most agreeably and most instructively has she led us through the old man's haunts in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, and along the flower-painted banks of the silvery "Dove," and so on to the grave of the "compleat angler," in the little chapel in the south transept of Winchester Cathedral. We may not tarry with her by the way, nor yet bear her company while she traces that good patriot,

William Penn, through his eventful life and distant wanderings, till his return to his own land, to lay his bones amongst his own people; yet shall we let you hear our pilgrim tell you, in her own words, her visit to the grave of William Penn:—

"The sun had begun to make long shadows on the grass, and the bright stems of the birch threw up, as it were, the foliage of heavier trees, before we came in sight of the quaint, solitary place of silence and of graves. The narrow road leading to the Quakers' meeting-house was not often disturbed by the echo of carriage-wheels; and before we alighted, an aged woman had looked out, with a perplexed yet kindly countenance, and then gone back, and sent forth her little granddaughter, who met us with a self-possessed and quiet air, which showed, that if not 'a friend,' she had dwelt among friends. The meeting-house is, of course, perfectly unadorned — plain benches and a plain table, such as you sometimes see in 'furniture prints' of Queen Anne's time. This table the little maid placed outside, to enable Mr. Fairholt to sketch the graveyard, and that we might write our names in a book, where a few English and a number of Americans had written before us;—it would be defamation to call it 'an album'—it contained simply, as it ought, the names of those who, like ourselves, wished to be instructed and elevated by a sight of the grave of William Penn.

"The burying-ground might be termed a little meadow, for the long, green grass waved over, while it in a great degree concealed the general undulations which showed where many sleep; but when observed more closely, chequered though it was by increasing shadows, the very undulations gave an appearance of green waves to the verdure, as it swept above the slightly raised mounds; there was something to us sacred beyond all telling in this green place of nameless graves, as if having done with the world, the world had nothing more to do with those whose stations were filled up, whose names were forgotten!—It was more solemn, told more truly of actual death, than the monuments beneath the fretted roofs of Westminster or St. Paul's, labouring, often unworthily, 'to point a moral or adorn a tale,' to keep a memory green, which else had moulder!

"The young girl knew the 'lawgiver's' grave among the many, as well as if it had been crushed by a tower of monumental marble. How still and beautiful a scene! How grand in its simplicity; how unostentatiously religious,—those green mounds, upon which the setting sun was now casting its good-night in golden benisons, seemed to us more spirit-moving than all the vaunted monuments of antiquity we had ever seen. How

Twelve—thou'rt gone !

My tears are falling
O'er the year

That's past recalling ;
One good friend from earth is hurried,
And, except in memory, buried.

May the year

To life now started,
Prove as kind

As the departed ;
May it's hours, in mercy given,
Bring us nearer God and heaven.

H. T. D.

May it be so, indeed ! Time must bring us nearer God, whether we will or no. Let us take heed that it brings us nearer heaven also. And with this admonition, let us bid you farewell—the last time farewell—at the grave of the Old Year. Often and happily have we

met during its months. The morning's light will bring the opening of a new cycle. May we meet often and often again, ere it shall have run its course, to amuse in your lighter hours, to instruct in your more serious ; and so we wish you all a **HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

THE LAND QUESTION—MR. NAPIER'S BILLS.

IRELAND, with the partial exception of one province, has always been an agricultural country, in the largest sense of the word. Every class, from the highest to the lowest, has equally coveted the possession of land. The aristocracy has sought it as a source of honour and influence ; the capitalist, as the most desirable investment for his realised fortune ; and the middle and lower classes, as the only means of livelihood.

Before the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholders, the mere fact of having been the nominal owner of so many broad acres placed in the hands of the fortunate possessor a large amount of political importance ; and, in those days sinecures were plentiful, and Finance-reform Associations unheard of. The quantity of political influence enjoyed, flowed from circumstances directly at variance with the welfare of the country. It depended upon the number of freeholders upon the estate ; and there were few paupers who possessed a mud hut (built in an hour or two) and a "patch of potato garden," that were not "free and independent electors." This evil was sufficiently great, but it entailed another upon the community. Voters

upon an estate were, of course, worse than useless, unless they polled with their landlord. It was, therefore, necessary, for him to keep them servile, ignorant, and absolutely at the mercy of his caprice. To effectuate these objects, the sturdy and independent Protestant electors, descended from the original settlers, or from refugees whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had driven from their country, were often dispossessed, and their places filled by hordes of more pliant or temporising Romanists.* Lands were let at rents which no tenant could, or ever was expected, to pay ; subdivision was directly countenanced, leases were never granted, education was discouraged, and large accumulations of arrears upon nominal rents were kept *in terrorem* over the tenants, whose exertions to better their condition were thus paralysed, and to whom the present offered no security, and the future no hope.

Such was the position of public affairs in the south and west of Ireland, when the firebrand of religious war was lighted by the Roman Catholics in the fiercely-contested elections that followed the dissolution of Parliament upon the 2nd of June, 1826. It was

* It must be borne in mind that before the agitation for Roman Catholic Emancipation was set on foot, religion had practically nothing to do with politics.

first kindled in Waterford, and thence spread to Louth, Monaghan, and Westmeath, and afterwards extended itself over the whole of the country. It was then, for the first time, that the Roman Catholic priest began to take an active part in the political struggles of the day, and to interfere between the landlord and his tenant. And experience soon taught the landlord that the ignorance and moral degradation he had countenanced, transferred to others the influence he had hitherto exercised. It was in vain that he threatened or punished. Temporal gains or losses were little heeded in a contest in which the voter implicitly believed that Heaven sided with the blues, and his Satanic Majesty with the buffs! Succeeding contests widened the breach, and the seeds of distrust were thickly sown between the landlord and his tenants. It was at this critical juncture that Mr. O'Connell consented to abandon those who had placed all in jeopardy for his sake. He assisted in sweeping away the forty-shilling freeholders. The tenants then suddenly found themselves placed at the mercy of their offended lords, and deprived, at the same time, of their franchises, to which alone they owed their existence upon the estate. Then began the "clearance system;" and thousands of human beings (who had been called into existence* by a mischievous legislation, that sought to clothe the people with important political rights ere they had become acquainted with elementary private duties) were cast afloat upon the world without means of employment or a home. Agrarian outrages naturally followed in a country where there was, at the time, no right to relief; and where the houseless vagrant was wholly dependent upon the hand of charity. And, as these "clearances" were too often the result of political causes, the sympathies of a large section of the community were gradually enlisted in favour of the sufferers. Every effort to im-

prove landed property was generally looked upon with suspicion; and agrarian outrage was not only palliated, but dignified, even by educated men, with the high-sounding title of "the wild justice of revenge."

Such was pretty nearly the relationship of landlord and tenant in the year 1846, when the potato failure occurred. Almost insurmountable obstacles had interfered with that progressive improvement in the agricultural districts, which would naturally have followed the extension of education and the application of scientific principles to the cultivation of the soil. So overwhelming was the weight of public opinion among the lower orders against any innovations, that even the late Mr. O'Connell, with all his influence, did not dare to introduce a single improvement, or consolidate a single farm upon Darrynane; although his intimate knowledge of his countrymen must long before have satisfied him that the whole framework of Irish society was in a perilous condition, like the brittle crust that sometimes rests on the molten lava. So wretched was the state of the tenantry upon the Liberator's estate, that it was selected by the "Times' Commissioner" as his model-farm of misery and social degradation: yet, it supplied no very forced picture of the state of the rural districts. The people had done little else than increase and multiply; and with every addition to the population, new subdivisions of the soil took place, which neither the vigilance nor the threats of the landlord could control. The people were so crowded together, in many extensive districts, that the whole corn produce of the soil, if gratuitously given to them, would have been quite inadequate to have supported the dense population. The potato was the only crop that produced a return sufficiently large to supply their wants; and, of course, when it failed, multitudes of necessity perished. During the two following years every available resource

* "The misery and destitution which prevail so extensively, together with all the demoralisation incident to the peculiar condition of the Irish peasantry, may be traced to this source—the 'Forty-shilling Freeholders' Act.'"—*Irish Railway Committee's Report*, 1838, part iii. p. 79.

Mr. Fitzmaurice, P.P. of Templemore, deposes, before the "*Committee on the State of the Irish Poor in 1836*," as follows:—"I have married girls of twelve to thirteen; and, at this moment, there is a married woman at Templemore, who has just had a child at the age of fourteen! A woman, in the parish of Killarney, had *two* children before the age of *fifteen*!" The Reports upon the state of Ireland abound with similar examples.

was again employed with blind infatuation by the farmers, who still weathered the storm, in sowing their land with their favourite vegetable; and, as year after year the same failure supervened, additional multitudes were added to the destitute.

This unhappy consummation was materially assisted by the new Poor-Law Act, which, instead of being introduced in a time of prosperity, had to be *learned*, and practically applied, in a season of unparalleled difficulty. The enormous poor-rates ruined the tenants; their lands remained idle; and the traveller could often traverse scores of miles without seeing a dozen head of cattle. Under such circumstances rents were, of course, no longer paid. The landlord found himself unable to meet the poor-rates he was liable to, much less the interest upon his heavy mortgages. The Incumbered Estates' Act (which would have been an admirable and a most righteous measure if introduced a few years before, when the country was prosperous) was enacted; and the sweeping nature of the measure may be judged from the fact, that already 779 estates have been sold under its provisions, and that petitions have been presented for the sale (including those sold) of 2001, producing a rental of £1,342,347 per annum.

It was necessary to give this short, and we hope candid account of the state of the landed interest in Ireland, in order to understand clearly the present position of the parties. The whole circumstances of the country are now changed. The "pauper tenants," with which it was thickly studded, scarcely exist; letting-land is plentiful; good tenants are eagerly sought for, and landlords bid against each other to secure them. The owners have, in a great measure, changed. Nominal proprietors have been succeeded by wealthy and improving men. English and Scotch farmers are coming to Ireland in a silent but steady stream; and what is of more importance, they show a marked preference for the wildest portions of the island. Some are purchasing land in fee-simple, and more than a million sterling has been paid by them into the Incumbered Estates Court, as the purchase-money of lands of which they are now the absolute proprietors.

But a still more important change

has taken place in the feelings of the people. Among the landlords, a desire to improve their estates is almost universal. Tenants of a higher class are eagerly sought; and pauperism upon the estate is now looked upon in its true light, as reproachful and discreditable to the proprietor. Recent events have worked a revolution yet more marked in the tenant classes. They feel that that *outré* patriotism, which made them rejoice in the proximity and multiplication of squatters and paupers, is a luxury that to be enjoyed must be paid for under the poor-laws, at a tolerably high figure. They mostly belong now to a superior class. Many a landlord, who presided over an extended territory, consisting of thousands of acres, is now patiently tilling the few hundred he has been fortunate enough to retain. Mortgagees have been under the necessity of buying in the estates they forced into a glutted market, and many have become practical farmers. The wealthiest noblemen and gentlemen have also been compelled to take large tracts into their own hands; and the knowledge they have acquired, and the example they have afforded, have equally elevated the tone of the agricultural population. From a combination of these, and many other circumstances, it may be safely averred, that a greater and more beneficial change has been produced in the landed interest in Ireland, in the short time that has elapsed since the famine, than was ever effected in any other country in the same period.

But with this marked improvement in the proprietary and occupation classes, many questions have risen into vital importance, which, in a less satisfactory state of agricultural progress, attracted but little notice. Where the occupier only sought to extract the utmost from the soil, no question could arise as to the compensation he was entitled to for permanent improvements. Illiterate and pauper tenants could scarcely be expected to scrutinise their landlord's title very closely; nor would the careless and extravagant owner feel deeply the absence of a bill enabling him to invest money upon his estate in improvements which he had never contemplated. Now the landlord has to deal with educated men, desirous of embarking large capitals in the cultivation of the soil.

They insist upon concessions, which he is willing to make; and it is the law only that offers an impediment to these contracts, prompted by a mutual interest; and not less beneficial to the community than to the immediate parties. They find the land tied down and hampered by disabling statutes. It alone is still bound in those obsolete fetters which pressed so intolerably on other commercial transactions that they were most wisely removed by the legislature.

It is not our intention, in the course of this paper, to point out the many inconveniences that flow from the present state of the law. Our views upon this subject were very fully stated in the opening number of last year's *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*. Public opinion has since undergone a great change; and propositions which we then laid down with hesitation, would now be considered self-evident. There are few educated men in the country who are not ready to concede that many important alterations are absolutely necessary. Upon the details, it would, perhaps, be difficult to find anywhere a dozen men who would exactly agree; but upon the broad and leading features of the bills that are required, the diversity of opinion is not so great—if we except a small, but noisy section, forming the party that has been appropriately called, “the highly respectable gentlemen, of no estate;” men who, having no stake in the country, are, of course, favourable to a confiscation of all property.

To deal with the all-important question of landlord and tenant in its various bearings, and to consolidate into a few intelligible codes, the numerous and often contradictory enactments ruling the different branches of the subject, and amounting to between two and three hundred separate Acts of Parliament, the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, the late Attorney-General, after deep consideration and indefatigable labour, has introduced four different bills into the House of Commons:—

1. A Land Improvement Bill.
2. A Leasing Power's Bill.
3. A Tenants' Improvements Compensation Bill; and
4. A Landlord and Tenant Law Amendment Bill.

In order to permit the public to become acquainted with, and freely to

criticise these bills, Mr. Napier has considerably had them printed as pamphlets, in a short and concise form, stripped of the unintelligible law jargon which even lawyers scarcely understand. In this convenient shape they have obtained a wide circulation, and have been carefully conned over by many a practical man, who never could reproach himself with having read an Act of Parliament in his life.

It is our intention to offer a few observations upon each of these bills *seriatim*. But before entering upon the subject, it appears necessary to express our satisfaction at the very opportune time selected for the proposed change in the law of landlord and tenant. Almost every alteration in existing laws has been made in Ireland at the very time when the interest it affected was suffering under depression. We have already alluded to the new Poor-Law Act and to the Incumbered Estates Act; both well-meant, but most ill-timed measures. These changes effected at any period between the years 1835 and 1846, would have proved a universal blessing to every class; but introduced during the combined calamities of a monetary crisis and a land-panic, they worked terrible injustice to many. Now the tide of Ireland's miseries has turned. Each succeeding sale in Henrietta-street shows that land is steadily improving in value, and that the confidence in real property, which the famine had shaken, is again becoming firmly established. The present is, therefore, a most opportune time for this readjustment of rights connected with land, more especially when we remember that large districts still remain unlet; owing, in a great measure, to those very faults in the laws which it is the scope and drift of these bills to remedy.

Again, the extreme caution with which the contemplated changes were effected, is entitled to create confidence. Towards the end of the year 1850, a book, published upon the law of landlord and tenant, was extensively circulated, and was reviewed by us in the article already referred to. The manner in which it was compiled came out a few weeks since, under somewhat curious circumstances. Mr. Keogh, in the debate which took place in the House of Commons, on the 7th of last month, upon Mr. Napier's bill, attack-

ed the right hon. gentleman in no very courteous terms, and accused him of having pirated his bill from a pamphlet written by a Mr. Tighe Hamilton a short time before. To this accusation Mr. Napier triumphantly replied to his discomfited assailant as follows:—

"In 1850 he asked Messrs. Vance and Ferguson to write the book which had been adverted to in the course of the debate. Mr. Tighe Hamilton had been examined before a committee of which he (Mr. Napier) had been chairman, and in 1850 a copy of the book had been, therefore, transmitted to him. That book was published under his own superintendence; he furnished a great portion of the materials, which were collected by his own industry. To the gentlemen by whom it was published he had handed all the papers in his possession; and it contained substantially his views upon that question. Sentence for sentence, and paragraph for paragraph, of that book would be found in the pamphlet of Mr. Tighe Hamilton in 1852. Whole passages and pages were taken without a word of acknowledgment."

This triumphant refutation was received by the House with loud cheers, and more than anything else gave assurance that no crude theory would be submitted upon a question which had evidently been carefully considered, in all its social bearings, for the three preceding years.

We shall now proceed to review the different bills as shortly as possible, freely availing ourselves of the assistance afforded by the pamphlets already mentioned.

THE LAND IMPROVEMENT BILL proposes to promote permanent improvement and abundant production, and to increase the sources of employment. It aims at effecting these ends by encouraging the judicious expenditure of capital on the part of proprietors who have but a limited interest (such as a tenancy for life) in their estates; or who, in consequence of mortgages, leases, &c., are not in a condition to raise and expend the necessary sums of money. At present, the value of all such improvements go with the land, as part and parcel of the inheritance. The design of the bill is to remove as far

as possible this serious impediment, and to enable the proprietor, willing to undertake certain classes of improvements, to acquire an equivalent first charge on the estate for a limited period, with liberty to dispose of it for his own use and benefit as he may deem proper. This, Mr. Napier thinks, will render a prudent management of the estate compatible with the limitation of landed property in strict settlement. But as it is necessary to have some controlling power to watch over the interests of creditors, unborn remaindermen, and occupying tenants, all of whom may be seriously affected by the imposition of a paramount charge for works which may not really improve the estate, the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, by no means a very popular body of men, have been selected to carry out the provisions of the Act. The class of persons proposed to be empowered to avail themselves of the advantages of the act are:—

1. Owners in fee simple, where their estates are in mortgage or in lease.
2. Tenants in tail.
3. Tenants by the courtesy.
4. Tenants for life, or *pour autre vie*, under settlements or wills.
5. Tenants holding immediately or derivatively under leases made by colleges, bishops, &c., with covenants for renewal, or *toties quoties*.
6. Tenants in fee-farm.
7. Tenants for lives, renewable for ever.
8. Tenants for forty years absolute and unexpired.
9. Tenants for any term not less than forty years, renewable on the fall of any life.
10. Tenants for terms of years renewable for ever.
11. Archbishops, bishops, rectors, vicars, and other ecclesiastical persons, in right of their see, benefice, or preferment, subject to consents of patrons.
12. Trustees and feoffees of a sufficient estate in land held for charitable and other purposes.

Provision is made that in case the person entitled to interpose as owner shall be under age, or a married wo-

* We regret that the name of Mr. Robert Longfield was never mentioned in this debate. Both Messrs. Ferguson and Vance's work, and the bills now under our consideration, were much indebted to his pamphlet (which we noticed in connexion with their work) for many practical suggestions. We are satisfied, however, that this omission was purely accidental.

man, or idiot, or lunatic, the powers may be exercised by the guardian, husband, or committee of the person under legal disability, and that in case the estate is subject to a mortgage or other incumbrance, the owner shall still be at liberty to exercise the powers of the act, unless the mortgagee shall have actually gone into possession or into the receipt of the rents.

The improvements authorised to be made under the act are reduced to nine classes:—

1. Drainage of land.
2. Irrigation and warping of land.
3. Embanking of land from the sea, or tidal waters, or rivers, in a permanent manner.
4. Enclosing and fencing land, or improving the fences, drains, streams, or water-courses of the land.
5. Reclamation of waste land.
6. Making farm roads.
7. Clearing lands of rocks and stones.
8. Erection of farm buildings.
9. Erection of scutch-mills for flax, and making necessary water-courses and weirs.

An application for liberty to raise the money required (which in no case is to exceed four years' clear annual value of the lands, after all fair deductions for taxes, &c.) must be made to the Board of Works, in a manner not materially differing from the applications under the Land Improvement Acts,* with which the public are already familiar; and notice of the application is published, and objections received and disposed of in the same manner. The application having been finally approved of, the Commissioners will issue a certificate to the effect, that any person advancing money for the purpose of making the improvements, shall have a first charge upon the lands in the shape of a terminable annuity. The certificate is made conclusive evidence; and the money so advanced becomes substantially a paramount mortgage, payable in instalments, with a parliamentary title. The security is thus made primary and unimpeachable. It bears £7 10s. per cent. interest, so as to pay off both principal and interest at the rate of five per cent. in a period of

twenty-two years, when it wholly ceases and determines. This bill also gives a power to the landlord to add such increase to the rents of the tenants of the improved lands as the Commissioners shall determine.

This bill bears a close analogy to the Land Improvement Act, which appeared to give every satisfaction. The main difference lies in this—that private individuals advance the funds required under this act; and that the Government advanced them under the Land Improvement Act.

THE LEASING POWERS' BILL treats of a subject we had occasion to consider very fully, in the article upon "Land, Landlords, and Tenants," already mentioned; and it affords us much gratification to find that the bill does not vary essentially, in its most important features, from the principles we then advocated. It collects and consolidates the substance of about sixty Acts of Parliament, and gives a system and uniformity to a multitude of controlling, modifying, repealing, re-enacting, interpreting, explanatory and contradictory statutes. It gives a uniform power of leasing for thirty-one years, when the object is for agricultural purposes; for forty-one when for mining; for sixty-one when for the reclamation of waste lands; and for ninety-nine years when for building purposes; and in regulating these terms it wisely looks rather to the occasions for which the power is to be exercised, than to the estate or character of the person who is to exercise it.

At present leasing powers vary according to the estate enjoyed by the owner. A rector, for instance, is only enabled to make an agricultural lease for one year, a bishop for thirty-one, and a tenant in tail for forty-one years; and in the case of leases made by fee-simple proprietors, not only mortgagees, but even judgment creditors, have a right to question their validity. As the law now stands, it is, therefore, absolutely necessary for a tenant who is desirous of investing money upon his farm, and anxious to obtain a valid lease, not only to satisfy himself that there are no incumbrances upon the estate, but also to ascertain

* 10 Vict. c. 32, authorising loans for thorough-draining, fencing, &c., extended by 13 and 14 Vict., c. 31, to loans for farm-offices, buildings, &c.

the exact legal character with which the owner is clothed; a matter not only difficult, but in the majority of cases, impossible to discover.

To meet this great inconvenience, we recommended that every *de facto* owner should have, under proper restrictions, a uniform leasing power. It is evident that the exception in the act of any class of owners would necessitate, upon the tenant's part, an inquiry in every case into his landlord's title; because, *non constat* but his might be the exception. In Mr. Napier's bill the persons enabled to make leases are divided into twelve classes; but in several cases the previous consent of the Lord Lieutenant, the bishop, visitors, &c., is indispen-ably necessary. We cannot help, for the reasons above stated, regretting that exceptions have been made, and conditions required, which will strip the leasing power of many of its great advantages; and confer no substantial benefit. Let the leasing power be guarded with every necessary restriction to prevent fraud or injustice, but let it be available to all. Why should the bill permit a landlord, with a heavily mortgaged property, to make leases without the consent of the mortgagee? Evidently because it assumes, that the *corpus* of the estate will, if not benefitted, suffer at least no damage. And if this be so, as doubtless it is, why should any class of proprietors be excluded. Indeed the conditions annexed appear stringent enough to displace all chance of fraud, and we are satisfied that the security the tenant would receive, and the benefit that would be conferred upon the community,—in short, the peace, happiness, and prosperity that would spring from extensive grants of such leases, would more than counter-balance the trifling losses, to some remote remainderman, which no liberal mind could put down as other than real gains.

Let us now proceed to consider the provisions made by the act to guard against injustice or fraud.

Leases may be made of all the lands, except the see-house, glebe, or mansion-house, and demesne-lands, or parks, plantations, or orchard, or pleasure grounds, or appurtenances, usually occupied with the see, glebe, or mansion house.

Any person empowered by the act, may make an agricultural lease of ara-

ble land, or of pasture land, for the purpose of grazing, for a term not exceeding thirty-one years. This lease will be subject to the following conditions and covenants, although not actually expressed, viz.:—

1. To manage, till, and use the lands in a due and regular course of good husbandry, so as not to injure or deteriorate them.

2. Not to burn the soil or surface of the lands without the consent, in writing, of the landlord.

Both these clauses were advocated in our columns the last time we considered this subject; and a rigid compliance with the following conditions was also proposed by us, in order to ensure validity to such a parliamentary lease:—

1. An immediate transfer of possession.

2. A uniform term (for agricultural leases) of 31 years, &c.

3. A rent at full value.

4. The payment of no fine.

5. The reservation of a money or corn rent; and

6. The immediate registry of the lease.

It is satisfactory to find that all these valuable provisions form a portion of the new bill.

As a protection to the inheritance, the following conditions are made incidental to all leases, whether expressed or not:—

1. That the tenant shall pay the rent and taxes when due.

2. That he shall keep the premises in repair.

3. That he shall give up the peaceable possession of the premises in good repair, subject to any claim for compensation for improvements.

4. That the landlord may enter to inspect the premises.

5. That he may re-enter for non-payment of rent.

6. That he may re-enter for unlawful assignment or sub-letting.

The impolitic severity of the old law of waste is relaxed in favour of the tenant, who will derive considerable benefits from the change; and the law of re-entry is also modified with the same view.

We now turn to the second great object of this bill. Its intention is to enable owners, with only partial interests, to enter into contracts with their tenants, by which the latter will obtain

compensation, either by length of possession, or by a paramount claim against the inheritance, for the sums of money really expended in permanent improvements.

The agreement may be made either in any lease, or by a separate instrument in writing signed by the person making it. It must embody a plan, specification, and estimate of the works agreed upon; and a copy of it, signed by the landlord, must be lodged with the clerk of the peace for the county, and registered in a registry to be kept in his office, and called "The Registry of Improvements."

The same classes of persons entitled to grant parliamentary leases, are enabled to enter into these agreements, which are protected from fraud by a variety of clauses, into the details of which it would be tedious to enter. The principal assurance of honesty in the transaction, lies in the clause that makes a "certificate of completion" necessary before the claim for improvements becomes valid. It is provided that within three years of the date of the agreement, the tenant shall present to the assistant-barrister for his signature, the certificate of completion. Due notice of the application must be given to the landlord, who is empowered to contest it, and for that purpose to call witnesses, &c. And there is an appeal from the decision of the assistant-barrister to the judge of assize.

The main principle of the measure is this—that a tenant, having entered into an agreement with his landlord to expend a certain sum in the improvement of his farm, shall not be disturbed in his possession before the expiration of a certain number of years without receiving adequate compensation. The duration of the term is regulated according to the nature of the improvements made, so as to enable the tenant fairly to reap the benefits of the capital he shall have expended. A tenant dispossessed before the expiration of forty years, shall still have a claim against the inheritance for any agricultural buildings erected under the provisions of this Act; but claims for drainage and farm roads are limited to ten years; fencing, seven years; liming, five years; and manuring, two years. And, as both parties are free to enter or not (as they like) into such a contract, no injustice can result to any except those in remainder or reversion.

To guard against this, it is provided that in no case shall any claim for compensation be made for a sum exceeding four years' clear yearly value of the lands; and the amount to which the tenant will be entitled against the owner is made to decrease gradually in a scale diminishing according to the length of the tenant's enjoyment of his improvements.

If the tenant gives up his occupation of his own accord, no addition having been made to the old rent, or if he suffers himself to be ejected (a voluntary act upon his part) for non-payment of rent, or for breach of covenant, no claim for compensation arises.

We cannot help expressing our satisfaction at the introduction of one clause of immense value to the community. In an action by the tenant, after the ejectment, for the recovery of a charge created by this bill, it is provided that proof that he has unlawfully sublet or subdivided his holding, shall be a valid defence; and cross demands for dilapidation, waste, &c., are permitted by way of set-off.—These provisions are most useful. Before the relationship of landlord and tenant can be established upon a satisfactory basis, it is necessary that the landlord should be in immediate communication, and on the most friendly terms with his tenants. The assignment of a portion or the whole of the lessee's interest, substitutes strangers, too often of the worst character, upon the estate, for those whom integrity, perseverance, and skill had recommended. Subletting, again, changes the tenant into a middleman, and covers the estate with paupers, with whom the landlord has no communication, and over whom he can exercise no control. The provision against these evils will materially enhance the value of this wise, just, comprehensive, and liberal measure.

THE TENANTS' IMPROVEMENTS COMPENSATION BILL is intended to deal with the present transition state of the country. It applies itself to the actual and existing condition of the lower classes of the tenantry. A person having an interest in the land for twenty-five years unexpired and upwards, is entitled to qualify under the Land Improvement Bill as owner. He is not, therefore, affected by this bill, which only has relation to tenants from year to year, or for any term of less than twenty-five years' duration.

Under this bill, every cottier-tenant is entitled to undertake "improvements." These may consist in draining, or clearing the lands, reclamation, fencing, &c.; or in the erecting or enlarging of farming buildings; but, in the abstract of the bill already alluded to, we find a sapient provision, that the erection of mud huts, or of edifices made of mud and thatched, are not to be considered permanent improvements under this act, entitling the tenant-architect to compensation!

The tenant, possibly a pauper, having decided upon some such improvements, exclusive, of course, of the mud edifices, so considerably excepted by the bill, fills up a plan or specification, of which he gives due notice to his landlord or agent, and to the clerk of the peace, who is required to advertise it in the local papers. The landlord possesses no veto. The tenant's solvency or character, or what Lord Clarendon used so delicately to term, in his various references to Mr. Birch, "his antecedents," are not permitted to have the slightest weight. The landlord may know perfectly well, from the pauperism, ignorance, or incompetency of the tenant, or from other causes, that the works can never be properly executed. His only resource, however, is to serve a notice that he himself will undertake them, according to the specification lodged. It must, however, be most gratifying to the luckless landlord to find himself reassured, and his fears set at rest, by the following passage—doubtless, *couleur de rose*—which appears in one of the pamphlets published by the late Attorney-General:—

"If the landlord does execute the works, he will have, probably, an increased rent in respect of them."

This assurance will, perchance, afford much satisfaction to the timorous landlord, fearful of being "improved" out of the fee-simple of his estate; but we must certainly admit that we have many doubts upon the subject.

The tenant is to obtain a certificate of completion, which may be traversed by the landlord, and which, when finally signed, is registered, and made conclusive evidence. The machinery by which this is to be effected, and the

other provisos relating to it, do not differ materially from the parallel provisions in the last bill. It is not, therefore, necessary to enter into the details. No claims for compensation can be made as long as the landlord permits the tenant to continue in the enjoyment of the premises, nor after ejectment for non-payment of rent, or breach of covenant. To an action for compensation under this bill, the defences and set-offs already detailed in the last bill are made valid defences; and the tenant, at the expiration of his lease, if the landlord enter into possession, is entitled to recover compensation,—

1. For the crops sown in due course of husbandry, and left in the ground.

2. For the preparing, tilling, and manuring the ground during the last six months of the tenancy.

3. For the straw, hay, and manure left on the farm.

4. For the growing underwood.

We cannot help feeling that these things had much better be kept to private arrangements. Legislation abrogates its proper functions, when it descends to the trifling details of everyday life, and endeavours to regulate minute questions, with which every member of the community, not being an idiot, lunatic, or infant under the ages of 21 years, is fully competent to deal. If the laws must step in to give the tenant compensation for tilling and manuring his lands, we do not see why they should not also give him compensation for digging his potatoes, and harvesting his crops.

But this bill not only deals with the future, but, contrary to all but universal precedent, has a retrospective operation. It proposes that a similar rule of compensation shall be applied to all past improvements, not made in pursuance of any contract.

Such are, briefly, the provisions of this bill; and, we regret extremely that there is scarcely a single clause in it, upon which we can bestow unqualified praise. The principal objections to the bill are, that—

1. It is too complicated.

2. It is adapted to a state of society that is rapidly vanishing before education, science, and the advancement of capital.

3. It is calculated to prop up and

perpetuate this unwholesome state of things.

4. It is at variance with the broad commercial principles that should govern all contracts between man and man; and

5. It is (particularly in its retrospective operation) most unjust.

It is scarcely necessary to make any allusion to the injustice *per se* of an *ex post facto* law. A tenant now dispossessed, would be entitled to compensation for a house he had erected twenty-eight or thirty years ago, while, from the deaths of parties and other causes, it would be quite impossible to prove, as the fact might be, that the erection of the house formed part of the consideration of the original occupancy, twenty or thirty years before, or was, perhaps, actually erected by money advanced by the landlord. Rights might also have been waived, in consequence of these improvements, rent abated, arrears remitted, and a variety of other small considerations extending over a series of years, paid by mutual agreement as full compensation. To rake up all such accounts, extending over so many years, would be only justice to the landlord, but would be, nevertheless, an intolerable nuisance.

In other respects, also, this provision is most unjust, and directly at variance with the principles of the bill itself. By it notice must be given to the landlord; and he has the option of taking the work into his own hands, or, at any rate, of watching its progress, and of afterwards contesting the certificate of completion. And this is the only means, in most agricultural improvements—such as drainage, subsoiling, &c.—of determining whether the works are of any use at all, or a mere fraud, or loss of capital. A single rock left unblasted in a main drain may render abortive the expenditure of several hundred pounds upon thorough drainage. To permit every tenant in Ireland who is dispossessed to send in long claims for all sorts of subterraneous improvement, would be to invite every description of dishonesty and fraud. We also fear that the proviso in this bill that deprives the tenant ejected for non-payment of rent of all claim for compensation, will have the direct effect of keeping up the system of “nominal rents” and “hanging ar-

rears,” from which this country has so much suffered.

In the opening pages of this article, we traced the origin of all the social miseries under which Ireland has groaned for so many dreary years, to an all-pervading desire for the possession of land—a desire called into existence and fostered by an unwise legislation. We have no hesitation in saying, that the facilities for fraud, and the great premiums offered to the pauper tenant by this bill will have just the same calamitous effect as the Forty-shilling Freeholders' Act. It will throw back the country, stop progress and perpetuate, for a season, the cottier system, till, perhaps, another famine shall carry desolation over the face of the country, and engrave, in less transitory characters, the terrible experience which the first gleams of returning prosperity appear to have almost obliterated from our inconstant recollections.

The very extraordinary opinions entertained about land, paint, in strong colours, the inconsistencies of man's character. Those who are warmest in their support of the doctrines—now permanently established—of unrestricted competition in all commercial transactions, cannot allow themselves, for a minute, to apply the same principles to commercial transactions having relation to land. They will maintain, vociferously, that any legal interference or dictation is most prejudicial to the community when applied to any matter in which they are interested—to the letting of lodgings, the hiring of a handloom, the agreement between the master and his workmen, the sale of a yard of cloth. But if you tell them that land is an instrument of production, and that a steam-engine is the same—that both are hired, and that the same freedom from control should govern both transactions, they at once confess themselves *in nubibus*. Talk of tenant-right in a lathe, or compensation for “unexhausted improvements” in a hired locomotive, they set you down at once as a bed-lamite. They maintain, and correctly, that land is the most important interest in the empire; but they err when they say, that, therefore, it must be governed by a different code. The conclusion that follows from these premises, is directly opposed to theirs. If unrestricted competition be really

advantageous in the lesser transactions in which the members of a community may be engaged, it must be of far greater importance when applied to matters of vast moment.

But many who admit the accuracy of this argument, in an economic view, maintain that although the community would unquestionably gain by the extension of "free trade" to land, there is another and more important side to the question. The people, they say, are too poor and too ignorant to take care of their own concerns, and the landlord having a manifest advantage over them, the laws must protect the weaker. The remedy for this appears plain. If education gives one an advantage, elevate the other in the social scale by the same means. But if it be the wealth of the landlord that enables him to tyrannise over the penury of the tenant, and to dictate terms to a starving man, the answer is still plainer—a starving man has no business with land, any more than he would have with a steam engine which he was too poor to supply with fuel, or too ignorant to turn to industrial account.

In Ireland, not only our own population, but the English tourists that annually visit our country, seldom look at a tract of dreary landscape without expressing their regret that land so capable of being reclaimed should still be suffered to continue in a state of nature. This they often ascribe to the want of some complicated bill, such as the one before us. But they seem always to forget that this cannot be done without capital; and that you cannot embark money in one channel without withdrawing it from another. Any legal enactment that holds forth extraordinary temptations for the investment of capital in land, might, with perfect truth, be called "an act for the discouragement of Irish manufactures and commerce." It is because the thoughts, energies, and capital of our country have long been too much fixed upon the land that our manufactures have made so little progress; and we have often speculated, as we looked from a distance at the tall dusky chimneys that told our approach to some English manufacturing town, upon the wonderful change that would have been produced had unseasonable Acts of Parliament diverted the capital there represented out of its natural channels

to the less ambitious pursuits of the cultivation of the soil.

The tenants in this country are now of a higher class; superior in education, wealth, and skill. Legislation must acknowledge this. They are able to manage their own affairs. America holds out its temptations to them. Thousands are leaving our shores, large tracts of country are unoccupied. The farmer is at a premium—land at a discount. The landlord is in reality more in need of protection than the tenant. Under these circumstances it seems most unadvisable and dangerous to introduce such a bill as the one we have been considering, founded upon principles which appear, and we say it with all possible respect to the eminent gentlemen by whom the bill is introduced, to approach too closely to that broad line of demarcation that should ever distinctly define and boldly protect those private rights, without a hallowed respect for which prosperity and order must soon give place to anarchy and ruin.

The LANDLORD AND TENANT LAW AMENDMENT BILL is the last of Mr. Napier's four bills. Its object is to consolidate, amend, and simplify, the mass of confused legislation regulating the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland. These acts amount to nearly 200; all which, it is proposed, to repeal and wipe away from the statute book. The object of this bill is, as far as possible, to present a complete code of law on the subject, in such a form as to be accessible and intelligible to any country gentleman or educated tenant. And as the other bills of the code are designed to facilitate contracts and create rights, the object of this bill is to facilitate the enforcement of those contracts, and the observance of those rights.

As this bill embodies most of the provisions of the present acts, relating to the tenure of land—a subject we have often considered in our columns—it is only necessary to dwell upon some of its principal deviations from former measures.

It makes the assignee of a tenant liable to all the covenants in the leases as long as he continues in occupation; and it makes him responsible for the entire gale of rent, if any of it have become due whilst he was in possession, and before the registry of his assignment; and it liberates the tenant from all future liabilities, where his assignee

has been accepted and dealt with by the landlord. Where a tenant has under-let with consent, the sub-tenant is protected from the inconvenience of being harassed by two or more landlords; and whilst the head-landlord is permitted to require the sub-tenant, if the premises be in arrear, to pay his rent directly to him, the sub-tenant is also permitted to elect to pay the head landlord. Where the lease contains an express covenant not to sub-let or divide the interest, it is provided, that, in case of intestancy, the landlord shall elect among the next of kin, as to which he shall accept as his tenant.

The laws relating to waste, have been a constant source of injustice and complaint. Several important alterations are made in the bill upon this subject. Hitherto, when a tenant was committing waste or dilapidation, the only remedies were by an action, &c., against a person almost always a pauper; or by an injunction in Chancery—a tedious and expensive process. By this bill the magistrates will be authorised to grant a warrant on affidavit against the offending party. It empowers local tribunals to enforce the covenants that in reality form the principal considerations in the lease; and a civil bill ejectment is given against the tenant, where he has forfeited his interest by assigning, under-letting, burning, or over-cropping. The process of ejectment in the superior courts is also simplified and stripped of much unnecessary prolixity.

The most extensive alteration effected by the bill is in the law of distress. Mr. Napier has made some most important reforms, for the benefit of the tenant; but we regret he did not go a little farther, and wholly abolish what we must consider the remains of feudal barbarism. Even if the power were never abused, there is something repugnant and humiliating to manly feeling—to that independent spirit which it is the interest and duty of the legislature to foster and respect—in the knowledge, that if you have omitted to pay your rent, your landlord, without notice to you, or legal process, may seize upon, and place in the custody of irresponsible persons—selected by himself,—perhaps all your earthly goods. It is a power that has been constantly abused in this country, converted into an instrument of injustice, and not only used as a hasty means of

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These and other minor alterations are, doubtless, important and most beneficial changes; still we regret the measure was not a little more liberal. One step more would have wiped this blot out of the Landlord and Tenant Bill. The old law of distress was not only the cause of much injustice and heart-bickerings, but it also materially assisted in degrading the tenant classes. It gave the landlords such facile powers of recovering rent, that many soon ceased to care so much about the solvency or character of their tenants—matters in which they were no longer so materially interested.

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benefits, professional men alone would take an interest in their discussion.

In drawing this article to a close, it is impossible not to be struck with the boldness of the mind that planned a design so vast. For generations past, as alterations became necessary, each preceding statute was patched and tinkered by a newer one; till, at last, these acts formed a confused mass, such as few men had courage to plod through, and scarce one ability to master. Ireland owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Napier, for the efforts he has made to bring the land question to a final settlement.

We cannot conclude more appropriately than by an extract from the right honourable gentleman's speech upon

the subject, in the House of Commons:—

"I have endeavoured to meet the exigencies of Ireland in a liberal and generous spirit. In preparing this code—in considering every suggestion submitted—I have added many an hour of toil to a life of labour; and every suggestion which may hereafter be offered, from whatever quarter it may come, will be accepted, and considered in the same spirit in which the measure has been now submitted to the house. The voice of mercy has resuscitated Ireland; the flush and flow of returning life reanimates her frame; but still is she bound in the grave-clothes, in which severe policy and sore affliction have enwrapped her. Loose her, and let her go."

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CONTENTS.

	Page
ANOTHER NIGHT WITH THE MYSTICS.—BY JONATHAN FREEKE SLINGSBY. THE INAUGURATION—A SONG OF LABOUR—ON JONES'S STATUETTE OF WILLIAM DARWIN—MADRIGAL—A STAGE-COACH STORY	185
HEROES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—No. III. JULIUS CESAR AND NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE	147
CHAMBERS'S EDITION OF BURNS	169
THE FLOWERS OF FEBRUARY. THE CHANT OF THE SNOWDROPS—LAY OF ANTI- CIPATION—ON AN EARLY VIOLET—THE RUINED TEMPLE—THE HILLS OF ERIN— SONG	184
THE DUCAL HOUSES OF URBINO AND OF MILAN	196
SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT. CHAPTER XV.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE	213
RECENT TRAVELLERS IN THE EAST.—DR. AITON—REV. JOHN ANDERSON—MR. ANDREWS	218
TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.—BY W. ALLINGHAM	235
MISCELLANEA LITERARIA.—No. II. ON HEREDITARY MISFORTUNE IN CERTAIN FAMILIES—ON CERTAIN PROVERBIAL AND COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSIONS—ON CERTAIN ANCIENT EDIFICES—WOMEN, AS DESCRIBED BY THE ANCIENT POETS	236
MRS. J. E. R—D—E'S DREAM. BY PATRICK SCOTT	252
A FLYING SHOT AT THE UNITED STATES.—BY FITZGUNNE. FIFTH ROUND	255

DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

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ANOTHER NIGHT WITH THE MYSTICS.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

AND so, my dear Anthony, you have thought fit, in violation of all honour and friendship, to make public that which I did, as it were, outpour in a whisper into your ear, *sub sigillo confessionis*. To what end was it, pray, that I marked my communication at the very outset "private and confidential?" To none that I can see, except to instigate you through some diabolical perversity—*diabolo tentante*, as the lawyers say—to run counter to my earnest request. Had I known that you were possessed of such a spirit of feminine contradiction, I should never have enjoined secrecy, unless, indeed, I wished the very result that has happened. Did you ever hear what the humorous, but eccentric, Toby Glascock once proposed at a great popular meeting, when it was moved that the proceedings should be published in all the papers of the day? "By no means, sir," said Toby, addressing the chair with great gravity, "tell them to *one* woman with an injunction to silence!" Well, then, now that I know your mood, I shall deal with you accordingly; and I now entreat you to publish what I am about to write, through the length and breadth of the land.

A few days after my last arrival in town, I was sitting late one evening in my bedchamber in the hotel, looking over some papers, previous to retiring to rest, when I heard a knock struck heavily on the door. "Come in," said I. There was no other response than a repetition of the knock. Again I repeated my invitation, and was answered by a third knock more emphatic and more solemn than the former. Surprised and a little alarmed at this mysterious proceeding, I arose, and, after a short pause, I opened the door; but my wonder was much increased to find that there was no person within sight. I looked along the corridor, upwards and downwards, but I saw nothing save at either end a gaslight within a muffed globe, gleaming white, and cold, and mistily, like the eye of a spectral giant, and falling on some brackets supported by dragons and other fabulous monsters, projected their shadows along the wall and upon the floor in shapes the most grotesque and horrible. I turned to re-enter my room, when something white against the door caught my eye. What was it, think you, that I beheld? Ah, Anthony, you know well, sly dog. 'Twas a square piece of paper *nailed* to the door, if I may be allowed the expression, by a fork! I took both down, not without a feeling of solemnity, for it reminded me forcibly of that secret and terrible brotherhood, who, in a like mysterious manner were wont to command men to appear before them, leaving at their door by night the dread summons, pierced by a dagger. I entered my room, shut the door, and examined

the paper. 'Twas an envelope addressed to myself, within which was written as follows :—

“*Die Mystiker-Bruderschaft.*”

“IN THE NAME OF THE MYSTIC BROTHERS.

“You are required to appear upon the third day herefrom,

“Beneath the portico of the Temple of Euterpe,

“At two hours after sunset.”

Beneath this there was a further writing which it is not necessary now to disclose.

You may be sure, my dear Anthony, I was delighted to receive this missive, and that I determined to obey the summons. Accordingly on the day and at the hour indicated, I stood beneath the portico of the Temple of Euterpe. You know well the whereabouts. Attached to the ponderous door was a massive brazen *cornix*, or, as the moderns call it, knocker, lifting the which, I smote stoutly upon a circular plate of the same metal. I heard the sound ring startlingly upon the silent night without, and pass away in solemn echos through the vast halls within. Then the door opened, and I entered.

.

“*Der Hochmystiker ! der Hochmystiker !*”

“Silence !—order—listen to the chair !”

These words proceeded from every part of the festive board, in consequence of the Chief Mystic, or his High Mistiness, as the chairman was more familiarly called, having risen and tapped the table with his hammer. This proceeding took place, my dear Anthony, after the dinner had been utterly demolished and driven from the field by the vigorous assault of some thirty trenchant trenchermen. Even the lingering Stilton and double Glo'ster that hovered upon the skirts of the mainbody of eatables, had given way—the clatter of heavy arms, that peculiar sound which knives and forks make upon the Wedgewood, had entirely ceased. The popping of the corks from the champaign flasks was, alas, now heard but at long intervals ; but the clear ringing of the drinking-glass was frequent, as some one pledged his neighbour, and that most agreeable of all after-dinner sounds, the *concordia discors* to which each knot of speakers sends its contribution in a different tone, floated through the room, now swelling, now falling, like the murmuring of the sea upon a fresh night in spring.

“*Der Hochmystiker ! der Hochmystiker.*”—“Hear the chair.”

Silence was soon established after the usual amount of vociferous protestations against noise, when the Chief Mystic, with glass in hand, looked for a moment around him. 'Twas a face that at once attracted and arrested attention. Thin and angular, with high cheek bones and a mouth somewhat prominent ; a nose slender, but remarkably well defined ; a forehead of admirable intellectual development told of a mind acute, enlarged, and accurate ; while the pallor of his features, the light of his keen grey eye, and the flow of his brown hair, thrown somewhat carelessly back from his forehead, spoke of energy, and inquisitiveness and labour, and a thorough and absorbing devotion to science. Such was the estimate which an observer, upon ordinary occasions, would form ; but he who saw him to-night—the eye glittering with the brilliancy of some happy fancy, and a smile of infinite sweetness and humour, playing over every feature and lighting them up as with a sunbeam, would feel little wonder that Will Wilddrake could be as delightful a companion amid his social friends as he was a leading authority in his own profession, and a largely informed scholar before the world.

“Fill your glasses, brothers,” said the Hochmystiker. “Are you all ready ?”

For a moment one might hear a running fire along the table, at either side, as the bottles passed from hand to hand. Then all was stilled in silent expectation.

“Are all ready. How say you, Herr Kleinmystiker ?”

“All ready,” replied the Vice-Mystic, having satisfied himself of that fact by a survey of the table.

“Brothers,” said the chief, waving both his arms with a gesture familiar to him, “Brothers, to-night we hold a chapter to inaugurate a new member of our most

mysterious confraternity. One of whom I shall say little, because the less that is said in his presence about anybody the better, seeing that he has a villanous propensity to carry out of doors what he hears within, and would think as little of giving a pen-and-ink sketch of our features—physical and intellectual—to the public, as the Queen's Printer would of describing a Whiteboy, or a Molly Maguire, in the *Hue and Cry*. There is but one thing to be said in excuse for him, and that is, that he is country-bred and knows no better. However, now that he has come to town, let us try to do something for him in the way of polishing, and give him a taste for town manners, town morals, and town mystics. And now, who are the sponsors for this new brother?"

Hereupon the two members, on either side of the novice, arose and said—

"We are. We will answer for him."

"Is he ready to perform his exercises, and to conform, in all things, to the ordinances of the Brotherhood?"

"Yes."

"'Tis well. Proceed to give him the test?"

The sponsor, on the right of the novice, handed him a glass filled with a dark fluid; he on the left presented him with a book.

"These," said the Chief Mystic, "are the symbols of brotherly love and obedience. Take them."

The novice took the former, and finding that it was wine, drank it without a scruple. He opened the book, wherein were the rules of the Society, and found it had only blank pages. To keep such rules was a light obligation, and so he laid the book upon his heart in token of assent.

"Brothers," said the President, solemnly, "I give you the health of our new brother, JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY. Three times three!"

There was a most uproarious storm of hurrahs and gratulations, and then, my dear Anthony, I had to rise and make a speech; though what I said I know not, except that an original thought happily occurred to me, namely, to excuse myself on the score of being unaccustomed to public speaking, a remark that was received with prodigious approbation and good humour.

"Now, then, your exercise, brother Jonathan. What shall it be, my merry men all?"

"A song! a song!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Impossible," said I, "I am an unsinging animal, in every tense and mood of the verb 'to sing.' I do not sing—I never did sing—I will not sing."

"Sing!" said the High-Mystic, in the imperative mood.

"May it please your High Mystiness," said I, in the potential, "I cannot sing."

"He stands mute, and is contumacious," said Rhadamanthus. "Give him solitary confinement in the lock-up for half an-hour."

"I stand mute by the visitation of God," said I. "Heaven has not made me vocal."

"Be daad, it's a good plea," said Rhadamanthus. "Well, then, we must only let you off with a story—*hard labour* instead of *imprisonment*."

"Worse and worse," said I. "I have no talent for improvisation."

"Then what the d——I can you do?"

"I have written my exercise," said I, "and am ready to recite it."

There was a simultaneous explosion of merriment from the whole brotherhood at the notion of a 'recitation.'

"I can't bear speeches," said Rhadamanthus, "ever since I heard the last one of a man that was hanged at Wexford. Anything of the sort is sure to make me sick."

This sally of the justice set the whole table in a roar of laughter, and when silence was restored, it was proposed and seconded, and, with only a dissentient voice or two, carried, that my recitation should be heard in the first instance, the Society reserving to itself the right of deciding whether it was a sufficient compliance with the rules. Thereupon I cleared my voice, and said—

"Brothers, as a mystic I will discourse to you of one of the greatest mysteries of that dispensation, in the midst of which we are placed—that which is at once the curse and the blessing of all mankind—a necessity of our being, and yet one which no wise man would willingly have removed. The promoter of all pro-

advantageous in the lesser transactions in which the members of a community may be engaged, it must be of far greater importance when applied to matters of vast moment.

But many who admit the accuracy of this argument, in an economic view, maintain that although the community would unquestionably gain by the extension of "free trade" to land, there is another and more important side to the question. The people, they say, are too poor and too ignorant to take care of their own concerns, and the landlord having a manifest advantage over them, the laws must protect the weaker. The remedy for this appears plain. If education gives one an advantage, elevate the other in the social scale by the same means. But if it be the wealth of the landlord that enables him to tyrannise over the penury of the tenant, and to dictate terms to a starving man, the answer is still plainer—a starving man has no business with land, any more than he would have with a steam engine which he was too poor to supply with fuel, or too ignorant to turn to industrial account.

In Ireland, not only our own population, but the English tourists that annually visit our country, seldom look at a tract of dreary landscape without expressing their regret that land so capable of being reclaimed should still be suffered to continue in a state of nature. This they often ascribe to the want of some complicated bill, such as the one before us. But they seem always to forget that this cannot be done without capital; and that you cannot embark money in one channel without withdrawing it from another. Any legal enactment that holds forth extraordinary temptations for the investment of capital in land, might, with perfect truth, be called "an act for the discouragement of Irish manufactures and commerce." It is because the thoughts, energies, and capital of our country have long been too much fixed upon the land that our manufactures have made so little progress; and we have often speculated, as we looked from a distance at the tall dusky chimneys that told our approach to some English manufacturing town, upon the wonderful change that would have been produced had unseasonable Acts of Parliament diverted the capital there represented out of its natural channels

to the less ambitious pursuits of the cultivation of the soil.

The tenants in this country are now of a higher class; superior in education, wealth, and skill. Legislation must acknowledge this. They are able to manage their own affairs. America holds out its temptations to them. Thousands are leaving our shores, large tracts of country are unoccupied. The farmer is at a premium—land at a discount. The landlord is in reality more in need of protection than the tenant. Under these circumstances it seems most unadvisable and dangerous to introduce such a bill as the one we have been considering, founded upon principles which appear, and we say it with all possible respect to the eminent gentlemen by whom the bill is introduced, to approach too closely to that broad line of demarcation that should ever distinctly define and boldly protect those private rights, without a hallowed respect for which prosperity and order must soon give place to anarchy and ruin.

The LANDLORD AND TENANT LAW AMENDMENT BILL is the last of Mr. Napier's four bills. Its object is to consolidate, amend, and simplify, the mass of confused legislation regulating the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland. These acts amount to nearly 200; all which, it is proposed, to repeal and wipe away from the statute book. The object of this bill is, as far as possible, to present a complete code of law on the subject, in such a form as to be accessible and intelligible to any country gentleman or educated tenant. And as the other bills of the code are designed to facilitate contracts and create rights, the object of this bill is to facilitate the enforcement of those contracts, and the observance of those rights.

As this bill embodies most of the provisions of the present acts, relating to the tenure of land—a subject we have often considered in our columns—it is only necessary to dwell upon some of its principal deviations from former measures.

It makes the assignee of a tenant liable to all the covenants in the leases as long as he continues in occupation; and it makes him responsible for the entire gale of rent, if any of it have become due whilst he was in possession, and before the registry of his assignment; and it liberates the tenant from all future liabilities, where his assignee

has been accepted and dealt with by the landlord. Where a tenant has under-let with consent, the sub-tenant is protected from the inconvenience of being harassed by two or more landlords; and whilst the head-landlord is permitted to require the sub-tenant, if the premises be in arrear, to pay his rent directly to him, the sub-tenant is also permitted to elect to pay the head landlord. Where the lease contains an express covenant not to sub-let or divide the interest, it is provided, that, in case of intestancy, the landlord shall elect among the next of kin, as to which he shall accept as his tenant.

The laws relating to waste, have been a constant source of injustice and complaint. Several important alterations are made in the bill upon this subject. Hitherto, when a tenant was committing waste or dilapidation, the only remedies were by an action, &c., against a person almost always a pauper; or by an injunction in Chancery—a tedious and expensive process. By this bill the magistrates will be authorised to grant a warrant on affidavit against the offending party. It empowers local tribunals to enforce the covenants that in reality form the principal considerations in the lease; and a civil bill ejectment is given against the tenant, where he has forfeited his interest by assigning, under-letting, burning, or over-cropping. The process of ejectment in the superior courts is also simplified and stripped of much unnecessary prolixity.

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"I must admit that my exercise was listened to attentively, and allowed to stand in the place of the song which Rhadamanthus had pressed for.

"*'Laborare est orare,'*" said Wilddrake. "It is, indeed, a noble legend, and one which Thomas Carlyle might well propound. There are, I am sure, no happier men than they who labour, either with the mind or the body; no more wretched than they who exercise neither."

"Well," said Rhadamanthus, looking up, with a sleepy humour in his eye, and speaking with an indolent slowness that breathed the very spirit of repose, "maybe so. I never had an opportunity of being wretched in the way you mention, and I think I'd be more likely to suffer from the opposite extreme. For my part, I think labour, like all other good things, should be enjoyed in moderation. I hate gluttony; 'tis one of the seven deadly sins."

"We have many noble examples amongst us of the greatness and the dignity of labour," observed a thoughtful-looking man, near the foot of the table; "and none nobler than a man of whom we are all justly proud—I mean William Dargan. What an evidence is he of the wonders which intellect, combined with industry, can achieve. His mind seems never unbent; his plans and projects are at once the largest, the most numerous, the most diverse; his perseverance never tires; his courage never flags; his calculations never fail. And so, while he has advanced the best interests of his country, he has enriched and exalted himself. The old Romans would have raised a golden statue to such a man, and called it '*Labour*.'"

"And why should not his country raise a statue of marble to William Dargan," said I.

"Ay, and let an Irish sculptor chisel it," said Bishop. "Have you seen the beautiful statuette of Dargan by Jones, Wilddrake?"

"To be sure I have, who has not; it is worthy of both the subject and the artist. How admirably the sculptor has represented him in his habitual attitude, with his hand in his pocket."

"Come, Jonathan," said Bishop, "let us have the lines you wrote on the statuette. No nonsense now, if you please—out with them."

"Well, but I must first tell you how I came to see the statuette. I was walking one day with a friend through the upper end of Grafton-street. 'Come,' said he, 'I will give you a treat—let us see the studio of Jones the sculptor.' 'With all my heart,' said I. We knocked at the door, which was opened by a little boy, and, my friend having the *entrée*, we went up stairs. We entered the studio, which was crowded with busts and figures. At the farther end of the room stood a rather slender man, with a sallow face and brown whiskers, busily occupied in modelling the drapery of a female figure. He did not at first notice our presence, but when we approached nearer, he raised his head and saluted us without speaking or discontinuing his work. I was about to address him, when my friend caught me by the arm. 'Hush,' whispered he, 'you must not speak to Jones while he is working. Great oddity—like all geniuses. Come and look at this beautiful group.' We went through the room, inspecting the compositions. I had no difficulty in recognising many fine likenesses, and was particularly struck with the life-like power which the artist gave to the eyes. The statuette charmed me, and I could not help expressing my admiration in a low tone to my friend. Meantime the sculptor continued to work in silence, and 'the fit being still upon him,' I was obliged, to my great mortification, to go away without an introduction.

There was a tittering on every side of me, which soon broke into a roar.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I am happy to have caused you so much merriment, though I don't exactly understand how."

"Done, be daad," said Rhadamanthus, "and no mistake."

"Brown," said Pygmalion.

I looked to the President for an explanation, and learned from him, as soon as he had acquired sufficient composure, that the artist I had seen was a poor deaf and dumb fellow, a clever assistant of Mr. Jones.

"And now for your lines, brother," said he, "I see Pygmalion is anxiously waiting for them."

Thus exhorted, I produced from my pocketbook and read the following lines:—

ON JONES'S STATUETTE OF WILLIAM DARGAN.

I.

See this fair statuette : from the purest of stones
 A marvellous artist did block it ;
 'Twas wrought by the exquisite chisel of Jones—
 The man with his hand in his pocket.

II.

How stalwart the figure ! How manly of mould !
 Each limb, strongly set in its socket ;
 How firmly he stands, self-reliant and bold,
 That man with his hand in his pocket.

III.

Those features so massive, that forehead immense,
 Prove the block forms the head of no blockhead ;
 What a face full of talent, and goodness, and sense,
 Has that man with his hand in his pocket.

IV.

That hand holds no hard, sordid gripe of his gold,
 For the good of mankind he'll unlock it ;
 For science and art thousands freely are told,
 By this man with his hand in his pocket.

V.

William Dargan ! with pride shall the land of thy birth
 Show, if any henceforth dare to mock it,
 A son nobler far than most lords of the earth,
 This man with his hand in his pocket.

VI.

Of nature so simple, of heart so benign,
 Of purpose so firm, nought can rock it ;
 Of mind so capacious to grasp and design,
 Is this man with his hand in his pocket.

VII.

Here our children may see, when *he* 's laid in the dust,
 And his light burned out in its socket,
 God's noblest of works, a man generous and just,
 This man with his hand in his pocket.

"The verses may be very well," said Pygmalion ; "but as for the statuette, I think I could produce one as good myself."

"Bravo, Pyg," cried Philalethes. "Perhaps it is your own, my boy."

Pygmalion did not blush, for his face was habitually too ruddy to permit of such a phenomenon, but he looked modest, and that did quite as well ; whereupon Bishop exclaimed—

"A fine ! a fine upon Philalethes !—he has been guilty of telling the truth, for once in his life."

"Truth !" retorted Philalethes, with mock indignation. "What do you know about truth."

The reply of Bishop, which would, no doubt, have embodied an eloquent discourse upon veracity, was prevented by the President, who called out—

"A fine upon you both. You, Bishop, shall sing a song, for impugning the veracity of a brother ; and you, Philalethes, shall tell a story, for meddling with what you do not understand. Said I not well, brethren ?"

There was a general assent to the award of Wilddrake.

"I will sing willingly," said Bishop, "if we can get voices to join me. There is Bach, and Heinrich, and a soprano, at the end of the table. Come, Bach, you shall preside at the piano."

I turned my eyes towards the person addressed by Bishop. He was a young man, with a high, broad brow, and pale, massive features. His face was calm, with an expression almost of lassitude, and strikingly thoughtful; and his lank hair was brushed back from his forehead, and fell down the side of his head. I recognised one of the greatest musical geniuses of our country—a man who had established already a high celebrity, both as a composer and a performer. He answered the call of Bishop; and going to the instrument, after a few minutes' consultation, Bishop said—

"Now then, brothers, for a madrigal of our own Bach's:—

M A D R I G A L .

My ladye fayre
Sate by y^e mere
All in a shell-strawed cave;
And at her feete
I lay most sweete,
And marked y^e rippling wave.

Then strayghte did I
Unto her crie,
"My fayrest, thou mayest see,
"As waves doe flow
"Y^e moone below,
"My heart doth move to thee."

Then smyling say'd
To me y^e mayde
In coylye sportive moode—
"In soothe I know
"Doth ebbe and flow
"Beneath y^e moone y^e floode.

"But calm and bright
"Y^e orb of night
Must keep her place above,
"And though y^e tyde
"To her may glyde
"She ne'er to it doth move."

Bach's beautiful composition was received with loud commendation, and enthusiastically *encored*. Then the President said—

"Now, Philalethes, your story."

"It is not fair," replied the party addressed, "to call on me for a story. I spun you a long yarn on our last night; and there are abundance of good stories all about us. There's Pygmalion has a hundred of them stowed away in his noddle; only, I'm afraid, there isn't much truth in any of *his* tales."

"Slander!—gross slander!" said Pyg. "I claim the protection of the chair."

"You shall have it, most excellent sculptor—and a fair hearing, too, while you disprove the charge of our truth-loving brother."

"'Tisn't worth disproving," retorted the sculptor. "But there's a brother at the foot of the table who can tell us some of his recollections of old times, if he will. What say you, brother Moonshine. Will you come out with a story, Moses?"

A personage in the locality indicated slowly raised his head, as if the remark of Pygmalion had roused him from contemplation. He was a dreamy-looking

old man, with a pleasant, grog-fed, reddish nose, a large, mild, light-blue eye, and a bald, bullet head, haunted with all sorts of quaint, old-world notions, which he expressed from time to time like one of a bygone age, to the great delight of his auditory.

"Well, indeed," said he, "I don't know that I have anything to tell that you young folks would care to hear. But I should be sorry to refuse a call, and I will do my best to remember something of old times. Ah! the good old times when——"

"Come, none of your moralising, if you please; 'tis as bad as mixing your wine with water."

The old man passed his hand over his bald head once or twice, as if he were calling up the ghost of some old memory, and then said—

"Well, I'll tell you

A STAGE-COACH STORY.

IN all the changes that have taken place in this changeable world, since I had the pleasure of making acquaintance with it, the greatest is in travelling. When I was a youngster, I remember my father, who was Mayor of Cork in the year of grace '97, setting out for Dublin with the address from the Corporation of that loyal city to the Viceroy of the day. I remember it, as it were but yesterday. It was thought at that time to be a great journey, and the leave-taking of friends and relatives was not without tears. They took two days to reach Limerick; on the third they proceeded to Tullamore, where they slept; and on the fourth, taking ship in the canal boat, they arrived in the metropolis late at night. But now-a-days, what between railroads and steam coaches, men go——

The old gentleman gave a sweep of his hand from his breast till he stretched it at arm's length, and then let it drop by his side. How wonderful is the eloquence of action! Words were invented but to help it out. I have seen an Italian gather up the points of his fingers till his hand looked like a pineapple, and shake it with a grimace that would have done honour to an ape. I have seen a Frenchman elevate his shoulders till he endangered his ears; but old Moonshine's motion was altogether on a great scale. It was magnificent; it was natural—such as I should suppose Adam to have made to Eve when he showed her the world was all before them. The very form of expression was grand; it was incomplete; it savoured somewhat of infinity. "Men go," said he, with a wave of his hand—had he said "to the ends of the earth" it would have been nothing.

After a moment's pause the narrator proceeded: "I shall never forget my first journey from Limerick to Dublin. A day-coach had been established, which was considered a marvel of celerity. It left Swinburne's hotel early in the morning, and contrived to accomplish half of the journey that day, arriving late in the evening at Mountrath, where the travellers slept, whence, starting next morning, after an early breakfast, it entered the metropolis by the light of the old oil-lamps, upon the second day. You may yet see the old roadside inn a little way outside the town of Mountrath—a large, high house, retired a short way from the road, having a spacious sweep of gravelled space before it, and a multitude of windows; but, alas! it is now falling fast into decay; and one never sees the bustling face of the white-aproned waiter standing at the door, or hears the crack of the postillion's whip as he leads out his posters to horse a gentleman's travelling-carriage.

"Well, all that is past and gone. On the second day of our journey, we had all assembled drowsily in the parlour, which smelled villanously of the preceding night's supper, and had sat down to our hurried breakfast. By the time we had half finished our meal, a car drove up to the door, and in a few moments after a gentleman entered in a large drab travelling coat, with half a dozen capes, and a huge red shawl wound around his neck. He deposited a travelling-case leisurely on the sideboard, and then looked keenly around him. The survey did not seem to give him much gratification. The eggs had all disappeared, and the cold beef was in a very dilapidated condition. However, he sat down, took off his

coat and shawl, and addressed himself to the cold meat like a hungry man. The waiter made his appearance.

"Just five minutes more, gentlemen, the horses are putting to."

The traveller looked up quietly. He was not a man to be put out of his way. He ordered some eggs, and desired the waiter to make fresh tea.

"Are you going by the coach, sir?" inquired the attendant.

"Yes, certainly," was the reply, in an English accent (he was a traveller from a London house), "but I must have my breakfast first; so be quick, will you?"

The waiter left the room, and immediately after we heard the fellow telling the guard to be expeditious; an exhortation to which that worthy responded by a clamorous blast of his horn that made us all start from our seats, and hurry out of the room, leaving the English gentleman alone to finish his breakfast, which, to do him justice, he seemed by no means disposed to neglect. The waiter, meantime, brought in the tea, and retired; but was speedily summoned back by a vigorous ringing of the bell.

"A spoon, please," said the gentleman.

The waiter advanced to the table to procure the article, but, to his astonishment, there was not a spoon to be seen; nay, even those which had been in the cups had all disappeared.

"Blessed Virgin!" ejaculated the dismayed attendant, "what's become of all the spoons?"

"That's just what I want to know, you blockhead," said the other.

"Two dozen and a half—real silver," cried Tom.

"I want only one," said the gentleman. "Haven't you a spoon in your establishment, my man?"

Tom made no reply, but rushed distractedly out of the room, and running up to the coachman, cried out, "stop Dempsey, for the love of heaven!"

"All right!" says Dempsey, with a twirl of his whip, gathering up the reins, and preparing to start—for we had all taken our places.

"'Tisn't all right, I tell you," cried Tom, "where are the spoons?"

"What spoons? Arrah! don't be bothering us, man; and we five minutes behind time. Joey, hould that off-leader's head, till she goes on a bit."

By this time the master of the inn

had come out to learn what all the hubbub was about. Tom, half blubbing, poor fellow, made him acquainted with the fact, that all his silver spoons had vanished. The landlord cried out "robbery!" the housemaids screamed out "murder!" and a variety of other exclamations, too dreadful to contemplate. When silence was restored, the inn-keeper insisted on stopping the coach till he ascertained if the report of Tom was true. Ere many moments he returned, as pale as a ghost, and said—

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry to trouble you; but I must beg you'll come down, till a search is made for my property. Tom, here, will swear that there was a spoon in every tea-cup this morning as usual—won't you, Tom?"

"Be dad I'll take my Bible-oath of that same, sure enough," replied Tom; "and sure I didn't swallow them."

The passengers all indignantly refused to submit to the search proposed by the landlord. An old lady inside went off in hysterics, when the inn-keeper opened the door, and proposed to turn her pockets inside out. There was an officer, with a wooden leg, on the box-seat, who swore, in the most awful manner, that he would run the first man through the body that attempted to lay a hand on him—by the way, he hadn't a sword, but he forgot that in his fury. There was a justice of the peace for the county, who protested that he would commit the host for contempt; and a Dublin attorney in the back-seat intimated his determination to indict Tom, who had laid hold of his leg, for an assault; and, moreover, to commence an action against his master for defamation. As I was but a youngster then, and the weakest of the party, the landlord chucked me down in a twinkling, and hauled me into the parlour, half dead with fright; and thereupon the rest of the passengers, including the wooden-legged captain, scrambled down, and followed, determined to make common cause and protect me from insult with their lives, if necessary. And now we were all again in the breakfast-room, clamouring and remonstrating, while, to add to the din, the guard kept up a continual brattle with his horn. All this time the English gentleman was steadily prosecuting his work upon the eggs and toast, with a cup of tea before him,

which he was leisurely sipping, quite at his ease like.

"What the deuce is the matter?" said he, looking up, "can't you let a man take his breakfast in comfort."

"The plate!" said the master.

"The silver spoons!" cried the butler.

"Robbery!" shouted the mistress.

"Murder!" &c., screamed the housemaids.

"Search every one," demanded the host; "come, let us begin with this young chap," diving his hand into my breeches pocket.

"I think," said the English gentleman, coolly, "'twould be as well first to search the premises. Is the waiter long in your service?"

"Fifteen years last Shrovetide, and I defy any man to lay as much as the big of his nail to my charge."

By this time the English gentleman had finished his breakfast, and, wiping his mouth deliberately, he commenced to search the room. He opened every drawer of the sideboard, then he looked under the table, then behind the window-shutters, but all in vain. After that he stopped a moment to reflect, when a bright thought seemed to cross his mind, and he raised the lid of one of the teapots, but with as little success as before; nevertheless, he continued his examination of the teapots, and when he came to the last, what do you think, but he thrust in his hand, and drew out first one spoon, and then another, till he laid a number of them on the table. Tom rushed up and began to count—"Two, four, six," and so on, till at length he exclaimed—

"May I never see glory, bnt they're all right, every one. The Lord between us and harm, but this bangs all that ever I seen!"

"I'll tell you what, my man," said the gentleman, looking sternly at the astonished waiter, "I strongly suspect you have been playing tricks upon your master. A nice haul you'd have had of it when the company had gone away! I don't like the look of the fellow, I tell you," he continued, addressing himself to the host; "and if it wasn't for the fortunate circumstances of my coming in a little late and wanting a spoon, you would have lost your property, sir. You may count it a lucky day that I came to your house."

The landlord was struck dumb with

amazement; even the mistress hadn't a word to say, though she looked wickedly at poor Tom, and the housemaids began to cry and bless themselves.

"Gentlemen," proceeded the Englishman, "I hope you will overlook the insult you have received; as, after all, the landlord is not to be blamed; and if he will insist on this blackguard waiter making an ample apology, I will take upon me to say for you all, that you will not take any proceedings."

All cheerfully expressed their assent to the proposition except the attorney, who still muttered something about assault and defamation, which so terrified Tom that he most humbly entreated pardon of the whole company, though he still protested that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge.

"Gammon!" said the gentleman; "but as you have made proper submission, and nothing has been lost, I shall make it a further condition with your master, that he won't turn you adrift on the world with a thief's character, but give you an opportunity of reforming. Keep a sharp eye on him, however, sir, I advise you. And now, gentlemen, I think we'd better be moving."

We all hurried out and took our places, the English gentleman getting up on the seat behind the coachman. Dempsey "threw the silk" into the horses; the guard blew an impatient blast on his horn, and off we went at a slapping pace, the host bowing humbly to us until we were out of sight.

"I'm driving on this road these ten years," said Dempsey, when he slackened his pace up a hill; "and I never knew such a thing as that to happen before."

"Very likely," said the Englishman, quietly, "and never will again."

"I always thought Tom Reilly was as honest a fellow, man and boy, as any in the parish."

"I make no doubt he is," replied the other; "he has a very honest countenance."

"I thought, sir," said the captain, "you said you didn't like his look?"

"Maybe I did say so," was the reply.

"And pray, sir, do you still think 'twas he hid the spoons?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Then who the d—l did?"

"I did. Do you think I'm green enough to travel so cold a morning as

this without having a comfortable breakfast?"

"Well," said Dempsey, "that's the knowingest trick I ever heard of in my life."

"Not bad," replied the gentleman, with great *sang froid*, "but it won't do to be repeated."

When we arrived at Portarlinton, the gentleman—who, by the way, turned out to be a very pleasant fellow, and up to all sorts of life—got off the coach, and ordered his travelling-case to be taken into the inn.

"Do you stop here, sir?" asked the coachman.

"Yes, for the present. I have a little business to do here as well as at Mountrath."

The gentleman, having given the usual gratuity to the guard and coachman, and also a slip of paper to Dempsey, which he directed him to give to the host at Mountrath, passed into the inn; the coach drove on, and I never saw him again.

Dempsey having pocketed the shilling, looked at the paper with some curiosity, in which, to say the truth, we all shared.

"There's no harm in reading it, as it is open," said the Captain, taking it from Dempsey.

They were a few lines, written in

pencil, on the leaf of a pocket-book, and the Captain read them out—I remember them to this day:—

"This is to certify that Tom Reilly put nothing into the teapot this morning except hot water and sloe-leaves, and that the other ingredients, the spoons, were added by me, for the purpose of giving the composition some strength. I further certify that the aforesaid spoons are capital for making 'stir.'

"Given under my hand,

"ELKANAH SMITHERS, JUN."

You may be sure we all enjoyed this finish to the joke, and Dempsey forwarded the paper by the down-coach, that poor Tom Reilly's character might be cleared with the least possible delay. Tom was fully reinstated in the confidence of his employers; but the landlady had got such a fright, that she determined her silver spoons should never again be placed at the mercy of any traveller. Accordingly, she transferred them to the private part of the establishment, substituting for them in the public room a set of very neat pewter articles—there was no German silver, or albata, or such things in those days—which, when cleaned, looked nearly as well as silver. Many a time I stirred my tea at breakfast with one of them, and thought of "Elkanah Smithers, jun."

When the story was concluded, the conversation again became broken, and many pleasant things were said up and down the table, which I have now forgotten. At length the President rose, and, filling his glass, said—"Brothers, to our next merry meeting!" We all drank the toast: then the Hochmystiker left his chair, and the party dissolved as rapidly as a mist melts away before the sun on a summer morning.

Ever yours, most mystically,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

HEROES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—NO. III.

JULIUS CÆSAR AND NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

"High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, and horrible with blood;
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame—
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!"—POPE'S HOMER, Book XX.

"————— Fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?"—SHAKESPEARE.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?"—BYRON.

THE question demanded in the last of the poetical extracts we have selected to head this essay, may be answered by pointing to a very circumscribed list of patriot kings and heroes, whose public services were untinged by selfish feelings, or a thirst for power unlimited. Such, for instance, as Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Alfred the Great, Henry IV. of France, Gustavus Adolphus, Epaminondas, Scipio, Washington, and Wellington. Rigid justice must exclude from this exalted cohort, the first Cæsar and the first Napoleon, despite their brilliant deeds, versatile endowments, and consummate mastery in the arts of war and legislation. With Alexander, they must be ranked more as representative types of personal ambition, than as true lovers of their country, zealous only for the common good. Men, *illustrious* in their actions rather than *great* by their superior virtue. A wide distinction exists between the two classes. The one acknowledges no private interest, but labours only for the general happiness of the world. The other is absorbed in himself, and aims less at honour than *honours*. The subject has been discussed by ancient philosophers and Christian moralists. Lord Bacon reverts to it in many discursive passages. An eminent French writer, the Abbé de St. Pierre,* delivered, in the French Academy, an elaborate discourse on this particular topic, published afterwards in his collected works, and which may be read with advantage, as sound and clear both in reasoning and application.

Exploits which are neither praiseworthy nor virtuous in themselves, as not having the general advantage for their motive, may yet sometimes be invested with a seeming greatness from extraordinary success, as in the cases of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon. Surmounted difficulties excite admiration, as proofs of extraordinary courage or ability. The superior genius which triumphs where others fail, will achieve a colossal reputation; but if the originating principle is not based on moral rectitude, if a thirst for glory supersedes the sense of duty, there can be no true greatness, although there may be immeasurable fame. Considered in the light of a public benefactor, Socrates is superior to Cæsar. The most dazzling victories of warrior-kings are nothing, in permanent utility, when compared with their peaceful or scientific achievements; although the latter are less talked of, and less frequently associated with their memories. Alexander promoted human happiness more by the cities he founded than by those he destroyed. The effects of Arbela, Pharsalia, and Marengo, have been effaced by other battles and subsequent revolutions. But the Periplus of Nearchus helped to solve a geographical problem, the Julian Style almost perfected the Calendar, and the Code Napoleon has condensed a system of jurisprudence which, however it may be altered and improved, never can be superseded.

When Lord Bacon pronounced Julius Cæsar the most complete character of all antiquity, he applied the eulo-

* Not the author of "Paul and Virginia," but an earlier writer of superior ability, although less generally read. He was expelled the Academy for boldly denying the right of Louis XIV. to the title of "Great." Died 1743. His project for a perpetual peace was called by the profligate Cardinal Dubois, "the dream of a good man."

gium more in reference to his incomparable attainments and almost supernatural capacity, than with veneration for his moral attributes. In these he has been exceeded, while, as a military leader, a statesman, legislator, orator, astronomer, scholar, and author, it is difficult to produce a parallel. Neither can this be effected without multiplying competitors, for never in any other instance were so many qualities united to such excellence in a single person. Pliny records of the first Cæsar, that he could employ at the same moment his ears to listen, his eyes to read, his hand to write, and his mind to dictate.* The sentence has been paraphrased by Gibbon, in summing up the character of his favourite hero, Julian. But, in either case it sounds more like the hyperbole of a poet than the sober conviction of a philosophic historian. The intellectual constitution of the two emperors must have differed materially from that of Cornelius De Witt, who was wont to say, that he only got through his complicated business by attending to one thing at a time.

Lord Byron, in a poetical comparison of Cæsar and Napoleon, calls the latter—

"The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
Was modelled in a less terrestrial mould,
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold.
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
At Cleopatra's feet—and now himself, he beam'd,
And came—and saw—and conquer'd!"†

Then he adds, in an appendix:—

"But we must not be so much dazzled with the surpassing glory of Cæsar, or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his impartial countrymen—he was justly slain!"

"*Jure cæsus existimetur*" is the expression of Suetonius, a trustworthy historian, who is disposed to "nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice." On the retributive justice of Cæsar's death, it may be superfluous to argue. On the political expediency, opinions are more divided. The Roman Republic, that popular and long cherished fallacy, already a shadow without substance, gained little by a substitution of names and persons. The people passed from one despotism

to another, less scrupulous and more confirmed. Had they possessed the advantage of reading and digesting Montesquieu's "*Esprit des Lois*" and "*Grandeur et decadence des Romains*" (which was impossible, because these works were not written), the time-hallowed assassination in the Capitol would never have taken place, nor would the lofty scene have been acted over many ages after, as Shakspeare says—

"In states unborn, and accents yet unknown."

Talleyrand, the astute and unprincipled, denounced the execution of the Duc D'Enghien as worse than a crime—he stigmatised it as a mistake. He felt more contempt for the error in judgment than for the obliquity in conscience. The immolation of Cæsar, when called by its right name, was not the act of an insulted nation rising to vindicate its liberty, but the secret conspiracy of a few jealous nobles, who desired to wield the power they saw usurped by another. A contest between oligarchy and individual despotism—an unmixed choice of evils, with the chances heavily against a change. Hear the sentiments of the faction in the mouth of Cassius, their organ and active representative, as recorded by the truest exponent of history to whom we can refer:—

"I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life—but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself."‡

This passes for patriotism, but what is it in fact but personal ambition under another form, as the sequel proved? There is strong similarity between the death of Cæsar in the Capitol, and that of Henry IV. of France in the street of La Feronnerie. Both were cut off by premeditated assassination, and in contempt of repeated warnings. But how differently were their thoughts employed, and their faculties directed, when the blow fell, which curtailed their days and annihilated their deeply-laid arrangements. When the Roman autocrat was surprised in the senate-house by the daggers of men whose lives he had spared in unsuspecting clemency, he was organising a vast system of universal conquest, and dreamed of carrying the Roman eagles to the extremities of the ancient world,

* Lib. vii. cap. 25.

† "*Childe Harold*," canto iv. stanza 90.

‡ Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*. Act 1. Scene 2.

with terror and desolation in their van, chains and vassalage in their rear. His ambition was neither sated nor checked by the advance of years, the necessity of repose, the ever-flowing tide of success, the absence of rivalry, or the proverbial uncertainty of all human fortunes. He had deeply studied history and philosophy, but he listened not to their prophetic examples. Henry of Navarre, on the contrary, when he perished under the knife of Ravallac, in the full enjoyment of the power he had long fought for as his delegated right, was occupied with the grandest, the noblest conception that ever entered the heart of a real philanthropist—a plan for a vast European confederacy, embracing perpetual peace and friendly intercourse, of which his own kingdom was to be the central pivot, and he, the founder, promoter, and protector. It was not permitted by divine intelligence that either of these gigantic schemes should be carried into effect. The opposite lessons appear to be intended for all generations of men to study and apply, rather than to exhaust time in disputing the accuracy of the details, or in speculating on the impenetrable causes. They suggest reflections which elevate the value of history and biography far beyond the rank of chronological memoranda, or a simple recital of occurrences; while they fill the mind with ample stores of thought, to be often drawn upon, but always with moral advantage, added wisdom, and increasing happiness. Faith in apparent truth, in preference to systematic doubt or suspicion of every thing, we imagine to be the best use of knowledge and experience, and the secret of intellectual enjoyment; far more profitable than the licentious waste of learning, which seeks to prove, by ingenious cavils, that all the motives and actions of men have been mis-stated for two thousand years; that we know little of anything, except through the exaggerated medium of prejudice or intentional falsehood; and, finally, to entangle the reasoning faculties in a maze of perplexed conjecture, until, as Macbeth says—

“Function is smother’d in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.”

A solemn historian* observes, that
“the generality of princes, if they

were stript of the regal mantle and cast naked into the world, would immediately sink to the lowest rank of society, without a hope of emerging from obscurity.” The opinion, whether just or jaundiced, is applied to lineal possessors of sovereignty, and not to the bold adventurer who carves out his passage to a kingdom with the point of his sword. He must possess personal merit above accidental advantages and independent of fortune. He cannot outrun competition except by superior strength of character, by intrepid courage, and intense activity of mind and body. It is therefore likely that he is well fitted for and equal to the station he has grasped, however objectionable may be the means he has employed. Sylla, Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon, proved themselves as capable of government as if they had been born in the purple, and had ascended the throne by hereditary right. Alexander wept at thirty-two, because he could no longer find worlds to conquer. Cæsar shed tears when he reflected that he had done nothing at the age when Alexander had established for himself an immortal name. In both it was a selfish feeling. The thirst for glory, the spur of inordinate ambition. The man who declared that he would rather be the first in a village than the second in Rome, gave sufficient indications of a power and spirit to command, but was little likely to practise the severer virtue of implicit obedience. In one respect Sylla exceeded Cæsar in personal magnanimity. He resigned the power he might have retained, and walked the Forum fearless and unarmed, as if in utter contempt of the vengeance he had excited, and the countless enemies engendered by his cruelties. “The Romans were satisfied with this voluntary abdication, for had they not respected, they would certainly have slain him.”† But the generous nature of Cæsar was incapable of the butcheries of Sylla. Had he not pardoned the prisoners of Pharsalia, the tragedy of the Ides of March would never have been recorded. This was nearly anticipated by the proscriptions of Sylla, in which the future emperor, then a stripling, was included. Cæsar was connected with the family of Marius by the marriage of his aunt Julia, and

* Gibbon. “Decline and Fall.”

VOL. XII.—NO. CCXLII.

† Lord Byron. Note to “Childe Harold,” canto iv.

naturally hostile to Sylla. The sanguinary dictator had pronounced his doom, and upon some of his friends remarking, that there was no need to put such a boy to death, observed — “Their sagacity was small, if they did not see in that boy many Mariuses.”* Even at that early age he penetrated the ambition of his character, and perceived his superior abilities. So did the father of Napoleon, on his death-bed, predict the greatness of his second son. Joseph is the eldest,” said he, “but Napoleon will be the head of the family.” Napoleon, in the commencement of his career, possessed none of the advantages which Cæsar inherited—rank, wealth, and influential connexion. Both existed in a period of turmoil and revolution, which broke down all established barriers, and left an open field of contest for the boldness and capacity, which might create and seize its own opportunities. In the one case, these opportunities offered themselves to Cæsar; in the other, Napoleon had to hunt them out, or lie perpetually on the watch until they fell in his way. The onward career of Cæsar was assisted by his patrician dignity, which confined rivalry to his own class, and narrowed the field of competition. That of Napoleon derived no help from his obscure position as a sub-lieutenant of artillery, without money or friends. The accidents of birth and fortune placed Cæsar half way up the eminence which Napoleon had to ascend from its base. Yet he surmounted the summit more rapidly when he began to rise, and at a much earlier period of life. Different forms of society, and wide distinctions in feeling and opinion, had rendered it much more difficult for a successful soldier to reach Imperial power in modern Europe than in ancient Rome.

Every minute particular regarding the youth of Napoleon has been disclosed to posterity. We are familiar with his manners, his reserve, his caustic brevity of speech, his inattention to dress, his personal appearance, his domineering temper, and his unremitting application to all branches of study likely to lead to military distinction. From earliest youth he was intended for a soldier. He was always proud of his novitiate service in the artillery, which he considered the most effective arm in

modern warfare, and by which he won more than one of his most brilliant battles. At Montmirail, in 1814, he dismounted, pointed a gun, and observed, “Let me once more return to my old trade.” Of the early years of Cæsar, and of his youthful habits, little is particularly known. While in boyhood, he was sent to Rhodes to study oratory under Apollonius. Nature had gifted him with inherent taste, zeal for the acquirement of knowledge, and superior eloquence. He was originally intended for the bar, and met with such success at his first introduction into forensic warfare, that if he had pursued his fortune as an advocate he might have rivalled Cicero, and would have far surpassed all other competitors. But he already felt the whispers of ambition, and the inward impulse of military renown, although for the present he was compelled to stifle both. We have no purpose, in a limited essay, to embrace a review in detail of all the great actions of two lives, so full of incident and adventure, as those of the first Roman, and the first French Emperor. We purpose merely a general survey and comparison, with a separate examination of the most celebrated battle in which each was victorious, Pharsalia and Austerlitz. Both were won by superior skill, and ended in the utter overthrow of the enemy. Both established the reputation and power of the conqueror, and gave to each the permanent stamp of legitimacy, which defeat would have obliterated. Until Cæsar passed the boundaries of his province, and crossed the Rubicon, he was the sworn servant of the commonwealth, the soldier of the Roman Senate; holding command by their decree, and bound to resign it at their behest. Until Napoleon landed in France from Egypt, without permission from the existing government, and left his army, to look after his own personal interest, he was a delegated general, subject to constituted authority. From the moment when each ventured on the decisive act of disobedience, it became evident, he was either, if unsuccessful, a rebel, or if fortunate, a dictator. The same result attended the audacity of both. Pompey fled from Rome, and Cæsar entered the capital in triumph. Napoleon, by a *coup de main*, and the presence of

* See Plutarch and Suetonius, in Vit. Cæs.

his grenadiers, dissolved the Council of Five Hundred (as Cromwell packed off the Long Parliament), and established the Consulate, which was virtually the Empire. The name was of little consequence to either Cæsar or Napoleon — the unlimited power remained in the hands of both.

Cæsar reduced all Italy in sixty days, without shedding blood. His adversaries receded before the storm they could not quell, and wasted no resources in useless resistance. Pompey retreated from Brundisium, across the Adriatic Sea, to Dyrrachium. Cæsar then proceeded to Spain, determined to reduce that province, which had espoused the cause of his rival, and to leave no enemy behind him. This campaign, and his manœuvres at Alesia, in which he completely circumvented and demolished his unskilful opponents, may be reckoned amongst the most signal instances of his consummate generalship. Having disposed of the army under Petreius and Afranius, in Spain, he rapidly retraced his steps through Italy, and transported his forces across the Adriatic to Dyrrachium (where Pompey had intrenched himself), determined to bring on a general engagement, and, if possible, to finish the quarrel between himself and his rival, by a conclusive victory. He was fond of uttering apothegms, and on this occasion observed — “I am going to encounter a general without troops after having defeated troops without a general.” He spoke not of the actual numbers enrolled under the banners of Pompey, but of their inexperience in war, and inferiority in courage, as compared with his own tried veterans. His army suffered much from want of supplies, and his military chest was empty; while Pompey, having the command of the sea, with an overwhelming fleet, revelled in abundance. His object was delay; that of his adversary immediate action. Cæsar hazarded an imprudent attack on the enemy’s lines, as Gustavus Adolphus did many centuries after, when he assailed the position of Wallenstein, at Nuremberg. A similar error of two great generals, attended by similar consequences. Both sustained a sharp repulse, which greater vigour on the part of their opponents, might have rendered ruinous. Each encountered great personal danger, and was com-

pelled to throw aside the leading staff of command, and fight in the ranks, to encourage their flying soldiers. Napoleon found himself in the same extremity at Krasnœ, on the retreat from Moscow. Drawing his sword, he exclaimed — “I have played the Emperor long enough, I must now again become Buonaparte.” Cæsar himself said of his miscarriage at Dyrrachium — “This day victory would have declared for the enemy, if their commander had known how to conquer.” He stated his own loss at nine hundred and sixty foot, and four hundred horse, amongst whom were several Roman knights, five tribunes, and thirty-two centurians.* But he suffered most under the loss of reputation, which preyed on his mind; and the night which followed proved the most melancholy one of his life.† Already murmurs began to be heard, with tokens of wavering allegiance. He had triumphed over countless hordes of barbarian tribes in Gaul and Germany; he had foiled, and laughed to scorn, the tactics of Pompey’s lieutenants in Spain; but when he encountered the great Pompey himself, his star turned pale, while his genius appeared to be subdued and rebuked, as if in presence of a superior. So was it with Napoleon, when he encountered his first serious check, on the sanguinary day of Essling, in the Austrian campaign of 1809, and was cooped up with his whole army in the island of Lobau, on the Danube. Europe already began to exult, as if the hour of her liberation had arrived; but in less than six weeks, the beleaguered lion liberated himself by a masterly manœuvre, threw bridges across the river, turned the flanks of his enemy’s position, and on the field of Wagram achieved a signal triumph, which ended the war, and enabled him to dictate peace on his own terms. Cæsar, after his repulse at Dyrrachium, finding it impossible to maintain his ground, principally from the want of provisions, which produced a contagious sickness in his army, broke up suddenly from his encampment, and marched away into the fertile plains of Thessaly, hoping to induce his adversary to follow, and give him the chance he so much desired, of open combat in a fair field. Pompey was overruled by the impetuosity or vanity of those about him, and offered the

* *De Bello Civili*, l. iii. c. 71.

† *Plutarch. In Vit. Cæs.*

opportunity, which every principle of policy or prudence called upon him to withhold. His sun set for ever at Pharsalia, and Cæsar remained master of the world, without a surviving competitor of formidable pretensions. It would have been better for Pompey to have fallen leading the charge of his cavalry, than to perish gloriously, and by ignoble hands, on the shore at Pelusium. So had it been more in character for Napoleon to have died with his Imperial Guards, by the fire of a British square, at Waterloo, than to linger six years in wasting disease on the rock of St. Helena. The ends of the greatest men who have filled the world with their fame, sometimes convey a deeper moral than the most glowing incidents of their lives.

On the dawn of Pharsalia, Cæsar was preparing to strike his tents, and shift his encampment to Scotusa, a city of Thessaly, lying towards the north. He felt persuaded that Pompey would avoid an action, and, therefore, chose to march in search of provisions, as well as to harass the enemy by frequent change of position, trusting that in some of these movements they might lay themselves open to the chance of attack. Operations somewhat similar to these occurred previous to the battle of Salamanca, when the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Marmont manoeuvred in close proximity for several weeks, and moved in parallel lines over a vast tract of country, each watching until the other should give him an opportunity to strike. When Cæsar's scouts brought him intelligence, that the enemy were moving out of their camp in order of battle, and determined to fight, he saw that the anticipated moment had at last arrived. "The long-wished-for day is come," said he, "on which we shall fight with men, and not with want and famine."* His soldiers felt confident of victory, and were equally elated with himself. So surely did he anticipate the result, that he ordered his intrenchments to be filled up, assuring his troops that they would be masters of the enemy's camp before night. His own account of the battle is very perspicuous and soldier-like. Appian and Plutarch differ from him in some important particulars, but we follow his recital as the more eligible authority. Cæsar wrote his commentaries as the events occurred, from his

own observation, and details the operations he himself directed. As he enlarges freely on his errors and mischances, there is no reason to suppose he exaggerates his successes. After the lapse of nineteen centuries, his military notes come down to us as models of clear and elegant style in composition, and carrying internal evidence of authenticity. As it has been before remarked, there is a peculiar grace, and absence of egotism, in his use of the third person, when speaking of his own exploits. Asinius Pollio, a contemporary warrior and writer (afterwards of consular rank), who outlived Cæsar forty-eight years, composed a history of the wars, which has been lost; but Suetonius says,† that he charged Cæsar with inaccuracy in his Commentaries. In this imputation he stands alone, as no other author appears to have seconded him.

As Hannibal scarcely rose to his own level at Zama, so did Pompey fall beneath the high renown of his earlier days at Pharsalia. On his part, this campaign was defective from the beginning. His first great error lay in being enticed inland from the sea, by which he removed to a distance from his resources, and lost the co-operation of his superior fleet, a certain means of improving success or repairing failure. Secondly, nothing should have induced him to play the game of Cæsar, by offering battle when he did, although his overwhelming numbers gave strong expectation of victory; and, lastly, he left the field too soon, and fled in despair, while his army were fighting on without a general. Cæsar, on the contrary, appears to have calculated everything, and to have retrieved his incautious attack on the lines of Dyrrachium, by a series of after-operations, as ably planned as they were triumphantly accomplished. The searching truth of history hesitates to place Pompey in the first rank of first-rate commanders. Hannibal and Scipio at Zama — Napoleon and Wellington at Waterloo, come more closely into parallel than does the conqueror of Mithridates, when opposed to Cæsar at Pharsalia. The early title of *Magnus*, or "Great," bestowed on Pompey by Sylla, gave him a preponderating reputation, and his victories in the East eclipsed the glories of Lucullus. But battles against the effeminate hordes of Asia were easily won, in comparison

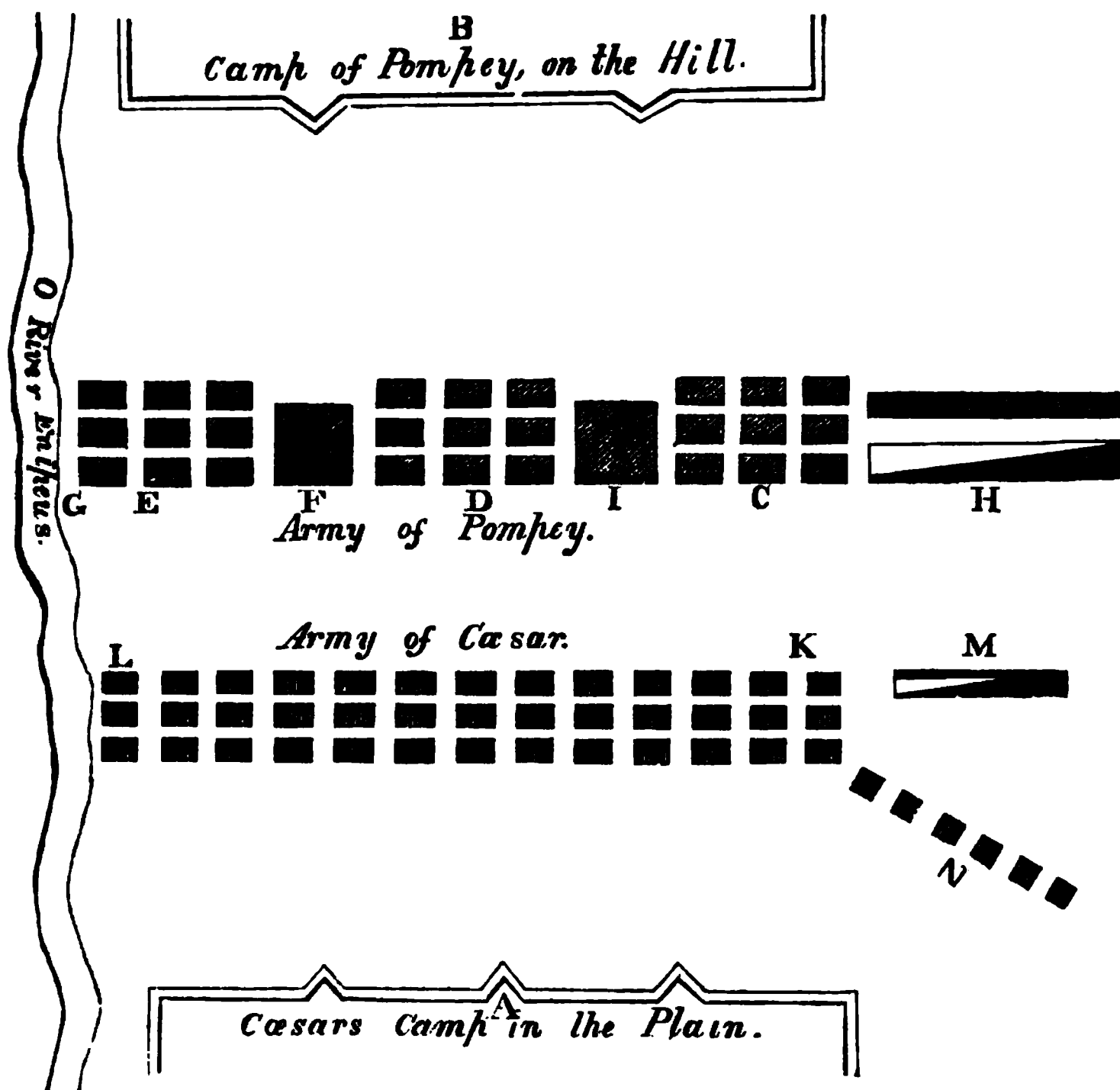
* See Plut., Appian, and Suetonius.

† In Vit. Jul. Cæs. i. 56.

with the severer struggles against the hardy tribes of Northern Europe. When Cæsar overthrew Pharnaces, the son and successor of Mithridates, at Zela, he described the facility of his conquest in the celebrated and laconic letter to his friend Amintius, at Rome —“*Veni, vidi, vici*”—I came, I saw, I conquered. He also observed, that when his thoughts reverted to his difficult campaigns in Gaul and Germany, he sighed to think how cheaply Lucullus and Pompey had earned their laurels. Sertorius had given Pompey some rough lessons in Spain, and impressed on him the difference of battles in which Romans encountered each

other. When Pompey thought to surround and besiege Sertorius at Lauron (now Liria, near Valencia), he came suddenly on his rear, took him by surprise, and gave him a signal defeat. “I will teach that scholar of Sylla,” said he, “that a good general ought to look behind, rather than before him.” Again, at Tutia, he would have utterly destroyed the army of Pompey, had not Metellus, his colleague, arrived with fresh forces, at the turning crisis of the battle. “If the old woman had not interfered,” said Sertorius, as he reluctantly drew off from the field, “I would have flogged the boy soundly, and sent him back again to Rome.”*

BATTLE OF PHARSALIA, SHOWING THE ORDER OF BOTH ARMIES PREVIOUS TO THE MOMENT OF ENGAGING. NO. 1.



- C. First and Third Legions, which formed Pompey's left wing, and had been delivered over to him by order of the Senate at the commencement of the quarrel.
D. The Syrian Legions, forming the centre of Pompey's army.
E. Pompey's right wing, consisting of the Cilician Legions and Spanish Cohorts brought by Afranius.
F. Cohorts between the right wing and main body.
G. Right flank of Pompey's army, resting on and covered by the Enipeus.
H. Pompey's cavalry in a heavy mass, supported by the archers and slingers, 7,000 strong.
I. Cohorts between the left wing and centre.
K. Cæsar's Tenth Legion, on the right.
L. Ninth Legion strengthened with the eighth, on the left wing.
M. Cæsar's cavalry, 1,000 strong.
N. Six cohorts or battalions of infantry, drawn from the reserve, 3,000 men.
O. River Enipeus, of which the banks were very steep.

* Plut. in Vit. Sert.

On both these occasions, there can be no doubt that Pompey was beaten by superior generalship. Whenever Cæsar sustained a check, he brought it on himself by attempting, in the face of insuperable odds, more than even his soldiers were equal to achieve.

Pompey came forth to battle at Pharsalia against his conviction, and with forebodings of failure. Cæsar grappled with the chance, in the full confidence of victory. So did Napoleon, when the sun rose bright and unclouded on the morning of that cold December day in 1805, which heralded in his greatest triumph; and, on more than one similar occasion, he pointed to the great luminary of nature, and exclaimed—"Behold the Sun of Austerlitz!"

When Cæsar approached the camp of Pompey,* he found his army ready for combat, and drawn up in the following manner. In the left wing were the two legions delivered over by Cæsar at the beginning of the quarrel, in obedience to a decree of the senate. These were the first and third, and here Pompey (according to Cæsar) commanded in person. Plutarch says, in opposition to this, that Pompey placed himself in his right wing. It seems surprising that the account which Cæsar himself has left us should meet with contradiction on this essential point; but so it is, and we must compare the value of the authorities, as we cannot reconcile them. It appears unlikely that the general-in-chief, on whom all depended, should take post at a distance from the place where the decisive conflict was certainly indicated. Scipio, Pompey's father-in-law, commanded in the centre, with the legions he had brought out of Syria. The Cilician Legion, joined to the Spanish Cohorts, under the leading of Afranius, formed the right wing. These Pompey esteemed his best troops, distributing the less expert in separate cohorts between the wings and the main body. He had in all one hundred and ten cohorts, amounting to 45,000 men; besides two cohorts of volunteers, who had served under him in former wars, and who, out of affection to their old general, though their legal time of service had expired, flocked to his standard on this occasion, and were distributed amongst the whole army. His other seven cohorts were left to guard the camp and the adjoining forts. The

troops were disposed after the usual manner of Roman tactics, in three lines, with very little spaces between them. The Enipeus, a river with steep banks, covered the right. On the extreme left, 7,000 cavalry were drawn up in a compact mass, supported by the archers and slingers. This gallant body contained many of the noblest youths of Rome, splendidly mounted and equipped, glittering in gold and silver, but totally inexperienced in war, although dangerous and imposing from their overwhelming numbers.

When Cæsar observed the dispositions of his adversary, he at once penetrated their object, and saw that his intention was to break and surround his right flank, by the superior weight of his horse. He therefore made corresponding movements to counteract the impending danger. According to custom, he placed the tenth legion in the right, and the ninth in the left wing. As this last had been considerably weakened by the several actions at Dyrrachium, he joined the eighth to it in such manner, that they formed as it were but one corps, and received orders mutually to relieve each other. His infantry amounted to eighty cohorts, in all 22,000 men, besides two cohorts left to guard the camp. Domitius Calvinus commanded in the centre, Mark Antony on the left, and Publius Sylla on the right. Cæsar took his post opposite to Pompey, at the head of the tenth legion, that he might watch his motions and keep him always in sight. Observing that his extreme right was considerably outflanked, and exposed to be enveloped by Pompey's cavalry, he draughted six cohorts or battalions of infantry, each 500 strong, from his reserve. With these he formed a fourth division of 3,000 picked troops, not prolonging the regular line, but facing obliquely to the right, and in the rear of his own cavalry, so as to be screened from the enemy's view until the proper moment arrived for their advance. He explained to these cohorts that on their valour and steadiness the issue of the battle depended, and that they would inevitably win the victory for him, if they obeyed orders, and stirred not from their ranks until he gave the signal. Their instructions were, when the enemy's horse had charged and were endeavouring to surround the

* Cæs. Comment; Dion. Cassius, Appian, Plutarch.

right flank, to wheel round rapidly on the nearest assailants, and then not to discharge their javelins at a distance, as brave soldiers generally do in their eagerness to come to sword in hand combat, but to reserve them until they got to close fighting, and then thrust them upward into the eyes and faces of the enemy. "For these fair blooming dancers," said he; "these delicate Roman *exquisites** will never stand against steel aimed at their eyes, but will fly to save their handsome features." The rest of the army were equally cautioned against any irregular advance, and in particular the third division were strictly directed to hold their ground until they received the usual signal. Between the two armies there was an interval sufficient for the onset. While Cæsar was completing his dispositions, Pompey rode along his own front, and took a general view of the field. He perceived that the enemy kept their ranks with the utmost exactness, and waited, in practised discipline and perfect silence, the signal to advance; while his own men, for want of experience, were fluctuating and unsteady, having no confidence in themselves. He was afraid they would be broken on the first close, and therefore commanded them to stand firm in position, and in compact order to receive the attack. He is said to have done this by the advice of an old military tribune, Caius Triarius, that Cæsar's soldiers might be exhausted and out of breath by having double the usual distance to run, before they came to personal conflict. Cæsar condemns this measure as most injudicious and defective generalship. "Herein," says he, "Pompey seems to have acted without sufficient reason, because there is a certain alacrity and ardour of mind naturally planted in every man, which is inflamed by the desire of fighting; and which an able general, far from endeavouring to suppress, will, by all the methods he can devise, foment and cherish. Nor was it a vain institution of our ancestors, that the trumpets should sound on every side, and the whole army raise a shout, in order to animate the cou-

rage of their own men, and strike terror into the enemy."†

Perceiving that Pompey remained immovable, Cæsar halted his army mid-way to give them time to recover breath, and regain their full force. By this the calculations of Pompey were entirely defeated, and he lost one advantage he had reckoned on before the actual fight commenced. Cæsar says his men paused of their own accord, but this seems almost incredible, and a simultaneous effort of discipline and forethought, beyond even those practised veterans. The opposing armies were now within a few paces of each other, and after a momentary gaze, closed in mortal conflict. Sir Harry Smith, at Aliwal, made a similar halt, under fire, and in immediate proximity to the enemies' columns, to see that all his forces were in hand, and his combinations complete, before he dashed at the foe, and drove them into the Sutlej—an instance of self-command and masterly generalship not often recorded. Almost at the same instant, when the two lines of infantry engaged along their full extent, Pompey's horse were launched in a furious charge, against the cavalry of Cæsar, who gave way before the overpowering rush.‡ The hostile squadrons, supported by the archers and slingers, now began to extend themselves to the left, preparing to outflank and surround Cæsar's right wing and reserve; whereupon he gave the appointed signal to the six cohorts, who fell on them with such rapidity and daring valour, striking and thrusting at their faces as they had been expressly directed, that those showy cavaliers soon gave way and fled shamefully, to the utter ruin of their cause. They covered their faces with their hands, according to the quaint expression of Plutarch, as well on account of the present danger as of the future deformity. They not only abandoned the field of battle, but sought refuge in the distant mountains. The archers and slingers, deprived of their protection, were speedily cut to pieces. The victorious cohorts lost not a moment in improving their suc-

* So in the retreat from Moscow, the Cossacks taunted the yielding French, by calling them "*Muscadins de Paris*."

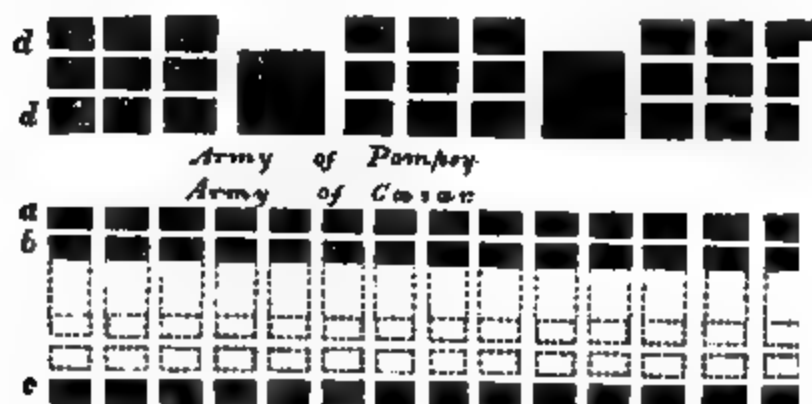
† Cæsar de Bello Civili, lib. iii. cap. lxxvi.

‡ Cæsar states distinctly that his cavalry were beaten from their ground, although Plutarch and Appian say, that the attack of Pompey's horse was anticipated by the advance of the six cohorts.

cess, but closing round upon the enemy's left wing, began to charge it in the rear. Cæsar perceiving that the critical moment of the battle had arrived, and the victory so far advanced by the success of the cohorts, and the dispersion of the enemy's horse, to complete it, brought up his third line, which, until then, had not engaged. Pompey's infantry being thus doubly attacked, in front by fresh troops, and

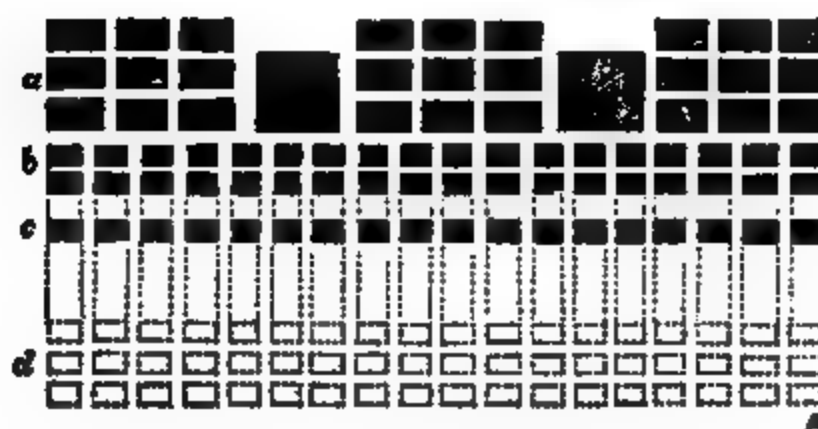
in the rear by the irresistible cohorts, gave way in the utmost confusion, and fled to their camp. Pompey led the flight, and seemed entirely to have lost his self-possession, and all powers either of command or resistance. The annexed plans, Nos. 2 and 3, delineate these operations, and the particular manœuvres by which Cæsar achieved his memorable success.

BATTLE OF PHARSALIA. NO. 2.



- a, b. Cæsar's first and second lines of infantry advancing to the attack, and halted half way to recover breath.
 c. Cæsar's third line held in reserve.
 d, d. Pompey's army remaining in position to receive the attack.
 e, e. Charge of Pompey's cavalry, supported by the archers and slingers.
 f, f, f. Cæsar's cavalry, compelled to give way by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy.
 g, g. Cæsar's six cohorts of infantry, who wheeled round upon the flank and rear of Pompey's cavalry, totally routed, and drove them from the field.

No. 3



- a. Pompey's army awaiting the attack.
 b. Cæsar's first and second lines advancing to close combat.
 c. Cæsar's reserve, brought up to support the attack of the first and second lines.
 d. Ground occupied by Cæsar's army before the battle commenced.
 e, e. Pompey's cavalry, with the archers and slingers, routed and driven from the field by the charge of
 f. Cæsar's cavalry overpowered, and compelled to give way.
 g, g. Advance of Cæsar's six cohorts of infantry, who, after routing Pompey's cavalry, closed on the left flank and rear of his army, and decided the victory. [Cæsar's six cohorts.]

Cæsar, who never allowed an enemy time to recover when he had once accomplished his overthrow, instantly led his troops to the attack of the hostile camp, which they carried after a sharp resistance. It came not within his maxims of war to make a bridge for a retreating foe, but rather to cripple his retreat altogether. On, from the storming of the camp, he continued the pursuit without a moment's delay, notwithstanding the fatigue and exhaustion of his men, until having cut off the supply of water from a position in which the relics of Pompey's army endeavoured to maintain themselves, he forced them to an unconditional surrender. Above all other leaders, Cæsar and Napoleon were distinguished by the lightning-like rapidity with which they followed up success. The Duke of Wellington, although in many points fully equal to either, was never so remarkable for this particular quality. Caution, with him, tempered ardour, and he moved with more calculating nicety, lest he should expose himself to a counterstroke. Not from want of enterprise or active daring, but more from political impediments and the peculiar nature of his station, as a responsible commander instead of being an absolute sovereign. Lucan, who cannot be accused of partiality, describes Cæsar, after success, as

"*Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.*"

He held the greatest advantages as nothing, if everything was not accomplished. Sir William Napier says—

"The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering ram; down went the wall in ruins. The battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave, before which the barrier yielded, and the roaring flood poured onwards, covering all."—*Hist. of Penins. War*, vol. vi.

On entering the camp of Pompey, banqueting tables were found ready covered, sideboards loaded with gold and silver plate, costly hangings and furniture, tents adorned with branches of myrtle and ivy, and every preparation for a triumphal symposium. Whether the expectant victors intended to feast Cæsar and his captive generals, as President Madison proposed to honour

the British officers if he had beaten and taken them at Washington, neither general history nor private anecdote has yet discovered to posterity.*

At Pharsalia there fell on the side of Pompey 15,000 men, and 24,000 were made prisoners. There were also taken 180 standards and nine eagles. The army was, in fact, annihilated. Cæsar estimates his own loss at 200 private soldiers and 30 centurions, or captains of companies, all valiant and experienced officers. The disproportion seems incredible, but it frequently so happened in ancient warfare, where there was usually little manœuvring, and matters were decided by hand to hand fighting, which left no cover or retreat whenever the opposing lines gave way or turned their backs. Cæsar recruited his own legions from the ranks of his prisoners, and, in the generous clemency of his disposition, pardoned many persons of rank and consequence taken in arms, and openly combating for his overthrow. We have but few instances of similar lenity. Marcus Brutus was included in the number, and treated with especial kindness. As he did not appear immediately, Cæsar was very uneasy, apprehending he was slain; but when he presented himself without a wound, he expressed the utmost joy. Are we to consider this as an indication that there was truth in the Roman scandal, which hinted that Servilia, the mother of Brutus and sister of Cato, was less pure than a vestal, and that the subsequent ingratitude of her son ascended into a crime of deeper enormity? Cassius was also amongst the spared, but Cæsar ever gave him a cold shoulder, and looked on him with suspicion, sometimes treating him with injustice,† and always holding him in dislike.

Pharsalia was undoubtedly one of the most decisive battles recorded in history. The event materially affected the destinies of men, and gave to Cæsar the absolute dominion of the world, which he was not long permitted to enjoy. His subsequent conquests, although obstinately disputed, were no longer doubtful, and merely swept off the relics of the great wreck in which

* On entering Washington, a sumptuous banquet was found already prepared at the President's palace, to which, in the absence of their host, the intruding visitors invited themselves.

† For an instance may be quoted the seizure of his lions at Megara, which Cassius had purchased to celebrate the games during his *Ædileship*. See *Plut. in Vit. Marc. Brut.*

the cause of his rival had irretrievably foundered. Dumourier, in the fulness, or rather the fulsomeness of adulation, compared Albuera to Pharsalia, and placed the successful commander on a level with the Roman Emperor. Resemblance there was, certainly, in the advance of the six cohorts in the one instance, and in that of the fourth division in the other; as also in the result achieved by the valour of both. But at Pharsalia the manœuvre was premeditated; at Albuera, accidental. In the earlier battle, the general commanding foresaw and foretold the event. In the modern conflict, he was rescued from almost certain defeat by the prompt intelligence of his subordinates and the hardy courage of his soldiers.

As Pharsalia was the most skilful of Cæsar's victories, won by strategy and superior skill, against a general of reputation almost equal to his own, and an army outnumbering his by more than two to one—so was Austerlitz the greatest triumph of Napoleon's genius, in which he scattered the stubborn Russian infantry, whose fathers had beaten the great Frederic at Cunnersdorff, and many of whom had themselves fought under Suvaroff, in his immortal Italian campaign of 1799, and shared in the glories of Trebbia, Parma, and Novi. In Pharsalia and Austerlitz

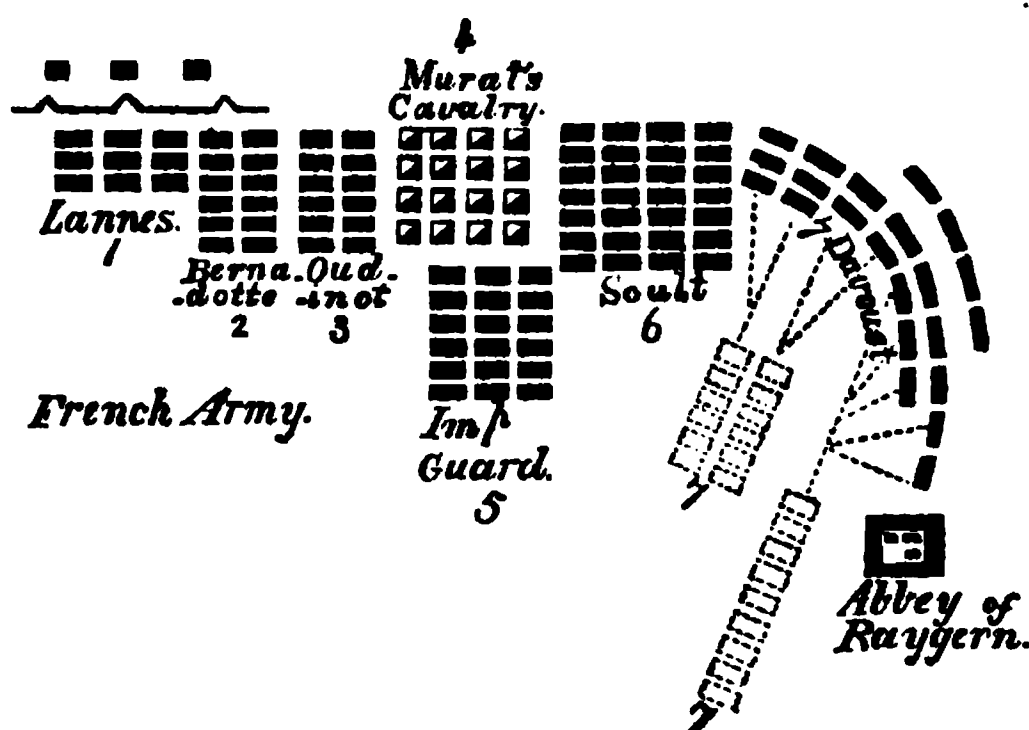
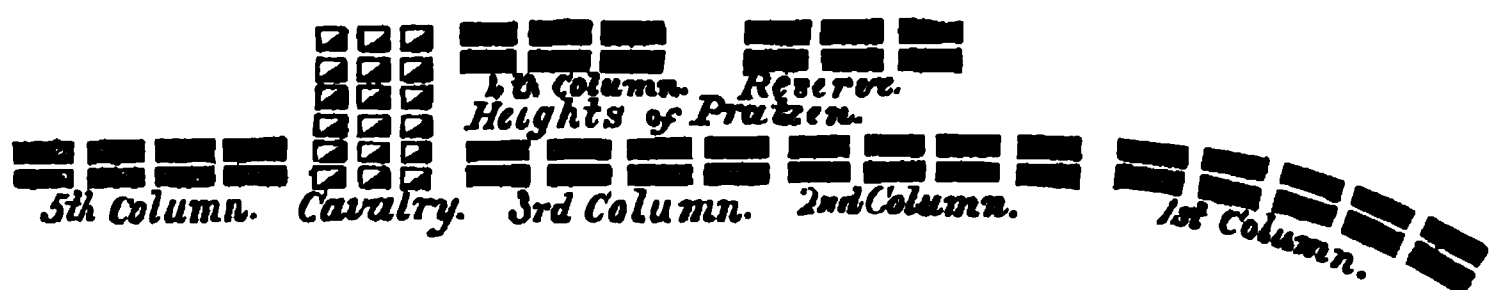
there was another very remarkable point of coincidence. The victorious general on both occasions announced to his troops before the action commenced the intention of the enemy, and the precise movement by which that intention would be frustrated. We have seen that Cæsar explained to his reserved cohorts the duty they had to perform, and the result he anticipated. At Austerlitz, Napoleon, having penetrated the mistake by which the Russian general thought to outflank his right, and turn his position, issued a soul-stirring proclamation to his columns, before he sent them headlong against the brave and numerous, but ill-commanded enemy:—

"Soldiers!" said the French Emperor, "the Russian army has presented itself before you, to avenge the disaster of the Austrians at Ulm. The positions which we occupy are formidable, and while they are marching to turn my right, they must present their own flank to your blows. I will myself direct all your battalions. I will keep myself at a distance from the fire, if, with your accustomed valour, you carry disorder and confusion into the ranks of the foe; but should victory appear for a moment uncertain, you shall see your emperor expose himself to the first stroke. For victory must not be doubtful on this occasion, especially where the reputation of the French infantry is at stake, which is so dear in interest to the honour of the whole nation."

BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ. NO. 4.

POSITION OF BOTH ARMIES ON THE 1ST DECEMBER, 1805.

Austro-Russian Army.



CRISIS OF AUSTERLITZ ON 2ND DECEMBER, WHEN THE COLUMN OF SOULT BROKE THE
RUSSIAN CENTRE, AND CARRIED THE HEIGHTS OF PRATZEN. NO. 5.

Cavalry ^{4th Col.} Reserve

More than one historian of repute has observed, that this is perhaps the first instance recorded in history, where a general openly announced to his soldiers the manœuvre by which he expected they would prove victorious. These writers forgot Pharsalia, and by a lapse of memory have detracted from the laurels of Cæsar. He was the original after whom Napoleon, in other cases than this, adopted an ingenious and well-timed copy.

Napoleon at Austerlitz found himself in a situation very similar to that in which Cæsar was placed at Pharsalia. By crossing the Danube, and plunging into Moravia, he had lent his flank to the enemy, endangered his rear, and thrown himself into a hostile country, with insurrection spreading far and wide in every direction. So in Thessaly, Cæsar's retreat from Dyrrachium, had given him the air of a fugitive, and began to make the surrounding nations mistrustful of his fortune. The great object of both leaders was to force an immediate battle on their opponents, who equally fell into the snare, when delay would almost have proved equivalent to victory. Napoleon deceived his adversary by a

series of skilful manœuvres, calculated to impress the idea that he was weak, inclined to retire, and in a precarious posture. He carefully intrenched his left, by throwing up field-works, and held back his right in a semicircle, presenting a narrow front, which concealed his dense columns and the power with which they were concentrated. The allies believed that he had scarcely 40,000 men, when he lay immediately before them, within two cannon-shots of their outposts, at the head of 90,000, ready in hand, and eager to strike whenever an opening presented itself. Acting under this fatal miscalculation, the Russians extended their own left wing, leaving a large gap in the centre, with the purpose of turning the right of the French army, and taking them upon the flank and rear, so as to cut off their communications with Vienna, and drive them back on the mountains of Bohemia. The Russians commenced this dangerous movement at noon, on the 1st of December. Napoleon, with an eagle glance, foresaw the consequence. "Before to-morrow is over," he exclaimed, "that army is my own. Soldiers! we will finish the war with a clap of thunder."

* Demas, quoted by Alison.

The French delight to call the great battle which followed, "The Day of the Three Emperors," because three monarchs were actually present in the field. Napoleon, whose commanding genius directed everything; Francis of Germany, who did nothing at all; and Alexander of Russia, then only in his twenty-eighth year, who now found himself, for the first time, under fire, and led his Imperial Guards to the charge, with the personal bravery of an experienced veteran. The Austro-Russians were nominally commanded by Kutousoff, an old soldier accustomed to fight against the Turks, full of ignorant prejudices, and worn out with long service. His present activity of mind and body were evidenced by his falling asleep at the council of war, which decided on the plan of operations. But the virtual direction of affairs was assumed by the Austrian Weyrother, who acted as quartermaster general, in which capacity he had before done his worst at Rivoli and Hohenlinden, and had materially assisted in producing those lamentable defeats. Neither experience nor disaster had improved his tactics, or taught him a correct estimate of the adversary to whom he was opposed. Napoleon threw dust in his eyes by not displaying his entire forces in an extended line, and led him to commit one of the most dangerous experiments in war—a flank march in columns, in front of a concentrated enemy.

On the 1st of December (see plan, No. 4), the two armies faced each other as follows:—The first column of the Austro-Russians, under Doctoroff, extended considerably beyond the French right, as far as Aujezd. The second column, commanded by Langeron, occupied the important heights of Pratzen, directly before the French centre and apparent right wing. A competent general would have seen at once that this was the key of his position, to be carefully watched and strengthened throughout every fluctuation of the coming battle. The third column, under Prybyszewski (a name difficult to write, and impossible to pronounce), occupied the most elevated portion of the heights. These three columns, commanded in chief by Buxhowden, formed the entire left wing, and were destined for the ill-judged movement which involved the whole army in ruin. The fourth column, under Kollowrath, stood on

another range of heights, in rear of the third. This portion of the allied forces consisted of Austrians and Russian battalions, intermingled together. The cavalry, eighty-two squadrons, under Prince John of Lichtenstein, were formed on low ground, uniting the centre with the right wing, or fifth column, under Bagration. The reserve, under the Grand Duke Constantine, were posted in front of Austerlitz, and immediately behind the heights of Pratzen. The French were, probably, a little superior in actual numbers, but each army exceeded 80,000 men. The French, in condensed masses, were posted in advance of the fortress of Brunn, midway between that town and Austerlitz. Napoleon had foretold that this would be the battle-field, and said to his generals and marshals some days before, "Study this ground, for we shall shortly have to contest it." His right, under Davoust, rested on the lakes Menitz and Satschen, with strong reserves behind the Abbey of Raygern, thrown back out of sight of the enemy, and intended to lure him on by a semblance of weakness, when, in fact, there was strength adequate to any attack. The French left, under Lannes, extended to the Rosenitzberg, an elevated hill, intrenched and strengthened by artillery, and covered by an advanced patrol of horse. The front of the whole position was intersected by marshy grounds, through which passed the great road from Brunn to Olmutz. Opposite to the French centre, lay the heights of Pratzen, glittering with the enemy's masses, already in movement towards the left. The corps of Soult, in heavy columns, stood ready to rush into the gap at the critical moment. On the left of Soult, were placed in reserve the grenadiers of Oudinot, with the cavalry under Murat, and the Imperial Guard under Bessieres, in a line behind them. The corps of Bernadotte was formed between the divisions of Lannes and Oudinot. A slight glance at the plan will show the superior concentration of the French army, and the power with which they could verge in so many radiating lines towards any particular point. In the arrangements on their side, may be traced "the magic of one mighty mind," controlling and directing the energies of the whole; in the camp of the allies, there was confusion arising from the multiplicity of ungifted counsellors;

but there was little wisdom, and neither safety nor resource.

When daylight broke on the morning of the 2nd December, the error of the Russian general became apparent. The heights of Pratzen were no longer glittering with the arms of many thousand men. The three divisions of his left were already far advanced on their wild march, to circumvent the right flank of the enemy, leaving an interval in their own centre, of which Napoleon availed himself with the shock of a thunderbolt. The division of Soult attacked, with an impetuous charge which baffled all resistance, carried the heights, and maintained themselves in that central position, entirely separating the enemy's columns, and rendering it impossible for them any longer to act in concert. At the same time, Bernadotte and Lannes, with the cavalry under Murat, engaged the Russian right, and gave them full employment, so that they could gain no opportunity of detaching succours to the centre; while the Imperial Guards, under Bessieres, were brought up to the front, to sustain the left of Soult, and preserve the compact alignment of the French army. The allies had irretrievably lost the battle, and compromised their entire force from the moment when the advance of Soult was attended by such complete success. Even the single corps of Davoust was found in strength enough to oppose effectually the three divisions by which it was miscalculated he would be cut off and surrounded. Everywhere the French Emperor opposed a superior force at the critical moment. Herein lies the distinction between lofty genius and simple mediocrity—the pre-eminence of a master in his science over the pupils who are yet in their rudiments, and learning by dearly bought experience. The Russian Guards, led by the Emperor Alexander and his brother Constantine, fought with determined resolution, and did all that mere physical courage could effect, to atone for the mistakes by which they were sacrificed. It was no longer a struggle for victory, but a despairing effort to secure a retreat. This was at length effected with tremendous loss. The result proved as decisive as the most sanguine anticipations of the French autocrat could have desired; and faithfully had his army redeemed their pledge, tendered on the eve of battle, that they would celebrate

the anniversary of his coronation in a manner worthy of its glory. The Emperor Francis sued for peace, and submitted to the harsh and humiliating terms proposed by his conqueror. From a comparison of Austerlitz with Pharsalia, it will be seen that neither was a battle of any complicated manœuvres, but each was distinguished by one masterly stroke. In either case, the plan of attack adopted by the defeated generals, was entirely overthrown, and utter ruin hurled back upon them with an overwhelming force, which swept down resistance, and has left to future ages two of the most memorable examples of military skill in the annals of ancient and modern warfare. In the disastrous conflict at Austerlitz, the allied army lost 40,000 men, 180 pieces of artillery, and forty-five standards or colours: 20,000 were killed and wounded, and 20,000 prisoners remained in the hands of the victors. Many battalions (as at Blenheim) were pushed into a lake which was slightly frozen over, and perished from the ice giving way. The French diminished their own loss to 2,500 men in all; but a comparison of authorities fixes 10,000 as the more probable estimate. These systematic falsifications of the Imperial bulletins distance all ordinary ideas even of romance. They invariably claim a victory under the most undoubted defeat; they did so at Leipsic and Waterloo, and announced Trafalgar as a rash encounter on the part of the English, who had lost their admiral and half their fleet. This reminds us of the practice of an agreeable old lady of our early acquaintance, an inveterate whist-player, who always marked two by honours and the odd trick, after every deal, no matter whether she had won or lost. On being remonstrated with, she said in elegant vernacular—"Sir, I always does it, and its your business to find me out if I am wrong." "To lie like a bulletin" passed into a proverbial expression with the French themselves: and as Napoleon is well known to have caused these authentic documents, in most instances, to be written from his own dictation, the credit they have acquired reflects back on their originator. From Austerlitz, Napoleon proceeded to the campaign of Jena, where he prostrated the armies of Prussia, and almost reduced that kingdom to a province. Too late in the field, taken in detail, and badly commanded, they

were beaten easily, and never allowed themselves a chance. It required many campaigns, and a long experience of the constancy of England, before the nations of the Continent woke up to a conviction, that a vast combined effort, with overwhelming numbers, could alone break down the colossal power their own errors had assisted to amalgamate. Even after the resources of their great enemy were exhausted, they allowed him to terrify them by the shadow of his reputation, and had more than once almost submitted to his name. It proved so at Chatillon, in 1814, when the advance on Paris was suspended, and terms were offered, which, fortunately for the peace of Europe, were rejected, in the presumption of a momentary success..

It has been computed that in the wars of Cæsar and Napoleon, six millions of their fellow-creatures were sacrificed to the Moloch of personal ambition. A fearful agglomerate of crime, and a tremendous responsibility. When we think of the misery entailed on the existing generations, reflection sickens at the name of glory, and pronounces such military renown a Satanic delusion. The laurelled diadem is too much clotted with gore to be an enviable ornament. The warrior who fights to preserve his country from invasion and to secure her independence, is compounded of more refined materials ("the precious porcelain of the human clay") than the despot who seeks only to raise himself above his fellow man, and deals with human life as so many steps in the ladder of his own advancement. But so long as the constitution of the world is framed as it is at present, there will continue to be "wars, and rumours of wars," and the history of battles will be invested with an absorbing interest; whatever may be the influence of religion, the advance of civilisation, or the efficacy of peace congresses. Even unmilitary readers wish to understand, and have explained to them, the skillful combinations by which great results are obtained, and to follow the track of the commanding genius, which, like the destroying angel in Addison's panegyric on Marlborough, at Blenheim :—

"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

The insatiable temperament of Napoleon, and his belief that he was a man of destiny, led him to Moscow, from

whence his fall may be dated. Cæsar, with equal desire of self-aggrandisement, had more collected prudence. Napoleon, when he entered on the Russian campaign, violated all his own military maxims. He left the Spanish war in full operation in his rear, and suffered both his flanks to be uncovered, by the defalcation of Sweden and the peace of Russia with the Turks. Cæsar, on the other hand, did not cross the Adriatic to settle affairs with Pompey, after he had driven him from Italy, until he first extinguished the revolt in Spain, and entirely dissipated all danger from that direction. Napoleon on every occasion found an apology for the actions of Cæsar, and was fond of instituting a comparison between himself and the illustrious Roman. Both having first risen into notice by victories over the enemies of the republic, ended the struggles for power between conflicting parties, by reducing all under their own absolute dominion. In the events of their lives, as in personal character, there were many points of resemblance, and others diametrically opposed. In the parallels of Plutarch, he places in relief the opposite qualities of his selected heroes, as minutely as those in which he traced coincidence. In the resources of war, in the application of new principles, the irresistible weight of attack, the power of concentrating a superior force on a given point, and in the rapidity of following up an advantage, the abilities of Cæsar and Napoleon were equal and similar. As generals they stand in the same line, unless it may be conceded that the French Emperor was more original in his conceptions, and more grandly comprehensive in his plans of carrying them out. He built himself on Frederic the Great and other renowned warriors of recent history, whose examples, as they existed not for the instruction of Cæsar, the Roman was unable to apply in support of his own genius. Modern warfare, too, is a more complicated science than it was amongst the ancients, and the result of battles since the invention of artillery depends more on the skill of the general, and less on the individual prowess of the common soldier. Cæsar was more careful of his men, and as he generally fought with inferior numbers, the lives of his veterans were too valuable to be rashly imperilled. Napoleon had no thought of loss if the sacrifice attained his ob-

ject. He even sometimes dispensed with hospitals, discontinued the luxury and impediment of tents, and was termed by Moreau, a conqueror at the rate of ten thousand men a day. The sarcasm was as just as it was bitter, and the system removed many obstacles by which a less impassable spirit (to use his own expression) would have been checked or foiled. "*Il me faut des hommes impassables*" was one of his constant admonitions in directing the affairs of Spain. By this he meant men that would carry out his views without scruple of conscience, or any interfering weakness in the guise of ordinary feeling. A laxity of discipline after conquest, and indulgence in indiscriminate plunder and spoliation, was thus introduced, which degraded the character of the soldier, and almost reduced him to the level of a bandit. Cæsar and Napoleon possessed equally the rare talent of attaching their troops by personal affection. Under their command, men looked to victory as certain, and followed them with a devoted love which amounted to fascination. In legislative acquirements, it is difficult to assign a palm of superiority to either. In oratory and scientific knowledge, Cæsar stood above the modern at a great elevation. Napoleon uttered pithy sentences on the eve of battle, but his speeches were all artificial, theatrical, and got up for effect. What in the former was natural eloquence, in the latter was studied charlatanerie. Cæsar was, perhaps, on the whole, the most merciful and forgiving conqueror that ever lived. His natural generosity of mind, and clemency of temper, made him superior to personal enmity or private jealousies. He conquered to command, and pardoned without fear of consequences. Lord Bacon qualifies this generosity, and says "it was an affectation of popularity. For nothing," he observes, "is more popular than to forgive our enemies." Napoleon, although not habitually ferocious, suffered passion sometimes to supersede his reason, and gave way to ebullitions of temper to which Cæsar never yielded. The French Emperor considered it a weakness in the character of his favourite hero, that he suffered his enemies to retain the power to injure him. The

physician, Antommarchi, who reports the observation, admitted that when he looked on the person before him, he could not but acknowledge that *he* was unlikely to fall into such an error.* Yet Cæsar sometimes became cruel, and almost treacherous. He put to death many eminent officers whom he had taken after the battle of Thapsus (perhaps he already repented the leniency of Pharsalia), and violating his recent peace with the Germans, massacred in one day three hundred thousand men. Napoleon's execution of the Duke d'Enghein was an act of unprovoked barbarity, a deliberate murder, which no sophistry can palliate, and from the odium and responsibility of which, no special pleading can deliver his memory. But on one point of comparison he stands high above the Roman. In the austere propriety, the stoical regularity of his early life. At thirty-one he had made himself absolute master of France, from a subaltern officer of artillery. Up to thirty-five, Cæsar was only known by his turbulence, his debaucheries, and his extravagant waste. Napoleon was ever methodical, careful, and calculating, in matters of finance. Cæsar lavished millions, without caring whence they proceeded or how they were bestowed. As an author, the palm must be awarded to the Roman. Napoleon's memoirs and maxims, dictated to his companions in exile at St. Helena, are not to be compared to Cæsar's commentaries, composed by his own hand, amidst the abstraction and turmoil of his campaigns, and comprising a perfect specimen of military annals. Cæsar was never defeated in a pitched battle, or foiled in the result of a campaign. The glory of Napoleon was qualified by several reverses, and the battles he lost were at least as remarkable, though not so numerous, as those he gained. Cæsar always acknowledged his errors, and laid them freely to the account of his own imprudence. Napoleon, by his own statement, was never in the wrong. In his successes, fortune had no share; in his defeats, he was destitute of blame. They either arose from the fury of the elements, the combination of impossible circumstances, the incapacity of his deputies, or the obstinate blundering of his op-

* See Sir W. Scott's "Life of Napoleon," vol. ix.

ponents, who forced themselves into success by dint of sheer stupidity. Both Napoleon and Cæsar were subject to fits of epilepsy and constitutional disease. Cæsar was attacked at the commencement of Thapsus, and only recovered when his troops were giving way, and just in time to secure the victory. Napoleon, at Borodino, was prostrated by illness ; for the first time in his life he refused to follow up a dearly-won advantage, and lost the opportunity of converting the repulse of the Russians into a total rout. Cæsar rendered ample justice to the valour and skill of his enemies. Napoleon allowed little merit to any but himself and his own soldiers. The opposing generals he complimented by the title of "*per-ruques*,"* and their armies as "*cannaille*." If the charge was just, he had the less merit in beating them. With all his brilliant genius, he possessed a little mind, while that of Cæsar was lofty and expanded. If the Roman equally despised his fellow-men in his heart, he treated them with external deference. The French Emperor used them as his implements, and openly avowed his contempt. Both were haughty, intolerant of an equal, conscious of their own superior powers, and confident in fortune. But Cæsar, though a proud, was not a vain man, wrapped up entirely in the contemplation of his own greatness ; while Napoleon presented a living type of egotism. Neither had any claim to the virtue of humility, while both were unacquainted with the vice of avarice. The mind of Cæsar was open and ingenuous. That of Napoleon so warped and moulded by habitual dissimulation, that deceit superseded nature, and he became at last regardless and insensible of the value of truth. In their private lives, Napoleon was less reproachable than Cæsar. Both were amiable in their domestic relations, liberal to their friends, and attached to their relations and servants. There was more in the composition of Cæsar to love than in that of Napoleon. The Roman was more constitutionally affable, warmer in heart, and more considerate in feeling ; less habitually selfish, and less variable in temper. Napoleon was cold and reserved, even more so in youth than in maturity, and little disposed to yield

himself up to any predominant sentiment—ambition always excepted in both, of which they were bigoted worshippers after a different form of faith. But Cæsar, for many years, indulged in gross sensuality, to which Napoleon never surrendered himself. Napoleon had his occasional intrigues, but they interfered not with his policy, were either unknown or disregarded by his wives, were never ostentatiously obtruded, and sank into nothing when compared with the public shamelessness and licentious expenses of the Bourbon kings. Cæsar to the end of his life, was dissolute in this particular, and influenced by female ascendancy. Even after Pharsalia, he forgot his glory, squandered away valuable time, engaged in the dangerous Alexandrian war, and jeopardized his power for the smiles of Cleopatra, and a share in her liberally-bestowed favours.

In religious conviction, Cæsar and Napoleon appear to have been nearly on a par. Both were confirmed unbelievers, approaching to atheists. Cæsar discredited the gods of his own country, but he substituted, in their place, no distinct comprehension of one supreme intelligence, no conviction of the immortality of the soul, as did Plato, Socrates, Cicero, Virgil, Seneca, and Tacitus. His attendance on the ceremonial worship was nothing more than an outward submission to established prejudices. On the night previous to his murder, when supping with Marcus Lepidus, a question arose as to what kind of death was preferable. Cæsar answered, before all, a "sudden one ;" in this he referred to the shortening of physical pain, and not to any belief in a future state, or that time was desirable to prepare for the important change. Again, when in Gaul, he had, by his astronomical proficiency, calculated an eclipse, and told the people he would obscure their deity, the sun, by stretching forth his hand at an appointed hour ; he turned religious superstition into a stroke of policy, and thus converted the spectators from the barbarous sacrifices of the Druids to the milder form of Greek and Roman paganism. So it was with Napoleon at different epochs of his career. In the commencement of the Revolution, he chimed in with the po-

* *Anglicè, Dead-wigs*, or old women. He so designated the Prussian generals at Jena. Blücher he always pronounced a "drunken old dragoon."

pular creed, that everything was governed by chance. In Egypt he avowed himself a convert to the doctrines of Islam; but when he became ruler of France, he restored the old faith and formula, not from conviction, but expediency, well knowing there never was a state government without a religion, and that a pliable priesthood would always prove a potent auxiliary. "The people," said he, "must have an established form of faith. I will negotiate with the Pope. They will say that I have turned Papist, that I am a renegade, like Henri Quatre; but I am no such thing. I was a Mahomedan in Egypt; I will be a Catholic here, for the good of the people. I do not believe in forms of religion, but in the existence of a God." Again, when dying in great physical suffering at St. Helena, he said to the Abbé Vignali, who was present to assist him with the offices of the Church—"I am neither a philosopher nor a physician.* I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every body who can be an atheist. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of the Catholic Church, and receive the assistance which it administers." It is evident he had never, until the last moment, thought seriously on the subject. If he placed one foot timidly on the threshold of the temple, he never entered boldly to investigate the interior, and unveil the sacred truths therein contained. Cæsar, in ordinary conversation, was always dignified and impressive, laconic in style and refined in thought. Napoleon sometimes could speak like a demigod, but at others he was abusive and contradictory, and degenerated into a very commonplace gossip. He said of himself, "*Je suis grand bavard*"—I am an incorrigible babbler who cannot keep a secret.—Napoleon filled France with monuments, sculptures, paintings, roads, bridges, churches, architectural and agricultural improvements, and left her a code of laws of inestimable value. Cæsar had no interval from his

wars, and no time was granted to him to cultivate the arts of peace. He lived not to experience the fickleness of fortune, or to be hurled from his lofty elevation. He perished in his "pride of place," in the full enjoyment of his power, in the midst of vast schemes for the future—some wise and salutary,† but the greater part ambitious and despotic. Napoleon, on the contrary, was displaced from the height he had won, condemned to drain the uttermost dregs of adversity, and to linger out life in six years of hopeless and degrading exile. He still further embittered his own fate by querulous complaints and undignified impatience, by resentment of petty neglects, and by unworthy notice of trivial and even unintentional offences. We recognise the beauty, but cannot apply the justice of the poet's lines, who says—

"Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide,
With that untaught, innate philosophy,
Which be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast
smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him
pil'd."‡

In the conduct of Napoleon at St. Helena, under most trying and painful circumstances, we endeavour in vain to trace the proud submission to inevitable fate, the systematic command of temper, and the superiority to subordinate evils which the often-quoted passage implies. In a combined summary of the qualities of Cæsar and Napoleon, we may apply the opening passage of the parallel appended to Plutarch's "Lives of Alexander and Cæsar:"—"These two warriors stand so high above all others in reputation, that it is difficult to compare them, and still more difficult to determine which of them deserves the preference. With some very marked features of resemblance, they are still more sensibly distinguished by the differences in their characters, the motives of their enterprises, their modes of warfare, their enemies, their exploits, their po-

* "*Je ne suis ni esprit fort, ni medecin.*" He seems to have had a strange idea, that the word physician was synonymous with unbeliever.

† Such as his design to make a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth; to alter the channel of the Tiber from Rome direct to Circaï, and so into the sea at Terracina; and to drain the Pomptine marshes.

‡ Lord Byron. "Childe Harold," canto iii. stanza 39.

litical conduct, and the deaths which closed their tumultuary lives.*

As connected with the last scene in the lives of these two most remarkable men, there are yet points which should not be forgotten. Of the twenty-three conspirators against Cæsar, none died natural deaths. All perished by violent means; and several committed suicide with the very weapons they had used to slay the Dictator. Is this intended to supply a commentary on the deed, or is it to be received as an accidental retribution? A comet appeared, which tempted the ignorant into a belief, that the fiery visitant came as a messenger of evil. So on the day preceding Napoleon's dissolution (as in the case of Cromwell), a furious tempest of wind and rain arose, which devastated the land, tore up the trees, and seemed to indicate that the elements were cognizant of the departure of a mighty spirit for final judgment. It may appear to some readers that we have dealt harshly with the memory of Napoleon—that we estimate him too much as an individual, subject to ordinary rules, rather than as a monarch, exposed to, and combating with, very extraordinary temptations. To balance arguments, we wind up with the passage which closes his life, by the author of "*Waverley*." "We are called upon to observe," says the great Magician of the North, "that Napoleon Buonaparte was a man tried in the two extremities—of the most exalted power, and the most ineffable calamity; and if he occasionally appeared presumptuous, when supported by the armed force of half a world, or unreasonably querulous, when imprisoned within the narrow limits of Saint Helena—it is scarcely within the capacity of those whose steps have never led them beyond the middle paths of life, to estimate either the strength of the temptations to which he yielded, or the frame of mind he opposed to those he was able to resist." None will deny to Sir Walter Scott the power of just reflection, and vigour of thought and reasoning, however they may be disposed to question his value as an historical authority. The "*Life of Napoleon*" has been damaged by the pungent sarcasm of General Gorgaud,

who called it, "Sir Walter's last new novel;" by his own admission, that he preferred popular report to official records; and by the easy credulity with which he listened to the fabrications of La Coste, as to the campaign of Waterloo. But let it be remembered, that his narrative is far more agreeable and interesting, and contains considerably fewer mistakes, than the subsequent works of various writers who have loudly impeached his accuracy, and endeavoured to throw discredit on his details.

The condensed epitome of Cæsar's character, as drawn by Lord Bacon, may, in many respects, be applied to Napoleon. If we allow him to share it equally, we give him the benefit of the doubt, and lean to the side of mercy, as the judge expounds the law in all criminal cases. "Cæsar," says the philosophic ex-Chancellor, "was, without dispute, a man of a great and noble soul, though rather bent upon procuring his own private advantage than good to the public, for he referred all things to himself, and was the truest centre of his own actions. Whence flowed his great and continued felicity and success;—for neither his country nor religion—neither good offices, relations, nor friends—could check or moderate his designs. It is true, he endeavoured after fame and reputation, as he judged they might be of service to his views; but certainly, in his heart, he rather aimed at power than dignity, and courted reputation and honours only as they were instruments of power and grandeur; so that he was led, not by any laudable course of discipline, but by a kind of natural impulse to the sovereignty, which he rather affected to seize than appeared to deserve."

Few questions have been more discussed, more strenuously argued, or more defended and opposed, than the two following:—

1. Was the death of Cæsar necessary, or justifiable?
2. Was the imprisonment of Napoleon, at Saint Helena, morally correct, and called for by the circumstances of the case?

The first question may be more readily disposed of than the second. What may appear right to heathen

* See Plutarch's *Lives*, vol. iv.

practice, is palpably wrong in moral and religious construction. Pagan notions of virtue are regulated by a standard very different from the doctrines of Christian revelation. The Roman patriots, as they called themselves, who butchered Cæsar in the senate-house, were guilty of an enormous crime—cowardly in execution, base and ungrateful in moral turpitude, and mistaken even in political expediency. The consequences were immediate anarchy, increased proscriptions, a long-protracted civil war, and final slavery. What the state of their country would have been had they permitted Cæsar to live, we cannot now estimate or suppose beyond a useless conjecture; but it must have been more endurable than it proved for many subsequent years under the unprincipled libertinism of Antony, and the cold cruelty of Octavius; until the latter, by an unlooked-for metamorphosis, merged into the benign and merciful Augustus. If Cæsar deserved death, the hands by which he fell were the last that ought to have been raised against him.

Much has been written and said, to prove that it was atrociously tyrannical, barbarously cruel, and nationally perfidious, to cage Napoleon in a lonely isle of the ocean, when he had thrown himself on the generosity of England, and claimed the rights of hospitable reception. The government of the day was assailed with long and loud vituperation, and the character of England was said to be compromised beyond recovery. The arguments of these well-meaning enthusiasts, or mischievous demagogues, are equally fallacious. There can be no doubt that the measure was politically wise, morally just, and imperatively necessary—as completely right, as the intentions of Blücher, if he had taken him prisoner, to treat him as a brigand, and put him to death, would have been, without defence or apology, a disgraceful outrage on common humanity. It had been proved, by his invasion of France from Elba, that he was not to be trusted; and the nation could scarcely afford a second mourning, as a sequel to Waterloo, which had equally filled the land with exultation and with tears. If Napoleon could have found any loophole, by which to evade the British cruisers, he never would have surrendered to Captain

Maitland. Every stratagem that he could devise for escape was lawful in time of open war; and so was it equally fair for us, in the face of our dearly-bought experience, to hold the tiger fast, when it had cost so much to get him in the toils.

Napoleon had proved himself a public nuisance, which demanded abatement. Opinions such as these have been stigmatised as “the dregs of melancholy Toryism.” Perhaps they are. The epithet and the application may be endured without impatience. To the advocates of liberal doctrines, the friends of humanity, who think the French Emperor should have been set at large, or allowed to live (peaceably?) in England, might be suggested the answer which Lord Chancellor Thurlow once gave to certain dissenters, when they waited on him in a body, to request his influence for the repeal of the test act—“Gentlemen Nonconformists,” said the frowning representative of law, who was scarcely as polished as Chesterfield, “I care not a fig whether your religion or my religion, or which religion, should be uppermost; but this I know, we have got you undermost, and we will do our best to keep you where you are.” It was no pleasant or easy task to be the custodian, or jailer as he has been harshly called, of such a captive as Napoleon, under such circumstances. An impartial investigator will, we think, be inclined to admit, that, when a British officer of rank had this charge proposed to him, it is equally surprising that, having accepted it, he should escape from the office with even a residuum of credit. It was impossible that he could give satisfaction; and he had a right to make up his mind to much obloquy and hostile judgment. But, if he was assailed by abuse on the one side, he was consoled by panegyric on the other; while the bitterness of the pill was alleviated by a substantial gilding. The pay and perquisites of the government of St. Helena amounted to at least £10,000 per annum. Let justice be done to a much-abused functionary, whose pretensions are not to be fairly estimated by the abuse of his prisoner, who called him a mere “*scriivano*,” or “clerk to Blücher;” or by the caustic severity of a great, though bitter writer, who says (speaking of the surrender of the Island of Capri, in 1808), that he “first became known to history by los-

ing, in a few days, a post that, without any pretensions to celebrity, might have been defended for many years.*

The truth appears to be, that Sir Hudson Lowe discharged an ungracious duty with zeal and inflexible integrity to his employers, acting up to the extreme letter of his instructions, but it has never been proved that he exceeded them. Bayard or Sir Philip Sydney might have shown more suavity of manner, more personal deference to a fallen monarch. There was a way of treating him like an Emperor, and making him feel that he was still one, without calling him by the empty title. But even these accomplished paragons of knightly excellence, these "preux chevaliers" of the olden time, had they been revived for the special purpose, would have found it difficult to deal with the caprice or monomania, which rejected courtesies as hypocritical snares; and the obstinate prejudice which was determined to identify the individual with the government of whose measures he was only the delegated, passive instrument. Occasions, it has been often said, make men, and certainly this man seems to have been made for the occasion. Universally condemned at the time, he has since found more than one disinterested apologist. What is there surprising in this, when we remember that unknown mourners placed votive wreaths on the tomb of Nero? Experience and reflection operate strange changes, even amongst the wisest, the most exalted, and the most influential. The consummate master of man's heart among men, the only uninspired writer who knew and described accurately every shade of feeling, in the seat of life, says, "the whirling of time brings in its revenges." By this he means with other meanings, that we know more to-day than we did yesterday, shall be considerably more enlightened to-morrow, and continue to abandon preconceived notions with the progressive march of intelligence. All nature revolves in a perpetual circle of mutability. Sir Robert Peel lived to become a free-trader; the late Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer have followed his example; Lord Palmerston has recorded many periodical changes of opinion; and the oracular *Times*, like Dryden's Zimri, is

"everything by starts, and nothing long." And, let no one be blamed, though as variable as Proteus, because he alters his views as he grows older and waxes stronger in practical experience. The only historical character we ever heard of who piques himself on fixed notions, is the arch-enemy of man. On the authority of Milton, he tells us, that he bears "a mind *not to be changed* by place or time." To resemble the devil in nothing is the duty of every good citizen, and surely no better argument can be adduced in favour of changeableness.

And now let us compare the results which emanated from the seizure of supreme power by Cæsar and Napoleon. We have seen how the one was murdered, and the other deposed. After an interval of sixteen years, exhausted in commotion, civil wars, and struggles for supremacy, the nephew of Cæsar put down all opposition, and found himself in his uncle's seat. He reigned for many years in great wisdom and glory. He shut the Temple of Janus, in token that Rome was at peace with all the world, and bequeathed the empire to his son-in-law and adopted successor, as a lineal inheritance. The unscrupulous means by which he waded to power were forgotten in the justice of his sway, and the general happiness he dispersed to the millions over whom he ruled. Thirty-seven eventful years have passed over our own heads, during which there have been many revolutions amongst the Continental nations; and now we behold the nephew of Napoleon seated on the imperial throne of France, not by the will of the army alone, but by the suffrages of eight millions of her people—a legitimate sovereign, legitimately elected. In an age of miracles like the present, it is impossible to form an opinion on coming events with any degree of certainty. The new monarch of France has declared that the revival of the empire is the harbinger of peace. It is as clear as the sun, that peace, and a strict observance of international treaties, is his true policy—the only course by which he can consolidate his power, and establish his dynasty. He is too firm and clear-sighted not to see this, and to desire to act on the principles he has avowed. But he may be

* Sir W. Napier's "Peninsular War," vol. ii.

compelled to abandon his own judgment by the clamours of a restless soldiery, impatient of inaction, and too numerous to be disregarded. "L'empire c'est la paix!" is a pithy and memorable sentence, which will be conned over, reflected on, and interpreted in many ways, and with very opposite feelings. Lord Bacon says: — "Surely princes had need, in tender matters and ticklish times, to beware what they say, especially in short speeches, which fly abroad like darts, and are thought to be shot out of their secret intentions; for as for large discourses, they are flat things, and not so much noticed." When Galba imprudently declared, "*Legi a se militem, non emi*," that soldiers were levied by him, not bought, he turned the army against him, as they foresaw the usual donation would be withheld,—and the army

soon deposed and slew him. The Emperor Probus was one of the most successful warriors, and one of the best, ablest, and most popular princes that ever swayed the destinies of Rome. But he grew tired of war, and longed to limit his military expeditions. "*Si vixero, non opus erit amplius Romano Imperio militibus*" — "If I live," said he, "there shall no longer be need of soldiers in the Roman Empire."* During an interval of peace, he employed his legions in draining the marshes of Sirmium. Those haughty warriors disliked to be converted into pioneers; and so they mutinied, rose in a body, and murdered the emperor they adored, who had often led them to victory. Napoleon III. has read and studied the history of Rome; and, doubtless, the examples we have quoted are stamped on his recollection.

J. W. C.

CHAMBERS'S EDITION OF BURNS.†

Of our great writers it is not possible that there can be too many editions, or that the information communicated can be too minute. Whatever in the slightest degree tends to illustrate the modes of thinking of any man, who has so far influenced the public mind as to be, with any propriety, the subject of discussion at all, is not without its value. Of the great poets, Milton, Dante, Virgil, Ariosto, we are fond of accumulating editions; and though our shelves are thus crowded with old books, there is not one of them from which we have not learned something; there is not one of them which has not thrown some gleam of light on some particular passage—showed the exquisite propriety, perhaps, of some single word—given distinctness and individuality to what, seen without such aid, would seem little peculiar. Think for a moment on the commentators on Milton. The line of reading of each of them has, in its own way, been instrumental in bringing into clear light the poet's full mind.

Newton always remembers some Scriptural passage which has aided in supplying the poet with its peculiar language. Warton, whose editions of the minor poems—each of his two editions contains much which is not in the other—are among the most valuable books which a student of English poetry can possess, seems to have traced the juvenile poet through all the early English books by which his style, yet unformed, was coloured. Everything most beautiful to the eye and to the ear, that affected the young poet, is in this way exhibited. Poetry written in early life cannot but be imitative; but you have here a mind eminently original, assimilating whatever it admires. Through Comus are everywhere the magic echoes, which repeat, and prolong, and vary into something yet more spiritual the enchanted sounds, with which Shakspeare in the *Tempest* and *Midsummer Nights Dream*, and Fletcher in "the Gentle Shepherdess," had made vocal, twilight, thicket, and

* See Vopiscus in Histori. August.

† "Life and Works of Robert Burns." Edited by Robert Chambers. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1851.

tangled wood This is shown by Warton in a way that no other man could have shown it. Again, Todd's peculiar course of reading—his study of what he called the Gothic Library—enabled him to do much which Newton and Warton had left undone. Milton's fondness for romance had led him to read everything he could find of such matter. All that he read was strangely melted together in his glowing imagination; but lowly as some critics may estimate the materials which supplied the fuel to such a mind as Milton's, the knowledge of them aids us somewhat in estimating the mind itself.

"Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force,
O'er sand and ashes and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turn them to a fusile sea."

Todd has really done much in showing how Milton's mind was nurtured. We are not quite satisfied with any of the later editions. Brydges has greatly disappointed us. We cannot but hope that some editor familiar with some of the classical sources which were for ever before Milton's mind, may do something to aid in illustrating this poet from Ovid and Seneca, whom he frequently imitates and almost translates. But while we think such editions are desirable and indispensable, we should also feel it a comfort and a luxury to have books with only the text, accompanied with nothing but the information, as far as it can be given, of the date of the composition of each particular work, and the date of its first publication.

Of Burns's poems there are numberless editions; none which precisely answer this last requirement—a want which we trust some Edinburgh publisher may soon supply; and there is no one from whom we might more reasonably expect it than Mr. Chambers, to whom the preparation of such a book could scarcely give any trouble, and whose services in rendering the study of Burns an easy and a pleasant one, almost give us a right to demand more.

From no man living has the literature of Scotland, and in particular the works of the great poet, who is the peculiar pride and boast of that literature, received illustration in so many ways. His publication of the "Land of Burns" is one of the most beautiful, and in its department, we may say, even one of the most instructive books

we have ever seen. These volumes must have made the scenery of the poems, which so much contributes to enjoying, or even fully understanding them, familiar to the higher classes; and to all classes, his successive publications on the subject, whether in cheap editions of popular books, or in the *Edinburgh Journal*, must have tended to make Burns and the literature connected with him, a part of the domestic treasures of every cottage in the land.

The edition before us is one containing the entire works, verse and prose, of Burns, arranged chronologically, as far as it was possible to ascertain the dates, and connected by a more accurate statement of the events of his life than has before appeared. While there is nothing of diseased or sentimental egotism in Burns, there is this peculiarity in his poems that all grow or seem to grow out of incidents of his own life. While there is in his correspondence great manliness of character and justness of thinking, yet the subjects of that correspondence are, for the most part, the incidents of his personal life, stated by himself, as illustrative of his poetry. It is not possible, in truth, to separate the poet from the individual. It is not merely that the reader's love for the poet, and the interest created for him through his works, gives a charm to everything that reveals his personal feelings; it is rather that his own personality is in some sort the subject, almost the whole subject, of his poetry. We cannot, if we would, shut him out of view even for a moment.

Of the accounts of Burns's life, previous to Mr. Chambers's, the best were Dr. Currie's and Mr. Lockhart's. A good deal has been put together since—not always on the best authority. The edition by Cunningham dissatisfies us. It seems strange how little capable Allan Cunningham was to appreciate the value of evidence. Every story was welcome, and there was a temper of exaggeration through his book which, while it is not impossible that it may have increased the temporary interest, must affect the vitality of the book. The claims which Cunningham's edition and also the edition by Hogg and Motherwell had, were, that the editors were poets, and therefore were more likely to appreciate Burns than mortals made of more common clay. The public seemed disposed to admit such

claims, and both editions were received with no light degree of favour.

In every respect, the edition before us is greatly more satisfactory than either of those which we have last mentioned. Mr. Chambers's is a juster, perhaps even a higher appreciation of Burns's peculiar talents, though expressed in much more sober language, than Cunningham's or Hogg's. The tone of many of Burns's admirers has, of late years, been to reproach his earlier biographers, and in particular Dr. Currie, with having over-stated the vices and the follies which clouded his life, and which darkened and deepened at its close. Nothing can be more beautiful, nothing can be more tender than the feeling in which Currie's narrative is written; and we think that the efforts made of late years to give a different colouring to the story, have been, however kindly intended, absolute failures. Currie's narrative told, truly and inoffensively, facts which it would, of course, have been well did not exist. Others of the earlier biographers told the same facts not untruly, but unfeelingly, and with a disregard of the effect which must have been produced on the minds of his surviving family. Lockhart was the first to put the thing forward as it truly was, adding all the sort of defence implied in the habits of the country at the time. If Burns was not always sober, yet he was always as sober as a judge—such judges as Scotland, ay, and as other countries too, have seen in days later than Burns's. If poor Burns had to mount the cutty stool, and to expiate by public penances offences against domestic morals, did the records of the law courts afford no proof of similar transgressions in other ranks of life? and is it not probable, considering all we know of society at that period—ay, and at every period—that were not Burns a peasant, the offences would have met with but a light measure of reprehension? But to say the offences did not exist, is to shut our eyes to all the evidence which the case affords. On this part of his subject, nothing can be more admirable than the delicacy with which it is discussed by Mr. Chambers; and this was a part of the subject which presented to an honest biographer peculiar difficulties.

We are glad to find that Mr. Chambers, whose own biography of the poet will soon be the only one referred

to as authority in every question concerning Burns, is not insensible to the claims of his predecessors in the field, for each of whom he has a generous and a kindly word: Currie he seems to admire most.

There are few works in the language more beautifully written than Dr. Currie's narrative of Burns's life. When we consider the way in which Burns was proclaimed as a sort of miracle and prodigy, one cannot but feel that, in Currie's days, it was no easy thing to think of him as he truly was—to describe him in the ordinary relations of life. Wonders were looked for, and with less than wonders his readers were not likely to be satisfied. That, under such circumstances, a perfectly truthful book should be written—that, considering the biography was drawn up for an edition of the works, the object of which was by its sale to assist the family of the poet, there should have been nothing of exaggeration—that nothing of the charity-sermon style should be adopted for the purpose of swelling a subscription list and increasing the biddings—that none of the tricks of "Vanity Fair" should have been resorted to, is, indeed, creditable. Even after all that has been since collected in the way of anecdote—even after all that Currie was compelled, by a sense of respect for persons living when he wrote, to suppress, and the publication of which has since become not improper—we protest that we think Currie's life still the one of the earlier biographies which gives most fully the character of the poet.

The basis of Currie's, of Lockhart's, of Chambers's, and, indeed, of every life of the poet, is his own biographical letter to Dr. Moore.

There has been, in all that is usually written about Burns, a temper of exaggeration. His being produced before the world as a sort of prodigy, and being talked of in tones of wonderment by hundreds who had little or no knowledge of his works, has made the circumstances of his early life dwelt on and put forward in a way which is the very reverse of the truth. That Burns was born in an humble condition, and had through all his life to struggle with poverty, is truly enough stated; but the poverty with which he had to struggle in early life was not in its character degrading. He was the son

of honourable and virtuous parents, and from the first was carefully and well educated. His father was a native of Kincardineshire, and born on an estate which had belonged to the Keith Marischal family, and which was forfeited by them in one of the Scottish rebellions. It is probable that the tenants of the estate shared in the calamities that fell upon their lord, and the young poet's imagination dwelt on the circumstance with pride. Burns seems to have connected these earlier misfortunes of the family with the migration of the family to Ayrshire, which, however, was at a much later day. Burns's father was himself among the first who left Kincardineshire in search of a new home, and his movements must have been caused by miseries not referrible to civil war:—

“‘I have often,’ says Gilbert, the brother of Burns, ‘heard my father describe the anguish of mind he felt when they parted on the top of a hill on the confines of their native place, each going off his several way in search of new adventures, and scarcely knowing whither he went. My father,’ he adds, ‘undertook to act as a gardener, and shaped his course to Edinburgh, where he wrought hard when he could get work, passing through a variety of difficulties. Still, however, he endeavoured to spare something for the support of his aged parents; and I recollect hearing him mention his having sent a bank-note for this purpose, when money of that kind was so scarce in Kincardineshire that they scarcely knew how to employ it when it arrived.’”

We next find the father of Burns in Ayrshire, employed as steward and gardener—first by Crawford of Doonside, and next by Ferguson of Doonholm. There seems to have been something of comfort about to dawn on him, for he leases some seven acres of land, designing to establish himself there as a nursery-man. He built a cottage with his own hands, and here, in January 1759, the poet Burns was born:—

“‘That you may not think too meanly of this house, or my father's taste in building it,’ says Gilbert Burns, ‘allow me to take notice to you that the house consisted of a kitchen in one end and a room in the other, with a fireplace and chimney; that my father had constructed a concealed bed in the kitchen, with a small closet at the end, of the same materials with the house; and when altogether cast over, outside and in, with lime, it had a neat, comfortable ap-

pearance, such as no family of the same rank, in the present improved style of living, would think themselves ill-lodged in.’”

William Burns, the father of the poet, from the first was anxious for the education of his children, and he was one of some three or four farmers who joined in establishing a school in the neighbourhood, for John Murdoch, one of Burns's first instructors, and from whom we learn our best account of the father. After Robert's passing some two or three years at this school, his father removed to a farm a few miles distant. Some other changes took place in the district, and the school broke up. A few years after Murdoch was appointed to teach the English school at Ayr; and in 1773, Robert Burns, then fourteen years old, was sent to board and lodge with him, and receive instructions in English grammar, &c., “that he might be better qualified to teach his brothers and sisters at home.” Burns did not remain long with his kind master—long enough, however, to learn a little French. Harvest-time came, and the young peasant was called home to “shear the victual,” as Allan Ramsay would have said, or, “armed with a sickle, to seek glory, by signalling himself in the field of Ceres” as the affectionate dominie expresses it—half, no doubt, in something of joke at his own display of learning, yet well pleased to display that learning. We like Murdoch, and should not be sorry that accident brought some of his books before us—for his home, at last, was London, where he eked out the means of subsistence afforded by a small school for the children of the poor, by compiling books of one kind or another. After Burns had returned to his father's, the connexion between Murdoch and the family did not cease. On his half-holidays he made his way to old Burns's farm, and went, “accompanied with one or two persons more intelligent than myself, that good William Burness” (so the father spelt the name) “might enjoy a mental feast.” The schoolmaster describes the conversation as none but a schoolmaster could describe it. The scene where Milton introduces the affable archangel in dialogue with the happy party in Eden, was nothing in comparison with that at William Burness's farm-house on these evenings, and with the help

of Milton's words, Murdoch gives us some notion of the admiration with which the good wife regarded her husband's guests, and, like a good wife, while she admired them, thought their portion of the dialogue a poor thing when compared to the part which fell to her husband's share. "She was," says Murdoch, "of the party as much as possible ;

" ' But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up their discourse '—

and particularly that of her husband. At all times, and in all companies, she listened to him with a more marked attention than to anybody else. When under the necessity of being absent while he was speaking, she seemed to regret, as a real loss, that she had missed what the good man had said. This worthy woman, Agnes Brown, had the most thorough esteem for her husband of any woman I ever knew. I can by no means wonder that she highly esteemed him ; for I myself have always considered William Burness as by far the best of the human race that ever I had the pleasure of being acquainted with — and many a worthy character I have known. I can cheerfully join with Robert in the last line of his epitaph (borrowed from Goldsmith)—

" ' And even his failings leaned to virtue's side. ' "

He was an excellent husband, if I may judge from his assiduous attention to the ease and comfort of his worthy partner, and from her affectionate behaviour to him, as well as her unwearied attention to the duties of a mother.

" He was a tender and affectionate father ; he took pleasure in leading his children in the path of virtue ; not in driving them, as some parents do, to the performance of duties to which they themselves are averse. He took care to find fault but very seldom ; and therefore when he did rebuke, he was listened to with a kind of reverential awe. A look of disapprobation was felt ; a reproof was severely so ; and a stripe with the *tawz*, even on the skirt of the coat, gave heartfelt pain, produced a loud lamentation, and brought forth a flood of tears.

" Although I cannot do justice to the character of this worthy man, yet you will perceive, from these few particulars, what kind of person had the principal hand in the education of our poet. He spoke the English language with more propriety (both with respect to diction and pronunciation) than any man I ever knew with no greater advantages. This had a very good effect on the boys, who began to talk and reason like men, much sooner than their neighbours."

In "The Cotter's Saturday Night,"

the picture of the father and family at prayer, is taken from the actual life of William Burness's household. For this we have Burns's own authority, which we mention, because too hasty inferences have been made from the fact by readers who supposed that the circumstances of the family might be gathered from the incidents described in parts of the poem supplied by the poet's imagination. In "The Cotter's Saturday Night," we have a succession of pictures, true, not alone to general nature, but to the peculiarities of Scottish life ; but the incidents are taken from somewhat a lower station in life than that of Burns's father properly was. Burns's father had, in fact, taken the farm in which he was, and struggled to sustain himself in great difficulties, being almost without capital, for the purpose of saving his children from the necessity of earning their bread in the service of others, at a period of life when the danger of evil example was most likely to be ruinous, and when such education as could be received in their father's house would be most impressive. At no time were the children of Burns labourers in the service of others. In "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the very subject of the poem may be stated, as the meeting—on the evening of the day that brings, to the humblest, the weekly respite from toil—of the Cotter's children, who are separated from their parents' home by the circumstance of being employed in one way or other as servants of the farmers in the neighbourhood. The Cotter himself is a labourer in the service of another.

" This night his weekly toil is at an end."

His return to his cottage is described as to a home where there are none but the youngest children to meet him on his coming. Soon after, however—

" The elder bairns came drapping in,
At service out, amang the farms roun' :
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown.
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

"With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters
meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly
spiers.

"Their master's and their mistress's com-
mand,
The youngers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent* hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or
play."

We do not quote these passages for their beauty—or where would our quotations from this poem end?—but to show that the picture is not taken from the family of Burness, as has been hastily assumed; and with the circumstances of which no part of it agrees. The poem did not, like many of Burns's, grow out of any immediate incident. He had often told his brother Gilbert, that he thought there was "something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober, head of a family introducing family worship." At the time he first repeated the poem to him, his father had been some years dead; and Robert himself, as the eldest son and the head of the family, conducted the family worship. The feelings expressed in several stanzas are found in his early note-books, and, perfect as each detail of the poem is, we feel that it has not quite the unity of most of his other poems. It is composition, not growth; there is through it an ill-digested leaven of satire, as in the attack on Italian music and the pomp of ecclesiastical dress in public worship. There is a still less tolerable passage, in which it is assumed that religion cannot exist in the hearts and minds of persons in the higher classes of society. And in a poem such as this is, where you expect the feeling of religion to hallow and sanctify all, anything that disturbs that feeling, and shows a heart unreconciled or jarring with the life around, is peculiarly offensive. We do not want Burns to admire Italian music or the pomp of ecclesiastical worship. We do not want him to venerate distinctions of rank; but we wish a poem describing a family scene, such as this poem presents, not to be spoiled by any associations whatever with subjects that plainly do not connect

themselves with it, but with the poet's own state of mind, warring with society. The poem, as we have said, has, to us, somewhat the air, more than we could wish, of composition. In this, it remarkably differs from "Halloween," from the "Vision," and from the "Songs." A poem of Fergusson's, "The Farmer's Ingle," to which some of the stanzas, and still more the general cast of the poem, bears a resemblance, suggested it. But what we are most concerned with now, is, to say, that it would be a total mistake to think that the general subject of the poem was a description of his father's home, or the circumstances of its inmates.

William Burness was no ordinary man; but we believe men such as William Burness are to be found more frequently in Scotland than in any other country in the world. The father of Burns may almost be described as the type of the "Wanderer" in Wordsworth's poem; and to exhibit, as we feel it, the character of such a man, would be to transcribe a large portion of the opening of the "Excursion," to which we are disposed rather to refer our readers. The importance that such men attach to the education of their children, to the culture of both the heart and the intellect, is distinctly felt, and admirably brought out in detail by Robert Chambers, through these volumes; more distinctly, perhaps, in other passages, than in the following, which, in connexion with our narrative, we find it desirable to quote. In fact, the character of the Scottish peasant—the patriarch of his own household—the father and the priest, is one which cannot be shown in a few detached sentences. Robert Chambers's is a book to be read and re-read, and at each perusal, something new is learned.

"In William Burness," says Mr. Chambers, "we can see the trait of one of Nature's gentlemen. He took upon himself the cares of a farm, hazarding the troubles arising in that mode of life from want of capital, that he might have occupation for his children at home, instead of sending them forth to take their chance of demoralisation amongst strangers. He exerted himself as their instructor, and, cottager as he was, contrived to have something like the benefits of private tuition for his two eldest sons. The mind

which dictated such sacrifices for a high principle, could not be one of a common mould. And here it was that we find the second of the fortunate circumstances of Burns. By the father's model of life, and the teaching which his liberality secured, the young poet became, comparatively speaking, a well-educated man; for so undoubtedly may he be considered who has been trained by precept and example as a moral being, and taught the use of at least the golden keys which unlock the stores of knowledge. In Scotland, it may be remarked, such self-sacrifice on the part of parents for their children is the rule, and not the exception. Indeed it forms one of those glories of the Scottish character of past primitive days, which it may be difficult to replace by anything of equal value in the different state of society which seems approaching. Yet even in Scotland, the exertions of William Burness for the education of his two boys, are of so extraordinary a character, that one is tempted to surmise some motive beyond what appears. Such may, perhaps, be found in the sense which we now learn William Burness possessed of the character of his children. He had remarked, we are told, from a very early period, the bright intellect of his elder born in particular, saying to his wife, 'Whoever may live to see it, something extraordinary will come from that boy!' It is affecting to think of the difficulties and privations which this paragon of cottage sires encountered for the sake of his offspring, and to reflect that by their consequences he was made an old man before his time, and brought down in sorrow to the grave. Of such metal, however, were the peasantry of Scotland in those old days which never can return."

It is not to be understood that the toils of Robert Burns were less severe in his father's service than if his labour had been for a stranger. While a boy he had to perform a man's work. The soil of Mount Oliphant (his father's farm) was ungenial—the very worst land, Gilbert Burns says, he had ever known brought into cultivation. The sons of William Burness had to perform whatever work on the farm was within the compass of their strength. Hard work and insufficient diet were Robert Burns's lot at that period of life when the more fortunate are exempted from all toil. From the age of thirteen he was "called upon by stern necessity to do, if possible, the work of a man." The effects on his frame were visible in a stoop of the shoulders, which never left him, and his brother Gilbert tells of symptoms which exhibited derangement of the whole nervous system, and which would suggest the proba-

bility of some disease of the heart. He describes himself at the time rude and clownish—says that he was reserved and uncommunicative—he speaks of being disliked by his acquaintances—and tells of his being "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, and the unceasing toil of a galley slave." We think all this unmeasured language must be charitably interpreted to reduce it to the level of sober fact. Poets, we know, deal in extremes. Love now came to soften and refine. It was not at first that tumultuous overpowering passion which, in the poet's case, it soon became. He tells of a haymaking season in which he took a fancy to a young girl, who repeated by him a song written by a country laird. Burns, who before thought it would be presumption to attempt writing verse, thinking it a thing for book-learned men, now made the attempt, seeing it was one accomplished by a neighbour, of whom his being in somewhat a higher rank than himself, did not make our poet think the better. The verses are preserved, and with the exception of two lines—

"And then there's something in her gait
Makes any dress look well"—

one of little value as a poem, whatever merit they may have as a song, which is by no means the same thing.

"William Burness lingered out twelve years in the ungenial glebe of Mount Oliphant, and at Whitsunday, 1777, removed to a somewhat more promising farm called Lochlea (pronounced Lochly), in the parish of Tarbolton. The country is here composed of an undulating upland, rising from the right or north bank of the river Ayr, generally from three to five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and of bare and unattractive aspect. The views, however, which are obtained from some of the braes, are at once extensive and beautiful, comprehending the hills of Carrick in front, and the Firth of Clyde, with its romantic islands, on the right hand. The farm seems to have obtained its name from a small lake in its neighbourhood, one of a number of such pieces of water which once interspersed this district of Ayrshire, but are now for the most part drained, or reduced to marshes. William Burness took this farm of 180 acres, at twenty shillings an acre, which seems a high rent for ground so situated seventy years ago.

"For some time, the life of the family seems to have been more tolerable at Lochlea than it had been at any previous period, probably in the main because the young people were now able to render their

parents such assistance as to save them some outlay for labour. They all worked to the extent of their ability, and none more heartily or efficiently than the poet. It was at this time, according to the recollection of his sister, that he went for a short time to learn dancing. Now also occurred a short episode in his life, of which he has given a brief account in his letter to Dr. Moore:—

“Another circumstance in my life which made some alteration in my mind and manners was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made a pretty good progress. But I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometime happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,

“Like Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself the fairest flower.”

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I stayed, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.”—Vol. i. p. 81, 82.

We have an account of Burns's life till his twenty-third year, in which a great deal has been added by Mr. Chambers to what was before known. At that time he joined a flax-draper in Irvine to learn his trade. Their business adventure was unprosperous. Burns called his partner a rogue. They scolded, but it is likely made it up again, for Burns speaks of their giving a carousal to welcome the new year. The festival ended in being no holiday. “The shop took fire, and burnt to ashes; and I was left, like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.”

At Irvine, Burns became acquainted with some seafaring men of irregular habits of life. A man's habits react

on his opinions, and among Burns's companions at Irvine was one whom he felt himself compelled to describe “as fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue;” one “whom he loved and admired to a degree of enthusiasm,” and whom he strove to imitate. Brown, the man whom the poet thus described, was, he says, “the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding star; but he spoke with the levity of a sailor of illicit love, which hitherto I had regarded with horror.” The consequence was, that Burns imitated Brown in this part of his course as well as in what was better. Before going to Irvine he had written some poems, a few of which he afterwards printed. His favorite books were the “Man of Feeling” and “Tristram Shandy;” to these he now added “Pamela” and “Ferdinand Count Fathom.” He wrote some religious poems, which he printed in the volume by which he became first known. At Irvine he met Fergusson's “Scottish Poems,” and inspired by them, “I strung anew my wildly sounding lyre with emulating vigour.”

We have his brother Gilbert's account of this period of his life, confirmatory of all that is told by Burns himself, and adding the following important information—that though he became a freemason, Gilbert had no recollection of ever having seen him intoxicated “till towards the end of his commencing author (when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company); nor was he at all given to drinking.”

The father died. A trifle was scraped together, and the brothers Robert and Gilbert took the farm of Mossiel, near Mauchline, consisting of 118 acres, at ninety pounds a-year rent. The management of the farm occupied the entire family. The mother and daughters superintended the dairy. Robert read farming books, calculated crops, went to markets; but who can contend against the inevitable accidents that disturb all the calculations of the poor? “The first year, from, unfortunately, buying bad seed; the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops.” This overset Robert's wisdom, and in despair he seems to have fallen into his old follies and amorous adventures, of which the records are more distinctly preserved than can for any pur-

pose be desirable. He bought a blank book to enter his farming memoranda. Some of the pages are occupied in transcripts of verses written a year or two before, in which he warns the Mauchline belles of their danger in cultivating any very intimate acquaintance either with him or his studies:—

“ Oh, leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks like Rob Mossiel.

“ Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That foolish heart but acts a part,
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossiel.”

In one respect, to a student of Burns's poems, and to one who wishes to become perfectly acquainted with the man,—a more important study than that of the poems,—this edition is far the best with which we are acquainted. The arrangement is as nearly as possible chronological, and it curiously enough results from the examination of dates that most of the poems by which Burns is known were produced within a comparatively short period; a period, Mr. Chambers says, of about fifteen months, but which, perhaps, ought to be extended somewhat more. How entirely is man the same at each different period of life. The first year of failure at Mossiel threw him back on his old vices and follies; and the hours of reflection and self-communion at this period were those in which his poetical vein flowed most freely. At the close of life, when disappointed in his fair expectations of reward in what we may call his profession, he again, as of old, falls into the same vices and follies; and, as before, but now in a somewhat of a less peculiar and original strain, is engaged with poetry as his one absorbing occupation. At that first period we have Burns himself,—as distinguished from all former masters of verse—Burns in his own great originality, pouring forth, for the most part, almost unconsciously one would say, an uninterrupted stream of powerful and original verse. At the second period, dwelling rather on what had been done by others, and of old; re-touching and re-fashioning what he found imperfect; everywhere adding, everywhere altering, everywhere, however, allowing the reader to forget the poet in the song.

“ Immortal be the song, forget the minstrel's name,” is the feeling in which he works. But whatever be the feeling, at both periods

it is calamity, it is absolute despair, that forces him in upon himself. It is to find forgetfulness of himself and his outward circumstances, if possible, that is his great object. Is this as it should be? At that first period no one was perhaps to blame; but at the second can it be so said? Is genius, such as Burns's, so abundant that society can afford to throw it away? If works such as his arose, notwithstanding the freezings of despair, what might he not, what would he not, have done under the inspiration of hope? But however this question be answered, is society guiltless? Are we still, as in this case, to occupy ourselves in slaying the prophets and building their sepulchres? fully in earnest, altogether sincere, in the first of these occupations; in the second, it is to be feared, doing little else than gratifying our own vanity.

The impression made by Burns on those of his contemporaries, from whom we have accounts of him, was, that in his prose writings, he exhibited more power than in his poems; and that his prose gave no idea whatever of the yet higher power that characterised his conversation. We can quite understand how this should be the feeling of such men as Dugald Stewart and Blair, and some of the other distinguished men, on whom this effect was produced. This was the opinion of Robertson the historian. In the first place, all such persons may be said not to deny, rather than very cordially to acknowledge, the claims of poetry at all; in the next, it is likely that Blair and Robertson valued most such satirical poems as the “Holy Fair” and the “Ordination.” If so, to the men of that day the conversational comments on such poems, supplied in personal communication with the author, are likely to have given at least as much pleasure as the verses themselves. If Indignation inspires the poet, there can be little doubt that kindred feelings wake the sympathy of his hearers; and could we learn truly what it is that contemporaries admire in the writings of poets, we should often enough find that passages, which we oftentimes utterly forget, are those on which their fame rested with the men of their own time. To say the truth, when we think of the admiration of such men, in connexion with the poetry of Burns, we cannot but remember, that Blair claimed a somewhat higher place among poets for

Macpherson than for Homer; and there can be no doubt that the inspired peasant, in Stewart's estimation, was nothing whatever to Blacklock the poet, who, though blind of an eye, or of both, described natural scenery in language not deviating very remarkably from the traditional dialect of poets, who, if they wore spectacles, never forgot to obey the law "of that adjudged case, not to be found in any of the books"—

"That whenever the nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight, eyes should be shut."

As to Robertson, he was a fair-minded fellow. It is not unlikely that he rather relished the force of Burns's jokes on Old-Light Presbyters and Presbyteries; still, he would have remembered, that Burns was himself the cause of all the squabble between him and the objects of his satire, and that it was scarcely fitting that they should receive such severe punishment at the hands of a man whose chief cause of provocation was, that he had to suffer the humiliation of public exposure, which the discipline of the Scottish Church exacts in cases, that it requires great familiarity with evil to regard with levity. In judging of Burns's poetry, we have no doubt that Robertson took this into account, as, in Home's case, many of the moderate party among the Scottish Presbyterians admired the play of Douglas, chiefly because a Scottish minister, in writing a stage play, was affirming a liberty which deserved to be encouraged. We disregard, then, the relative depreciation of the poetry by these men. Great men they were, each in his own way—Blair, in his own generation, at least; Robertson and Stewart, not only in their own, but in those which have since passed; but that Burns should have impressed them as a man of great general powers, by his letter and his conversation, is a substantive fact of somewhat more importance than it would be in the case of a common farmer, with whom they had been thrown into intercourse, because so far from the fact of his admitted claims as a poet being likely to add any weight in his favour, the effect would have been quite the other way. Men of business, engaged in the hurry and bustle of practical life, assuming that there is something they do not quite understand in the poetical character, are disposed to ignore altogether such

other claims as men supposed to possess the character, may have to consideration. The poets have so often claimed the gift of inspiration, that people take them at their word, and venerate them, as in the East a madman is something sacred. Alison sent Burns a copy of his "Essays on Taste:"—

"The present," says Dugald Stewart, "drew from Burns a letter of acknowledgment, which I remember to have read with some degree of surprise at the distant conception he seemed to have formed of the general principles of the doctrine of *association*."

The letter is preserved. We are not sure that Alison was likely to have felt entirely satisfied with Burns's letter:—

"I own sir," he says, "that at first glance several of your propositions startled me as paradoxical. That the martial clangor of a trumpet had something in it vastly more grand, heroic, and sublime than the twingle-twangle of a Jew's-harp; that the delicate flexure of a rose-twigg, when the half-blown flower is heavy with the tears of the dawn, was infinitely more beautiful than the upright stub of a burdock; and that from something innate and independent of all association of ideas. These I had set down as irrefragable orthodox truths, until perusing your book shook my faith. In short, sir, except Euclid's 'Elements of Geometry,' which I made a shift to unravel by my father's fire-side in the winter evenings of the first season I held the plough, I never read a book which gave me such a quantum of information, and added so much to my stock of ideas, as your 'Essays on the Principles of Taste.'"

We presume that Stewart inferred the fact of Burns's distinct conception of Alison's doctrine from Burns's expressed admiration of the book, and from the implication, involved in his saying, that Alison's arguments had effected a triumph in his mind over the popular objections which he has stated with such eloquence. The passage in Burns's letter has unreasonably been regarded as a satire on the principle of Association.

In Burns's letter to Dr. Moore, he tells of his first impulses to writing verse. We are not disposed to transcribe from a letter passages that have been often quoted; and we think that the account of "that harvest" is even more gracefully given in the following

verses, which, though written in 1787, were not printed till after Burns's death, in Currie's second edition of the works. In several of the modern editions they are omitted, and in some printed with variations, of which we know not on what authority they rest. We print from Mr. Chambers's edition, which differs in a word or two from Allan Cunningham's:—

"BURNS' TO THE GUDEWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE (MRS. SCOTT).

"I mind it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thrash the barn;
Or haud a yokin at the plough;
And though forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco' proud to learn:
When first among the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing,
The tither stookèd raw,
Wi' claivers, and haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

"E'en then, a wish, I mind its power—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear:
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

"But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right and wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that har'st I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She roused the forming strain;
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle:
I firèd, inspirèd,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing and dashing,
I fearèd aye to speak.

"Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
W' merry dance in winter days,
And we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.

Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither;
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

"For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line:
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin' owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Fareweel then, lang heal then,
And plenty be your fa',
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'!"

Burns never wrote anything more exquisite than the greater part of this poem. We could wish the two last stanzas somewhat more compressed. The Scottish poets, when writing in their own dialect, are always too diffuse. They calculate on an audience not easily wearied. And this, we think, is most exhibited in the peculiarly Scottish close of such stanzas as this poem is composed in.

The poems by which Burns was first known to the public, were chiefly written within the year 1784 and 1785. Mr. Chambers refers to 1784, the following entry in Burns's commonplace book which has no date of year, though the month is mentioned.

"*August.*—However I am pleased with the works of our Scotch poets, particularly the excellent Ramsay, and the still more excellent Fergusson, yet I am hurt to see other places of Scotland, their towns, rivers, woods, haughs, &c., immortalised in such celebrated performances, while my dear native country, the ancient baileries of Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham, famous both in ancient and modern times for a gallant and warlike race of inhabitants; a country where civil, and particularly religious liberty, have ever found their first support, and their last asylum; a country, the birthplace of many famous philosophers, soldiers, and statesmen, and the scene of many important events recorded in Scottish history, particularly a great many of the actions of the glorious Wallace, the saviour of his country; yet we have never had one Scotch poet of any eminence to make the fertile banks of Irvine, the romantic woodlands and sequestered scenes on Ayr, and the heathy mountainous source and

winding sweep of Doon, emulate Tay, Forth, Ettrick, Tweed, &c. This is a complaint I would gladly remedy, but, alas! I am far unequal to the task, both in native genius and education. Obscure I am, and obscure I must be, though no young poet nor young soldier's heart ever beat more fondly for fame than mine—

“ And if there is no other scene of being
Where my insatiate wish may have its fill—
This something at my heart that heaves for room,
My best, my dearest part, was made in vain.”

In one of Burns's most beautiful poems, is a passage in which he says—

“ The muse nae poet ever found her,
Till by himself he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
O, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
A heart-felt song.”

The poems which grow out of solitary musings are sufficient reward in themselves to the poet; and of these it is probable that no one but Gilbert, and the immediate members of his family, knew anything. It is a different thing when one deals with satire; whether in sport or malice, it is the case of casting firebrands abroad. The gravest persons will, at times, relax, and indulge in what we call dull jokes. Practical jokes are most often dull. Mr. Chambers tells us of a certain presbyter called “Black Jock,” the Reverend John Russell, one of the ministers of Kilmarnock, “a huge, dark-complexioned, stern-looking man, of tremendous energy in the pulpit, of harsh and unloving nature, and a powerful defender of the strongholds of Calvinism.” Moodie, of Riccarton, a neighbouring parish, a minister holding the same religious views as Russell, was one evening riding home with him from Ayr, “amusing himself by tickling the rear of his neighbour's horse.” The horse kicked and plunged to the amusement of the by-standers; Russell found out the trick, and did not forgive Moodie. They were the ministers of adjoining parishes, and in some dispute about boundaries, which was referred to the Church Court of the district, they lost all command of temper, and abused each other as none can abuse who are not exercised in weekly polemics. Burns was present, and wrote a poem on the subject, which, though not published in any of the editions of Burns, or probably at all printed, till 1808, was circulated extensively in the

neighbourhood of the combatants, and excited strong feelings against Burns. The account of the squabble was followed by other lampoons; all were circulated with great zeal by that class of the clergy who, in the phraseology of Scottish Presbyterians, bore the name of *Moderates*. The others searched statutes, and examined precedents, to see whether, in the armories of the law, there could be found any weapon, civil or spiritual, which could be used against a profane rhymers. It seems wonderful that none was found, for we thought that rhymers and minstrels were classed with thieves and gypsies, and rather below than above the strange companions and bedfellows with whom poverty made them too well acquainted.

Whether such weapons do exist or not, against the offending and defenceless poet it was found not necessary to continue the inquiry, as a different description of vagabondism had placed our poor author in their power. We really cannot understand Burns's conduct, with reference to the several females who figure in this part of his history, on any other supposition than that of actual insanity. Soon after his father's death, we have Burns's address to “his smirking dear-bought Bess.” We have a song, “*The ranting dog, the daddie o' it*,” in which the mother of “the dear-bought Bess” is made to speak complacently of their partnership in Church censures:—

“ When I mount the creepy chair,
Who will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll ask nae mair,
The ranting dog, the daddie o' it.”

Then come some half-dozen Peggies and Nellies. Then two cases, somewhat more serious, which are strangely intertangled, and which have not been quite understood by Burns's former biographers.

The poem of “Mary in Heaven,” Burns's noblest lyric,* was written in 1789, some years after the period of which we now speak, but at this period it was that the heroine of that poem occupied the poet's affections.

The story is a strange and a sad one. Scotland has preserved, from the canon law, the principle, that marriage is founded solely on the consent of the parties forming that engagement; and

* Lockhart.

that their declaration of a marriage secretly contracted, is sufficient to give the character of marriage to intercourse commenced with little thought of contracting so serious an engagement. Burns's circumstances were each day growing worse; and, at this period of his life there were strangenesses of conduct, arising, we would say, from absolute despair. Among the numerous objects of Burns's passionate adoration, there was one which was destined to be less transient than the rest. This was Jean Armour, the daughter of a master-mason, residing at Mauchline. Her father was a religious man, or at all events, a man of severe, austere manners and habits, and of the "old light," the ministers of which doctrine had been the objects of Burns's satire. Burns and the daughter became acquainted in a dancing-room. The religious quarrel, and very probably Burns's character, which must have been gradually becoming such as a prudent father would view with dread, rendered it impossible for Burns to visit Jean Armour under her father's roof. They met, however. It was not very long before Jean Armour found it convenient to state to her family, that she stood in the relation of wife to Burns. There was some written paper in which they declared a marriage or gave a promise of marriage, by which they thought to avert some of the consequences of their imprudence. There is no means of knowing the precise contents of that document, the period of their intercourse at which it was given, or whether it constituted what in Scotland would be called an irregular, but yet a perfectly valid marriage. On learning the fact, the father of Jean was furious. Burns had not a shilling; and Armour thought that to marry his daughter to a man in such circumstances, did not mend the matter. Mr. Chambers is anxious to prove that the relation of Burns and Jean Armour was that of actual marriage. This does not seem to have been the feeling of the parties. Whatever written document passed between the parties, it would appear was cancelled, at the desire of Armour, by Robert Aiken, a man practising as a writer or attorney in Ayr, one of Burns's earliest and best friends, of whom he says that but for him his poems would be unknown or disregarded—"you *read* me into reputation;"

to whom "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is inscribed, and who, though it would seem some shade passed over their friendship, arising out of this incident with the Armours, was at all times regarded with affection and esteem by Burns, who survived to write his epitaph. In the absence of any knowledge of either the precise facts of the case, and without the document which is, perhaps, too hastily assumed to have been intended to constitute an immediate marriage between the parties, we think it is rather hazardous in Mr. Chambers to determine, that the relation between Burns and Jean Armour was, at this date, that of marriage. The Armours and Burns's friend, Aiken, it is plain, thought otherwise; and, though it is not improbable that Burns and the Armours might easily mistake the state of the law on the subject, it is by no means so likely that Aiken did. Jean Armour assented, with less reluctance than Burns thought natural, to her parent's views on the matter; and Burns now and then described himself as tortured with reports of her being about to marry another. Burns had, a little before this, given up his farm to his brother. He proposed to seek a livelihood in the West Indies, and suggested this to the Armours as, perhaps, giving him the means of supporting a wife. The publication of his poems, which he now projected, occurred to him as not unlikely to give a few pounds, by which his passage to the West Indies, and the immediate expenses of his removal might be defrayed. The Armours rejected all his proposals, and he submitted to Church censure for incontinence, in order to obtain a certificate of being an unmarried man. One of his old enemies was the officiating clergyman. He behaved generously. The extreme rigour of Scottish discipline was not enforced. Burns was spared the humiliation of standing apart from the general congregation, and remained in his own pew while the rebuke was administered.

Gilbert Burns, writing of his brother's life and habits, says, that from the period of his return from Irvine, there was always some reigning heroine of his affections, but that in the drama of his loves there were many underplots. Jean Armour ultimately became his wife, but early in 1786 she left her father's house to avoid the

scandal of the neighbourhood. Her family, if not herself, repudiated the thoughts of marriage with Burns; her own conduct at the time is more consistent with the purpose of marrying another, than with any other solution that has been suggested to account for it. Her leaving her father's house is stated in some of the accounts before us as occurring in May, in others towards the end of April; and now, by Mr. Chambers, as taking place in March, 1786. It would seem to be of no moment to fix such an incident. For itself it would not, but it is important in another way. The following passage is Burns's account of the origin of his beautiful song of the "Highland Lassie:"—

"My Highland Lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blest a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our proposed change of life. At the close of autumn she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave before I could even hear of her illness."

It had not been observed that in the song of "The Highland Lassie" there are distinct allusions to Burns's purpose of going to the West Indies, a project which does not appear to have occurred to him till 1786. Mr. Chambers has fixed, with what appears to us absolute certainty, the date of the interview with Mary Campbell, alluded to in this note, to May, 1786, and the death of Mary Campbell, to the autumn of that year. An anxiety to refer the incident of Burns's purpose of marrying the Highland Lassie to a period unconnected with the era of Jean Armour's reign, has made former biographers give an earlier date to the brief romance of Highland Mary, than that in which it actually occurred. We are compelled to interpret Burns's words, which we have quoted, into a statement of there having been some earlier attachment between him and Mary Campbell, but his proposed marriage with her was contemplated at a time when all possibility of reconciliation with the Armours was regarded by

him as at an end. In fact, had not the death of Mary Campbell occurred in the autumn of that year, and other circumstances led to a renewal of the intimacy with Jean Armour, his marriage with Jean could not have taken place. While this episode, as it has been called, of Mary Campbell was referred to an earlier period of Burns's life, it was of little moment to examine with any accuracy the dates of 1786, or to fix with precision his disputes with the Armours. The existence of marriage lines between him and Jean Armour—their legal effect—the fact of their destruction, or the legal effect of their being destroyed—were matters of almost entire indifference, there being no doubt whatever that the subsequently acknowledged marriage fixed the legal position of Burns's wife and children as effectually as any document executed between the parties at an earlier period could do. At the time of the engagement with Mary Campbell, both Burns and Jean Armour regarded themselves as released from any engagement that had ever subsisted between them. The dates of the months of 1786 are in this way important. There are letters of Burns of that year referring to the Armours; and there seems some inconsistency in the heart-broken tone in which he complains of Jean Armour, and of her conduct in giving him up, if we suppose him at the same time as engaged in this amour with Mary Campbell. However, in deducing any inference from the letters, we must remember that many passages in the letters which passed through Dr. Currie's hands were suppressed: some from delicacy towards persons living at the time his book was published—some, because Burns, writing to more than one correspondent, had repeated in the same words to one what he had written to another—some, for the less justifiable reason of smoothing down the differences between accounts of the same incident given by Burns and others. The dates cannot always be regarded as of the same authority with the rest of the letters, having been in many instances, and those unmarked by the editor, arbitrarily and conjecturally fixed, and in some instances demonstrably put down in mistake. It is of moment to free Burns from the reproach of dishonour and dishonesty, which would be justly and ineradicably fastened on him, if esteeming himself

a married man, or bound to Jean Armour by promises or contracts, importing either present or future marriage, he made the engagement which he mentions with Mary Campbell—and of moment, therefore, to correct all mistakes on the subject. We think, indeed, it would have been well that much of Burns's biography which has been given to the public had never been communicated to them, as inaccurate information must do infinite mischief in connecting some of his best poems with false associations, and removing them from that world of Idea to which they properly belong. Could the facts, the entire facts, be ever known, which in no case can they be, it is probable that the poems would be seen in yet higher beauty. The hope of effecting this object is, we presume, what often influences commentators and biographers. The object is seldom attained, and the works of men of genius are overloaded with details of one kind or other, which, on the whole, it would be well to get rid of.

Had it not been for Burns's own note of the appointed meeting with Mary Campbell, and his distinct statement of a marriage engagement with her, we should not have adverted to the subject. Their meeting and parting was attended with circumstances of unusual solemnity, if we are to believe the account which Cromeke was the first to publish, and which has been repeated by several writers since. Mary Campbell was a Highland girl, and in compliance, probably, with some Highland superstition, "they plighted mutual faith, and, exchanging Bibles, stood with a running stream between, and lifting up its waters in their hands, vowed love, while the woods of Montgomery grew, and its waters ran." The Bible which Burns gave her was in two volumes. In one he wrote—"And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord." In the other, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thy oath;" and on a blank leaf, in both volumes, "Robert Burns, Mossgiel." In the first volume, below his name, is a masonic emblem.

We dwell on this story of Mary Campbell with this particularity, because, through Mr. Chambers, it has acquired a new interest. A paper had been read a year or two ago at an Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh, in which it was proved by Mr. Douglas

that Burns's engagement to Mary Campbell was to be referred to the year 1786. This led Mr. Chambers to investigate the subject, and in one of the most ingenious examinations of evidence which we have ever seen, Mr. Chambers has fixed beyond all doubt or controversy the date of Mary Campbell's death. The line of inquiry pursued by him is wholly distinct from that of Mr. Douglas, and is one which would scarcely have occurred to any one except a man of very subtle intellect, as well as one perfectly acquainted with the habits of the people among whom the evidence was to be sought. The result of his inquiries is absolutely decisive of the question; and the poems relating to these incidents will become more intelligible, and, as they are better understood, acquire, to many minds, new beauties. We, ourselves, think Burns not free from some caprice in this as in all things where woman was concerned. It is descending, we fear, very low into the regions of the anti-romantic to state our own notions of the affair, which are, that Burns, to escape some dozens of his charmers, was determined to appropriate one, and decided on marriage being, under his circumstances, absolutely necessary. We think that he regarded the tie between him and Jean Armour, to which he wished to give the sanction of marriage, as one which the obstinacy of her family rendered it impossible thus to consecrate; that in these circumstances he became engaged to another, and that the death of that second left him free to renew his old flame. This is, no doubt, a less romantic view of the case than the Crowcks and the Cunninghams would take. We think it, however, more true to human nature than theirs, and more true to the facts of the particular case, as far as we can find any trustworthy evidence bearing on it.

The year in which Burns's unsettled mind was seeking solace, or self-forgetfulness in those matrimonial plans, was the same in which he first gave to the world his immortal poems. Of those poems it is impossible that we should now speak. We can only say, that of all the editions which we have seen of Burns, this is the best; that its arrangement of the poems and letters, in the order in which they were written, as far as it can be ascertained, aids us

in understanding both, and helps us in knowing Burns himself, better than would be otherwise possible. It is scarce possible to study the works of this great man, and of Byron, cut off at the same period of life, without thinking of them together. The same burning passions—the same fierce indignation—the same detestation of all that looked like hypocrisy. Each makes the same defence for the irregularities of conduct of those who think themselves wronged by the world, in which they have not been prosperous, and tells you how—

“What in them seemed vice, might be but woe.”

Burns, addressing those whom he satirically calls the rigidly righteous, presses upon them considerations likely to be influential with all who know what human nature is. We quote the first wild stanza of the following passage, less for its own sake, than because the beauty of what follows is increased by the contrast of style:—

“Think when your castigated pulse
Gives, now and then, a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop;
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco lee-way.

“See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrified they're grown,
Debauchery and Drinking.

.

“Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before you gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination,
But let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins* no temptation.

“Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennin'† wrang
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

“Who made the heart, 'tis He alone,
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it,
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.”

THE FLOWERS OF FEBRUARY.

EACH month in the calendar can boast its own especial friends and patrons, that give it a pre-eminence over its sisters. Some love one month for its flowers; some prefer another for its fruits; others welcome a third for its warm days; others again praise a fourth for its customary festivals; and another is greeted for the sake of its field-sports; but to one month of the twelve there is an exception. People in general seem agreed to disparage *February* as the most displeasing of all the months—cold, dark, damp, cheerless; the only advantage it is admitted to possess is that of being the shortest. The ancients represented February as a female holding a duck, a heron, and a fish; and in the air above her an urn pouring out water—all symbolical of wet weather. To the general observer,

in February the face of Nature does, in truth, seem without a smile, and her brow without a wreath; and they who love Nature's floral gift must often have borne privations. The rich may, indeed, replenish their vases with hot-house exotics; but they who are less favoured by fortune, can look only for the productions of the simple garden, the field, and the dell: and how desolate an expanse lies before them! The late autumnal flowers, that lingered with enduring hardihood through many a wintry hour, have at length been subdued: blown away by the winds, washed away by the rains, burned away by the frosts; and it is still too early for the flush of the spring flowers.

Yet bleak as is the prospect, it is not entirely barren: nothing is ever wholly

* Perhaps.

† A small matter.

bare and cheerless. God's mercy is over all His works; and there is always some witness of his goodness to be found at all times and under all circumstances, if man will but look for it rightly. So, amid the desolation of February, we shall find some flowers, if we seek them diligently, and in their right places. We must not expect summer flowers in winter, nor look for roses on the leafless sprays, nor for carnations on the fallow beds; but we shall find *seasonable* blossoms. Thus, in adversity we cannot have the gay joys of prosperity; but even tribulation has its seasonable comforts, and its peculiar advantages, for those who can understand them; and who can learn to say with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." No! there is nothing wholly devoid of beauty—physical or moral beauty—nothing out of which good cannot spring. Many a blessed flower of patience and fruit of piety has been the offspring of sorrow and suffering; even

"The thorn—harsh emblem of the curse—
Puts forth a paradise of flowers."

MONTGOMERY.

The very brambles and briars with which the earth was cursed for man's sake, are so created that they cheer man's sight with gay blossoms, or offer him a pleasant fruit, or feed with their seeds the little birds that sing to him.

Well, then, let us snatch a sunny hour (there *will* be some sunshine even now) and go forth to seek what flowers February will yield us. It will be a labour of love to gather them, and bring them home for those dear friends who have not been able to brave, like us, the cold air or the damp ground; and it will be an hour's amusement to arrange them as a wreath, or a bouquet, on the social table beside the glowing fire; and to talk together of the historical or legendary reminiscences connected with each flower. And we may find a few simple lays, not inappropriate, which some one of our companions may adapt to a familiar melody, and sing to the easily improvised accompaniment of the guitar—that accommodating instrument, that permits its minstrel to retain his place without leaving or disturbing the comfortable circle.

The first flower we shall meet with, whether by the wayside or on the garden grass-plot, is sure to be a *DAISY*, that most robust and enduring of Nature's offspring. It makes itself at home in any soil, no matter how inhospitable; and laughs at the frost, and holds up its tiny head stoutly to the winds. No wonder that in some English counties "as *sprack* as a daisy" should be an adage; for who ever saw a drooping, sickly-looking, spirit-broken daisy? No; the hardy little thing appears always healthy, alert, and full of animation. From its unconquered endurance of every soil and every season, the daisy has been chosen by emblematisers as the symbol of constancy and patience, and is therefore given as an attribute to St. Margaret of Cortona, and was formerly worn by the saint's votaries on her fête day, 22nd February. She was a Tuscan, and of abandoned character; but converted, by seeing the half-putrified corpse of one who had been her lover. She entered the Franciscan order at Cortona, and closed a life of great austerity in 1297. From her the daisy has been called in French, *La Marguerite*; and it has been adopted as a device by illustrious ladies named Margaret. Margaret de Valois*—sister of Francis I., widow of the Duke of Alençon, and afterwards wife of Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre—renowned for her talents and her personal charms, was affectionately called by her royal brother, his Marguerite of Marguerites (or daisy of all daisies). She had been deeply afflicted when Francis was made prisoner by the Emperor Charles V., at the battle of Pavia; and she went to Spain to plead his cause with his captor. She was the authoress of the "Heptameron," a book of tales more ingenious than decorous; and of a collection of poems and dramas, to which she gave the title of *La Marguerite des Marguerites*. She used for a device the white lily of France entwined with two daisies.

When the ill-fated Margaret of Anjou came to England to wed Henry VI., the principal nobles went with their trains to meet her on her way to London, and each wore bunches of daisies in his cap in her honour; and

* She must not be confounded with the handsome, clever, but depraved Margaret de Valois, sister of Francis II., and wife (till divorced) of Henry, King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France; he was grandson of the Margaret de Valois in the text.

the king caused the flower to be engraved on his plate as her emblem. In the civil wars of York and Lancaster, the daisy was sometimes used as the cognizance of Queen Margaret's party. At the wedding banquet, on the occasion of the marriage of Charles the Bald, Duke of Burgundy, with his third wife, Margaret, sister of Edward IV. of England, a unicorn was placed on the table, bearing on his back a leopard, and holding in one paw the standard of England, and in the other a daisy, as Margaret's device. And the noble guests wore daisies embroidered on their robes, or enamelled in ornaments on their caps. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., took for her device three daisies on a green sod. Louis IX. of France (called St. Louis), having married Margaret of Castile, to whom he was tenderly attached, invented a pretty device for a ring, which he constantly wore. Around the hoop was enamelled a wreath of daisies (*Marguerites*) in allusion to the Queen's name, and of white lilies, emblematic of France; and on the stone of the ring—a sapphire—a cross was engraved; thus representing his wife, his country, and his religion; and the motto surrounding the whole was, "Beyond this circle what is there to love?"*

The etymology of the English name of this little flower seems to be "day's-eye." It is sometimes called in French, *paquerette*, from appearing in abundance about Easter, *Paques*. It was the favourite flower with the father of English poetry, Chaucer, who has sung its praises as a

"Flower commendable and most in mind."

Nor is he singular. Who does not remember the charming poems of Burns, Montgomery, Wordsworth, and the "Daisy in India,"† by the late Rev. Dr. Carey? The Latin name of the daisy (*bellis*) seems derived from *bellis* (*handsome*), but the poets have composed from it a fable: they sang that *Bellis* was one of the dryads, who was enamoured of *Epigeius* (the same as *Uranus*, or heaven personified), but having attracted the attention of *Vertumnus*, the God of Orchards, she was changed into a daisy, to deliver her from his

unwelcome addresses, and she faithfully and patiently endures every aspect of the sky, her former lover.

The daisy had formerly some reputation for healing wounds, bruises, and inflammations; but it has been superseded in modern pharmacy by more active agents.

Here is the lovely and beloved *Snowdrop*, the earliest ornament of our garden. It is peculiarly the flower of this month: *now* is the season of its beauty, and hence it has been sur-named *The Fair Maid of February*, and also, *Our Lady of February*, having been in the early ages dedicated to the Virgin Mary, as the emblem of purity—its white bells never seeming to receive any stain from the damp soil or the dark rains. It also usually comes into bloom about Candlemas-day (2nd of February), the festival of the Purification of the Virgin. The botanic name of the snowdrop (*galanthus*) is derived from two Greek words, *gala* (milk), and *anthos* (a flower).

There is a species of snowdrop, the *leucoium vernum*, called by English gardeners the *spring snowflake*, which, though it does not bloom till near April, has been dedicated to St. Agnes, whose festival is on the 21st of January, the day on which she suffered martyrdom, at the age of thirteen, in the persecution against the Christians by Diocletian, A.D. 303. Her history has been celebrated by the Christian poet, Prudentius. The snowflake was dedicated to her on account of the pure white of its bells, in fanciful allusion to the name of *Agnes*, which signifies a lamb (*agnus*.) It is distinguished from the common snowdrop by being larger, and wanting the three-leaved nectary, and by having a scent resembling that of hawthorn. It was introduced into England about 1596.

The snowdrop is occasionally found wild in a few places of England, but is supposed to be a relic of former horticulture; yet it is found in lonely and uninhabitable spots among the Malvern hills. It is a charming flower, so fair, so graceful, so modest; and coming at this season, when it has but few rivals, we give it the more attention, and are the more ready to listen to the suggestions of its low sweet

* "Hors cet anneau pourrions nous trouver amour."

† "On a Daisy that had sprang up accidentally among some seeds sent to him from England."

voice. When the wind waves the thickly-set tufts, and moves the tiny bells, they have seemed to us to ring a

chime which our fancy has thus essayed to put into articulate words:—

THE CHANT OF THE SNOWDROPS.

Bend down thine ear! Soft o'er thy senses stealing,
Hear'st thou the music of each silver bell?
Listen! our chime speaks to the heart of feeling,
Hymning *His* praise who hath made all things well.

Praise be to Him who call'd us forth to blossom,
Cheering the chill breast of the wintry earth;
Praise be to Him who thus in mourner's bosom,
Gives to meek hopes and consolations birth.

See! mid wild winds we wave, and are not broken;
Nor doth the dark rain sully our fair hue:
Who doth protect us? He of whom 'tis spoken,
"His love is to man as unto grass the dew."

Praise be to Him who sent us here, foretelling
Winter's reign is passing, spring-tide draweth nigh;
Fair flowers we herald, flowers ourselves excelling—
Sweeter in their fragrance, brighter in their dye.

Praise be to Him, for types and emblems cheering:
Praise, for the eye that learns to read them right;
Praise, for the ear pure Nature's anthems hearing;
Praise, for the voice that can with them unite.

The opening of the snowdrop is shortly followed by that of its friend and companion, the beautiful Crocus, in all varieties of gold, lilac, purple, and striped. The culture of the crocus was introduced into England about 1596, by Gerarde, who received the bulbs from France. It grows wild in great luxuriance in the Greek isles. The Greek poets feigned that a beautiful youth named Crocus was beloved by a nymph called Smilax; but being slighted by him, she died of grief, and the gods in pity changed her into the plant that now bears her name; and metamorphosed Crocus into the well-known spring-flower.

Ovid, in glancing at this metamorphosis, says—

"Crocon in parvos versum cum Smilace flores
Prætereo."

Pliny describes the plant (smilax) as having leaves like ivy, but not angular; as being set with spines, and throwing out claspers; having a white flower, and producing berries in bunches, more like the wild vine than the ivy. He says it was considered a funereal plant on account of the fate of the nymph, and therefore not proper to be worn in wreaths at festivals; but that ignorant people, mistaking it for a species of

ivy, profaned solemnities by wearing it in honour of Bacchus and Silenus, to whom the ivy was sacred. Pliny's description corresponds with the *smilax aspera* of modern botanists, which was cultivated in England by the celebrated John Tradescant, about 1656, and the roots of which are sometimes sold on the Continent for sarsaparilla. It flowers in September.

Pliny says that a garland of crocus induces sleep and, worn by revellers, mitigates the effects of wine, and that the juice, taken previously, prevents intoxication. Among the ancients the crocus mingled in the garland worn by the Furies; and was used to strew the stage during dramatic representations.

The broad dark leaves of the autumnal crocus, the *colchicum*, are beginning to break through the ground; but we must not look for its spotted lilac-pink flowers till its leaves are withered away in autumn. It is sometimes found wild in England. *Colchicum*, though possessing deleterious qualities, is much esteemed as a remedy in dropsy, gout, and rheumatism. The mythic origin of this crocus is said to have been from a magic liquor made by Medea, Princess of Colchis, in order to re-juvenate her father-in-law, Eson,

King of Thessaly. Some drops of the liquid being spilled on the ground, the flower sprang up from them. This is a reversal of the order of things, deriving the flower from the drug, instead of the drug from the flower. The simple truth seems to be, that Medea, who was reputed a sorceress, i.e., a person of some medical skill, being acquainted with the qualities of the colchicum (so called from her country), used its extract for the relief of the gouty old king. Colchicum is still worn by Swiss peasants about their persons, or placed in their cottages, to avert witchcraft and injurious spells. Thus long has its fabulous reputation lasted.

To another of the crocus tribe, which we shall not see till the year is far advanced, the saffron crocus (*crocus sativus*), we owe the saffron, esteemed for its romantic and stimulating qualities, and used as a dye. The culture of the bulb, for the sake of the filaments in its flowers, that form the saffron, was once much attended to in England. The town of Saffron Walden, in Essex, derives its appellation from the extensive plantations of the saffron crocus in its neighbourhood; and bears on its municipal shield three of the flowers, in commemoration of their introduction, which a romantic legend says was due to a pilgrim from Essex, who, being desirous of bestowing some valuable gift on his native county, brought home from the east a bulb concealed in the head of his staff, and planted it at Saffron Walden, about the time of Edward III.

But none of the late blowing crocus flowers, however useful, seem to us half so welcome as the early blossom—so bright, so erect, so animated-looking; giving an air of gaiety to the desolate parterre—ever welcome as the harbinger of many a spring and summer sweet; ever welcome as to the heart of the sad is some new-born hope that seems the herald of coming joy. Therefore we will improvise for it a

LAY OF ANTICIPATION.

Fear not, my Willie! The clouds that hang
o'er us
Shall all be dispers'd, and shall pass from
our skies;
And a light shall illumine the path-way
before us,
A guide to our steps, and a bliss to our
eyes;

And brighter and dearer the day-star will
seem,
From the gloom that to us hath o'ersha-
dowed its beam.

Fear not, my Willie! The warm summer
weather
Will come, and repay us for winter's cold
blast;
We both shall be happy in culling together
Green wreaths and sweet buds, that will
open at last;
And though proud exotics may never be
ours,
We'll love just as dearly free Nature's wild
flow'rs.

Fear not, my Willie! There's One in high
heaven,
Whose hand for His creatures can duly
provide;
And though, in His wisdom, to us be not
given
Such lot as might tempt a frail spirit to
pride,
He can send as much peace to a straw-
cover'd home,
As ever was felt 'neath the stateliest dome.

The modest and fragrant VIOLET, the universal favourite, is generally accounted a vernal flower; and we shall not easily find it wild before spring. But in our gardens the cultivated species, particularly the Neapolitan, bloom through winter days, and yield their odours even when half buried in snow. The name seems derived from the Latin *via*, a way, from the frequency of the wild flower by the road-sides. It was the national flower of Athens, which city, personified by sculptors and painters, was represented as a majestic female wearing a wreath of violets. The Athenians were originally from Ionia, so called from its abundance of violets, the flower being termed, in Greek, *Ion*. The classic poets feigned that Ia, daughter of the Phrygian king, Midas, and wife of the handsome shepherd Atys, being persecuted by the addresses of Apollo, who had become enamoured of her, she was changed into a violet to avoid him. The Romans crowned their domestic gods, the Lares, with violets; and used the flowers to perfume their wines. Pliny affirms that a chaplet of violets cures headache (which is not borne out by modern experience), that the purple violet is remedial in bruises and inflammations, and that the white violet discusses tumours. The juice of violets detects acids and alkalis.

The former turn it green, the latter red. Mahomet compared himself to the violet. He said as its odour surpasses that of all other flowers (what did he think of the rose?) so his doctrine excelled all others.

At the floral games, instituted at Toulouse in the fifteenth century, by Clemence Isaure, for the encouragement of poetry, the first prize awarded to the most skilful competitor, was a golden violet; the second was a silver eglantine; the third, a silver marigold. These competitions of the *gaya scientia* were held in a garden on the 1st of May. The marble statue of Clemence, in the town hall, was crowned with flowers, and an eulogium was recited in her honour. The prizes were distributed by the municipal authorities of Toulouse. These pleasant games were continued till the French Revolution, and were then abolished. The genius of Anarchy seemed to take delight in destroying all that was elegant, historical, or venerable in France. A pretty device was once invented by French gallantry for a beautiful, and accomplished, but very retiring female—a violet almost hidden beneath its leaves—and the motto, "*Il faut me chercher.*"

The violet has derived from Napoleon I. a place in French history. It was a token for those of his partisans who were in the secret of his intended return from Elba in 1814. These wore bouquets of early violets; and in order to discover who were of their party, the watchword was, "Do you love the violet?"* If the reply was simply "Yes," the questioner passed on, perceiving that the stranger was not one of the initiated. But if the latter replied, "Well!" then followed the countersign of recognition, "It will re-appear in spring."† And they bestowed upon the imperial exile the symbolic name of "Corporal Violet." The print-shops exhibited engravings representing a bouquet of violets, with a bud below the full-blown flowers. In the outlines of the violets, the profiles of Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and their son were ingeniously traced: Napoleon's under a green leaf folded so as to represent his cocked hat; Maria Louisa opposite to him, and the child in the bud beneath.

And now we shall offer the reader our translation of some lines

ON AN EARLY VIOLET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF A. MAFFEI.

"*Odorosa fodiens dell' Aprile,*" &c.

Sweet fragrant flower, that herdest
The vernal days, how like art thou
To germ of love in gentle breast,
That springs—as thou art springing now.

To this bleak sod thy bloom is bright;
As hope that bids sad thoughts be gay,
As life's glad smile of calm delight,
When pain long borne hath pass'd away.

From out the snows that round thee melt
I call thee, hermit of the field!
And scent, with rapture deeply felt,
The living breath thy odours yield.

Oh, that to fill my charmed ear
Thy perfum'd breath had words and voice:
Then as to vocal spirit near
My soul would listen and rejoice.

Then would I learn why thus the sun
Woos thee, ere past is winter's gloom;
Why maid who mourns her plighted one
In absence, loves thy tender bloom:

Why the lone wand'rer sheds the tear
For distant home, and native skies;
And renders exile doubly drear
By vain regrets and fruitless sighs.

Companion of the sorrowing!
Thou dost not smile for happy heart;
Thy spells to mem'ry only bring
The bliss of days we've seen depart.

Our joys!—they fly like fickle friends
(Perfidious friends that fail'd in truth),
Soon as the sweet delusion ends
That charm'd awhile brief, changing youth.

We espy under the shade of some tree, or clump of shrubs, a golden yellow flower, as bright as the buttercup, and not unlike it, rising above its sombre green and deeply-cut leaves. It is the WINTER ACONITE (*eranthis hyemalis*), so-called, though it is a hellebore, and a relation of the Christmas rose, or *helleborus niger*, with its dark and jagged leaves, and its round greenish-white flowers slightly edged with purple. Hellebore is an acrid poison, and the ancients used its juice to envenom their arrows. Yet, scientifically employed, the plant has valuable me-

* "*Aimez vous la violette?*"

† "*Elle reparoitra en printems.*"

dicinal qualities. It was formerly called *Melampodium*, from Melampus, a famous soothsayer (i. e., ancient physician) who discovered its sanative properties, from observing its effects on the goats that browsed upon it, and thence applied it to the cure of the three daughters of Prætus, King of Argos, Iphianassa, Iphione, and Lysippe, who were seized with hypochondrial madness, and fancied themselves cows. The old mythologists, mingling fable with history, said, that these ladies, called the Prætides, had boasted of their own beauty as superior to that of Juno, and the angry goddess, in consequence, turned them into cows. Melampus having succeeded in curing them, received in reward (as he had stipulated) a third of the kingdom of Argos, and the hand of Iphianassa: another portion of the kingdom, with the second sister, was bestowed upon his brother Bias. Hellebore enjoyed the reputation of clearing the intellect: Valerius Maximus says (book viii., chap. 7), that when Carneades, the philosopher, was engaged in a disputation with his rival Chrysippus, he was in the habit of preparing his mind for the disquisitions by doses of hellebore. The plant grew abundantly at Anticyra. Hence the Latin saw, "*Naviga ad Anticyram*," ("Set sail for Anticyra") was equivalent to "You are mad, and want hellebore."

On some occasions the ancients used hellebore as an aspergillum to sprinkle their flocks, with solemn rites. The person whose task it was to cut the plant, drew a circle round it with a sword or knife; and then, looking to the east, cut it; praying permission from the gods to do so, and watching, meanwhile, for the flight of an eagle. If one appeared, and flew near him, it was an omen that he should die within a year. It was anciently imagined that if hellebore were laid upon a scorpion recently killed, the creature would revive!

We shall now find in our garden-beds a few early single ANEMONES: *anemone coronaria*, with its white corolla, and red ring; and the star anemone (*A. hortensis*) of blue, or of scarlet. It is named from the Greek word *anemos*, the wind, because it

blossoms during the season of high winds: indeed Pliny says it never blooms but when the wind blows. The classic poets related different fables of its origin: some said that Anemone was a nymph beloved by Zephyr, whose wife Flora, goddess of flowers, inspired by jealousy metamorphosed her rival into the flower that bears her name, whose early blossoms are all withered before the season when the soft zephyr breathes over the garden. Bion, in his Eclogue on Adonis, says, that the anemone sprang from the tears shed by Venus, when her beloved Adonis (symbolising summer) was slain by the wild boar (the emblem of winter). Ovid* says it grew up from the blood of Adonis. Wild anemones adorn the Greek isles in great profusion. Among the Egyptians the anemone was a type of sickness, from the pink tints in the white flower, seeming like a hectic flush in a pallid face; but among the Orientals it was the emblem of perseverance, from its continuing to blossom as fast as its petals are scattered by the blasts.

The pretty WOOD-ANEMONE will not open till the season is farther advanced; but another flower, which is classed among anemones, is now adorning our borders; the pink and the blue HEPATICA, introduced by Gerard, 1596. From its three-lobed leaves, which were thought to resemble the form of the liver, our ancestors called it "noble liver-wort," and imagined that its qualities (slightly astringent) were beneficial in liver complaints.

The trailing PERIWINKLE is just now showing its blue convolvulus-like flowers. Its botanic name, *vinca*, is from *vinculum*, a band or tie; because its long, flexible stems are applicable for ligatures; and were, in old times, used to bind round limbs affected by the cramp; to cure which it was thought to have some virtue. From its suitability to form bands was derived an ancient superstition, that the leaves of the plant eaten together by man and wife would occasion mutual love. With the Italians, who call it "*Fior dei morti*," or flower of the dead, it is funereal, and is made into garlands to carry at the obsequies of young children. It is (perhaps we should say *was*) funereal also among the Irish

* Metamorphoses, Book x.

peasantry. We have seen it growing in great luxuriance in some lonely rural church-yards, belonging to ruined churches, in the county of Waterford. Anciently it was believed to be used by sorcerers in their incantations, to bind the limbs of the corpses they exhumed; hence it was called "the sorcerer's violet." In France it has become an emblem of friendly recollection, with the appellation of "*Herbe aux souvenirs*," or plant of remembrance; because it reminded Rosseau, after a lapse of thirty years, of his friend, Madame de Warens, with whom it had been a favourite, and affected him so deeply that he shed tears upon finding it. De Lille, in his rural poem, "*L'Homme des Champs*," alludes to Rosseau's long search for the wild flower (called in French, *pervenche*) which is so common in England.

"Quand la pervenche, en nos champs
ignorée,
Offre à Rosseau sa fleur si long-tems desirée :
'La pervenche ! grand dieu ! la pervenche !'
—soudain
Il la conve des yeaux ; il y porte la main,
Saisit sa douce proie ; avec moins de tendresse
L'amant voit, reconnoit, adore sa maitresse."*
—Canto iii.

The single yellow WALLFLOWER contributes its spicy perfume to our bouquets, and reminds us of the troubadours, with whom it was an especial favourite, from its adorning of ruins; whence they adopted it as an emblem of affection surviving time, and of fidelity in adversity. For this floral lover of ruins we shall essay an accompanying sonnet :—

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

Heart ! thou wert once a joyous temple—
there
One idol stood, high o'er the altar plac'd ;
And Hope, bright priestess, made the shrine
her care,
With emblem flowers, and votive garlands
grac'd ;

Her incense was those pure and painless
sighs
That oft from deep calm happiness arise.
The temple now is ruined—not the slow
Hard hand of time wrought this—but sudden
blow.
The priestess Hope is dead—the shrine o'er-
thrown ;
All is destroyed ; but not the idol—no !
Buried beneath the broken altar-stone
It safely rests—while oft, with noiseless
tread,
Memory, a faithful votaress, steals alone,
Amid the wrecks her midnight tears to shed.

Here is a sprig of MEZEREON, with its pink blossoms that, appearing long before its leaves venture to peep forth in the cold, has been adopted as emblematic of rash haste. The berries are poisonous to man, though eaten by birds. In France the bark is bound on the skin to raise a blister. The shrub is sometimes found wild in England. A plant which belongs to the same family (*daphne*), the spurge laurel (*daphne laureola*), with greenish, yellow flowers, is the badge of the Scottish clan Graham.

In some very sheltered nook of a warm dell, peeping from among mosses, we may, perchance, meet with a pale PRIMROSE. Its botanical name, *primula*, is from the Latin *primum*, first. Classic fables say, that a youth called Paralisos was so deeply enamoured of a beautiful nymph, that being slighted by her he was transformed into a primrose, whose pallid complexion still shows its pining. A decoction of the roots and flowers was once imagined to be serviceable in paralysis; hence was derived the fable of Paralisos and his metamorphosis. In the early ages of Christianity the primrose was dedicated to St. Agatha, a beautiful girl of Palermo, who, after suffering severe tortures for refusing to worship the heathen deities, died in her prison, A.D. 252, on the 5th of February, subsequently kept as her festival. The pink variety of the primrose was dedicated to St. Adelaide, daughter of a count of Gueldres, who died Abbess

* Thus translated by Mr. Maunde :—

"The pervanche thus, with us that never grew,
Its long sought blossom gave to Rosseau's view ;
He marks the treasure with an eager glance :
'Good heavens ! the pervanche !' and his hands advance,
Sudden to seize the prey : not more delight
Feels the fond lover at his mistress' sight."

of a convent in Cologne, 1015, and whose festival is also on the 5th of February. The early red primrose, *verna rubra*, is dedicated to St. Theodore of Heraclea.* The polyanthus (of this family) is dedicated to St. Catherine de Ricci, a lady of a noble Tuscan house, who was a Dominican nun, and dying in 1589 was canonized on account of her extraordinary sanctity. Her festival was kept February 13th.

To the primrose tribe belongs the mealy-leaved and laced Auricula. It grows wild on the mountains of Switzerland, Styria, Savoy, and Piedmont; and was first cultivated as a garden flower by the Flemings, being brought to Brussels by some Walloon merchants.

Low marshy meadows will yield us the flowers of the coltsfoot, that appear before their leaves: the yellow, whose juice is of repute in coughs (thence the botanic name, *tussilago*, from *tussis*, a cough), and the pink, whose root, boiled in wine, was formerly thought beneficial in pestilential fevers. It was tried in the great plague in London, 1665 (whence the herb was long called plague-wort) but with no encouraging success. The sweet-scented coltsfoot, with its white but lilac-tinged blossoms now decking the garden, was brought to us from Greece.

And now we shall want a few evergreens. We will chuse those that are in flower. Yet first we will take the Box, though its tiny green inflorescence can scarcely be called flowers. But it especially belongs to this month, because on Candlemas-day it was customary to take down the Christmas greens—the holly and mistletoe—from the churches and houses, and to replace them with box as the substitute for the unprocurable palm. Box is very poisonous. The honey of Corsica, which is deleterious and disagreeable, is thought to owe its bad qualities to the circumstance of the bees feeding on the box-trees, which are abundant in the island. But the wood is extremely useful for making a great variety of articles, and especially flutes. It is the only European wood that will sink in water. The tree was sa-

cred to Cybele, wife of the god Saturn. Box, from its evergreen sprays, and the durability of its wood, was considered an emblem of immortality. In the north of England it was customary to place at the door of a house, whence a funeral was about to proceed, a basin containing sprigs of box, that each mourner might take one to carry with him, in order to throw upon the coffin when lowered into the grave. The plain green box is the badge of the clan M'Intosh, and the variegated variety that of the clan M'Pherson. In warmer climates than ours box-trees grow to an enormous size, and *topiarii*, or gardeners who clip trees into figures, were always fond of exercising their art upon it. We are told that, in the garden of Pliny the younger, there was a box-tree cut out into different apartments, in the midst of which was a saloon, having a bench of white marble all round, and adorned with cages of singing birds, and a fountain which played into a basin, bordered with moss.

The Ivy has now opened its yellow-green bunches. Its wreaths, twined round the head, were believed to prevent intoxication. According to Pliny, a cup made of the wood of ivy supplies a test whether water had been mingled with wine; in which case, he affirms, the wine would soak through the vessel, and the water remain behind in it. Homer represents his heroes as drinking out of cups made of ivy. Mythologists said that Cissus, a youth much beloved by Bacchus, being accidentally killed while sporting with the satyrs, the wine-god changed him into ivy, and adopted the plant as peculiarly sacred to his rites. It wreathed the brow of Bacchus and Silenus, and their votaries; and twined the thyrsus of the Bacchantes and Mænades, the priestesses of Bacchus, one of whose classic appellations was *Corymbifer*, or the berry-bearer, derived from its fruit. The ivy was also the poet's garland.

On account of the clinging propensities of the ivy, it was used by the ancients to decorate the altar of Hymen, and to crown the newly-wedded couple, to remind them that they should adhere to each other. But for the same propensities it was held improper to use

* A general under Lucinius, beheaded for his faith, 7th of February, A.D. 819. His festival is on the day before named.

ivy, or even to pronounce its name, during the quinquennial purification of Rome, called the Lustrum, lest the word should prove ominous, and cause anything of uncleanness to adhere to the city, or to its purifiers. For the same reason, the Flamen Dialis, or priest of Jupiter, was not allowed to touch or name ivy. Ptolemy IV., surnamed Philopater, King of Egypt, caused apostate Jews to be branded with the figure of an ivy leaf, as a reproach to them for not adhering to their religion with the tenacity of ivy.

A sprig of ivy is the badge of the clan Gordon in Scotland. There is an expressive old Irish proverb,* “a mouth of ivy and a heart of holly,” signifying words smooth as the ivy leaf, concealing thoughts harsh and hostile as the prickly holly. When Llewellyn, last Prince of Wales, had been slain, after his unsuccessful contests to preserve the independence of his country, his head was cut off, and placed on the Tower of London, by order of Edward I., crowned with a chaplet of ivy, in ridicule of a prophecy of Merlin, then current in the principality, that when the coin in England was struck *round*, the Prince of Wales would be crowned in London. Edward was the first who caused the copper coins to be made *round*; they were previously square. A pleasing device was once invented in France for a friend who adhered to a dismissed minister—a tree overthrown, with ivy clinging round it; the motto, “*Sa chute ne peut m’en detacher.*”†

The ivy is a plant that loves antiquity; it is not indigenous or common in North America, a new country where there are no venerable ruins of castle or priory to attract the romantic adherent. Kalm said that he never saw the common ivy (*hedera helix*) in North America save once, against a stone building, but it had been apparently brought from Europe and planted there. Ivy grows nowhere so luxuriantly as in Ireland, which is peculiarly the country of ruins. We have seen large towers completely veiled by it, and tottering walls kept up solely by the stems that had grown into thick timber. The Irish peasant has long been remarkable for his ivy-like clinging to the land of his birth, the graves of his forefathers, and the customs of the olden time; and even now, when compelled by circumstances to emigrate, his memory and his affections cling to the old country still. For this reason, we will associate with the ivy our translation of a lament for Ireland, by Denis M’Namara, written when he was in Hamburgh, seeking his fortune. Denis Ruad, or Foxy Denis, as he was called, was a native of Clare, but principally resided in the county of Waterford, where he was a schoolmaster, having received an education in a foreign college. He went abroad more than once to improve his circumstances, but was always seized with the “home sickness,” and returned. He died in Ireland, in 1814, at an advanced age:—

THE HILLS OF ERIN.

(FROM THE IRISH OF DENIS M’NAMARA.)

“Beir beanacht om chroidhe go tìr geal na h-Eirion.”

My faithful heart pours forth its choicest blessing,
 For Erin’s lovely shore,
 Which Eivir’s generous race, in pride possessing,
 Adorn’d of yore.
 There the blithe harp responds to minstrel’s finger,
 The wild bird sweetly trills—
 Ah, woe is me! in exile thus to linger,
 Far from fair Erin’s hills.
 Uilin, ah! Uilin, oh!

No more the team to rural labour going,
 I see before me pass;
 Nor the good kine led forth, tumultuous lowing,
 To crop the tender grass.

* Beul Eidhin, agus croidhe Cuilinn.

† “His fall cannot detach me from him.”

But here dark ships ride high o'er billows foaming ;
 Wild wind their canvas fills—
 Oh ! would that I once more were gaily roaming
 On Erin's pleasant hills.
 Uilin, ah ! Uilin, oh !

Dearer to me were Erin's loneliest mountains
 Than all the world beside—
 At summer eve soft speak her gurgling fountains,
 To green woods waving wide :
 Gen'rous her sons, and lovely are her daughters—
 My heart with fondness thrills
 In memory's dream, and sends across the waters
 A sigh to Erin's hills.
 Uilin, ah ! Uilin, oh !

There, sprinkled bright the dewy drops are shining
 On grass and waving corn ;
 Fruit-laden trees their wealthy boughs are twining ;
 White blossoms deck the thorn.
 Ah, soon I feel my life will fail in sadness,
 Save heaven in pity wills
 To bring the exile yet again in gladness,
 To Erin's pleasant hills.
 Uilin, ah ! Uilin, oh !

The *LAUBUSTINUS*, with its cymes of fair flowers, is assumed by emblematisers as a type of grief, from neglect; because the shrub will wither and die in ground that is neglected. It was anciently dedicated to St. Faine,* in the sixth century, an abbess in Ireland.

Here are the small white, waxen-looking bells of the *ARBUTUS*, whose strawberry-like fruit, harsh as it is, is eaten by the peasants in Spain and Italy. Pliny esteemed the berry so little, that he says the name of the tree, *arbutus unedo*, is properly derived from *unus* and *edo*, because one, and *one only*, can be eaten. Virgil commends the twigs for basket-work—*arbutæ crates* (Geor. i.) and as winter food for goats—*jubeo frondentia capris*. *Arbuta sufficere* (Geor. iii.) The *arbutus* is a native of Greece and Palestine, but flourishes in exceeding beauty and luxuriance at Killarney, of whose scenery it is a peculiar ornament.

The blue labiate flowers of the *ROSEMARY* deck its narrow hoary leaves from this season until May. The etymology of the name is very pretty—*Rosmarinus*—the sea-dew; for the shrub thrives with peculiar vigour in the vicinity of the sea. Shakspeare mentions it (in *Hamlet* and in *The Winter's Tale*), as the emblem of remembrance.

It was also considered a symbol of fidelity. Formerly it was reputed to strengthen the memory, and to stimulate the heart; for which reason it was used in garlands both in weddings and at funerals, those two extremes of human rites. It was usual to use sprigs of rosemary to stir the wine in the cups at nuptial feasts, when the guests were about to drink to the health of the bride and bridegroom. In the north of Europe rosemary was carried at the funerals of the unmarried only. The aromatic and stimulating qualities of rosemary were once so highly esteemed, that they were thought efficacious against the contagion of the plague, and that the smoke of the sprigs burned as incense had power to drive away evil spirits. In the *Palilia*, or festivals of *Pales*—the divinity of shepherds—the flocks were purified with the smoke of the burned branches. The flowering sprays were dedicated to the domestic deities—the *Penates*. Bees delight in the azure blossoms; and the honey of Narbonne, celebrated for its peculiar excellence, owes its delicious flavour to the abundance of rosemary that grows in that country. The preference of bees for these flowers has suggested the *refrain* of the following playful little effusion, addressed to a young girl jealous of her lover, which we translate from a poet of Granada:—

* Her Festival, kept at Clogher, is on 1st of January.

SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GONGORA.*

"Los flores de Romero," &c.

Yon rosemary besprent with dew,
Is it not sweet and bonny?
To-day the flowers are azure blue,
To-morrow they'll be honey.

Thou'rt jealous, pretty Isabel;
Love's truant comes not nigh thee;
He's blest, since thus thou seek'st him well;
Blind, since he doth not spy thee;

And confident, since e'en to-day
He makes not frank confession;
Nor doth thy gen'rous pardon pray
For yesterday's transgression.

Ingrate he is, to give thee pain—
But let hope cheer thy sorrow,
And dry thy tears; for love again
Will bring him back to-morrow.

These quarrels between lovers true,
Are like yon blossoms bonny;
To-day they are but flow'rets blue,
To-morrow they'll be honey.

We have now sought through garden, shrubbery, and field, and have not been able to find another flower for February's wreath..

But, ere we conclude our *Februalia*, we would fain say a few words of a festival anciently celebrated in this month by the Romans, which, though of pagan origin, is worthy of the approbation of Christians; the spirit in which it was conceived was so beautiful, we might say so holy, that it seems like a præ-Christian spirit, in advance of the advent of Christianity. We mean the feast of the *Caristia*, held on the 19th of February. After the

termination of the *Feralia* (commencing February 11), in honour of relatives deceased, each family held its *Caristia*, or feast of kindred, to which every kinsman, or connexion by marriage, was invited; but no person who had shown himself devoid of natural affection was admitted. The intention of the festival was to strengthen the good feelings existing between the parties, and to effect reconciliations between those who had quarrelled, or had been in any degree estranged. It was a feast of love, forgiveness, and peace—a feast in which, says Ovid, Concord herself became more amiable:—

"Concordia fertur,
Illo præcipuè mites adesse die."—(Fasti. ii.)

The united kinsmen shared together a cheerful banquet; and when night had advanced, they concluded it by quaffing a parting cup to the health of each other, to their country, and to its ruler:—

"Bene nos, Patriæ, bene te Pater, optime Cæsar."

This charming festival was touchingly and appositely timed, just after the commemoration of the beloved dead, when the remembrance of former affection and departed worth had softened the hearts of the survivors by tender regrets, and chastening reflections on the uncertainty of human life.

However pale and wintry were the February flowers brought to decorate the *Caristia*, to our fancy they would seem the brightest and the sweetest amid all the floral offspring of the earth.

M. E. M.

* Luis de Gongora, born at Cordova, 1561.

THE DUCAL HOUSES OF URBINO AND OF MILAN.*

HOWEVER difficult to reconcile with the accepted theories of political economy, the fact cannot be controverted, that in the little Italian states of the middle ages, all the arts of life were carried to the greatest perfection of which mankind, under any social system, have shown themselves capable. The plain of Lombardy, at that period, or the territory at either side of the Apennines, extending to the Tuscan sea or Adriatic, could separately exhibit more varied developments of skill and genius in agriculture, engineering, architecture, the fine arts, and the art of war, than most of the great European states, governed by consolidated systems, can boast of, even at the present day. England has her great poets, architects, painters, and warriors; but in the middle-age Italian republics it was as if, not London alone, but Liverpool, and Manchester, and Sheffield, and Birmingham, had each its own Shakspeare, and Wren, and Reynolds, and Wellington.

We are all more or less familiar with the glories of Florentine art, and the renown of Tuscan letters. We know less of the Milanese, and are still very generally ignorant of the history of the states on the further or Adriatic side of the Apennines. Yet from this last quarter have proceeded men, world-famous in art: Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, the "Beato Angelico," so styled from the purity and spiritual beauty of the creations of his pencil; his friend and pupil, Gentile da Fabriano; Pietro della Francesca; and "Il Divino" Raffaele Sanzio—*par excellence*, Raffaele d'Urbino.

Sismondi, the eloquent advocate of those republican forms of government established at so early a date in northern Italy, would fain persuade us that the cities of Lombardy and Tuscany owed their intellectual pre-eminence

to their free institutions. Doubtless, the mental habits induced by self-government, the stake which each citizen individually held in the common weal, called into exercise, trained, and cultivated qualities of mind which, when applied in a different direction, resulted in those varied artistic attainments, which have been the glory of Genoa, of Florence, and of Venice.

But we shall pass from these and other free cities of the plain, to conduct our courteous reader over more untrodden ground, and, in the first instance, direct his attention to the less-known states of Urbino and Milan. The former, under the mild paternal sway of the ducal houses of Montefeltro and della Rovere, the latter under the tyranny of the Visconti and the Sforzas, developed, in no less large a proportion than their republican neighbours, that fine genius, the science of war, and those arts of peace, which made Italy, in the middle ages, so pre-eminently, so deservedly illustrious.

Let us turn for a moment to the map, and glance at the natural boundaries which interpose between, and separate the Ausonian peninsula from the adjacent states.

The great Alpine rampart extending from the Gulf of Genoa on the west, in a semicircular form, almost to the Gulf of Venice on the east, encloses the fertile plain of Lombardy, watered by innumerable rivers, falling, with scarcely an exception, from their source in the snow-capped mountains, into the basin of the Po. This noble river forms the southern boundary of a territory, fruitful in agricultural products as in mighty cities. Again, the mountain chain of the Apennines, extending lengthwise through the peninsula, divides it into two nearly equal portions—the western, bounded by the Tuscan sea; the eastern, washed by

* "Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, illustrating the Arms, Arts, and Literature of Italy, from 1440 to 1630." By James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun. 8 vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1851.

"Life and Times of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, with a Preliminary Sketch of the History of Italy." By William Pollard Urquhart, Esq. 2 vols. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1852.

the blue and sparkling waters of the Adriatic.

In this latter region, in almost the same parallel of latitude with Florence, lies the picturesque town of Urbino, the chief city of the duchy to which we are about to transfer our readers.

"The territory of Urbino stretches along the Adriatic, and extends about forty miles in length, and as many in breadth. From the Apennine ridge to the coast, it includes modifications of surface, climate, and soil, suited to a variety of natural productions, and admirably calculated for the development of the human frame. On the summit grew those magnificent pines which gave to the district of Massa the epithet of *Trabaria*, from the beams which were carried thence for the palaces of Rome, and which are noticed by Dante as—

"The living rafters on the back
Of Italy."

Below these stretched forests of chesnut and oak, succeeded by hardy orange trees, and in the lower grounds by the olive and vine, to which its ever-broken and undulating surface is peculiarly favourable. Through numberless ravines are conveyed copious streams, supplying abundant water-power for grinding rich harvests, grown in the alluvial valleys and in the plains which open upon the sea. From its shores are drawn ample supplies of fish. Its mountains and manors abounded in game, so long as that was protected by resident princes."—*Dukes of Urbino*, vol. i. p. 4.

As the traveller journeying from Tuscany emerges from the defiles of the Apennines, and approaches the city of Urbino, he is struck by the picturesque beauty of its site, and the yet imposing ruins of its palace-fortress. The deserted capital of an extinct duchy can boast no longer its splendid court, its extensive library, its enlightened rulers, its heroic warriors, its authors, and its artists. Urbino is a lapsed fief, merged by the failure of its heirs male, in the seventeenth century into the States of the Church, denationalised, and its capital degraded into an insignificant provincial town, the patrimony of St. Peter.

Those who, by an exercise of imaginative thought, would re-people the past, and contemplate the devolved duchy as in the days of her glory, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Dennistoun for his minute, valuable, and most interesting researches into the history of Urbino. The very delightful work which embodies the result of his la-

bours, during a lengthened sojourn among the Ausonian cities, is full of new and attractive information, most agreeably communicated. His "*Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino*" detail, in addition to the personal biography of the five princes who swayed the duchy from 1440 to 1630, much of the contemporary history of Italy, as well as profound and enlightened criticisms on the literature, arts, and arms of that once glorious land—

"Circled by sea and Alps, parted by Apennine."

We shall give a rapid sketch of the personal character of these princes of Urbino. The details will be new to most of our readers. Until the appearance of Mr. Dennistoun's work, information respecting them was to be met with only in unpublished and, for the most part, inaccessible manuscripts.

Their city and territory owed much of its marvellous prosperity during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to the dukes of Urbino individually. At this epoch, not only the Umbrian duchy, but the other states, and the free republics of Italy, attained their zenith of political greatness, commercial prosperity, and eminence in arts and letters.

When the Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, visited Italy in the twelfth century, he conferred on the then Lord of the mountain fief of Montefeltro, in the Apennines, the dignity of Count. In return for the honours and territories bestowed by imperial favour, the counts of Montefeltro were ever distinguished by their Ghibeline principles. This familiar party-word designated the adherents of the Emperors as opposed to those of the Popes, who were known by the appellation of Guelph; and to the latter faction the free cities of Italy generally inclined.

Of the counts of Montefeltro, we shall not pause to speak, though they numbered among them some illustrious names. The last who bore the title, Guidantonio, transmitted Urbino to two of his sons. On his successor, Oddantonio, Pope Eugene IV. conferred the dignity of Duke, but the young prince did not long enjoy it. In the unbridled licentiousness of early manhood, Oddantonio provoked an insurrection, to which he fell a victim. He was murdered in his own palace, 1444, and his illegitimate brother proclaimed in his stead.

"There were tinges of peculiar sadness in the gloomy fate which thus overtook this unhappy youth. In the preceding summer he had been betrothed to Isotta, daughter of Nicolo, Marquis of Ferrara; and but three months before his death, had attended the nuptials of her brother Leonello. On that occasion, he spent fifteen days in joyous excitement, preluding, as he hoped, similar festivities in his own honour. After the piazza of Ferrara had glittered with a gallant show of chivalrous exercises, and had witnessed the semi-religious pageant of St. George's triumph over the dragon, it was, as if by magic, converted into a forest scene, studded with goodly oaks amid a thick jungle of underwood, the haunt of numerous wild animals. Upon these the sportsmen wrought their pleasure, until the place was strewn with bodies of bullocks, steers, wild boars, and goats. As a test of the attendant good cheer, we have a return of provender consumed, amounting to 2,000 oxen, 40,000 pairs of fowl, pheasants and pigeons without number, 20,000 measures of wine, and 2,000 *moggie* of grain, besides 15,000 pounds of sweetmeats, and 12,000 wax candles. On the conclusion of festivities congenial to his tastes, but ill-suited to his impending fate, the young duke lingered in dalliance with his bride, returning home only on the eve of that fatal night which summoned him

"From that unrest which men miscall delight."

—*Dukes of Urbino*, vol. i. p. 51, 52.

Federigo de Montefeltro was absent at the siege of Pesaro, when he heard of his brother's tragical fate. The assassination of Oddantonio had been an act of private vengeance; and the citizens of Urbino gladly swore fealty to the younger son of Count Guidantonio.

A bar-sinister on the escutcheon was no impediment to the succession in Italian states in the middle ages. On the contrary, illegitimacy seems, in many instances, to have been a positive recommendation. Federigo de Montefeltro, though basely born, was personally worthy of the ducal coronet; and, for the next one hundred and ninety years, Urbino, under the sway of five sovereigns, had the good fortune "to be equally exempt from oppression and disorder, from domestic broils and disputed successions; to be governed by princes not less beloved at home than respected abroad, whose brows might be graced by olive or laurel, according to the spirit or exigencies of the time, but who ever entwined with it the myrtle wreath."

A characteristic portrait of Federigo,

and his second wife, Battista Sforza, is given by Mr. Dennistoun. The features of the Duke are strongly marked and characteristic. Vigorous good sense, and a practical turn of mind, seem to have distinguished this firm, yet temperate ruler. Mr. Dennistoun quotes largely from cotemporary authors, passages illustrating the admirable and paternal system of Federigo's government:—

"The Count commissioned certain persons, called revisors, to perambulate the state, and investigate the condition of the people. Among the matters specially committed to them were these: to inquire into the requirements of the religious houses; to ascertain where maidens of good reputation were unable, from poverty, to obtain husbands; to inform themselves, secretly, as to modest paupers; to learn what traders or shopkeepers were distressed by large families, debts, or any particular misadventure. . . . His household was regulated much in the manner of a religious establishment, and the five hundred mouths which it contained, lived with almost monastic regularity. There were no mess-table manners then, no gambling, no blasphemous language, and all expressed themselves with the utmost moderation. . . . Federigo maintained a suite so numerous and distinguished, as to rival any royal household. For not only did the most distinguished chivalry resort to him as the first of Italian soldiers, but thither were sent youths of the highest rank, to be reared under his discipline, as to the most select of schools."—*Dukes of Urbino*, vol. i. pp. 140-44.

To receive his distinguished guests, Federigo erected a palace at Urbino, which Vasari and others "have celebrated for the beauty and comfort of its internal arrangements, the magnificence of its saloons, the convenience of its imposing stairs; for its smiling chambers, its vast corridors, its airy porticos and splendid baths, its gilded doors and windows, its rich furniture, carpets, and brocades."

Federigo de Montefeltro has left to posterity a more enduring monument of his fame even than the palace he erected. In that remote age, when printing was unknown, and to transcribe a manuscript the laborious work of a lifetime, this Duke of Urbino founded a library, in which was assembled, at vast expense and incalculable difficulty, the literary labours of a still earlier age. Ruscelli, in his "*Imprese Illustri*," informs us, that "the earliest and most famous collec-

tion, formed out of the ruins of antiquity, was that of Urbino, from whence many excellent authors were edited, and copies supplied." When the Urbino MSS. were removed to Rome, to augment the Vatican library, in the year 1658, after the devolution of the duchy, the populace of the decapitalised city expressed so much regret and mortification, that it was considered advisable to remove the books secretly and by night. The Urbino manuscripts, now forming a portion of the literary treasures of the Vatican, though no longer attracting the learned to the Umbrian city, nor ministering to the just pride of its inhabitants, have, at least, by their removal to Rome, been rendered more accessible to students, and possibly more conducive to the progress of historical research.

But to return to Duke Federigo, from whose personal history we have diverged for a time:—

"His subjects," writes Vespasiano, a contemporary of the Montefeltrian prince, quoted by Mr. Dennistoun, "he regarded as his children, and was at all times accessible to hear them personally state their petitions, being careful to give answers without unnecessary delay. He walked freely along the streets, entering their shops and workrooms, and inquiring into their circumstances with paternal interest. On market-days, he went among the peasants, conversing and jesting with them about their bargains. When riding through the country, he always accosted those whom he met; and, by these various means, so gained the attachment of his subjects, that, as he passed by, they used to bend the knee, and shower blessings upon him. The large sums he spent at home, on buildings and other improvements, enriched his people, among whom a pauper was nowhere seen."

"Federigo inculcated courtesy as a most valuable quality in a sovereign, and he practised it to a remarkable degree in his intercourse with all ranks. He entertained a very modest estimate of his own merits, but was most particular in recollecting and acknowledging services of any sort, and in giving credit for assistance where it was due; he never indulged in detraction, nor permitted it in his presence. Though of a naturally choleric temper, he, by long attention, brought it entirely under control, and was, on all occasions, the peace-maker among his people. In short, no state of Italy, for a long period, had been ruled by a sovereign in all respects so worthy of admiration."

"Instances were numberless of his charitable and sympathising acts, among which were the numerous poor children of talent, or

studious tastes, whom he educated for love of letters. On the death of those in his service, he took special interest in their families, providing for their maintenance or education, or appointing them to offices, and continually inquiring in person as to their welfare. When the people came forth to meet him, as he went through his state, receiving him with festive demonstrations, he had for each a word. To one, 'How are you?'—to another, 'How is your old father?' or 'Where is your brother?'—to a third, 'How does your trade thrive?' or 'Have you got a wife yet?' One he took by the hand; he put his hand on the shoulder of another; but spoke to all uncovered, so that Ottoviano Ubaldini used to say, when any person was much occupied, 'Why, you have more to do than Federigo's bonnet!' Indeed, he often told the Duke that his cap was overworked, hinting that he ought to maintain more dignity with his subjects."

"Many similar anecdotes are preserved of him at Urbino and other places; and it is told that, during a year of great scarcity, several citizens secretly stored up grain, in order to make a large profit, which being known to the Duke, he summoned them to his presence, and thus addressed them:—'My people, you see how severe is the dearth; and that, unless some measures be adopted, it will increase daily. It is thus my duty to provide for the support of the population. If, therefore, any of you possess grain, say so, and let a note of it be made, in order that it may be gradually brought to market for supply of the needy; and I shall make up what is required, by importing from Apulia all that is necessary for my state.' Some there were who stated that they had a surplus beyond their own wants; others said they had not even enough. Of the latter, he demanded how much more they required, and had a list taken of what each asked. He then regulated the sale of what had been surrendered; and sent meanwhile to Apulia for a large store of corn. When it arrived, he prohibited all further sales of grain, and called upon those who had stated themselves as short of supplies, to purchase from him the quota they had applied for, accepting of no excuse, on the allegation that, having bought in a quantity for them, he could not let it be useless. Thus were those punished who, refusing to sell what they had over at a fair price, lost the advantage of their stock, and were forced to pay for more. In the distribution of this imported grain, he desired that the poor who could not pay in cash, should be supplied on such security as they could offer."

"These extracts, illustrating the true spirit of a paternal government," observes Mr. Dennistoun, "amply account for the esteem in which the Duke of Urbino was held by contemporaries, and for his fame, which still survives in Italy, although partially obscured north of the Alps, by Sis-

mondi's indifference to whatever merit emerged among the petty sovereigns of that fair land. Immensely superior to most of them in intellectual refinement and in personal worth, he may be regarded as, in military tactics, the type of his age, and was sought for, and rewarded accordingly. He served as captain-general under three pontiffs, two kings of Naples, and two dukes of Milan. He repeatedly bore the baton of Florence, and refused that of Venice. He was engaged by several of the recurring Italian leagues as their leader in the field. From the Popes he earned his dukedom, and the royal guerdons of the Rose, the Hat, and the Sword. Henry VII. of England sent him the Garter; Ferdinand of Naples conferred on him the Ermine. In fine, Marcillio Ficino, a philosopher as well as a courtier, cited him as the ideal of a perfect man and a wise prince."—*Dukes of Urbino*, vol. i. p. 262-70.

We make no apology for these long extracts, for the character here portrayed is truly pleasing to contemplate. Under the rule of his son, Guidobaldo de Montefeltro, the court of Urbino became still more celebrated for refined elegance and for its literary celebrities. This young prince, who succeeded Duke Federigo when only eleven years of age, had been from his childhood a pattern of docility and intelligence. Under the tuition of Ludovico Odasio of Pavia, he proved an accomplished scholar, and, in after life, an enlightened patron of learning and of art.

His memory was so remarkable, that he is said to have repeated with accuracy whole pages which he had read but once. He was especially devoted to the study of history; and would spend the time, which other youths of his age employ in childish amusements, in perusing the narratives of glorious achievements, and of deeds of heroism and daring. Yet he was no less skilled in manly and martial exercises, and is described by Count Castiglione as singularly handsome in person, of fair complexion, and features "in which a severe style was chastened by gentle expression; of a person and limbs the model of manly beauty."

Guidobaldo was married in his sixteenth year to a scarcely less beautiful bride. Elisabetta Gonzaga of Mantua was but seventeen at the time of her nuptials, and is extolled by contemporary writers as the most beautiful and the most virtuous woman of her time. But their union, so happy in other respects, was unblessed with offspring,

and their subjects looked forward with apprehension to the extinction of the ducal line.

It was not a groundless alarm. The then reigning pontiff, the infamous Alexander VI., had determined to create a sovereignty for his favourite, and scarcely less infamous son. Not content to wait till the duchy should lapse to the Holy See, on the death of the childless Guidobaldo, Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentino, second son of Pope Alexander, marched on Urbino, and by a combination of craft and treachery with vigorous measures, succeeded in surprising and capturing the city. The Duke and Duchess were driven into exile, but found a friendly asylum at Mantua, and afterwards at Venice. They triumphed, ere long, over the villanous schemes of the unscrupulous Borgia, and returned on the death of Alexander VI., amid the joyous acclamations of their subjects to their court and capital.

The election of Guiliiano della Rovere to the pontifical chair, by the title of Julius II., while fatal to the power of the Borgias, to whom he was an unrelenting enemy, was a fortunate event for the people of Urbino. Francesco Maria della Rovere, son of Giovanni, Prefect of Rome, and Lord of Sinigaglia, and Giovanna de Montefeltro, daughter of the late Duke Federigo, was nephew alike of Pope Julius and of Guidobaldo, who had destined him for his heir. Julius, with a pardonable exercise of the nepotism so common to the pontiffs of that age and of which, in his case, this was a solitary instance, sanctioned the choice; and instead of claiming the heritage of Guidobaldo, at his death, permitted Francesco Maria della Rovere to be proclaimed Duke of Urbino.

The elected heir had been betrothed to Leonora Gonzaga, niece to the Duchess Elisabetta, who was, as we have already mentioned, a Mantuan princess. Francesco Maria had received an excellent education, though he seems to have imbibed a greater taste for arms than for the milder accomplishments which adorned the court of Urbino in the lifetime of his predecessors. He was a distinguished warrior, though not uniformly successful in his martial undertakings. During his absence on a protracted campaign, his fond consort erected a palace, the "Imperiale," to surprise and gratify

her lord on his return. The site of the "Imperiale" palace was happily chosen. It overlooked the town of Pesaro, and commanded, from its elevated position, almost the whole duchy of Urbino. It was inscribed — "For Francesco Maria, Duke of the Metaurian States, on his return from the wars, his consort, Leonora, has erected this villa, in token of affection, and in compensation for sun and dust, for watching and toil; so that during an interval of repose, his military genius may here prepare for him still wider renown, and richer rewards." Its present aspect is thus charmingly described by Mr. Dennistoun:—

"Of many laboured and costly productions of human ingenuity, little remains there but saddening ruins. The sceptre of its sovereigns has passed to strangers, who care not for these princely halls; who

"Have fed upon their signories,

Disparked their parks, and fell'd their forest woods."

The lofty oaks, celebrated by Agostini, have yielded to the axe; the grove, which served as a game preserve, has shared the same fate; the once innumerable pines and cypresses may be counted in units; the orange and lemon trees, the cystuses and myrtles have disappeared. Though even yet of imposing appearance, the building has undergone pitiable dilapidation. Almost every morsel of the marble carving has been carried off, and fragments may be purchased from the pawnbrokers of Pesaro. The frescoes, except that representing Francesco Maria receiving the adherence of his army, which seems the poorest in execution, are almost totally defaced. But that the saloons where Bembo talked, and Tasso sang, have been found well adapted for the culture of silkworms, the desolation began a century ago by Portuguese Jesuits, continued by a rabble soldiery, and permitted by its present proprietors, the Albani, might ere now have been complete.

"But while the works of man have thus by man been degraded, glorious nature remains unchanged. A few hundred paces lead to the summit ridge of Monte Bartolo, a spot rarely equalled even in this lovely land. To the vast prospect we have but now feebly described, there is here added a marine panorama, extending from the headland of Ancona to the Pineta of Ravenna, and including a boundless expanse of the sparkling Adriatic. A wanderer on that attractive coast, it has been my privilege to visit this unrivalled spot, and listlessly to survey the swan-like sails skimming the mighty mirror, wherein was reflected the deep indigo of an Italian sky, bounded along the horizon by that pearly haze gradually dissolving towards the blue zenith, which no painter but Perugino

has been able to embody."—*Dukes of Urbino*, vol. iii. pp. 47–8.

Guidobaldo II. succeeded his father at an early age. He was twice married—to Giulia Varana, and afterwards to Vittoria Farnese. As compared with his predecessor, Duke Guidobaldo was decidedly inferior in mind and character. He cared little for the fine arts, and has not, like others of his race, been immortalised by poet or by painter. He alienated, for a time, the affections of his subjects, who carried their grievances to the Pope; an insult Guidobaldo never forgave. In summing up the character of this prince, Mr. Dennistoun remarks, that "his failings of character or temper were neither gilded by the military renown of his father, nor redeemed by the pious philosophy of his son; but so far as the meagre materials within our reach have enabled us to judge, no great faults have been brought home to him, either as a sovereign or as a man."

Guidobaldo was succeeded by his son, Francesco Maria II., who has left behind him a very interesting autobiography. Following the example of his predecessors, the sixth Duke of Urbino was the patron of literary men; and himself greatly extended the library founded by Federigo de Montefeltro. He was married while crown-prince, and sorely against his inclination, to Lucrezia D'Este, sister of the reigning Duke of Ferrara, the "magnanimo Alfonso" of the poet Tasso. The lady, though beautiful and gifted, was very much older than her lord, and as this marriage of policy proved childless, Lucrezia returned to her brother's court, and to the companionship of her more celebrated sister Leonora, the object of Torquato Tasso's passionate idolatry.

The ill-starred union of Francesco Maria to Lucrezia D'Este was at length dissolved by the lady's death. The subjects of the Duke, alarmed at the impending prospect of the devolution of Urbino to the Holy See, earnestly entreated him to marry again. "Serenissimo, Moglie!"—"A wife, your Highness!" was an exclamation which greeted him when he appeared in public. Francesco Maria, now declining, in years, after many delays, and with much seeming reluctance, acceded to the wishes of his people. He selected

the Lady Livia della Rovere as his bride. Years passed on, and no heir was vouchsafed to the sovereign of Urbino. At last, in answer, as it appeared, to the vows and prayers of the entire population, a son was given to the Duke and Duchess. But the health of the infant prince was most precarious, and as the young Federigo grew up, he was unreasonably indulged in every pampered wish of his heart.

The inevitable consequences ensued. While yet a mere child, Federigo exhibited the most wayward and abandoned inclinations, and proved a scourge instead of a blessing to the aged Duke. In the hope of reclaiming him, his father negotiated a marriage for Federigo with the Princess Claudia, daughter of Ferdinand de Medecis, Grand Duke of Florence, a lady of high talent, spirit and discretion. Of this union, a daughter, Vittoria, was the only issue; for the Prince of Urbino died suddenly in his eighteenth year. "He who lives badly comes to a bad end, and one born by a miracle dies by violence," was the sorrowful exclamation of the bereaved Duke, when the tidings of his son's decease was brought to him.

"On a tablet in the church of Sta. Chiara, his fate is thus touchingly commemorated:— 'The waning day saw Federigo, Prince of Urbino, in whom sank the house Della Rovere, sound in health, and pre-eminent in every gift of fortune; the succeeding dawn beheld him struck down by sudden death, on the 29th of June, 1623. Stranger! pass on, and learn that happiness, like the brittle glass, just when brightest is most fragile.' "

Francesco Maria II., infirm and feeble, survived his degenerate son—his only heir, and the child of his extreme old age—for some years. At his death, the devolution of Urbino was consummated. A Papal legate supplied the place of the beloved sovereigns; their palaces were untenanted and crumbling into ruin. Ichabod was written on the very walls of the deserted and decaying city.

"These plaintive notes," writes Mr. Dennistoun, referring to the descriptions given by cotemporary writers of the condition of Urbino in the seventeenth century, "might still find not a few echoes along the Papal coasts of the Adriatic, the focus of Italian discontent—over-taxation to maintain a distant government being ever the burden of their song. But the question is not, in truth, one of financial administration. How-

ever open to stricture the fiscal details may be, when tested by sound principles, the amount of revenue raised is moderate in consideration of the wealth there lavished by beneficent nature, in a degree denied to other not less burdened districts of the peninsula. Nor can the Papal sway, however objectionable, be in fairness regarded as otherwise than mild. But centralisation is necessarily alien to the spirit of a people long broken up into miniature communities, as it was formerly uncongenial to their ancestors, whose personal pride, political influence, and hopes of promotion, equally turned upon the continuance of a sectional independence. Hence, the popular dissatisfaction rests as much upon traditional evils as upon existing and obvious misgovernment. Four centuries ago there were above a dozen capitals flourishing in the balmy atmosphere of as many gay courts, and basking in patronage and prosperity, all within the circuit of that province, where now a few priestly legates perform the functions of sovereignty, without either the taste or the means for indulging its trappings, and dwell in princely palaces, without the habits or the popularity of their ancient lords.

"But these are not matters for casual discussion. From the accession of Count Guidantonio, in 1404, till the devolution by Duke Francesco Maria, in 1624, this little state had enjoyed two hundred and twenty years of a prosperity unknown to the neighbouring communities. Her sovereigns were distinguished in arts and arms, respected abroad, esteemed at home: her frontiers were comparatively exempt from invasion, her tranquillity unruffled by domestic broils; within her narrow limits were reared or sheltered many of the brightest names in literature, science, and art; her court was the mirror of refinement, her capital the Athens of Italy. Since the devolution, she has passed an equal number of lustres in provincial obscurity and neglect." —*Dukes of Urbino*, vol. iii. pp. 235-6.

We have gleaned from the three volumes which Mr. Dennistoun has devoted to his subject, the foregoing descriptions of the court of Urbino, and the personal characteristics of its princes of the Montefeltrian line, and the kindred house of Della Rovere. In no one instance do these rulers of Urbino merit the name of tyrants. Their sway was mild and beneficent; their territory, insignificant in extent, abounded in wealth and industry. All the appliances and means of luxurious life were there to be met with, while throughout the duchy beautiful cities, decorated with tasteful architectural erections, and enriched with paintings, sculpture and elaborate ornaments,

sprang up under the fostering care of native princes, at whose refined court literature was fostered, and literary men hospitably welcomed.

While it was thus with Urbino, Milan, under the sway of *tyrants*, attained no less proud a position. It is true, the Visconti and the Sforzas were magnificent tyrants. With scarcely an exception, the rulers of the fair Queen of Lombardy were men of genius and capacity for command. We shall glance at their personal history during the two centuries in which the Montefeltrian dynasty governed Urbino, before turning to that general view of Italian politics and policy with which we propose to conclude this notice of the labours of Messrs. Dennistoun and Urquhart.

Milan is indebted for its cathedral, its grand public buildings, and most of those monuments of art of which it can boast, to the gifted, intellectual, yet ferocious and abandoned race of the Visconti. In a former article* we traced the rise and early history of this extraordinary family, but with the last Visconti only we have now to do. In Filippo Maria, youngest son of Giovanni-Galeazzo, the almost superhuman wickedness of his race seemed to be concentrated. Although possessed of considerable talent, he was destitute of the great qualities which distinguished the earlier Visconti, while in person he was so hideously ugly, that he secluded himself from the gaze of his own court, and was so rarely seen even by his immediate attendants, among whom he had passed his entire existence, that at his death thousands flocked to look on the corpse of their prince, and ascertain what manner of man he had been.

Thus circumstanced, Filippo Maria took no personal part in the affairs of his duchy. He succeeded, however, in attaching to his banner, and attracting to his court the most distinguished men in Italy. His exchequer was well replenished, and he retained in his pay those captains of condottieri, whose mercenary troops, constantly engaged in warfare, brought the system of military tactics to the highest pitch of perfection ever attained in modern warfare.

Two rival soldiers of fortune headed

bands of warriors, whose services were frequently purchased by belligerent states—Braccio de Montone and Sforza Attendolo. The latter, a peasant of Cotignola, had been, according to popular tradition, a woodcutter. Wearied of his mechanical employment, he pined for a more stirring and adventurous life. While hesitating as to the course he should pursue, with a careless abandonment of his future destiny to fate or accident, he resolved to stake all on a chance. "I shall fling my axe," he mentally resolved, "into the spreading branches of this oak, at whose trunk I have so long been labouring. If my implement return to me, I shall continue my toil of woodcutting; if it remain in the branches, I shall accept it as an omen that I am reserved for a higher destiny, and shall seek my future fortune by the sword." The axe, on whose stroke so much depended, was flung aloft, and, cleaving a branch, remained firmly embedded in the wood. Its owner departed, an unknown and friendless adventurer. Many years had not passed ere Sforza Attendolo found himself the most powerful captain of condottieri in Italy, courted and caressed by sovereign princes, who needed the assistance of his fortunate sword.

Francesco Sforza, the destined founder of a powerful dynasty—the future Duke of Milan—was the son of this peasant of Cotignola, this successful soldier of fortune. He was a very young man, scarcely twenty-two, when he succeeded his father, accidentally drowned in 1424, at the passage of the Pescara, as leader of his devoted troops. His genius for war was still greater than that of Sforza Attendolo; and, to secure his services, the haughty Filippo Maria offered him, as a bribe, the hand of his illegitimate daughter, but only child, Bianca Maria. The Duke of Milan, however, was in no haste to bestow on his captain the stipulated reward, and the marriage, so faithfully promised, was indefinitely deferred. When at length, in 1441, the nuptials were concluded, Francesco Sforza owed the possession of his wife less to the favour of her father than to the terror with which he had inspired the last of the Visconti.

Years passed by. Sforza, having

* "Memoirs of Valentina Visconti, Duchess of Orleans." DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. April, 1850.

passed through varied fortunes, and fought under various banners, saw himself without any permanent fruit of his warlike achievements. Filippo Maria had died in 1447, and the citizens, impatient to rid themselves of tyrants, declared Milan a freerepublic. The ambitious hopes of Sforza seemed frustrated, for he could not legally claim in right of Bianca Maria—herself an illegitimate child—any title to an inheritance which did not descend to female representatives. But for this salique law, the dukes of Orleans, at a later period seated on the throne of France, would be the direct heirs of Milan; for Valentina Visconti, sister of the last Duke, and wedded to Louis of Orleans, had thus become progenitrix of two illustrious lines of princes, who successively inherited the crown of France on the extinction of the elder Valois branch.

Fortune at length favoured the pretensions of Francesco Sforza. The infant republic of Milan, threatened by hostile foes without, and domestic dissensions within, was ill calculated long to resist Sforza and his army who had invested the city. The crafty general, however, did not push his advantages; and, unwilling to ruin Milan, which he hoped soon to rule, contented himself by maintaining a close blockade during the winter months. When the spring advanced he made overtures, as if desirous of peace, and proposed an armistice of twenty days. The Milanese, readily believing what they ardently wished, trusted that their troubles were at an end; and, animated by the hope that they should be permitted to reap their future harvests, hastened to sow their fields with the grain stored within the city for the purposes of the siege. Their labours were no sooner concluded, than Sforza re-commenced hostilities, and prepared to press offensive operations with new vigour.

Famine and pestilence now raged at Milan. Those enthusiastic spirits within the city who could have endured every privation for the maintenance of their liberties, and the conservation of the newly-established republic, were overpowered by the suffering populace, who eagerly called for surrender and submission.

The artful policy of Sforza triumphed. After the blockade of Milan had lasted for upwards of a year, he entered the city, amid the acclamations of the

fickle multitude, who hailed him as a deliverer. He was crowned, with Bianca Maria, in the Church of the Holy Virgin, with more than regal splendor, while admiring crowds of his new subjects tumultuously pressed forward to welcome and acknowledge him as their Duke.

The Emperor Ferdinand had claimed the duchy of Milan as a lapsed fief on the death of the last Visconti. The kings of France asserted the right of the Orleans family, as representatives of Valentina, the sister of Filippo Maria, and daughter of the mightiest of the Visconti. But the military genius of Francesco Sforza was so universally admitted, that even these potentates hesitated to demand the heritage of which he had possessed himself solely by right of the sword and the strong arm. Thus we have seen a soldier of fortune, an obscure adventurer, the son of an humble peasant of Cotignola, firmly seated on the throne of Milan, and virtual sovereign of Lombardy.

Francesco Sforza exercised the authority so acquired for sixteen years. He died suddenly, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, but left to his son Galeazzo a firmly consolidated dominion.

With the biography of the first of the Sforzas, the labours of Mr. Pollard Urquhart end. His two volumes are devoted to the personal adventures of his hero, prefaced by a *resume* of early Italian history. A humorous Edinburgh reviewer—the late Rev. Sydney Smith—in criticising some historical pamphlet, has taken occasion to divide the authors of his day into two classes: those who practised what he jocosely terms the ante-diluvian, and those who practise the post-diluvian style of writing; [the former class—to which Mr. Urquhart decidedly belongs—oblivious that human life has been materially shortened since the Deluge, handle their subjects “as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years as before their submersion.” As Mr. Urquhart, despite much praiseworthy research, has unfortunately added the fault of dulness to the want of brevity, we cannot do better than recommend to him, before again undertaking the pains and perils of authorship, to adopt the suggestion so mirthfully recommended by the witty reviewer:—“The author of this book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes

of the Deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colours for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The Ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the Ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass."

Not so with the volumes of Mr. Dennistoun. They are three in number; yet the subject is treated in a manner so interesting, that we close his book, and sorrowfully regret that hours most agreeably passed may not further be prolonged. And yet, this gentleman's style is not free from very apparent faults. The most provoking is his habit of referring his reader for further information on any person or event to another chapter or another page; so that, if we would consecutively follow the fortunes of an individual or of a campaign, we must pass over intermediate chapters, devoted possibly to collateral subjects; highly interesting in themselves, it is true, and quite appropriate to the subject of his work, if deferred, perhaps, only for a few pages later. It is really tantalising to find, as we read his glowing narrative with a pleasurable excitement, an abrupt termination of the subject in hand, and a foot-note referring for information to such and such a page in the after part of his work.

One other stricture, and we have done, for there is no further room for censure. We wish Mr. Dennistoun could be convinced that his own delightful style is infinitely more acceptable to cultivated readers than most of the quotations with which it is interlarded. He is evidently what Lord Bacon would term a "full" man; and to such, the temptation of drawing from stores of knowledge and former reading is almost irresistible. Yet this frequency of quotation, even when most apposite or appropriate, is a blemish; and in the instance under consideration, acts as an irritating interruption to the flow of a style singularly pure, classical, and elegant.

Mr. Dennistoun's volumes, too, are beautifully got up. They are enriched with engravings, with a map of the duchy of Urbino, and with very numerous and clear genealogical tables—invaluable aids to the historical student. There is an index also; and original documents, referred to in the text, are added in an appendix.

In tracing the personal history of the dukes of Urbino, and even of the usurping ruler of Milan, we have seen to what an important position their territories had attained—although so insignificant in extent—under their beneficent sway. We shall now revert to the causes which led to the rapid and lamentable downfall in the following century, not only of Urbino and Milan, but of Italian greatness and Italian nationality.

Of the great maritime cities, Genoa was the first to lose her republican institutions. She succumbed to the intrigues of the Visconti, and became little better than a dependancy on Milan. Her internal factions; her wars of rivalry with Venice; her losses at Constantinople, when that city, in the fifteenth century, fell into the hands of the Turks; all these, and many other causes, we may not pause to enumerate, tended to destroy her freedom, and undermine her original constitution. Still, the beautiful city, Genoa, "*La Superba*," often rose superior to her failing fortunes. Republicanism was re-established in the sixteenth century by Andria Doria, but only to be subverted and again abused by frequent revolutions and internal disturbances.

The city of the Lagunes dated its foundation from the fifth century. Venice, enriched by commerce, and early mistress of the sea, rose to unparalleled power and influence, and produced a succession of great men, able citizens and devoted patriots. Her republican form of government partook of the nature of an elective monarchy—her doge being, in fact, a sovereign prince. The aristocratic element soon became predominant; and finally Venice, free in name only, was ruled by a powerful oligarchy. From that time the lovely Queen of the Adriatic rapidly declined, although she had triumphed over her rivals, the Genoese, and, almost ruined in the war of the Chiozza, rose victorious from the verge of destruction, through the devoted patriotism of two of her citizens—Vittor Pisani and Carlo Zeno.

But it was not the custom of the jealous republic to entrust her defences or her wars of aggression to the prowess of her own sons. She preferred alluring to her standard the most distinguished warriors of Italy, by the liberal terms her vast wealth enabled her

to offer. Nor would she permit these mercenary troops ever to enter the sea-city. Those who trafficked in their own blood, she argued, were not likely to be scrupulous in other matters; while, in justification of her system of depending on hireling troops, the danger was urged, which might ensue by making any citizen all-powerful, from placing an army at his disposal.

The government of Venice was little expensive to the citizens. The resources of the state were expended on those noble public buildings, of which every Venetian might be justly proud, and which even now are the admiration of Europe, while they attest the former grandeur of the great maritime republic. Venice had reached her zenith contemporaneously with the reigns of Federigo de Montefeltro in Urbino, and Francesco Sforza at Milan. Her last great Doge, Francesco Foscari, was deposed in 1457, on the ground of his extreme old age, and consequent incapacity for the discharge of his onerous duties. The broken-hearted old man, whose earlier sorrows have been made familiar to us by the genius of Byron, died while listening to the bell tolling from the Campanile of St. Mark for the inauguration of his successor. Then followed the rapidly-recurring calamities which shattered the power of Venice: her disastrous wars with the Turks; the league of Cambray, when she had to resist, single-handed, the united power of Christendom, eager for her humiliation; finally, in our own day, her enforced subjection to Austrian rule; while the crushed, but still beautiful city, in the vivid words of Ruskin, "is still left for our beholding in the final period of her decline, a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak, so quiet, so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the city, and which the shadow."

The laborious researches of Roscoe have rendered the latter epoch of Florentine greatness an accessible subject to all historical inquirers. The names of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici, the merchant princes of Florence, are familiar to the ear as household words. We shall, therefore, notice but briefly the causes which secured the prosperity, or tended to the decay, of this free city of Tuscany.

Although the beauty of its site was such that the Emperor Charles is said to have declared, that "it was too beautiful to be looked on, but only on holidays," Florence owed her early prosperity mainly to her flourishing manufactures. Her commercial prosperity was boundless; her merchants, the great capitalists of Europe, became enormously wealthy, and their treasures were lavishly expended on beautifying and adorning their city. Nor were the arts of agriculture neglected, for her fertile soil was most assiduously cultivated.

Yet the internal dissensions and factional rivalries which raged, with little intermission, within the city, resulted in the exile and expatriation of many of her most illustrious sons. Finally, the house of Medici found themselves, in fact though not in name, sovereigns of Florence.

The States of the Church were swayed, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, by many distinguished pontiffs. The Church herself had just recovered from the disastrous effects of the great schism of the West, which had terminated not long before, and Rome, instead of Avignon, had again become the spiritual centre of Christendom. In 1447, Tomaso de Parentucelli, better known as Thomas of Sarzana, was raised to the papal chair, under the title of Nicholas V. To this cultivated man of letters the great library of the Vatican owes its foundation. He carried into mature life, and preserved amid the multiplied occupations incident to his elevated position, the studious and simple habits and tastes which had characterised his youthful years. Then he had been the tutor of Rinaldo degli Albizzi, and the personal friend of the great Florentine, Cosmo de Medici.

We are indebted to this enlightened pontiff, and to his contemporaries—Cosmo de Medici at Florence, Federigo de Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, and, though less directly, to Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan—for the collection, conservation, indeed the very existence of many precious relics of antiquity, which have been preserved by their exertions for the delight and instruction of later ages. During the pontificate of Nicholas V., Constantinople became the prey of its barbarous and unlettered Turkish invaders. The fugitives from the Byzantine city

brought into Italy those monuments of Greek genius, which still excite the wonder and admiration of beholders. Priceless manuscripts were collected, collated and copied, and a flood of light let in on the comparative intellectual darkness of Western Europe.

Two pontiffs, very unlike the mild and cultivated Nicholas, wore the triple tiara before the close of the fifteenth century. Of these, Francesco della Rovere, Pope Sixtus IV., was a distinguished patron of literature and art, and greatly embellished Rome by his tasteful erections. Through him a connecting link exists between the ducal houses of Urbino and Milan. Two of his nephews, lavishly enriched by him—for of all who wore the fisher's ring, Sixtus IV. was most addicted to nepotism—were wedded to daughters of Dukes Federigo and Galeazzo Sforza. The Lord Prefect and Giovanna da Montefeltro, as we have already remarked, were the progenitors of the ducal line of Della Rovere. Their son, Francesco Maria, succeeded to the sovereignty of Urbino on the extinction of the house of Montefeltro, at the death of Duke Guidobaldo. Girolamo Riario, Lord of Forlì, the son of a sister of Pope Sixtus, was married to the beautiful Caterina Sforza, natural daughter of Duke Galeazzo, and became, in her right, sovereign of Imola. Of another nephew, Giuliano della Rovere, we shall have to speak hereafter, as Pope Julius II.

The pontificate of Sixtus IV., no less than the personal character of his Holiness, is stained by the commission of a great crime to which he is said to have been privy. The conspiracy of the Pazzi, at Florence, 1478, had for its object the murder of Lorenzo and Giulio de Medici, grandsons of Cosmo *Pater Patriæ*. The scene of this bloody attempt was the Cathedral at Florence; the signal, the elevation of the host by the priest at the altar. Giulio fell, covered with wounds; Lorenzo parried the thrust of the assassin, and escaped unhurt. His vengeance did not slumber. The murderers of his brother were unrelentingly sought out; nor did he relax his exertions until two hundred citizens of Florence, supposed to be implicated in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, perished by the hands of the executioner.

The revolt of the Pazzi strengthened the authority of the Medici, which

it was designed to subvert. Lorenzo the Magnificent, became all powerful in his native city, and soon found means of reconciliation with the Holy See, where a son of his own was destined, some years later, to wield the power of the keys.

Giovanni de Medici, afterwards Pope Leo X. was more fortunate than Pietro, his elder brother, who was ignominiously driven from Florence in 1494, and compelled to resign the power his family had exercised for upwards of sixty years. Of this pontiff the historian Ranke has happily observed, that “the adverse circumstances of his life were precisely those which contributed the most to his advancement;” and that his whole existence was “passed in a sort of intellectual intoxication, and in the unbroken gratification of all his wishes. This was, in part, the result of his kindly and bountiful nature, his quick and plastic intellect, his ready acknowledgment of merit, and gratitude for kindness. These qualities are the fairest endowments of nature, the true gifts of fortune; they can hardly be acquired, yet they affect the whole enjoyment of life. . . . In the last moments of his life, all the currents of his policy mingled in one full tide of triumph and prosperity. It may be counted among his felicities that he died then.”

A collateral branch of the house of Medici became afterwards Grand Dukes of Tuscany. Caterina Sforza, daughter of the Duke of Milan, whose marriage with Girolamo Riario we have already noticed, selected as her second husband, Giovanni-Giordano de Medici, a cousin of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Their son, generally distinguished in Italian history by the name of Giovanni *delle bande nere*, was the father of Cosmo de Medici, first Grand Duke of Florence, a title which he transmitted to his descendants for nearly two centuries.

The conspirators of the Pazzi had, no doubt, been encouraged in their attempt by the successful assassination of Galeazzo Sforza two years previously. This degenerate son of the great Francesco was an unscrupulous libertine, and outraged the honour of many noble families at Milan. Three young men, Olgiati, Visconti, and Lampugnani, resolved to rid their country of a despot. They solemnly dedicated

their lives to the attempt, and it is said that they bribed an apostate priest "to consecrate at the altar a sacramental wafer, which he administered not until each had shed upon it a drop of his blood—a blasphemous rite, intended to seal their mutual vows of fidelity and courage." Their design was accomplished on St. Stephens's Day, 1476, in the church dedicated to that saint, whither Duke Galeazzo had gone in state to pay his devotions. He fell beneath their daggers; but the assassins likewise perished miserably. Two were cut to pieces by the Duke's body-guard; the third, who had escaped, was afterwards taken and tortured. Sismondi, who sympathises with the conspirators, tells us that in the interval between his torture and his death, Olgiati "wrote, or dictated the narrative demanded of him, and which has been handed down to us. It is composed in a strain of the noblest enthusiasm, with a deep religious feeling, with an ardent love of liberty, and with the firm persuasion that he had performed a good action. He was again delivered to the executioner to have his flesh torn with red hot pincers. At the time of his martyrdom he was only twenty-two years of age."

Giovanni-Galeazzo, the young son of the murdered Galeazzo-Maria, was proclaimed Duke of Milan, under the regency of his mother, and afterwards of his uncle Ludovico il Moro, second son of the great Sforza. When the prince grew up he married Isabella of Naples; yet his uncle, Ludovico, still exercised all authority in his name, and reduced him to the condition of a mere puppet. The crafty Regent had assumed as his device the mulberry tree, which is the last to put forth its buds, but the first to mature its fruit, hence the appellation "*Il Moro*," by which he was distinguished. His reprobated name has been made infamous by the fact, that to his counsels Italy owes her degradation and debasement. He was the first to invite the foreigner to invade her plains; and by a just retribution he was himself the earliest victim of his selfish and crooked policy. The kings of France had claims on the crown of Naples, which Ludovico invited Charles VIII. to assert, in revenge for the interference of the Neapolitan king, in behalf of his son-in-law, the puppet Duke of Milan.

We must ask the courteous reader

to follow us through a complicated statement, which would be quite lucid and easily understood if we could only present the genealogical tree of the succession to Naples, which Mr. Dennistoun has given in his "*Dukes of Urbino*." In its absence we must endeavour to be as brief and distinct as possible.

The Norman adventurers, who founded the kingdom of the Two Sicilies in the eleventh century, transmitted their claims to the imperial house of Hohenstauffen in the beginning of the thirteenth, by the marriage of Constantia, heiress of Naples and Sicily, to the Emperor, Henry VI. of Germany. The youthful Conradino, great-grandson of this marriage, perished on the scaffold, a victim to papal detestation of his house; for the then Pope, Clement IV., in the plenitude of his power, as Vicar of Christ, conferred the crown of southern Italy on Charles of Anjou, younger brother of King Louis IX. of France, who followed up his victory at Tagliacozzo by the execution of the rightful heir.

But a bastard branch of the great Hohenstauffen still laid claim to the heritage of the Two Sicilies. Manfred, natural son of the mighty Emperor, Frederick II., and uncle to the hapless Conradino, had contested bravely for the rights of his nephew. He was slain in the battle of Benevento, but his daughter Constantia, married to Peter, King of Arragon, transmitted her claims to a line of Arragonese princes, who made themselves virtually rulers of Sicily, though Naples remained subject to its Angevin conquerors.

The direct line of the house of Anjou, terminating in 1382, by the death of Queen Joanna I., gave occasion to a disputed succession. The claimants for the crown of Naples were Louis, Duke of Anjou, to whom Joanna had bequeathed her kingdom by will, and her cousin, Charles, Count of Durazzo, the representative of a *cadet* branch of the first Angevin dynasty.

The Count of Durazzo triumphed; but the succession again became extinct at the death of his children, Ladislaus and Joanna II., without issue. Queen Joanna had repeatedly varied her will, at one time nominating as her heir Alfonso V., King of Arragon and Sicily, the representative of the claims of the race of Hohenstauffen; and, again, appointing René of Anjou, the

representative of the second Angevin line.

The Arragonese prince proved the successful claimant; and when King of Naples, made himself justly popular by his enlightened and beneficent rule. Alfonso was styled "the Magnanimous," and, like his cotemporaries in northern Italy, was a discriminating patron of literature and art. When he died in 1458, without legitimate offspring, his dominions in Spain and Sicily reverted to his brother; but Naples—which he had won from his opponent by the sword—he transmitted to his natural son, Ferdinand. It was to the granddaughter of Ferdinand that the young duke of Milan had been married; and against him—already unpopular with his subjects from acts of tyranny—that Ludovico II Moro invited the French to enter Italy.

The claim of the then reigning King of France, Charles VIII., on Naples, was derived from the legacy of René of Anjou. He, it will be remembered, was the object of Queen Joanna II.'s testamentary bequest, but had never himself possessed the kingdom. The French monarch, however, was prepared to enforce his defective title at the head of a mighty army. He entered Italy, and passing through the Milanese, overran Naples, paralysing, and striking terror into his adversaries, by the unheard-of cruelties perpetrated by his soldiers. Meanwhile, Alfonso, who had succeeded his father, Ferdinand, fled to Sicily, and abdicated in favour of his son, Ferdinand II.; and, on the evacuation of Italy soon afterwards by Charles VIII., the latter prince re-established himself for a brief space on the throne of Naples.

But a more formidable foe was about to enter the arena. The crown of France had devolved, by the early death of the childless Charles, on the Duke of Orleans, grandson of Valentina Visconti; and inheritor of her claims on Milan. Louis XII. was no sooner seated on the throne than he prepared for a fresh Italian campaign. In vain, Ludovico Sforza, now personally interested—for, on the death of his nephew, and in defiance of the rights of Francesco Sforza, the infant son of Giovanni-Galeazzo, he had secured to himself the duchy of Milan—endeavoured to form a coalition against the French invader. He was the victim of the hostility he had himself

originated; and ruthlessly brought on his unhappy country. He was taken prisoner, and languished in France, for the remainder of his life, in solitary confinement.

Thus transitory was the glory, and little enviable the fate of the offspring of the fortunate, the great Francesco Sforza! In the words of a Milanese historian quoted by Mr. Urquhart—

"His crown was not destined to descend to a sixth heir; and the five successions through which it did pass were accompanied with many tragic events in his family. His son, Galeazzo, as a punishment for his crimes and his lust, was killed by his attendants, in the presence of the people, in front of the altar, and in the midst of the celebration of sacred rites; after which the whole city was deluged with the blood of the conspirators. Gian-Galeazzo, who came afterwards, was poisoned by Ludovico the Moor, and was the victim of the crimes of his uncle. He, in his turn, after having been made prisoner by the French, died of grief during his captivity. The fate of one of his children was like to his own; and the other, after having passed a long time in banishment and misery, re-established his children on his shattered throne, and afterwards saw the termination of both his family and his kingdom.

"Such was the value of the prize for which Sforza had so long, so earnestly, it may be thought, so unscrupulously striven; such, too, is the value of many things, for the attainment of which mortals still rise up early, go to bed late, and eat the bread of carefulness."—*Urquhart's Life of Francesco Sforza*.—Vol. ii. pp. 190, 191.

The calamitous invasion of Italy occurred during the pontificate of the infamous Borgia, Pope Alexander VI. His successor, Julius II., to whom we have already adverted, as Giuliano della Rovere, nephew of Pope Sixtus IV., has been designated "the greatest, if not the holiest of Popes." He was a disinterested struggler for Italian nationality, and considerably extended the patrimony of St. Peter. However reluctant to turn from the subject, we may not here pause to review that great European contest of which hapless Italy was the battle-ground. We may only observe that it resulted in the subjugation of her northern provinces to France and Austria, and her Neapolitan territories to Spain; for we have still to deal with topics of more abiding interest than wars or conquests, and cannot conclude this

paper without glancing at those imperishable monuments of genius, which have rendered the names of Julius II. and of the Medician Leo X., as immortal as the triumphs of arts and letters of which they were the patrons.

Mr. Dennistoun's discourses on Art, and his account of the lives and works of the great painters, who, even more than its warriors and statesmen, have contributed to the renown of Urbino, are among the most agreeable chapters of this very attractive book. It is hard for those who have not seen the works of the early Italian masters, to understand the just claims or character of the "Pre-Raphaelite" school. Barbarism, stiffness, formality, and poverty of invention, are the characteristics which the best critics of the last century have taught us to associate with this class of painting. A ludicrous affected exaggeration of whatever most justly laid them open to the censure of the Reynoldses and Wests of the English Augustan school, exposes them to just contempt in the productions of the "Pre-Raphaelite" imitators of the present day. The ridicule which these fopperies of the pencil have provoked is just and wholesome, and the common sense and natural good taste of the country are much indebted to *Punch* for his continued and unsparing caricature of a taste so affected and spurious. So far, we quite go with public feeling, and have Mr. Dennistoun to accompany us. But let us consider the fact, which almost every traveller of a moderately cultivated mind, who visits the collections of art between Milan and Rome, will attest: that, after a familiarisation with the pure forms and divine sentiment of the earlier school, Raffaele's "Transfiguration," and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," do, in some measure, revolt us by their pagan and sensuous characters; and that after a lengthened sojourn in Italy, the best pictures of Rubens affect the eye of the returning traveller with a degree of disgust. And this appreciation of the purity and beauty of these stiff religious pieces is not confined to minds of mystical or Romish tendencies. One of the most remarkable testimonies to their merits, is cited by Mr. Dennistoun, from the "Pilgrimage to Rome" of the Rev. Hobart Seymour, an eminent, and very able, and very Protestant divine:—

"I never looked at the pictures of one of these men that it did not instantaneously affect me, alluring me into a sort of dream or reverie, while my imagination was called into very lively activity. It is not that their drawing is good; for, on the other hand, it is often stiff, awkward, and unnatural. Nor is it that their imagination, as exhibited in grouping their figures, or embodying the story to be represented, was correct or natural; for often it is most absurd and grotesque. But still there is palpably the embodiment of an idea; an idea pure, holy, exquisite, and too much so to seem capable of expression by the ordinary powers either of language or of the pencil. Yet the idea is there. And it must have had a mysterious and wondrous power on the imagination of these men, it must have thoroughly mastered and possessed them, or they never could have developed such an exquisite ideal of calm, peaceful, meek, heavenly holiness, as stands out so constantly and so pre-eminently in their paintings."

We cannot include this in the category of those extracts, which we had rather Mr. Dennistoun had omitted; and yet he justifies the school so well himself, and expresses so happily what it is that gives its works their true charm for minds susceptible of this sort of beauty, that he could have done very well without it. He has been preceded in his advocacy by Mr. Ruskin, and by Lord Lindsay in this country, and by a host of able writers on the Continent, where the perception of this kind of beauty has long influenced the formation of galleries of art and the progress of painting. We are all familiar with the name of Overbeck, who has established a modified pre-Raphaelite taste in Germany:—

"To recover the ground thus lost, has been the peculiar aim of the modern German painters, under Overbeck, Cornelius, and Hess. They started upon the principle, that art ever tends to pass the bounds of taste and moderation; that the greatest masters were originally timid and simple, gradually advancing to a point of perfection, beyond which lie exaggeration and bad taste; whilst those bold spirits who reached this limit at a bound, have quickly overshot it. They consider that the works of the best Italian artists antecedent to Raffaele, such as Giotto, Fiesole, Perugino, or Francia, cannot fail to benefit beginners, since they tend to guard them against rashness, presumption, and carelessness; to maintain their purity of imagination, to develop their inward emotions, and to preserve a calm serenity of sentiment, inspired by religious influences;

finally, to restrain those exaggerated displays of energy or grace, which are the besetting error of youth. Such are the true aims of the existing German devotional school, as given by its accomplished illustrator, Count Razynski, but which have been often distorted by the ignorance or prejudice of English critics. Were they to be tested by the success of those three masters whom we have named, they would merit sympathy and challenge applause. The conviction that they are fraught with danger to ordinary aspirants, and are little adapted to the times we live in, has induced me to record, at p. 167, a warning against their tendency."—*Dukes of Urbino*, vol. ii. p. 232, *Note*.

We do not desire to see our artists follow in the track of Overbeck, Cornelius, and Hess. These excellencies in painting can no more be reproduced with satisfaction to the judgment in this age of the world, than the peculiar beauties of those grotesque Lombardic buildings, with whose striped and reticulated wall-veils, and other fantastic decorations, Mr. Ruskin delights to taunt the English architects of the nineteenth century. Seen in their own antique churches and palaces, and in the galleries of art erected among the places they have adorned, they serve to delight and purify the minds of intellectual visitants, but reproduced in the public places of a people occupied with practical ideas, and, fortunately, averse to mysticism, they could excite nothing but revulsion and ridicule. People of highly-cultivated taste, however, will prize these objects, and have them in their collections, no matter how doggedly the public may hold out against the innovation.

There appears no reason to doubt that the barbarous beginnings of the school we speak of were laid by the Greeks. In Byzantine art, as in Egyptian, there were certain prescribed models, which it was not lawful to depart from. The figure should be drawn in a particular attitude; the eyes at a set angle; so many fingers up, and so many closed. A dread of approaching sacred subjects too familiarly, may have lain at the root of the rule. Incapacity, and, perhaps, their practice of decorating the apses of their churches with great mosaics, requiring a determinate number of pieces of coloured glass or stone, aided in perpetuating these fixed and unvarying forms. However this may be, the art of pictorial representation was as base

as bad drawing and an entire want of expression could render it, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. It was then that a new religious fervour was propagated among the ecclesiastical communities of Italy, through the instrumentality of the Franciscans; and monks and painters, inspired by a sentiment of earnest devotion, began to attempt the infusion of feeling and expression into the faces of the stiff figures which constituted the conventional decoration of their apses and altarpieces. At the monastery of Assisi, among the Umbrian Apennines, many of the earliest and most successful of these efforts were made, and from this, as a centre, spread, and still spreads, the taste for a severe and pure religious style of art. Dante has preserved, amid the flames of his "*Inferno*," the name of Oderigi of Gubbio, the first of the Umbrian masters, and founder of the illustrious school of Bologna:—

" 'Art thou not Oderigi? Art not thou
Agobbio's glory—glory of that art
Which they of Paris call the limner's skill?'
'Brother,' said he, 'with tints that gayer smile,
Bolognian Franco's pencil lines the leaves:
His all the honour now, my light obscured.' "

Gentile, the pupil of Fra Angelico, carried into Umbria, about the middle of the fifteenth century, all the best teachings of the Florentine school, combined with whatever could be learned from the concourse of artists amongst whom he had been engaged in decorating the Cathedral of Orvieto. A mathematician and scholar, he mingled accurate perspective with the conventional back-grounds of his compositions. Pietro della Francesca, another master of the same progressive school, followed in his steps. Benedetto Bonfigli transmitted the tastes thus established to his better-known pupil, Pietro Perugino, and he again was the instructor of Raffaele Sanzio, in whom the glories of Umbrian and of Christian art, and the name of Urbino as a nurse of genius, reached their culminating point.

It was at the court of Guidobaldo II. that the genius of the family of Sanzi was first developed. Giovanni Sanzi, the father of Raffaele, was court poet, and himself a painter of great ability. Two portraits, one of Prince Guidobaldo, and the other of his son, Raffaele, in his sixth year, by Giovanni Sanzi, are engraved in Mr. Dennis-toun's work. Both are profiles; both

exhibit the same delicacy, purity, and precision of drawing which characterise the best works of the period. The authenticity of this portrait of Raffaele has been questioned; but the proofs adduced by Mr. Dennistoun, in his Appendix, seem to us to establish its genuineness. It bears the interesting epigraph, "*Rafaello Sanzio Anni sei nato il d: 6 Apr. 1483. Sanzi Padre dipinse.*" The countenance expresses great earnestness, thoughtfulness, and modesty. The hair, which is very fine and fair, is smoothed over the head, descending nearly to the eyebrows, and below the nape of the neck, in a thick covering; a style of head-dress which gives a remarkable and characteristic effect to this, as well as to the other portrait, by the elder Sanzi, of the young Guidobaldo. These are two of the most pleasing of the numerous engravings with which Mr. Dennistoun's volumes are enriched. The public are too familiar with the name and leading features of the life of Raffaele, to justify our following Mr. Dennistoun in his biography; but of his three styles, and their respective claims to admiration, we may take this occasion to make some remarks.

In the Brera gallery at Milan, may be seen one of the earliest and best known examples of Raffaele's early style, in the "Marriage of the Virgin." We dare say most of our readers may have seen the engraving of this beautiful composition, which, since the tastes for the earlier styles of painting, have of late been pretty frequent in the windows of the printsellers. An airy, octagonal, temple-like building forms a symmetrical back-ground; and the principal actors in the scene are arranged in symmetrical groups in front. Perhaps the first impression made by the composition on a candid mind is, that so much symmetry is unnatural: and so, in truth, it is; but that formalism was part of the system, and in it, much of the claims of the first school consist. It reminds you that you are not looking on merely human transactions, and that the eye of the spectator, as well as the imagination of the artist, must submit to discipline. This constitutes part of the charm, and instead of regarding the arrangements of the figures as unnatural, the enthusiast in this school will say supernatural should be the word. The "Assumption of the Virgin," in the Vatican gallery, is

another, and, to our eye, a much more lovely example of the same style. In both, as in all the good works of this period, the drawing is quite perfect; the stiffness we speak of is in arrangement, and a certain restraint that can hardly be called stiffness, pervades the figures. But the countenances are of heavenly sweetness.

Between his works of this period, and what are considered the grand and final triumphs of his art in the Hampton Court cartoons, and "Transfiguration," in the Vatican, Raffaele painted a series of less formal pieces, but still preserving more or less of the conventionalism of his early studies, and these have been grouped by connoisseurs under the designation of his second style.

With the grand compositions of his third and matured style, we are all familiar. The consenting voice of the last century pronounced the "Transfiguration" the noblest effort of the human pencil—the greatest picture ever painted. Classical beauty had been imported into Christian art. The last trammels of Byzantine formalism had been broken; and the painter indulged his imagination in casting his groups into every combination of posture, and of drapery or nudity, that could most delight the senses of form and colour. This is all true; and for an heroic subject or a pagan subject, it would all have our assent. But in the "Transfiguration" of Raffaele, Christ is a glorified *man*; in the same subject, in his earlier style, He would have been a glorified *being*; the scene would have been a mystical place, and the accessories not of the every day-earth. In the great picture, as it exists, everything is beautifully heroic, but nothing of the sentiment of religious painting is there; and religious men's eyes turn to rest with actual refreshment on the staid, clear, and symmetrical beauty of the "Assumption," hanging hard by.

For "Apollo on his Mount," or "Achilles on the Wall," sending his terrible shout through the dismayed ranks of the Trojans, while Minerva shakes above his head the bickering terrors of the Ægis (as Cornelius has so heroically painted the scene in the Trojan hall of the Glyptothek at Munich), the third style is all that art could aspire to; but for truly divine subjects, subjects mystical and awful, such as the representation of

events in the mission of the Redeemer, if addressed to the eyes of believers, ought to be, we must unhesitatingly give the preference to the earlier styles of Raffaele. Though we desire not their reproduction, and are satisfied that these triumphs of mystical and religious art should remain with their own periods and places.

We do not regret the barrenness of our own age in this respect. Independently of the risk of idolism, our churches are better without pictures of

that which is inexpressible, except by barbarian conventionalisms of form. In a word, we must be content, in this age of the world, with painting nature; and if we would see the *supernatural* painted, must be satisfied to go back amongst those who lived when the world was younger; and for those who desire such a peregrination, there cannot be a more pleasant guide than Mr. Dennistoun, in the truly delightful volumes before us.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XV.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IN these memoirs of my father, I have either derived my information from the verbal accounts of his friends and contemporaries, or taken it from his own letters and papers. Many things have I omitted, as irrelevant to his story, which, in themselves, might not have been devoid of interest; and of some others, the meaning and purport being somewhat obscure, I have abstained from all mention. I make this apology for the incompleteness of my narrative; and the reader will probably accept my excuses the more willingly, since he is spared the infliction of my discursiveness on topics, only secondary and adventitious.

I now, however, come to a period the most eventful of his story, but, by an unhappy accident, the least illustrated by any record of its acts. Mac-Naghten, my chief source of information hitherto, is here unable to guide or direct me. He knew nothing of my father's movements, nor did he hold any direct intercourse with him. Whatever letters may have been written by my father himself, I am unable to tell—none of them having ever reached me. My difficulty is therefore considerable, having little to guide me beyond chance paragraphs in some of Fagan's letters to his daughter, and

some two or three formal communications on business matters to my mother.

There is yet enough even in these scattered notices to show, that Fagan's hopes of realising the great ambition of his life had been suddenly and unexpectedly renewed. Not alone was he inclined to believe that my father might become the political leader of his own peculiar party, and take upon him the unclaimed position of an Irish champion, but further still, he persuaded himself that my father was not really married, and that the present conjuncture offered a favourable prospect of making him his son-in-law.

The reader has already seen from what a slight foundation this edifice sprung—a random word spoken by my father at a moment of great excitement—a half muttered regret, wrung from him in a paroxysm of wounded self-love.

He was not the first, nor will he be the last, who shall raise up a structure for which the will alone supplies material; mayhap, too, in his case, the fire of hope had never been totally extinguished in his heart; and from its smouldering embers now burst out this new and brilliant flame.

It was about an hour after midnight, that a chaise, with four horses, drew

up at Fagan's door ; and, after a brief delay, a sick man was assisted carefully down the stairs, and deposited within the carriage. Raper took his place beside him, and, with a speed that denoted urgency, the equipage drove away, and, passing through many a narrow lane and alley, emerged from the city at last, and took the great western road.

Fallrach, even in our own day of universal travel and research, is a wild and lonely spot ; but at the time I refer to, it was as utterly removed from all intercourse with the world, as some distant settlement of central America. Situated in a little bend or bight of coast, where the Killeries opens to the great ocean, backed by lofty mountains, and flanked either by the sea, or the still less accessible crags of granite, this little cottage was almost concealed from view. Unpretending as it was without, its internal arrangements included every comfort ; and my father found himself not only surrounded with all the appliances of ease and enjoyment, but in the very midst of objects well known and dear to him from old associations. It had been in our family for about a century ; but up to this moment my father had never seen it, nor was he aware of the singular beauty of the neighbouring coast scenery.

At first, he could do no more than sit at an open window that looked over the sea, enjoying, with dreamy languor, the calm influences of a solitude so thoroughly unbroken. To an overwrought and excited mind, this interval of quiet was a priceless luxury ; and far from experiencing weariness in his lonely life, the days glided past unnoticed.

Raper was not of a nature to obtrude himself on any one ; and as my father neither sought nor needed a companion, they continued to live beneath the same roof almost without meeting. While, therefore, there was the most scrupulous attention to all my father's wants, and a watchfulness that seemed even to anticipate a wish on his part, his privacy was never invaded nor disturbed. A few words each morning between Raper and himself provided for all the arrangements of the day, and there ended their intercourse.

Leaving him, therefore, in the indulgence of this placid existence, I must now turn to another scene, where

very different actors and interests were engaged.

The death of Barry Rutledge had created the most intense excitement, not alone in Dublin, but throughout the country generally. He was almost universally known. His acquaintanceship embraced men of every shade of opinion, and of all parties ; and if his character did not suggest any feelings of strong attachment or regard, there were social qualities about him which, at least, attracted admiration, and made him welcome in society.

Such men are often regretted by the world more deeply than is their due. Their amusing faculties are frequently traced back to some imaginary excellence in their natures, and there mingles with the sorrow for their loss a sort of tender compassion for the fate of abilities misapplied, and high gifts wasted. This was exactly the case here. Many who did not rank amongst his intimates while he lived, now affected to deplore his death most deeply ; and there was a degree of sympathy felt, or assumed to be felt, for his fate, widely disproportioned to his claims upon real regard.

The manner of his death still remained a profound mystery. The verdict of the coroner's jury was simply to the effect, that "he had died of wounds, inflicted by a person or persons unknown," but without an attempt at explanation. The witnesses examined deposed to very little more than the state in which the body was found, and the prints of footsteps discovered in its vicinity. These, indeed, and other marks about the spot, seemed to indicate that a struggle had taken place ; but a strange and unaccountable apathy prevailed as to all investigation, and the public was left to the very vaguest of speculations, as they appeared from time to time in the columns of the newspapers.

Amongst those who accompanied Rutledge into the street, there was a singular discrepancy of opinion, some averring that they heard him called on by his name, and others equally positive in asserting that the provocation was uttered in the only emphatic monosyllable, "a lie." They were all men of standing and position in the world ; they were persons of indisputable honour ; and yet, strange to say, upon a simple matter of fact, which had occupied but a few seconds, they could

not be brought to anything like agreement. The most positive of all in maintaining his opinion was a Colonel Vereker, who persisted in alleging that he stood side by side with Rutledge the whole time he was speaking—that he could swear not only to the words used by the unknown speaker, but that he would go so far as to say, that such was the impression made upon his senses, that he could detect the voice were he ever to hear it again.

This assertion, at first uttered in the small circle of intimacy, at last grew to be talked of abroad, and many were of opinion it would one day or other give the clue to this mysterious affair. As to Vereker himself, he felt that he was to a certain extent pledged to the proof of what he had maintained so persistently. His opinions had gained currency, and were discussed by the press, which, in the dearth of other topics of interest, devoted a large portion of their columns to commentary on this event.

Any one now looking back to the pages of the *Dublin Express* or *Falkner* of that date, will scarcely fail to find that each day contributed some new and ingenious suggestion as to the manner of Rutledge's death. Some of these were arrayed with great details, and the most minute arrangement of circumstances; others were constructed of materials the least probable and likely. Every view had, however, its peculiar advocates; and it was curious to see to what violence was carried the war of controversy upon the subject.

By the publicity which accompanies such events as these, the ends of justice are mainly sustained and aided. Discussion suggests inquiry, and, by degrees, the general mind is turned with zeal to an investigation, which, under ordinary circumstances, had only occupied the attention of the authorities.

To any one who has not witnessed a similar movement of popular anxiety, it would be difficult to believe how completely this topic engrossed the thoughts of the capital; and through every grade of society the same intense desire prevailed to unravel this mystery. Amongst the many facts adduced, was one which attracted a large share of speculation, and this was the track of footsteps from the very opposite corner of the "Green" to the fatal spot, and their issue at the little wicket gate, of which we have already spoken. These

traces were made by a large foot, and were unmistakeably those of a heavy man, wearing boots such as were usually worn by gentlemen. One peculiarity of them, too, was, that the heels were studded with large nails, rarely worn save by the peasantry. A shoemaker who served on the inquest was heard to remark, that a very few country gentlemen still persisted in having their boots thus provided, and that he himself had only one such customer, for whom he had just finished a new pair that were then ready to be sent home.

The remark attracted attention, and led to an examination of the boots, which, strange to say, were found exactly to correspond with the tracks in the clay. This fact, coupled with another, that the person for whom they were made, and who had been impatient to obtain them, had not even called at the shop, or made any inquiry, since the night of Rutledge's death, was of so suspicious a nature, that the boots were taken possession of by the authorities, and the maker strictly enjoined to the most guarded secrecy as to the name of him by whom they were ordered.

With every precaution to secure secrecy, the story of the boots got noised about, and letters poured forth in print to show that the custom of wearing such heels as was described, was by no means so limited as was at first assumed. In the very thick of discussion on this subject, there came a post letter one evening to the bootmaker's house, requesting him to send the boots lately ordered by an old customer, J. C., to the "Blue Balls," at Clontarf, addressed, "George J. Grogan, Esq."

The shopkeeper, on receiving this epistle, immediately communicated it to the authorities, who could not fail to see in it another circumstance of deep suspicion. From the first moment of having learned his name, they had prosecuted the most active inquiries, and learned that he had actually been in town the evening of Rutledge's death, and suddenly taken his departure on the morning after. The entire of the preceding evening, too, he had been absent from his hotel, to which he returned late at night, and, instead of retiring to bed, immediately occupied himself with preparations for his departure.

As the individual was one well known, and occupying a prominent

position in society, it was deemed to be a step requiring the very gravest deliberation in what manner to proceed. His political opinions, and even his personal conduct, being strongly opposed to the Government, rather increased than diminished this difficulty, since the Liberal papers would be sure to lay hold of any proceedings as a gross insult to the National party.

The advice of the law officers, however, overruled all these objections; a number of circumstances appeared to concur to inculcate him, and it was decided on issuing a warrant for his arrest at the place which he had named as his address.

Secrecy was now no longer practicable; and, to the astonishment of all Dublin, was it announced in the morning papers, that Mr. Curtis was arrested the preceding night on a judge's warrant, charged with the murder of Barry Rutledge.

Terrible as such an accusation must always sound, there is something doubly appalling when uttered against one whose rank in society would seem to exempt him from the temptations of such guilt. The natural revulsion to credit a like imputation is, of course, considerable; but, notwithstanding this, there were circumstances in Curtis's character and habits that went far to render the allegation not devoid of probability. He was a rash, impetuous, and revengeful man, always involved in pecuniary difficulties, and rarely exempt from some personal altercation. Harassed by law, disappointed, and, as he himself thought, persecuted by the Government, his life was a continual conflict. Though not without those who recognised in him traits of warm-hearted and generous devotion, the number of these diminished as he grew older, and, by the casualties of the world, he lived to fancy himself the last of a by-gone generation, far superior in every gift and attribute to that which succeeded it.

When arrested, and charged with the crime of wilful murder, so far from experiencing the indignant astonishment such an allegation might naturally lead to, he only accepted it as another instance of the unrelenting hate with which the Government, or, as he styled it, "the Castle," had, through his life long, pursued him.

"Who is it," cried he, with sar-

castic bitterness, "that I have murdered?"

"You are charged with being accessory to the death of Mr. Barry Rutledge, sir," said the other.

"Barry Rutledge! — the Court jester, the Castle mimic, the Tale-bearer of the Viceroy's household, the Hireling scoffer at honest men, and the cringing supplicant of bad ones. The man who crushed such a reptile would have deserved well of his country, if it were not that the breed is too large to be extirpated."

"Take care what you say, Mr. Curtis," said the other, respectfully; "your words may be used to your disadvantage."

"Take care what I say! Who are you speaking to, Sirrah? Is the caution given to Joe Curtis? Is it to the man that has braved your power, and laughed at your Acts of Parliament, these fifty years? Are you going to teach me discretion now? Hark ye, my man, tell your employers not to puzzle their heads with plots and schemes about a conviction; they need neither bribe a witness, corrupt a judge, nor pack a jury. Familiar as such good actions are to them, their task will still be easier here. Tell them this; and tell them also, that the score they must one day be prepared to settle would be lighter if Joe Curtis was the last man they had sent innocently to the scaffold."

As though he had disburthened his mind by this bitter speech, Curtis never again adverted to the dreadful accusation against him. He was committed to Newgate, and while treated with a certain deference to his position in life, he never relaxed in the stern and unbending resolve, neither to accept any favour, nor even avail himself of the ordinary means of legal defence.

"Prison diet and a straw mattress!" cried he, "such you cannot deny me; and they will be the extent of the favours I'll receive at your hands."

As the day fixed for the trial approached, the popular excitement rose to a high degree. Curtis was not a favourite even with his own party; his temper was sour, and his disposition unconciliatory; so that even by the Liberal press, his name was mentioned with little sympathy or regard. Besides this feeling, there was another, and a far more dangerous one then

abroad. The lower classes had been of late reflected on severely for the crimes which disgraced the county calendars, and the opportunity of retaliating against the gentry, by a case which involved one of their order, was not to be neglected. While, therefore, the daily papers accumulated a variety of strange and seemingly convincing circumstances, the street literature did not scruple to go farther, and Curtis was the theme of many a ballad, wherein his guilt was depicted in all the glowing colours of verse.

It is one of the gravest inconveniences which accompany the liberty of free discussion, that an accused man is put upon his trial before the bar of public opinion, and his guilt or innocence pronounced upon, long before he takes his place in presence of his real judges; and although, in the main, popular opinion is rarely wrong, still there are moments of rash enthusiasm, periods of misguided zeal, or unbridled bigotry, in which such decisions are highly perilous. Too frequently, also, will circumstances quite foreign to the matter at issue be found to influence the opinions expressed upon it.

So far had the popular verdict gone against the accused in the present case, that there was a considerable time spent on the morning of the trial, before a jury could be empannelled which should not include any one who had already pronounced strongly on the case.

Curtis, as I have mentioned, declined all means of defence: he thought, or affected to think, that every member of the bar was open to Government corruption, and that as the whole was an organised plot for his destruction, resistance was perfectly vain and useless. When asked, therefore, to whom he had entrusted his case, he advanced to the front of the dock, and said—"Gentlemen of the jury, the disagreeable duties you are sworn to discharge shall not be protracted by anything on my part. Whatever falsehoods the counsel for the Crown may advance, and the witnesses swear to, shall meet neither denial nor refutation from *me*. The Castle scoundrels shall play the whole game themselves, and whenever *you* agree 'what's to pay,' *I'll* settle the score without flinching."

This extraordinary address, uttered in a tone of half-savage jocularly, excited a strange mixture of emotion

in those who heard it, which ultimately ended in half-subdued laughter throughout the court, repressing which at once, the judge gravely reprimanded the prisoner for the aspersions he had thrown on the administration of justice, and appointed one of the most distinguished members of the bar to conduct his defence.

It was late in the day, when the Crown counsel rose to open his case. His address was calm and dispassionate. It was divested of what might seem to be any ungenerous allusion to the peculiar character or temperament of the accused; but it promised an amount of circumstantial evidence which, were the credit of the witnesses to stand unimpeached, would be almost impossible to reconcile with anything short of the guilt of the prisoner in the dock.

"We shall show you, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "first of all, that there was a manifest motive for this crime—at least, what to a man of the prisoner's temper and passions might adequately represent a motive. We shall produce evidence before you, to prove his arrival secretly in Dublin, where he lodged in an obscure and little frequented locality, avoiding all occasion of recognition, and passing under an assumed name. We shall show you, that on each evening he was accustomed to visit an acquaintance—a solicitor, whom we shall produce on the table—whose house is situated at the very opposite end of the city; returning from which, it was his habit to pass through Stephen's-green, and that he took this path on the night of the murder—having parted from his friend a little before midnight. We shall next show you, that the traces of the footsteps correspond exactly with his boots, even to certain peculiarities in their make. And lastly, we shall prove his immediate and secret departure from the capital on this very night in question—his retirement to a distant part of the country, where he remained till within a few days previous to his arrest.

"Such are the brief outlines of a case, the details of which will comprise a vast number of circumstances—slight, perhaps, and trivial individually, but which, taken collectively, and considered in regard to their bearing on the matter before us, will make up a mass of evidence, that the most sceptical cannot reject.

"Although it may not be usual to advert to the line of conduct which the prisoner has adopted, in refusing to name a counsel for his defence, I cannot avoid warning the jury, that such a course may bear an interpretation very remote from that which at first sight it seems to convey. He would wish you to accept this position as the strongest evidence of innocence; as if, relying on the justice of his cause, he requires neither guidance nor counsel!

"It will be for you, gentlemen, to determine if the evidence placed before you admit of such a construction; or whether, on the contrary, it be not of such a nature that would foil the skill of the craftiest advocate to shake, and be more effectually rebutted by a general and vague denial, than by any systematic endeavours to impeach.

"You are not therefore to accept this rejection of aid as by any means a proof

of conscious innocence. Far from it. The more correct reading might show it to be the crafty policy of a man who, throughout his whole life, has been as remarkable for self-reliance as for secrecy; who, confiding in his own skill to direct him in the most difficult circumstances, places far more reliance on his personal adroitness than upon the most practised advocacy; and whose depreciatory estimate of mankind is but the gloomy reflection of a burthened conscience."

It was so late when the counsel had concluded, that the court adjourned its proceedings till the following morning; and the vast assembly which thronged the building dispersed, deeply impressed with the weighty charge against the prisoner, and with far less of sympathy than is usually accorded to those who stand in like predicament.

RECENT TRAVELLERS IN THE EAST.—DR. AITON.*

LA BRUYERE says well and wittily—*"L'on se repent rarement de parler peu, souvent de parler trop, maxime usée et triviale, que tout le monde sait, et que tout le monde ne pratique pas."* Now, if we substitute *"écrire"* for *"parler,"* and with this alteration apply the foregoing sentence to the East, as regards its subject matter, there will come forth a proposition whose veracity no man can question.

For what hosts of literary travellers in these our modern days have invaded the orient, and turned their steps to the land of the morning; and especially to Palestine have so many pilgrim authors and knights of the note-book proceeded, as almost to constitute a new, although a bloodless crusade, inasmuch as their object now is not to recover the Sepulchre, or slay the Saracen, but to please the "pensive public" by presenting them with a book; and, therefore, in place of wearing a cockle-shell in their hat, our wanderers carry a passport in their pocket; and in lieu of "saddled

shoon" they are shod with waterproof Hobys (*Ευνημίδες Δχαίαι*) every man of them; and instead of a palmer's staff in their hand, they have a stout umbrella of silk or alpacha tucked beneath their arm; and in place of brandishing a long shadowy lance, it is a purse well filled with shining sovereigns they hold forth (for our little Queen's sweet face engraved in gold wins its way all over the civilised world), and so they carry crow-quills for swords, and sketch-books for shields, and pencils for spear-heads, and pale-tots for armour of proof, and in place of prancing on a goodly war-horse, behold them, like Buonaparte's savants in Egypt, astride of an animal asinine, and "demi-savant," if you please; or bumping along the sand on the dorsal hump of a dromedary; or jolting over the boulders and gravel of the desert in a lumbering, springless, red-wheeled van; or careering swiftly through the blue and breaking billows of the sweet Levant in a splendid steamer of 800

* "The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope;" as visited in 1851. By John Aiton, D.D., Minister of Dolphinton. A. Fullarton and Co. London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. 1852.

horse-power, such as the "Peninsular and Oriental Company" provides, and such as Doctor Aiton voyaged in outward and eastward-bound.

But before all these aids and appliances sprung up, what crowds of travellers, like the Santon in the tale, "have turned their faces to the east, and prayed for a change." We may trace them far back in the past century, and down to the present time. There was the doubting Volney, the investigating Niebuhr, the geographical Shawe, and the heroic Bruce; there were the Jesuit Fathers, Pere Contancin, Verbiest, and Ricci, *cum multis aliis* of that clique, scientific and subtle. There is the persevering Pococke; the ubiquitous, most interesting, and ever charming Clarke; the erudite Humboldt, with his lofty brow, where knowledge sits enthroned; the pleasant, familiar Stephens; the peripatetic Bartlett; the somewhat pompous, yet poetical Lamartine; the sporting soldier Davidson; the pious, gentle Fisk; the daring, indomitable Burckhart; the pictorial Kitto; the unwearied Buckingham; the talented, racy Wilde; the noble, graceful Lindsay; the splendid, energetic, and commanding Layard; the author of "Eothen;" the gentle and refined Churton; and our own brilliant Warburton, that young star of brightness, which shone too vividly to set so soon and so darkly beneath the remorseless wave.

Amidst such a galaxy we were astonished to hear of the rising of another planet, and that a new pilgrim was about to walk before the eyes of the public on the *via trita* of oriental travel; and so when we saw Dr. Aiton's book we thought him a bold man; when we read his dedication, we perceived he was a matter-of-fact man; when we had gone through his introduction, we pronounced him a good-humoured man; when we had laughed at his frolics, we guessed he was an eccentric man; when we had lingered on his graver pages, we were convinced he was a pious man; and when we had regularly read through the book, our verdict was for the defendant, against all critics—surly, savage, or censorious—that he was an extremely intelligent, right-minded, and original man.

We read this volume from beginning to end—from stem to stern, as the sailors say—without a yawn, a most

unprecedented act on our part, as regards general literature, and highly complimentary to the author. And the rapid passage of our ivory knife, as we cut open its leaves, was a self-engendered guarantee of mercy to our mind, that we should not have to cut them up with our critical "cold iron."

Yet is the book old-fashioned in some respects, and half a century behind many of the prevailing tastes of the day, be they good or bad. Here is no pomposity of diction, no prosing verbiage, no wealth of words united with poverty of ideas. Here is no snorting dogmatism—no sonorous unintelligibleness, so popular to many of the present age.

"Omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur amantque,
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt."

Again, here is little geology, which is a pity; and less metaphysics, which might be pleasing; and no German mysticism, which can be spared; or mediæval rant and cant, which is well left out; or transcendental jargon, or transalpine Ultramontanism, or any such matter. But there is a fine Scotch grouse-mountain atmosphere of strong, clear sense pervading this book—a kind of heathery wholesomeness—now and then a little wild, perhaps, and a trifle over racy. Dr. Aiton writes *currente calamo*, with a free dashing pen—probably an old and seldom-mended swan quill—a *leetle* broad in the nib, seldom crossing his "t's," or dotting his "i's;" and if, perchance, he should dip too vehemently into his ink-horn, and a blot should ensue (there is not one *moral* blot in the whole book), the Doctor takes no time to rectify it, as he gallops, or trots, or paces by turns over his broad sheet. Sometimes so simple as to produce a smile, "*olli subridens*"—more times sublime—now pathetic—oftimes classical—always Scriptural, though seldom professional. Again, pictorial and amazingly graphic; on many occasions, no doubt, odd and humorous; but ever intelligent and interesting. He is a minister of the Church of Scotland, residing among the green sheep-walks of the county of Peebles. He tells us he is a father. We deduce that he is not a young man, from the circumstance of the "wig" and "long white beard;" and we conjecture that he is a widower from a tender and beautiful allusion, reminding us of a

verse in Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels," which he makes in page 170.

In the vernal month of April our author trips his anchor in Southampton-roads, and sets sail for the "clime of the sun," in the Ripon steamer, which, says he, "skimmed down the channel like a sea-gull." He pays a just tribute to this noble class of vessels; one of which, the Himalaya, now building, is of 3,000 measured tons, and of 1,200 horse power. These ships realise a speed of eighteen miles an hour, and in the teeth of wind and tide will go upwards of 430 miles daily, reaching Alexandria in a week! If the camel be called the "ship of the desert," surely these magnificent steamers may well be denominated the race-horses of the ocean.

In the Bay of Biscay one of the "natural ills that flesh is heir to," namely, sea-sickness, overtakes our traveller; but the coast of Spain—"renowned, romantic land"—is nigh; and as Corunna heaves in sight, nausea and debility seem to vanish before the patriotism of the Briton and the enthusiasm of the traveller; and a "dash into the midst of the British squadron," in the mouth of the Tagus, completes the conquest of mind over matter, and sets the doctor "all right" upon his sea legs again. We ourselves once staved off sea-sickness, and that, too, in the "race of the head," by the absorbing power of a book. It was, we remember, the "Amber Witch:" but even amidst the fascinations of literature, the enemy might be found lurking; for, is there not one line in Byron so descriptive of this malady as to be enough to endanger all stomachic equilibrium?—

"Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew sea-sick."

And does not Aristias, the Proconnesian, as quoted by Longinus, speak pathetically of *Σπλαχνίς κακὸς ἀναβαλλόμενος*, thus introducing an unwonted subject in the same way that Martial speaks of another corporeal exertation—viz., the being tossed in a blanket!—

"*Ibis ab excusso mīcus ad astra sago;*"

a species of air-dancing the Emperor Otho delighted to inflict upon delinquents.

But we have wandered from the Doctor, who passed Calpé's Straits in the dark, and had not the good fortune

of Lord Byron, who saw "Europe and Afric on each other gaze," by moonlight. With all his true enthusiasm for scenery, nothing delights Dr. Aiton more, at this time and place, than the flagstaff and the banner of England, fixed in, and waving on, the old rock of Gibraltar, for our traveller is a most loyal and stanch Briton. Here they are joined by a curious personage, a Mahomedan missionary, to whom the Doctor gives a Bible and good counsels. At Malta our author pays a generous tribute to the memory of Eliot Warburton. The scene awakes his Biblical association, and he has a long disquisition whether Josephus, the Jewish historian, was not in the same ship with St. Paul, on the occasion of his shipwreck at Melita. This the Doctor proves satisfactorily to his own mind. To others the theory may appear more ingenious than conclusive.

The Ripon, with her intelligent and gentlemanly commander, Captain Moresby—a name well known in the scientific world—steams into the crescent-shaped harbour of Alexandria in due time, and Dr. Aiton hastens on shore, intent on seeing the lions—a feat which he performs on a donkey's back. His picture of the cruelty of Mehemet Ali would be more striking, if it were not so well known. He proceeds to Cairo, where his sketch of the odious slave-market transports us into Kentucky, and amidst the scenes and woes detailed in "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" for the same disgusting brutality differs little in either hemisphere. Anxious to see that lovely constellation, the Southern Cross, the Doctor sets out at night, and has an adventure which nearly costs him his life, and the Dolphinton folk their minister, and which he narrates in such a serio-comic strain, that we know not whether to shudder or to smile.

"Thus mounted, and guided along two miles of narrow streets but dimly lighted, I arrived at the main entrance to the citadel, and found it all shut up for the evening. Unwilling or afraid to alarm the garrison, I committed the care of the donkey to the faithful Janissary, and scrambled up to a high bluff point of the hill, without the fortress. But on taking my survey of the sky, I found my face was turned to the North Pole, and that the whole rocky fortress stood between me and a sight of the Southern Cross. I accordingly came back to the place where I left the Janissary holding the donkey, and

passing him, I began to scramble up the southern face of the citadel: when, after a time, a sentinel from above challenged me in his own native tongue, which I could neither understand nor answer. I accordingly stood still, being now quite conscious of my dangerous position, and not knowing whether it were safe even to go back. He uttered the same words again, and a third time, after another pause much shorter than before; when lo! I first saw a flash of fire, and then heard a ball pass over my head with a sharp hissing noise. I instantly fell down as if he had shot me, and for fear he might fire a second time. Of course the guard was called out, and a party of armed soldiers were in the act of coming up to me, either, as I thought, to put me to death, or at any rate to make me their prisoner. Fortunately, however, they came first to the donkey and the servant of Mr. Murray, who at once explained in their own language the whole matter, so that I was permitted to depart in peace, every one being right glad that I was not a dead man, and nobody more so than myself."—pp. 57, 58.

The third chapter is devoted to the pyramids. Our author does not attempt to account for their origin, which we lament; for surely the same steady and pertinacious spirit of investigation which he afterwards brings to bear against the objections of Neibuhr, and the neology of Milman, in regard of the Israelitish passage through the Red Sea, might have served him well here, and gratified and taught his readers. He handles his flail powerfully on the question of the exodus, threshing out carefully truth in grains like wheat, while he lays it on sturdily across the shoulders of his adversaries, like Gilbert Hay and his sons at the Bridge of Loncarty; but the quando and the quomodo of the pyramids, these desert "sentinels of time," and the question of their origin, our author passes by, dismissing the subject—and the sphinx along with it—with a joke, "*tabulæ solvuntur risu.*"

Now, with great humility, since Dr. Aiton *will* not, we would say a word anent this matter, and if Horace Smith's Piccadilly mummy would not respond to his antiquarian query—

"Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect?"

but has ever since preserved a most stupid and mummy-like taciturnity, we will boldly take up the cestus, and answer, *neither the one nor the other*; but this we must endeavour to prove from simple facts. Herodotus visited

Egypt before the Christian era 448; he reports that the priests in that country were most anxious to ascribe the building of their pyramids to Cheops, and to Cephrenes, his brother and successor, who lived B.C. 1082, coeval with the prophet Samuel; but, says Herodotus, the laity differ from their priests, for "*the people have so great an aversion to the memory of their founders, that they will not mention their names, but attribute their pyramids to a shepherd, who kept cattle, called Philiton.*"—See "Herodotus Stephani," 1618, p. 139.

All the Egyptians acknowledge that during the erection of the pyramids the temples were shut up, and the sacrifices prohibited, which no *native* prince would have done. They also allow that pending their building great calamities occurred in Egypt. Now, Dr. Hales, by comparing Manetho's fragment found in Josephus, and the Hindoo records, with Herodotus's account, assigns the building of the pyramids to Apachnes, King of the Shepherd dynasty, who invaded and subdued Egypt B.C. 2095, before the time of Abraham. These shepherds came from Arabia; at all events from the east. In Genesis xlv. 34, it is said, "that every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians," probably from the remembrance of their then recent servitude. These warriors were finally expelled from Egypt B.C. 1899, and settled on the western coast of Palestine, so named after them—this word in the Sanscrit, or early Syrian, meaning "Shepherd Land." Diodorus Siculus, who visited Egypt about sixty years before our Lord, says there is no agreement among the Egyptians or their historians concerning the builders of their pyramids. Their priests were notorious for falsehood and national pride, and they alone ascribe these structures to Cheops and his brother. The people, more veracious, yet still disliking to record the stigma of their servitude, generalise the matter, by calling their founder Philiton, a shepherd. Thus national vanity has clouded the origin of these wondrous monuments, yet all the evidence is in favour of the shepherd tribes having been the architects of them, and that they are mementos of conquest and of slavery, as they are of power; and Pliny well says, that "the obscurity of their origin is a just reward for the vanity of their founders;"

while their apparent indestructibility has rendered them, probably, the most ancient buildings in the world, and the most interesting.

Dr. Aiton determines on visiting the pyramids alone; he has great courage and animal vivacity, and they are sorely tested in the ascent of the greater of these alps of stone and mountains of masonry, which is 590 feet high, and many of the steps reaching above a tall man's hips. Up these "giant stairs" our traveller is dragged, shoved, pulled by his wild guides; and though he faints twice from exhaustion, yet at the top—which is thirty feet square—he recovers his equanimity, revels in the extent and glory of the prospect around and beneath him, then sits him down, and, "*non immemor negotii*," coolly indites two letters to Scotch correspondents, sustains a momentary alarm for his life at seeing one of his Bedouins advance with a long knife, but soon discovers that it is more his purse than his person which is in peril, and that the Arab seeks not his blood, but his "bucksheesh;" which, however, the stout-hearted doctor will not give him to the value of a bawbee beyond his stipulated bond. This whole scene is given with great life, and reality, and simplicity; indeed, the graphic element all through this book is astonishing. Take, for example, the following picture of a night meeting of two trains—that is, a long string of shambling, bumping, wooden omnibuses or vans, each coming different ways, and full of passengers, drawing up alongside each other in the desert:—

"Scarcely had this sight become familiar in my mind, when another scene of wonder and novelty started up before me. The sky beamed with a bright glare in the east. At first it was indistinct, but it became stronger and better defined, nearer and near still; and for a time I could not comprehend what was indicated by it. But it turned out to be the overland passengers from India and China, who had landed at Suez from the Haddington and were going at the top of their speed towards the shores of the Levant; as our party were hurrying towards the head of the Red Sea. Each of our vans had seated beside the driver, an Arab with a flaming flambeau in his hand; and as we mustered upwards of thirty carriages, the united sight of these could not fail to produce a glare of light gleaming from the sand below to the sky above. As the number of caravans now advancing on us was double that of ours, the glare of their flambeaux was proportion-

ably greater. And as we approached at midnight, in the grossest period of the darkness, the scene was very imposing. The vans of both parties were extended in long line and abreast of one another. They seemed like host encountering host, when Greek meets Greek. But far from it, for a loud, simultaneous cry of hearty welcome ran along both lines. Ten minutes were allowed for stopping; then what a hurry in getting down from the carriages, what recognition of friends, and what running, and roaring, and shaking of hands! Within the vans which came up from Suez there still sat the aged nabob, and the wounded warrior, the delicate and diseased female, and the pale mother with her sickly children attended by their copper-coloured Indian ayahs, female servants of remarkable fidelity. But there sprung firm down to the ground at a leap, rattling in armour, influential officers returning to England on leave of absence. There were bronzed sinewy looking men standing around with calm and careless hauteur; conscious that they had made a fortune, and that their frame was not damaged by the climate. There were others, creeping in the crowd, from the fatal swamps of Hindostan, with fried livers, or swollen hearts, or rotten lungs, hurrying home to die in England, or may be even to be buried at Malta. Others, with death in their looks, had fallen sick when fighting their way back: and were bedridden with dozens of leeches on their breasts or cholera mixtures under their pillow at the hotel in Suez, doubting if ever they were to reach Alexandria alive. But one absorbing desire beat in every heart, and flowed with their blood in every vein, that they might be spared to land at Southampton, to breathe the air of their native country, and to enjoy their withered old age amid the scenes of their boyhood. Some I was told had died coming up the gulf of the Red Sea: but these were sewed up in their hammocks for a coffin, with a cannon-shot at their feet to sink their bodies, which probably found their graves in the belly of a shark. Little know the sons of the desert, who look with awe on the power and wealth of England, of the sacrifices by which it is purchased.

"A stentorian voice cried out, 'Is there anybody here from Perthshire?' A Highlander sounded with a nasal twang in broad Scots, 'I am from Inverness.' One gentleman, apparently with a keen scent after politics, cried out, 'Are the Whigs still in power?' 'No,' replied a young clever rattle-skull, 'the Queen has kicked them all out long since.' An active, anxious-like merchant from Bombay, with cheeks like a Chinese puzzle, asked very earnestly, 'Is it true that a war has broken out between England and Russia?' 'Yes,' said another, 'and we have lost three seventy-fours, and five frigates. The price of tallow from the Baltic is terribly up in consequence; because they

are fighting their battles both on sea and land by candle-light.' 'Is the outgoing Governor of Hong-Kong here?' 'Yes,' cries the worthy Colonel. 'Oh, how are you?' says the Indian, 'Is your brother still member for Surrey?' But soon above all this noise and confusion, the unwelcome sounds were heard, 'Time's up!' 'Time's up!' 'Take your seats!' 'Yellah! Yellah!' ('Get on—get on') cried the Arabs. 'Where's our carriage?' cried two females, frantic with despair. 'We have lost the doctor,' cried one of them. 'Papa, where are you?' roared out a tall, active needle of a boy—'Oh, here he is.' 'Get in—get in'—'they are going off, and you will be left behind.' 'Stop one minute, driver.' 'Farewell!' 'God bless you.' 'The same to our friends in the east.' And in a minute more the parties separated; the distance becoming greater and the light less very rapidly indeed."—pp. 84–86.

Our author is most interesting when at Suez; he goes into the question of the "passage of the Red Sea." This chapter is, perhaps, the heaviest in the book, not with the dull clay of mere disquisition, but with the metallic ore of wrought-out information; and the Doctor's strictures and pictures are worthy of him, as a man of truth, and talent, and a minister of the Gospel. Afterwards, he embarks at Damietta, in a vessel bound for Jaffa, the ancient Joppa; and leaves the land of Egypt with the lowest possible estimation of its native and Arab population, and the highest admiration of its scenic, antiquarian, and Biblical associations.

The start for Jerusalem is narrated with great humour; and no one appears to enjoy the fun and confusion more than Dr. Aiton himself, to whose nature energy and excitement seem kindred elements, and who, we are sure, would ever prefer brushing the morning dew, to wasting the midnight oil; and, like the old Douglas, "would love better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak."

"At length we started, numbering a formidable band or cut-throat looking crew, with our interpreter, our guides, and guards, and a fat old Jew who had joined our party for protection. We sallied forth from Jaffa, Indian file, under a fierce and tropical sun already high in the sky; and attended with a crowd of idle Arabs, attracted by curiosity, and relationship to some of the party. In our awkward squad there were asses loaded with the heavier portions of our baggage, and our cooking utensils. Each of us had on the mule we rode on, a flask filled with wine, portable pitchers full of water, a bag of bread, a basket of fruit, and a variety of other

necessaries. The Turkish saddles, with their high pommels covered with crimson cloth, were so uncomfortable, and their stirrups were placed so far back, that I was sometimes thankful to sit behind altogether. The brutes were so lazy and stubborn that my legs and arms laboured with the help of a stick to keep them on the trot. Linen rags served for stirrup leathers, and a sort of flat plate, pretty well balanced and like a mason's trowel, apologised for the irons. My feet almost trailed on the sand, and were often entangled among the brambles and brushwood; but still I kept the balance, being pommelled around with so many utensils. Besides thumping his own mule, every one at times had to cudgel his neighbour's. When the jogging became tiresome I galloped for a while helter-skelter, my panniers rattling and flapping all around. On these occasions our luggage could scarcely be kept from falling to pieces, and it was a good day's work merely to thump and hold on. When I felt much shaken, I would dismount and walk to ease the pain in my side, or to keep my legs from sleeping.

"I was clothed in white linen, with a white straw hat sufficiently broad in the brim, and protected with a turban of cloth around and over it, and with a flap hanging behind all to keep off the sun. Over and above this, I had to keep up a large cotton umbrella well lined with white cloth."—pp. 158, 159.

Now, we *do* wonder how the Dolphinton congregation would have felt had they beheld their minister *en croupe* of a rebellious mule, apparelled in white linen trousers and a straw hat, a snowy umbrella in his sinister digits, a Syrian shillelah in his dexter, "galloping helter-skelter" along with the kicking mules, amidst the musical clatter of pitchers and pendent kettles, cudgelling his own hybrid, while he extended his castigatory charity to those of his neighbours, as a matter of course.

He traverses the gardens of Jaffa, the plains of Sharon, and the gloomy gorges of Judah, and has his imagination much affected in approaching the scene of his Saviour's sufferings and death; yet his description of the first burst of Jerusalem is tame, because probably the view itself was so to him, after so much of anticipatory excitement.

Part of his visit to the Holy Sepulchre we must transcribe, for its eloquence and genial piety, as well as for a touch of affectionate simplicity connected with the manse in Peebles:—

"Going forward about a yard, a curtain is drawn aside and I was told to take off my

shoes. I then stepped down, and bending with my hands on my knees I entered a low narrow door into a small apartment lighted up with a profusion of golden lamps, and filled with an oppressive atmosphere of incense, and simply adorned with a variety of flowers. This, I was told, was the mansion of the Saviour's victory, where he burst asunder the fetters of death and rose from the dust of mortality. On my right hand was the grave in which his body was buried. This cave hewn out of the rock, where the body of our Lord Jesus Christ was laid, has been covered with marble to protect it from injury by pilgrims chipping the rock with hammers, and carrying away the fragments. Two young Greek women, dressed in white, with consumptive faces and a hectic flush, were bending over the tomb in the attitude of very fervent devotion, when I entered. They seemed to be sisters, and down their pale marble faces, unmoving as statues, tears gushed in penitence. I kneeled over the tomb, trembled, wept, and muttered a short prayer for humility, repentance, faith, and mercy, for myself, my family, my flock, and friends. And in so far as I knew my heart, I may say that the gratitude of it ascended with a risen Saviour to the throne of the Father on high. Alone and in silence, at the supposed centre of the world, and far, far from home, I tried fervently to remember my sins before God, and all the places and persons in the East Indies and in Europe most near and dear unto me. I rose, pulled a flower, which was afterwards sent home to my dear daughter Maggie."—pp. 182, 183.

With respect to the precise identity of holy places, Dr. Aiton suffers not himself to be cramped with conflicting criticisms; but largely and wisely, as it appears to us, allows his mind to "be carried on a swelling flood of humility and awe." And so he stands in Gethsemane, which is a true Gethsemane to him; weeps on Calvary, with a perfect certainty that it is Calvary; walks to Bethany, on the same road our Lord trod across the Mount of Olives; hires a guide, and goes down to Bethlehem; drinks of its "well"—wanders through its stable—treads its plain, realising the angelic chorus—"believing all things," and well satisfied and "soothed with what he had seen." And the same uncritical faith attends him on the plains of Troy afterwards, where, like Byron, he believes—

"That every hillock green
Contained no fabled hero's ashes;
And that around the undoubted scene
Thy own broad Hellespont still dashes."

And surely this unquestioning spirit,

in matters of little moment, is much more agreeable to the writer, as well as to the reader, than the wretched habit of pausing, and pondering, and dubitating, and weighing sand-grains of distinction against dust-grains of difference—and finally rejecting both, for fear of being wrong in either; and coming to no conclusion at all, for fear of not concluding truly—which is in the spirit of him who was—

"Such a scrupulous, good man.

Yes!—you will catch him tripping—if you can.
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own."

We feel that we must quicken our pace; but it is hard to avoid sauntering when one has so pleasant a companion as Dr. Aiton.

In due time the Doctor embarks at Jaffa, purposing to sail up the Mediterranean; skirting the lovely shores of Syria as high as he could, then turning westward, to coast along the south of Asia Minor, till received by the *Ægean* and the Hellespont, he reached Constantinople. And this he accomplishes; and his account of his voyage is brilliant and interesting. On these waters nothing of classical, of historical, of poetical, or of Biblical association escapes him. Furthermore, he dislikes and describes the roguery and folly of foreign officials. He frets and winces a little under the restraint of the quarantine laws, yet consoles himself, professionally, with deriving their institution from Moses. He is almost devoured, inside and outside, by mosquitoes, fleas, millipedes, sand-flies, "lice in all their quarters," cockroaches, ants, beetles, vipers, frogs, toads, scorpions, serpents, alligators, and all other vermin; but he extracts amusement and pleasantries from all these *desagrémens*, as every right-hearted, good-humoured man ought to do. Witness the following:—

"I did not sleep on shore, but in the cabin of the steamer, because it was cooler; and besides, the bedrooms in Beyrout are infested, not only by vermin swarming everywhere, and tormenting mosquitoes, sounding like a band of music, and giving no rest, but with large, long-legged beetles, ugly little green lizards, and long black snakes. On retiring to your room at night, candle in hand, you chance to notice an extraordinary shadow moving across the floor; you stoop down, thinking it is a mouse, but you find it to be an immense hairy spider, as big as a pigeon's egg. In the surprise of

your horror the monster escapes like lightning down into its hole ; and then you must turn into bed in the delightful uncertainty when he and the rest of his family may creep into your bosom. And as to these three lizards now looking calmly up in your face, you are told that should they creep over your naked body they are quite harmless, their bite not being venomous. And if a snake should affectionately twine round your neck before the morning,—what for no? it will keep you warmer ; and Fahrenheit's thermometer stands only at 98° ; and besides, the embraces of this domestic are never to be compared to the withering grasp of the boa constrictor. And as to the fleas and mosquitoes, having been in Egypt you have surely learned long since to endure them. With consolations of this kind, the Arab takes away the candle, and leaves you in doubt and darkness most horrible, with the words, 'El am do Allah !' (praise be to God!). When you rise in the morning, there is nothing wrong after all, only the mosquitoes have punished you as severely about the eyes, as if your head had been put into Chancery by Tom Crib, at a boxing match."—pp. 295-296.

Surely this is worse than the Catawampous Chawer, who sits upright, like a corkscrew, on the foot of your bed, looking at you, and "meaning venom" — in the delightful land of Eden, down east from Virginny—so feelingly described by Mr. Mark Taply, of jolly notoriety.

Before leaving the Holy Land, the Doctor has a touching chapter on the Jews. We shall give one extract from it, which will show the spirit of the whole :—

"The Jew will bend, but he will not break. I saw him walking down the south and eastern slopes of Zion, towards the tombs of his fathers. His step was firm, his face erect, and his frame unbending. Stern and steady was his eye, his upper lip was well drawn back, and his teeth were set like a victim's under the torture. He stepped past with stately stride, lending me but one glance of his eye, quick and restless, and then, lifting it up in defiance, it appeared to take in the whole valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, and the site of the temple, at a look ; and, giving his head a toss, he seemed as if to say, this holy city and that land is mine, and was my father Abraham's ; and you are a Nazarene intruder. I wandered round the valley and over the brook Kedron, and down past the garden of Gethsemane, and found myself among the tombs of Absalom and Zechariah. I heard here some moaning, muttering sounds of anguish and supplication. I followed it up ; and there, on his bended and bare knees, with his mouth

biting the dust, I found the same Jew lamenting the captivity of Israel, and praying for the coming of the Messiah. The graves of kings, and priests, and prophets, were all around ; and I wondered if their departed spirits heard and saw as I had heard and seen. I deeply sympathised, and prayed on my knees that the Jews might be convinced that Messiah had already come, and that it was in vain for them to expect another. In this place of wailing, bowed in the dust, they weep over the fallen glory of their race, and bedew with their tears the soil which their fathers so often moistened with their blood. Their excitement is frightful : springing up on their toes, beating their hearts, groaning and crying simultaneously at the highest pitch of their voices. The burden of their prayer is—'The joy of our heart is ceased : our dance is turned into mourning—our inheritance is turned to strangers—our house to aliens—the crown is fallen from our head. Woe unto us that we have sinned ; for this our heart is faint, for these things our eyes are dim. Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever ; thy throne is from generation to generation. Wherefore dost thou forget us for ever, and forsake us for so long time ? Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord. Renew our days as of old.' "—pp. 311-313.

Our author nearly dies of a doctor whom he encounters at Scanderoon, or Alexandretta, of which great mercantile emporium he gives a striking account at page 347. Yet, with all these advantages, it abounds in rats, damp, swamp, bandit, miasmata, and the dysentery. This doctor is a ghastly, atrabilious, walking cadaver—as grim as the ghost in *Hamlet*, and as skinny as the apothecary in *Romeo*. He is a bad "pendant" to our lively, sanguineous friend, who, however, contrives to extract pleasantries out of him, as a Laputan projector would fetch sunbeams from a cucumber ; though, so far from "babbling of green fields," his conversation was one long drone concerning drugs, boluses, fevers, agues, diarrhœa, death, and the cholera morbus.

Dr. Aiton is literally enchanted with the beauty and magnificence of Constantinople and the Bosphorus. The Turks were very civil to him, especially on one occasion, mentioned at page 431. He finds them very truthful and courteous, and many degrees, *quoad* their *morale*, above the Arab or the Egyptian, whom he estimates as the basest of mankind. Here is a picture of their manners :—

"And now for a few remarks as to the

manners of the Mahomedans, and other inhabitants of the east. When attending divine service in the English church at Jerusalem, I remarked that the converts to Christianity, whether Jews or Mahomedans, stood and sat down during the most solemn parts of the devotion, without having their heads uncovered. But I soon found out that among the many eastern customs which run counter to our own, to uncover the head in company is esteemed an indecent familiarity, and want of respect. So, in many things, the customs of the orientals is exactly contrary to those of our own country. Although they are the finest riders in the world, they mount on the right side of the horse, while Europeans mount on the left. Although they are hospitable, they serve themselves first at table, while Europeans serve themselves last. Although they are polite, they take the wall, and walk hastily in sign of respect, while Europeans give the wall, and walk slowly. They think strangling more genteel than beheading, while Europeans are partial to neither. They cut the hair from the head, and let it grow on the chin. Their mourning habit is white, and they throw their hand backwards when they wave any person to follow them; and to draw the hand towards yourself, intimates that the person is not to approach you. Again, they turn in their toes. In these respects the orientals not only differ from the Franks, but are exactly contrary.

"Ingratitude is a vice unknown to the Turks, whose naked character, where it can be discovered through the incrustations of a defective system, displays a disposition which belongs only to those whom nature has formed of better clay, and cast in her happiest mould. Perhaps European civilisation would not give a greater scope to the exertion of their intrinsic virtues; but it is clear that many of their vices are to be attributed to their faulty institutions. The doctrines of Mahomet are not unlike those of the Socinians. They don't inquire into men's faith so much as into the conduct it produces, and they think heaven will be large enough for persons of all religions. The words of the Koran are—'Verily, those who believe, both Jews and Nazarenes (Christians), and Zabians (Ishmaelites), whatsoever of these believe in God, and the last day, and do good works, have their reward with their Lord, and no fear shall come upon them, neither shall they be affected with sorrow.' They are simple and sincere in their devotions, and so much matter of fact in their honest intercourse, that they will not say at the end of a letter, I remain your humble servant; but conclude thus,—1852, June 10. ELIAS BEX."—pp. 436, 437.

As Dr. Aiton steams amidst the isles of Greece, he waxes more and more

classical. Like the chameleon, he takes the hue of the leaf he reposes on; and the spirit of association, which much guides his mind, makes him feel warmly, and write eloquently, when opening up such glorious points as Tenedos and Samos, and Lesbos and Delos, and Salamis and "grey Marathon."

At Syra, the Doctor gets a peep at royalty, in the person of King Otho and his consort:—

"The poor were bending their knee before their majesties, and presenting written petitions, which were received in a kindly manner, folded, and held in the hand. They are a handsome couple, aged about thirty-five years, and blooming with health, beauty, and benevolence. The king wore the elegant theatrical dress of the Greeks, and in nothing was it different from that of many around but in the plate of gold and a brilliant diamond, which was set in a scull-cap, closely fitted to the head. The queen wore a Leghorn straw bonnet, and the elegant easy costume of an English lady of high rank, but without displaying a single brooch or bracelet; yet never, not even in Dido herself, could Virgil's expression be better applied: '*Incedit regina.*' I thought I noticed, however, a tinge of regret seated on the fine features of her face; and, stranger as I was, I felt vexed that there was no family to inherit the crown; and I was flattered when his Majesty asked me, in Italian, if I was an Englishman; and when answering in the affirmative, he said something to the queen, and both turned round and recognised me with a bow. But how the authorities of Syra marched their good-natured sovereigns up and down the dusty streets, and under a burning sun, for hours, with bands of music, and processions of priests, magistrates, and charity schools, in long array! There was to be a presentation and grand ball in the evening, at both of which I would have been made welcome, as I had been presented at court in my own country; but my long white beard, my well-worn broad-brimmed straw hat, and my white linen dress, which had been three times washed, and deserved to be washed again, as the steamer had been coaling that very morning, would not have suited. And how could I dance with shoes which were torn, as I had been compelled to deny myself the pleasure of buying new ones till I should reach Athens or Naples. But from the bottom of my heart I wished them all a merry night of it while we were steaming down the Morea."—pp. 448, 449.

Now we recollect a certain David Deans, in the readings of our youth, an orthodox cow-feeder, near Edin-

burgh, and afterwards a ruling elder in the Rev. Reuben Butler's church, at Rosneath. He was the same "douce Davie, who had once noited together the heads of the twa false prelates," &c.

Now the term dance, and the bodily agitation produced thereby, was as hateful and as hideous to Davie's orthodoxy as either the two words, pope or prelate, could be, reminding him of that "unhappy lass whilk had danced off John Baptist's head, and put the same on a charger." Now, we wonder did any vision of his reproving Presbytery rise up in the Doctor's lively fancy, to check the fervour of his salutatory propensities; or any thought what these parochial potentates would pronounce on their minister perpetrating a fandango in the Archipelago; or aiblins, dancing the highland-fling, in white linen smalls and a straw hat, at the court of Greece!

On entering Athens, "he desires to be alone, for his heart is full." His trip to the Acropolis is interesting; and his comparison, from thence, of the relative merits of the men, the minds, and the architecture of Athens and Edinburgh, would make any one smile but a Scot. He has his prosody hauled up by a modern Greek at the Areopagus; afterwards he hires a nag, at a dollar a-day, manifestly too cheap to be one of the *αυτοδιδασκαλὸς ἵππος* of Homer, on which he trots to Parnassus, from which he indites a letter to a co-Presbyter and lazy poet—one of Apollo's "Ignavum Pecus," by all accounts—hoping, perhaps, by some embodiment of the *genius loci* in his epistle, to quicken the dormant muse of his friend into action.

His departure from Athens is excellently and naturally given at page 468.

And now, having redeemed two of the pledges on his titlepage, and traversed the climes of the Messiah and the crescent, our author turns his face to the lands that bow beneath the sway of the triple crown. He has a note on everything, and an observation on every place. His eyes appear to be like those of the lobster tribe, fixed on moveable bases, and gazing all around, and he "hews him huge half moons" out of his natural sleep, and is late in bed, and up at cock shout on ship board, that nothing circumjacent may escape him. He has an eloquent jeremiade over Italy, her degradation

and her beggary; nor is he unmindful of her wonderful loveliness, for her "very weeds are beautiful." He climbs St. Peter's, up to the very ball, against the internal concave of which he presses his head, no doubt with a secret desire to heave it off, and, Sampson-like, demolish the whole structure, for our Doctor is a strong Protestant, and no mistake. He climbs Vesuvius, which he despatches in twelve lines. He descends into Pompeii, when, on seeing Sallust's house, his fingers ache at the recollection of the Cataline war, and the castigation he received for his translation of the same, from his schoolmaster's strappado or tawse. He has now some dull controversy in his pages of a very elementary nature, and familiar to those who have gone at all deeply into the subject, which Doctor Aiton, probably, has not, exhibiting here what Mrs. Malaprop would term, a "supercilious acquaintance" with the matter. He evidently now is anxious to get home to his house, his family, his pulpit, and his people. The calenture of an ardent and affectionate mind is upon him; and, under its influence, if we may measure the speed of his homeward journey by the rate he hurries over his latter pages, we should say he travelled with flowing sails, favouring tides, eight hundred horse-power driven paddles, and express trains every mile of the way, till he reached the smiling manse of bonnie Dolphinton, where we wish him—a feeling we are sure is participated in by all his readers—every possible happiness.

His last page is so very characteristic of the man and his manner, that here it is *in extenso* :—

"But Paris is at last in sight. It is a huge, flat, tame city, full of gaiety, profligacy, infidelity, and radicalism. What a crowd of military, not less than a hundred and twenty thousand! But everybody has been at the exhibition in 1851, and they have seen Paris, and I need say nothing of it. Besides, the space allotted me is now filled up; when writing this it is far past midnight; everybody is in bed hours ago; the fire has burnt out; there is not half-an-inch of candles before me; my feet are cold; and to-morrow morning I must start by six o'clock to attend the General Assembly, of which I happen to be an insignificant member. So, without saying a word of Versailles, which I visited on the day of the eclipse, or of anything else in France, I must

bld the reader good morning, and get into bed as snugly as I can. Now, although I say it, that should not say it, I have made out as long and interesting a journey in as short a time, and on as little expense (averaging a sovereign a day for four months), as any white man, not an American, ever accomplished. But whether I have written as good a volume or no, it is a different story."—p. 552.

We always cordially disliked the ungenerous Iago-like "nothing if not critical" spirit, and much prefer the more gentlemanlike feeling of the elegant Roman who said, "*ne paucis maculis offender, dum plura renitent.*" And so we have little to censure, and nought to condemn in this fresh and original book: but amidst that little, there is one thing we *may* observe upon in a spirit of friendliness. We say it is a pity that Dr. Aiton often, when soaring on the wings of lofty and poetical thought, and carrying his readers with him, as our Irish eagle does the wren on St. Stephen's day, suddenly gives way to some droll intruding idea, which he at once admits, and which regularly floors him and us together in the mud of the *ro βαβος*; for example, in his description of the Red Sea, exuberant with poetry and painting, but terminating in the most ludicrous anti-climax, inasmuch as the gulf sharks are introduced as dining on the "greasy, gouty beef-eaters (*quære*, did the ancient Egyptians ever eat beef?) of Pharaoh's body guard."

The eloquence of an Irish orator was once compared to the ascent of a balloon, but the flattery was qualified by it being added, that the æronaut, after his descent, generally trotted home on a pony. We fear this portrait, on some occasions, may be applicable to our reader.

This book is a long one, containing five hundred and fifty-two pages; it is handsomely printed, and well got up by Messrs. Fullarton and Co. of Edinburgh, and is singularly cheap at fifteen shillings. Here are exquisite prints engraved by Finden, from pictures by Turner, Stanfield, Roberts, Callcott, &c., which these distinguished artists copied from sketches taken on the spot. There are no moral blemishes in the volume; it is essentially pure throughout, as fit for the school-room or the church library, as it is for the book-case of the man of belles lettres or the minister of the Gospel; any

"cockle or darnel," which may grow here, are only those of idiom and national phraseology; and yet, the Scotch thistle is a noble and somewhat regal weed, and as it bears a decidedly martial and minatory motto, we will say no more about Dr. Aiton's occasional doricisms, which, after all, are generally piquant enough to procure them their own pardon.

There is a great tone of truth about this book. Here are no Munchausen marvels, or verities *a la* Mendez Pinto, such as catching an alligator in a river, snaffling and saddling him, and taking a canter out of the cayman, all which Mr. Waterton relates of himself; or wading for days up to the hips in Surinam swamps, performed by Mr. Stedman—old stories which charmed our youthful mind, and which we swallowed without tasting, like apothecary's pills, in equal parts of credulity and admiration.

Here are no "moving accidents by flood," save the loss of the Doctor's hat and wig overboard in a squall off Marseilles, and nothing in the style of "the imminent deadly breach," but the swallowing of said hat and wig by a fish (the Doctor calls him a "monster of the deep") which happened to swim by "quite convaynient," as we say in Ireland, at the time of their immersion. Like Tam O'Shanter, freely would we have given our best habiliments "from off our hurdies," to have seen the Doctor, with white beard and bald head (and a fine cranium we are sure it is, and nobly developed with large intellectual bumps, and, like the wounds of Cataline, all in front), holding on by the gunwale, and gazing at the aqueous delinquent as he wriggled down the hat and wig into his hungry œsophagus, a meal which probably cost him his life, or at all events, a grievous fit of dyspepsia.

Dr. Aiton is too good humoured a man to take our sportive criticisms in aught but good part, and we will now take our leave of him with as much of gravity as of gratitude, inasmuch as among many, *one special* feature in his book has our most unqualified commendation. Being a minister, and a lover of Heavenly truth, and moreover a traveller in the Holy Land, he adorns his narrative, as a matter of course, by copious references to the Bible, its history, its doctrine, its paramount truth, its precept, its pro-

phesy, and its promise: and thus honouring the Word by copious quotations, is himself honoured in the estimation of all right minds by so doing.

"It is a hard thing," says the great Archbishop Ussher, "to bring God into his own world," a truth not to be denied. John Foster, many years ago, wrote a matchless essay "On the aversion of men of taste to Evangelical Religion." We will not call it by this name. We will have no Shibboleths, nor slay a man at the fords of Jordan because he cannot accentuate between the Hebrew letters Samech and Schin; but we *do* aver that literary men, unlike Doctor Aiton, keep back too much from speaking of the great ONE who furnishes all the stores of their intellect, and in whom are hid all the treasures of their wisdom, and their knowledge. The heathen were not slow to speak of *their* gods, who were no gods. Their moral writers drew largely on their Pantheon, and their more dissolute countrymen followed their example. The elegant Horace, the Rochester of the Augustan court, could indite odes to Mercury and Apollo, and other deities, and the coarse and stern Juvenal could illuminate the desolate places, which he smote and withered with his savage satire, by the splendor of such sublime passages as the prayer to Jupiter, which commences "*Magne Pater Divum sævos punire tyrannos.*" And why not so with us, who bear a holier name, and track our soul's light from the loftiest beam of day? Why neglect the fountain while we drink, and bathe, and revel in the gushing streams? Why stoop for all our colouring to the chalks, and clays, and ochres of dull earth, while God opens to our gaze his laboratory of bright tints, and offers all the gold and vermilion of Heaven to our acceptance? I would illustrate my meaning from two popular authors of the day, who seem to deduce their "machinery" (as it would be called in the literature of the last century) from different sources. I allude to Mr. Dickens and Mrs. Stowe.

We regard the former as a most exquisite etcher. He is the La Place of novelists, with his infinitesimal accuracies of character and detail; and there are patches here and there of green and brilliant light in his darkest pages, of intense beauty and profound

feeling—witness the sunrise after the fatal duel in Nickleby; Florence Dombey's return to her father; and the death of little Nell, which no one with a heart-throb in his bosom could read without abundance of tears.

And thus he seems to stand in his studio, amidst the varied carvings of his own mind. Here are distortions fashioned from base fuller's earth, and abortions of degraded deformity, like Quilp and Dennis, and Chester; and here are statuettes of modest ivory, or pale, delicate Parian marble, all lovely and smooth, and exquisitely chiselled, and exceedingly pure, and almost too faultless for this our poor, frail humanity. And so, when a failure *does* come—as come it must—and the sinking of the knees, and the sorrow-shower flashing from the eyes, and the shaking and the faltering of the poor frame—and no man knows its poverty better than Mr. Dickens—where does this accomplished writer rise and resort to (not always, but oftentimes) for help, for counsel, or for comfort? Why, to an artificial machinery, which is not equal to that of "the Rape of the Lock," borrowed from stories which the "nurse has taught," and the school-boy only half believed, even to a superintending providence of fairies and shapes, and mediæval angels, and "The Presence," and "The Cricket on the Hearth!"

For example, in the last mentioned tale, which is full of attractiveness, here is the loving and noble-hearted husband, racked with strong and strife-ful passions, anger, jealousy, intense affection, indignation and generosity, all battling together; and the tempter whispering blood, and the means at hand, and the offender beneath his roof-tree. The lone wretched one sits by the fire all night, warring with his emotions, and beaten into the dust by the stormy conflict. And who comes to his wounded, wearied, buffeted soul, to uplift it from the whelming wave? Why, the fairies from an old clock-case, they are his counsellors! Ah! why is not the man on his knees at yonder chair? Is there no God in the wide, bright heaven, or in the dark earth? Is there no Saviour to walk these raving night-waves of the distracted soul, commissioned from high heaven to uplift, to comfort, and to soothe the sons of misery? Is there no hand engaged to wipe away all tears? Is there no pro-

mise in the Word of Life—or is that word itself a lie?

Now turn to the prominent character in Mrs. Stowe's book. Here is a work whose popularity attests its power, and which has obtained an interest for itself, and an influence for its principles, no other volume has ever procured in so short a time. Here is one who, like his great Master, had no form or comeliness to make him desirable—a negro, one of that race whose facial angle is most akin to the Simiæ, and most remote from the Greek antique. Ungifted by wealth, unennobled by birth, the scorn of the proud, the neglected of the passer-by; uneducated, save by the teaching of Heaven; and unrefined, save in God's own alembic of faith and suffering: an African and a slave.

Yet, adorned with a sublimity which never leaves him through the whole book, he treads down, with an elastic step—meekly brave—the thorns of his lot. The ruffian smites him with his horny fist, but his heart staggers not, for an unseen hand is there, to pour in wine and oil, and give support. The cruel whip bites deep into his flesh, but his Saviour's love lies deeper in his soul. The chain, the black morass, the bloodhound, and the torture are around him: but the flame of an unflinching trust is burning deep in his bosom, and all heaven is above and beyond him. With the ethereal child, lovely and refined, he wins his way, and she delights to lean her head on his strong, honest heart. With the clever, sarcastic, accomplished man of the world he wins his way, breaking down the barriers of his educated infidelity with the very weight of his earnest simplicity of faith and Christian lowliness. With the abused, wronged, high-minded, yet semi-savage woman he wins his way, disarming her of her murderous intents by the eloquence of his patience and the heavenliness of his spirit, and waking up from her heart those softening waters which long refused to flow. With his brutalised and semi-animal executioners he wins his way, preaching to them with the pathos of his un murmuring fortitude, and with the might of his unseen supports, and exciting them to repentance and spiritual life, at the moment they were depriving him of his existence. And why has he, in the absence of all outward attractiveness, such a moral

weight? Why does power track his teaching, and the irresistibility of persuasiveness flow from his lips? What has given him such a calm independence of injury, pain, and insult? What has invested him with such a sublime, yet such a sorrowful dignity? Why does he smile at death, and in his spirit's generosity give back the blessing for the buffet, and the prayer for the curse? What has thrown such an air of nobility around the man, and touched his dark eye with so much light and glory?

It is because, like Abraham of old, "GOD BROUGHT HIM FORTH ABROAD, AND SAID UNTO HIM, LOOK NOW TOWARD HEAVEN."

We had scarce concluded writing the above remarks, when a second volume of eastern travel was put before us, written by another minister of the Church in Scotland—the Rev. John Anderson, of Helenburgh.

This gentleman effected two distinct tours to the East in the years 1850-51. We know not why these journeys followed each other so rapidly; and in the absence of preface, or any information on the matter, we deduce, from facts in the book itself, they were undertaken, partly through ill-health, and partly to visit the schools and other institutions founded by the Scotch Free Church in the East.

Our new friend stretches his wings far beyond his reverend brother in respect of locomotion. In Egypt he goes down to the Thebaid, visits the Memnonium in all its ruined glory, and wanders amidst the porches and pillars of the sublime temples of Karnak and Luxor, where the conquests of Shishak are recorded on friezes which seem to mock decay.

Mr. Anderson, with a poetical name to all who have read Burns's songs, seems also endued with a lively physical temperament, and makes but little of his feats of travel. He ascends the great pyramid "in twelve minutes," and remains on the top but fifteen—so that his visit to these "gigantic miracles of stone" occupied him not half an hour. This was, indeed, "redeeming the time;" but we question if the benefit equalled the despatch; and it certainly reminds us of one of the escapades of young Rapid, who proposed to accomplish the grand tour of Europe in less than three weeks! Dr. Ander-

son tracks the route of the Israelites in the Desert; he visits Sinai, which he climbs with the agility of a chamois, having, we presume, a large bump of the old-fashioned organ of inhabitativeness. We shall give his own account:—

“On the morning of the 14th, Mr. S. and myself, accompanied by two guides, left the convent, and arriving at the foot of Susafeh about nine A.M., began the ascent. About an hour after starting, Mr. S. gave it up, and left me to continue it alone. At eleven I reached the shoulder of the mountain, where there is a long deep hollow, in which there is a rude chapel, and some plants and trees. Here we rested, and kindling a fire, had coffee. After surveying the highest peak, which Robinson declares to be almost inaccessible, I resumed the ascent, and climbing on hands and feet, and leaping from rock to rock, at twelve I reached the summit, where I was rewarded with a scene of inexpressible grandeur, but which, breathless and exhausted, I was for a while unable to enjoy. Around me were ten different mountains, of bare, dark, grey rock, among which I recognised Jebel Katherin, Deir, Menaja, El Gubsheh, and Fareia; and all so near, that a voice uttered on one might be heard on all. Two thousand feet below, spread far away to the west, the immense wadya, Er Rahah, Esh Sheykh, and El Leja, capable of furnishing camping ground for two or three millions of men.”—pp. 83, 84.

And of the convent near it:—

“Our first day at Mount Sinai was spent in visiting the church, chapels, library, refectory, and other buildings and places of interest connected with the Convent of St. Catherine, which is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the world. The church is said to have been built in the sixth century. Like other Greek churches, it has paintings of the saints on the walls. These, as might be expected in such an out-of-the-world place, were of a very primitive kind. Some of the monks were reading prayers and psalms, which in their turns they continued to do night and day, nearly without intermission. Two or three had the fixed, dim, dreamy, and abstracted look of extreme old age. One was said to be upwards of an hundred years, and another could not have been much less. From the church we repaired to the chapel of the Burning Bush. Here a spot was pointed out where it grew, and outside the wall there was a briar, said to be a slip of the veritable bush itself. This, of course, we did not credit. The library had more interest for me than the chapel. A few of the books were English, the gift of travellers: the rest were principally Greek.”—pp. 81, 82.

This arborescent relic reminds us of a visit we lately made to the magnificent ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. A thousand years ago, this was the largest monastic edifice in Europe, and its abbot was accounted to be a spiritual peer of the highest class. Through a filthy inn-yard, we picked our steps between an old stable and a cider brew-house, to a dingy and damp kitchen-garden, where, amidst thick clustering aldermanic cabbages, rose or rather rotted the “Blessed Thorn of Glastonbury,” alias St. Joseph of Arimathea’s walking stick, which buds on Christmas morning—“credat Judæus,” &c.—and is within a pistol-shot of the splendid ruin itself. This neglect of such a relic is the more unaccountable from the circumstance of the Bishop of Bath and Wells residing a few miles distant in his palace, with moat, drawbridge, and barbican, more like the abode of one of the old warlike Archbishops of Treves, the terror and scourge of the Moselle, than of a pacific prelate of the nineteenth century; and if one may judge of the frippery mediæval alterations going on in his noble cathedral, the bishop cannot be styled a despiser of ecclesiastical antiquities or Popish vertu, but quite the reverse.

There is a brief but interesting account of the Wady Mokatteb, or “Written Valley,” where, on rocks steep and high, like walls, are traced Egyptian hieroglyphics—so interpreted by the Rev. C. Forster—of such remote antiquity, as to imply their co-existence with the Israelitish exodus. Three of these inscriptions are thus rendered into English* :—

“I. The miracle of the quails. ‘The red geese rise from the sea; lusting, the people eat of them.’

“II. The miracle at Marah. ‘The people with prone mouth drinketh at the water springs. Touching with the branch of a tree the well of bitterness, he heals.’

“III. Miracle at the rock of Meribah-Kadesh. ‘The eloquent speaker strikes the rock, flows forth the water, falling down.’” —p. 78.

The *entrée* to Petra is a delightful piece of graphic writing:—

“Next morning (28th), full of expectation, we were early up and on our way. We were this day to enter one of the most wonderful cities in the world—the long-lost capital of Edom. Sending the camels round the head of Wady Moosa, we descended on

* See No. CXLIV., December, 1844.

foot the sides of the mountain a considerable way below it. The *fellahin* were now aware of our arrival, and carrying their long formidable looking firelocks slung upon their shoulders, visions of bakshish glittering in their view, and shouting, '*Inglees! Inglees!*' till the rocks rang, came out to meet us. Though we were now within a few minutes' walk of Petra, we saw nothing to indicate even its existence. Pursuing our way along the brink of a small stream, flowing in the direction of the invisible city, the first objects that arrested our attention were some excavations on the rocks on the right, adorned with pillars of the Corinthian order. Beyond these we came to what seemed an immense fissure or chasm in the rocks, as if by the stroke of an earthquake they had been rent asunder. This was the Gate of Petra. Here we entered a narrow deep defile of rocks, forming a passage of more than a quarter of a mile in length. The height of the rocks on either side is from three to four hundred feet, the breadth of the passage such as to enable one camel, or perhaps two horsemen, to ride through it abreast, though (from the stream in the centre and the stony nature of the ground) this is no smooth business. Trees and plants shooting in graceful festoons from the clefts and crevices of the rocks, break and diversify the light that pours down upon it from the open blue sky above. Such is the portal to Petra. Passing through it, the mind is filled with wonder and delight. Such another entrance and arcade, so strange and sublime, the world does not contain. This, however, is but the beginning of wonders. Emerging from the entrance, in which light and darkness mingle, you come into the open light of day; and here, bathed in light, and beaming on the view full in front, appears the first and fairest of the rock-hewn structures of Petra. This is the Khasne el Faraoun, or Treasury of Pharaoh, this name having been given to it from an urn in the centre, supposed by the Arabs to contain the treasures of some of the old Egyptian kings. Like the other buildings of Petra, at least such of them as remain, the Khasne is cut out of the rock. In the interior, which consists of one principal chamber, there is nothing remarkable. It is its exterior which is the glory of the Khasne. It is adorned with four Corinthian pillars, and several statues of exquisite finish and beauty, the effect of which is heightened by the rosy hue of the stone out of which they are cut, which is absolutely lovely.'—pp. 96, 97.

Baalbee is visited and Damascus; and the architectural sublimity of the former, and the freshness, and beauty, and wealth of the latter, are well and gracefully painted. The Damascene Jews are splendid in their houses and domestic arrangements, while those of Jeru-

salem live in great simplicity. The clearness, brightness, and gushing sparkle of the Abana and Pharphar springs are so vividly dwelt on as to diminish our wonder that the leprous Syrian noble should prefer them to the yellow Jordan, replete with mud.

Mr. Anderson narrates in detail how the Jews keep their Passover still in the Holy Land. The passage is worth transcribing:—

"The day on which the Passover commences is ushered in with prayer. At night it is kept with the following ceremonies:—A table is covered with a white linen cloth, and three plates are placed upon it. In one, they put three cakes of unleavened bread; in another, an egg and the shoulder-bone of a lamb; in the third, a cup of salt and water, bitter herbs, and a compound of almonds and apples, in the form of a brick, and having the appearance of lime or mortar, to remind them of their affliction and hard service in the 'land of Egypt and house of bondage.' Wine-cups are also placed on the table, and every one who sits at it drinks four cups. The wine is made of raisins and water. Certain psalms are read, blessings pronounced, and in answer to the question put by one of the children, 'What mean ye by this service?' a historical relation is given of its institution and import. At the close of the feast, a cup called Elijah's Cup is placed on the table, and the door being thrown open, all eyes are turned in that direction, and Elijah is expected to enter, to announce the approach of the Messiah. Such is what John significantly calls the 'Jews' Passover.' Once it was the 'Lord's Passover;' now it is a poor, dark, dead ordinance of man, without use or meaning."—pp. 250, 251.

Their eyes are still waiting on their coming Messiah, who is to restore all things, forgetting that he *has* come, and they have done to him whatsoever they wist. Sir Moses Montefiore has built a handsome tomb over where Rachel was buried. This he did in the year 1841. The Scotch Free Church has schools and teachers in the East, and the American Mission has been singularly successful in Armenia. The following extract will be read with interest by all who have at heart the propagation of Divine truth:—

"Though the Armenian Church has a Patriarch of its own, and is nominally different from the Church of Rome, it is essentially the same. Various attempts have been made to reform it. The most remarkable of these was made in 1760, by Debajy

Oghlû, who has been called the Armenian Luther. But whatever individual life there may have been in it, till 1846 no separation took place from it. In that year a Protestant or Reformed Armenian Church was formed in Constantinople. This was the work of the American Mission. The people have chosen one of their number to be their pastor; he was ordained by the ministers of the American Board, assisted by Messrs. Allan and Koenig, of the Free Church of Scotland. Since that time, 'the word of God has had free course, and been glorified.' The Evangelical or Reformed Armenian Church now consists of several congregations, and by a decree of the Turkish government, passed in 1847, native Protestants are recognised as constituting a separate and independent community in Turkey. By this decree, copies of which were sent to the pashas within whose pashalics Protestants were known to exist, it was enacted that no interference should be permitted in their temporal or spiritual concerns, on the part of the Patriarch or the priests of the old sect. They have schools as well as churches."—pp. 172, 173.

It is manifest from this that the Turk treats us better than the Pope. Take, in connexion with this, a graphic description of the Sultan himself at page 175, which brings that potentate strongly before our eyes in his individuality:—

"About eight or nine pashas and military officers now rode past, and, following them at some distance, on a splendid horse, but in the simplest attire—a European blue frock and a Turkish red fez—came Abdoul Medjid, the Sultan himself. He seemed about forty years of age: his hair is red, his face pale and sickly, and scarred with the small-pox. In his appearance there is nothing striking or commanding. His eyes, half cast to the ground, threw occasionally a kind of stolen and suspicious glance along the line of his guards, showing that, though he reigned over the bodies, he had no confidence that he reigned in the hearts of his soldiery. On his coming up where we stood, taking off my hat (I was the only one there who wore one), I bowed. Without returning my obeisance, which it is not the custom of oriental rulers to do, he looked at me for a moment, and passed on. He seemed unhappy, and to illustrate the truth of the line—

"'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'"

We feel we have done Mr. Anderson little justice, save in the extracts from his own book. He writes flowingly and agreeably. He is comprehensive without being laboured, and circumstantial without being tedious. He has not the brilliancy and origi-

nality of Dr. Aiton, nor has he his rollicking fun; but he is gentle, scholarly, and judicious—bold in his great Master's cause, and unaffectedly pious. With a mind fraught with Scripture learning, he finds *the Book* "in the running brooks," and sermons in the stones of Jerusalem. He has condensed and arranged a great mass of matter into order and distinctness; and thus, while his volume possesses all the fulness of a handbook, it has none of its formality. He always underrates his own labours, and underpaints his hazards, and his work has more of fact than fancy. We confess we were at first a little tired at turning back with him—and twice over, too—after our long but spirit-stirring canter with his gifted brother, Dr. Aiton; but presently we felt ourselves unconsciously partaking of his calmer spirit, and blending in with his sobriety of feeling, as we trod with him the long Via Dolorosa of the Holy Land, or lingered by his side in his quiet "walks around Jerusalem"—of which every true heart in Christendom may say, as Byron said of Rome—

"Oh, Jerusalem, my country, city of the soul."

On closing our observations on Mr. Anderson's book, we thought we had bid adieu to oriental criticism, when a third volume was laid on our table for reading and remark, thus justifying the aptness and the applicability of the quotation from La Bruyere, which stands at the head of this article.

"A Four Months' Tour in the East," by J. R. Andrews, Esq., is a very pleasant book, written manifestly "stans pede in uno"—journal fashion, but exhibiting sense, spirit, and good feeling. The volume, though published in our country by Mr. McGlashan, seems to be the product of an essentially *English* mind. Mr. Andrews likes his comforts, and appreciates the value of his cuisine, and why not? He has decidedly artistic taste—an eye for colours, and an ear for chords. He seems sceptical as to the source of the Nile being as yet discovered; he is extremely graphic and interesting amidst the ruins of Thebes, describing these gigantic remains with an accuracy and animation far beyond that of Mr. Anderson, who also visited the place. At Silsilis, he sees the stone quarries, out of which he tells us "it took 2000 men for three years to remove one block,"

according to the statement of Herodotus. But Mr. Andrews forgets to add, that these quarrymen and Egyptian labourers were fed on "radishes, onions, and garlic," as told by the same historian! What would a London beef-eating stone-mason say to such meagre diet as this? or how could a modern physiologist reconcile the enormous waste of animal force under a burning sun, and on a sandy soil, with an outward reinforcement so disproportioned to the outlay, except he were to illustrate it by an Irishman getting fat on potatoes.

Mr. Andrews visits Jerusalem on the Holy Week, and depicts the comfort he enjoyed in the quiet, staid, and solemn worship of the beautiful English church, built by British liberality, on Mount Zion, after having, on Palm-Sunday, been a spectator of the noise, riot, and squabbling at the Holy Sepulchre, between the rival churches, the Greek and Latin. In this church there are seven services performed every week in the Hebrew tongue; and

in Jerusalem, of all the varied sections of its population, the sons of Israel are the most numerous.

Accompanied by 8000 pilgrims, our author goes down from Jerusalem to visit the Dead Sea and the Jordan. His references to Scripture are many, and his illustrations instructive. In spite of all the gilded flies which skim the bright, rich stream of oriental life and landscape, our author seldom rises beyond the surface of his plain and steady flow of narrative; yet there is the poetry of feeling, taste, and appreciation of "whatsoever things are lovely" pervading the book, mingled with home yearnings and thoughts of fatherland, and the spirit of association, and the usual *finale* to all Englishmen's wanderings, be they east, or be they west, to the frozen north, or the sunny south—namely, unmingled approbation and admiration at the sight of the steamer which is to convey them home to their own happy, fair, free, and singularly blessed country.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THIS year goes out in storm. The sky is full
 Of vaporous turmoil; the Atlantic waves,
 Convulsed and batter'd into tawny froth,
 Welter upon the beach, or, thundering white,
 Scale the black cliff, and ever fall rebuff'd.
 To-night the spirits of air rage round this house,
 And sometimes through the wafted curtain bow
 My taper's slender pyramid, whose light
 Flickers on names of power, that live emboss'd
 In jewels on great shrines (their wealthiest shrines
 And durablest are here), with others, too,
 This age keeps count of on her civic roll,
 Scarce proudly enough, and humbly not enough,—
 Amidst th' antique and new perennial peers,
 Thine, LANDOR. Ruffle not, ye wintry blasts,
 That brow beneath its coronal, for 'Time's
 Unwearied breath may never thin a bud
 The coronal upon that brow! Blow soft
 Along the Vale of Springs whilst he is there!

Nor visit fiercely my unshelter'd door,
 Who from this utmost edge, remote and rude,
 Dare to that valley on your pinions waft
 A hymnal greeting—ah, too wildly dare!
 Were not the lower still the harsher judge.

Yet hear me, tempests!—as ye drown that toll,
 Time's footfall on the mystic boundary
 That severs year from year—could such a wind
 Blow out of any quarter of the heaven
 As to lay ruin'd, worse than Nineveh,
 The thrones where men of serpent forehead sit,
 And eyes of smoky hell-spark, with their spur
 Firm in the people's neck; nor less indignant,
 Shatter their chairs, whose white, angelic robes
 Drape the hog-paunch, or lend the juggler sleeve—
 Swift purifier! whirl them to the mud!
 Ay, the Lord lives, and, therefore, down with ye!
 Rotten impostors, down! Could such a wind
 Blow out of any quarter of the heaven,
 Content, my habitancy, like a twig,
 Torn in the mighty tempest, would I crawl,
 Shivering for shelter, or scoop out a cave.
 Among the rabbits in the benty sand,
 Or else need none.

Dark clouds are taking wing
 Out of the wave continually. They fly
 Over those heaps of benty sand, and moor
 And mountain, eastward, hurrying to the dawn;
 There where a New Day and New Year roll up
 In misty light. Eastward I look and hail
 Thee, LANDOR, with the Year; inscrutable
 In all its fates; and over all its fates
 The throne of God, eternal, just, serene.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

MISCELLANEA LITERARIA.—NO. II.

ON HEREDITARY MISFORTUNE IN CERTAIN FAMILIES.

"Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,
Et certam præsens vix habet hora fidem."

OVID.

"Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee."

DR. JOHNSON. *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

"The world is full of strange vicissitudes."
"Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

LORD BYRON.

MANY people fancy, or try to persuade themselves, that there is no such thing as good or bad luck. The words are simple, colloquial, intelligible, of honest Saxon descent, and as much in use as any in our language. But there are stiff, prim objectors, who affect to be shocked when these terms are applied to the affairs of men. They start as if piety was invaded, and the doctrine of predestination making insidious approaches under a masked battery. According to their orthodoxy the events of every man's life are in his own hands, to be regulated by his own conduct. If he is in the right course he will succeed. If he has strayed into a wrong path he will fail. The wise man cannot miss the mark, which the fool can never approach. Actions govern fate. "Fate," says the greatest of modern poets, in 1823, "is a good excuse for our own will." Home, the author of *Douglas* (and a clergyman besides), many years before, wrote and printed in the first edition of his tragedy that circumstances could be controlled by determination, and that

"Persistent wisdom is the fate of man."

But he raised an outcry under which he quailed, and in the next edition expunged the line, and explained away the hypothesis. A theory such as this is plausible as well as wholesome, if it could be carried out to a logical or practical conclusion. But it breaks down before arriving at either. Daily experience, the authority of history, and above all, the study of the inspired writings, teach us that it is impossible. Le Sage (in "Gil Blas") quotes from an anonymous Pope, who says, "Quand il vous arrivera quelque grand malheur

examinez vous bien, et vous verrez qu'il y aura toujours un peu de votre faute"—"Whenever any heavy misfortune happens to you examine yourself well, and you will be sure to find that it is in some measure your own fault." With all deference to his Holiness, his dictum will encounter many dissentient voices. Reader, were you ever in a house when the next room lodger set fire to his curtains by reading in bed, and burnt you out in a mortal terror, with the loss of all your moveables? Were you ever upset with the fracture of ribs, arms, or legs in a stage coach, or a railway train, by the wilful carelessness of the conductors? Were you ever gored by a bull, bit by a mad dog, or shot by an unskilful sportsman when you were walking in the fields? Were you ever assaulted, plundered, and thrown into a ditch by three footpads, when you were sauntering in a secluded lane, full of gentle aspirations, and enjoying the tranquillity of the evening? Were you ever run over by an omnibus when you were not crossing a crowded thoroughfare, but trying hard to keep out of the way? Were you ever arrested in mistake for another, or subpoenaed on a trial in a case of which you knew nothing, when you were just setting out on a most important journey? Did your carriage ever break down when half-an-hour would have enabled you to prevent a weak relative from making a foolish will? Did you ever get your eye knocked out by a stone, intended for some one else? Were you ever injured in purse or reputation by evil reports which had no shadow of a basis? Did you ever suffer from a treacherous friend, a scolding wife, an insolvent partner, or an

extravagant son? Were you ever more than half killed, and your constitution ruined by a physician who mistook your case, or by a ruthless surgeon who treated you as a subject to try experiments on for the advancement of science? All these are among the severer casualties of existence; some or other of them happen almost daily, but what reasoning will convince the sufferer that he has helped to bring them on himself? A satirical poet, in summing up a list of second and third class annoyances, arising from the proceedings of others, observes justly,

"——— These are paltry things, and yet
I've scarcely seen the man they did not fret."

There can be no doubt we sometimes produce our own miscarriages by wilfulness, want of judgment, unsteadiness in principle, or by not knowing when and how to seize the favouring opportunity. But, on the other hand, our ablest efforts are often rendered abortive by a counter-tide of disaster we have not set flowing, and which we can neither stem nor turn. For purposes we are unable to fathom, the presiding providence which governs the universe dispenses or withholds the blessings of temporal prosperity without reference to personal character. The good are often hunted by calamity, while the bad appear to be selected as the special favourites of fortune. Some cannot succeed by any effort of genius or virtue, while others are impervious to failure, although not distinguished by superior talent or integrity. It is better to study and draw profit from this lesson than to cavil on the causes by which it is produced. As long as human nature exists under its present construction, so long will human beings believe in the predominant influence of what all understand when they apply the terms, lucky and unlucky, to particular families, individuals, or transactions. They are not led to this by any want of proper notions on the subject of religion; neither do they build temples to the goddess Fortuna, nor hold faith with the pagan doctrine that Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos regulate the destinies of mortals, as laid down in the ancient mythology. We have volunteered these few words of explanation as a preliminary defence, to prevent the ultra-pious from being scandal-

ised, to avoid misinterpretation when we use common expressions in their ordinary sense, and to anticipate and disarm the possible charge of disseminating heterodox opinions. Lord Littleton, in the preface to his "*Dialogues of the Dead*," quotes a very apposite passage from certain Italian writers, "*Se avessi nominato Fato, Fortuna, Destino, Elysio, Stige, &c., sono scherzi di penna poetica, non sentimenti di animo cattolico.*" "If I have named Fate, Fortune, Destiny, Elysium, Styx, &c., they are only the sports of a poetical pen, not the sentiments of a catholic mind.

A De Moivre calculates with mathematical nicety what he calls "the doctrine of chances." Experience falsifies the calculation in nine cases out of ten. The profound arithmetician tells you, that if you take the dice in your hand it is thirty to one against your throwing a particular number, and a hundred to one against your repeating the same throw three times in succession, and so on in an augmenting ratio. You take the dice and throw. At the first cast up comes the unlikely number, and you repeat it eleven times running. Away goes the calculation, but neither he nor you can explain the agency by which it is foiled. And thus it is from the veriest trifles up to the gravest avocations of life. Fortune decides everything; and what we mean to convey by fortune is well expressed in the closing sentence of the historian of the Peninsular War, "that name for the combinations of infinite power, without whose aid the designs of man are as bubbles on a troubled ocean." Shakspeare conveys the same meaning in two impressive lines—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Cardinal Mazarin would never employ a general proverbially unfortunate, no matter how strongly recommended or how evident his capability. With him luck was all, talent nothing, if linked to an unpropitious star. His great predecessor, Richelieu, thought differently. His favourite maxim was, "an unfortunate and imprudent person are synonymous terms." Juvenal said the same thing long before him: "*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.*" The rule may hold good in general, but it abounds with exceptions. Thousands dislike commencing any im-

portant undertaking on a Friday. Many strong minds (Cromwell included) have believed that particular days had a particular influence on their fortunes. Uneven numbers are more popular than even ones. A superstitious, or religious origin may be claimed for this preference. Virgil assures us that "*Numero Deus impare gaudet.*"* Superstitious fancies are not of necessity linked with weakness or want of courage. No one can doubt the bravery of Marshal Saxe, yet it was said of him that he always looked under his bed every night, and locked his chamber door. He had a peculiar horror of cats or other nocturnal intruders. Cumberland, a very moral writer, makes one of the characters in his most popular comedy deliver himself as follows, on the subject of perpetual ill luck. The speaker had not changed his sex like Tiresias, but he had shifted his character as often as Proteus did his form. He is a rogue, but he reasons from experience. "It is not upon slight grounds," says he, "that I despair. There had used to be a livelihood to be picked up in this country, both for the honest and dishonest. I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last; there is not a point to which the art and faculty of man can turn that I have not set mine to but in vain; I am beat through every quarter of the compass. I have blustered for prerogative, I have bellowed for freedom, I have offered to serve my country, I have engaged to betray it. Why I have talked treason, writ treason, and if a man can't live by that, he can live by nothing. Here I set up as a bookseller, and people leave off reading immediately. If I was to turn butcher I believe o' my conscience they'd leave off eating."

Sylla assumed the surname of *Felix*, or the Fortunate. Napoleon considered himself the chosen favourite of destiny, and christened Massena, one of his ablest marshals, "*L'Enfant gâté de la Fortune.*" Cicero, when he proposed Pompey to the Roman senate, to undertake the war against the pirates who had nearly

annihilated the naval power of the republic in the Mediterranean, recommended him as "*semper felix*," always lucky, before he spoke of his superior abilities or experience. The prestige of success alone surmounts many difficulties. Ascending from those named to much higher authority, we find it written in the Psalms (Prayer-book version), "We have wished you good luck, ye that are of the house of the Lord."

The heathens treated their chosen deities with marked disrespect. The private history of the court of Olympus is certainly neither edifying nor exemplary; nevertheless, it seems inconsistent that mankind should not be held more in awe by those beings, in whose divine attributes they affected to believe, and to whom they went through the external mockery of offering sacrifices. The old Greek poet takes them to task roundly, who says—"The gods are disgraced by the prosperity of the wicked."† Seneca repeats the sentiment in speaking of Sylla—"Deorum crimen, Sylla tam felix"—"The gods were criminal in allowing Sylla to be so fortunate." Cicero also declares, that the lasting good fortune of Harpalus, a successful pirate, bore testimony against the gods. Lucan depreciates the popular immortals to enhance his compliment to Cato of Utica.

"*Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*"‡

"The gods and Cato did in this divide;

They chose the conquering—he the conquered side."

There can be no doubt that Cicero had a clear idea of the immortality of the soul, and of one omnipotent intelligence. When he wrote, he must have felt the utter absurdity of the existing system. Lucan, an avowed heathen, has recorded his own internal conviction in another very impressive passage, which is often quoted:—

"*Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et cælum, et virtus? Superos quid querimus ultra?
Jupiter est, quodcunque vides quocunque moveris.*"

"Is there any other seat of the divinity than the earth, the sea and air, the heavens and virtue? Why do we seek for God beyond? He is what-

* Eclog. vii. l. 75.

† *Θεοὺ δ' αὖτις, τοὺς κακῶς τυχαίοντι.*

‡ Lucan's Latin is certainly good for a Spaniard, and his poem very creditable to a very young man. Had he lived, he might have ranked among the best writers of the Augustan age, in spite of the sentence of Scaliger, who says, he barks rather than sings.

ever you see ; He is wherever you move." These contradictions are remarkable, but many parallel cases may be readily produced from the ancient writers. They appear to have looked upon their own received mythology as an ingenious allegory.

History shows how misfortune has dogged the steps of certain families for many succeeding generations. For eminent examples, let us trace down the annals of three royal houses. The successors of Charlemagne, or Carolingian kings, who occupied the throne of France for one hundred and seventy-three years ; the race of Stuart, who reigned in Scotland and England for three hundred and forty-three years ; and the second line of Valois, succeeded by the collateral branches of Bourbon and Bourbon-Orleans, who numbered, jointly, thirteen French sovereigns, extending over three hundred and thirty-three years, counting from the accession of Francis I. to the deposition of Louis Philippe.

Charlemagne was a great man, a great conqueror, and a most successful monarch. He consolidated and left a mighty empire to his posterity, of whom it is difficult to decide whether they are most remarkable for their misfortunes or their unworthiness. Louis the Meek, only son of Charlemagne, was fitter for the cowl than the sceptre. He was a melancholy, subdued religionist, who never smiled. His court resembled an hospital. His life (like that of Henry II. of England) was embittered by the disobedience of his children ; in the course of these domestic quarrels he was twice deposed, and finally died for want of food, in consequence of a superstitious panic. His son and successor, Charles the Bald, was poisoned by Sedecias, his Jewish physician, and died in a miserable hut, while crossing Mont Cenis. During this reign a remarkable plague of locusts occurred in France. Louis the Stutterer, son of Charles the Bald, reigned only eighteen months, when he too was carried off by poison. Charles, King of Aquitaine, brother to the Stutterer, was killed by a blow on the head, from a nobleman named Albuin, whom, for an idle frolic, he sought to terrify in a childish disguise. Louis III. and Carloman, sons of the Stutterer, were crowned together on the death of their father. Both died before either had reached the early

age of twenty-two. The death of Louis is attributed to two causes, poison and an accident. Some historians say, that riding through the streets of Tours, he pursued a handsome girl, the daughter of a citizen named Germond. She escaped from him in terror, by a low and narrow gateway ; the king endeavoured to force his horse through, broke his back, and died. Carloman was killed by the spear of one of his attendants, aimed at a wild boar. It pierced his thigh, and in a few days deprived him of his crown and life. In his dying moments he had the generosity to screen from the mistaken resentment of the public his unfortunate domestic, by imputing his wound to the rage of the animal he pursued. Charles the Fat, the next king of the race of Charlemagne, but not the direct heir to the throne, was set aside for utter incapacity within four years, and reduced to such a state of indigence, that he was left without a single servant, or the common necessities of life. Luitprand, Bishop of Mayence, relieved his immediate wants ; and Arnulf, his successful competitor, accorded him a scanty pension ; but he perished shortly under the combined evils of indigence, grief, and violence. Charles the Simple, posthumous son of Louis the Stammerer, succeeded on the death of Eudes, who was not a scion of the family. After reigning nearly thirty years, Charles was imprisoned at Peronne, where he was put to death by Herbert, Count de Vermandois. Louis IV., called the Stranger, from having been educated in England, succeeded his father the Simple. He was killed, when hunting, by a fall from his horse. His son, Lothaire, and grandson, Louis V., or the Slothful, were both poisoned by their wives, for presuming to pay too much attention to their little indiscretions. The Sluggard was the last of the Carolingian monarchs. His uncle, Charles, Duke of Lorraine, survived him, the only remaining representative of the blood of Charlemagne. His character was so worthless and contemptible, that the nobles unanimously excluded him from the crown, to which Hugh Capet was as unanimously elected. It has been pointed out by the French historians, that the epithets given to the princes of the Carolingian race, were almost all expressive of the contemptuous light in

which that family was held by the people over whom they reigned. It would seem as if they assisted lineal misfortune by lineal imbecility and ill conduct.*

Let us now turn to the house of Stuart. Robert II., the first sovereign of that family, succeeded to the throne of Scotland on the death of David (Bruce) II. without issue. Robert was the son of Margery, daughter of the great liberator of his country, Robert Bruce, and his direct representative in default of male descendants. The lineage sprang from the Anglo-Norman race of Fitz-Alan. This pedigree has been distinctly traced by late antiquaries, to the suppression of many fabulous legends. The surname of Stewart, or Stuart (it is spelt both ways by learned authorities), supplanted that of Fitz-Alan, in virtue of the dignity of seneschal, or steward of the royal household, which had become hereditary in the family. Robert II. reigned nineteen years, without any signal disaster; and though not possessed of brilliant talents, or much personal activity, was a reasonably good monarch, and, on the whole, better and more fortunate than many of his successors. Robert III. died of a broken heart, in consequence of the murder of his eldest, and the captivity of his second son. David Duke of Rothsay, and Prince Royal of Scotland, was confined in the palace of Falkland, and cruelly starved to death, through the machinations of his uncle, the Duke of Albany. James, his younger brother, succeeded to the throne, after a long imprisonment in England. He put to death, under judicial prosecutions, several of his nearest kindred; and was murdered in a conspiracy, headed by his uncle, Walter Earl of Athol, who, for perpetrating this act of regicide, was executed with dreadful tortures. James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon, at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He was called James with the fiery face, from a red spot which disfigured his otherwise handsome countenance. But he merited the title of fiery more justly from the natural violence of his temper, which led him to slay the

Earl of Douglas with his own hand, and under his own roof, at Stirling Castle; much after the manner in which the Roman Emperor, Valentinian III., assassinated his great general and deliverer, Ætius, in a private conference. James III., flying from a battle with his rebellious nobles, his horse started at the sight of a woman drawing water at a well, and threw him to the ground. He was borne into the neighbouring mill, and incautiously proclaimed his name and qualities. Some of the enemy who followed entered the hut, recognised and slew their monarch, whose body was never found, neither were the murderers ever identified. He was a weak and unfortunate, rather than a bad sovereign, although suspicions rest on his memory, of having participated in the death of his brother, the Earl of Marr. James IV., his son and successor, was forced into the rebellion against his father; as a penance for which, he ever after wore an iron belt next to his body. He fell, in the forty-first year of his age, and twenty-sixth of his reign, with all his principal peers and knights, on the fatal field of Flodden. His death in this battle was long disbelieved and disputed by the Scottish chroniclers; but the accuracy of modern research has placed it beyond an "historic doubt." James V. died of vexation for the ruin and dispersion of his army at Solway Moss—he was then only thirty years of age. His two male children had expired within a few days of each other in the preceding year. His last words, on being told, when on his death bed, that his queen was delivered of a daughter, were long remembered and often repeated—"The crown came with a lass, and it will go with a lass." Mary Stuart, a widow before her nineteenth year, was deposed and imprisoned by her own subjects, and compelled to take shelter in England, where she was beheaded, after a lengthened captivity, by her rival, Elizabeth. The fretful valetudinarian, Pope, called his life "a long disease." The existence of Mary Queen of Scots may be designated one accumulated calamity, with scarcely an interval of enjoyment, after she grew to womanhood. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley,

* The surname of Capet may be derived from the Latin word *Caput*, as the founder of a dynasty; from a cap called "Capet," which he introduced; or from his having a very large head.

her cousin and second husband, was blown up by conspirators in his own country residence, near Edinburgh. In the person of James VI. of Scotland, and first of England, the only child of Mary, the hereditary claim to family misfortune appears to have been suspended for a time, to descend with increased weight on his posterity. But James sustained the domestic affliction of losing his eldest son, and heir apparent, Henry Prince of Wales, whose early death extinguished a brilliant promise, and whose dawning excellencies might (had it been so permitted) have removed the ban from his house. The unhappy father was even accused of hastening the end of his son, from jealousy; and his own demise has been imputed to poison, through his favourite, Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham. But neither of these charges rest on sufficient grounds. We are not to believe such secret histories as that of Sir Anthony Weldon. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., and direct ancestress of the house of Brunswick, was one of the most unfortunate princesses that ever lived. Her life reads more like a romance than a reality. The sufferings, privations, and domestic afflictions she endured, are almost equal to those of her grandmother, except that she was not brought to a violent end, but lingered through a neglected old age, in obscurity and dependence. Of the two lots, it is difficult to say which is the less enviable. Charles I., after a stormy life, in a great measure produced by his own obstinacy, perished on a scaffold. With all our monarchical propensities, we hesitate to call him a martyr. Charles II. endured ten years of poverty and exile without reform; returned, set an example of unmatched profligacy, equally regardless of national honour or private reputation, and died suddenly of apoplexy, without time for reform or repentance. Bishop Burnet states, in his history of his own times, "that there were apparent suspicions of his having been poisoned." Churchill echoes the opinion, and points directly at the object of suspicion; but a professed political satirist is always doubtful authority. He sums up his biting philippic against the Merry Monarch, thus:—

"To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which through his reign he little understood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim,
He re-assumed a bigot brother's claim;
And having made time-serving senates bow,
Suddenly died—that brother best knew *how*;
No matter *how*—he slept among the dead,
And JAMES, his brother, reigned in his stead."*

James II. was driven from the throne in the third year of his reign, and consumed his old age in poverty, in "hope deferred," and in fruitless efforts to recover what he needed never to have lost, but for his own unprovoked bigotry. His eldest daughter Mary, consort of William III., died childless, of the small-pox, in her thirty-eighth year. Anne, after a reign of twelve years, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the loss of a numerous family, and the quarrels of her favoured servants. Prince James, known in history as the Old Pretender, or Chevalier de St. George, in attempting to recover the throne from which he was excluded by the Act of Settlement, occasioned only his best friends and most devoted adherents to perish by the executioner. His life was inglorious and unfortunate; he died an exile at Rome, having lived to the advanced age of seventy-eight. His son, Charles Edward, after the failure of his chivalrous attempt in "forty-five," endured incredible hardships and misfortunes, and, finally, gave himself up to indolence and low debauchery, which enervated his constitution, and weakened his intellects. Henry Benedict, his younger brother, became Cardinal of York, lived at Rome on a pension badly paid, and died at the advanced age of eighty-two, in 1807. With him, the race became extinct in the male line. The tomb of the last Stuart in St. Peter's, at Rome, bears the futile and ostentatious inscription, "*Henricus IX.*"

Francis I. of France, founder of the second house of Valois, was a monarch of brilliant endowments and daring courage. His ambition involved his country in constant wars,

* See Churchill's Poem of "Gotham," Book ii.

and the defeat of Pavia inflicted a wound on his power, from which he never recovered. His life was embittered by imprisonment, by the premature death of his eldest son, and shortened by personal excesses. His reign was equally distinguished by outward splendour, internal exhaustion, and constant vicissitudes of fortune.* Henry II., his second son and successor, was accidentally killed in a tournament by the Sieur de Lorges, Count de Montgomeri. It seems something like a fatality that the father of this same "Capitaine de Lorges," had severely wounded the king, Francis I., on the head, with a firebrand, when amusing himself by attacking a house with snow-balls. Henry II., by his demon-queen, Catherine of Medicis, left four sons, so that the permanent succession seemed to be quite assured in his immediate progeny. Notwithstanding this, they all died without issue in a single generation, and the crown passed away to a distant collateral branch. Francis II. died in his eighteenth year, and Charles IX. in his twenty-fourth. The first, of an abscess in the ear, the last of a strange and unnatural disease in which blood oozed out from the pores of his skin. This horrible death was pronounced by many a judgment from Heaven, in consequence of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but there are good grounds for supposing that Catherine de Medicis assisted in removing her two elder sons to make room for her favourite, Henry III. Henry III. was assassinated by James Clement, a Jacobin friar, before he had reached his fortieth year, and in the sixteenth of his reign. With him was finally extinguished the race of Valois. His younger brother, the Duke of Anjou, had died of a decline a short time before. Henry IV., justly surnamed the Great, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty, was the best and ablest sovereign who ever sat upon the throne of France. His life had been one perpetual struggle with danger and difficulty; he had escaped countless perils, as if protected by an ægis, but fell at last by the hand of a fanatical assassin. His son, Louis XIII., proved himself a degenerate representative

of an illustrious sire, while his daughter Henrietta, consort of Charles I. of England, has descended to posterity, as remarkable for her misfortunes, as for the many doubts that cloud her reputation. The prosperous youth and manhood of Louis XIV. were more than balanced by the domestic afflictions and public reverses which accompanied his old age. Louis XV., the only living great-grandson of his predecessor, long survived the title of "well-beloved," which the early enthusiasm of his subjects had too hastily bestowed. He became so universally detested, that his death was considered a national blessing, and he ranks deservedly among the worst kings who are handed down in the annals of his country. His personal example, encouraging the vices and debauchery of the court and higher classes, sapped the foundations of royalty, broke up the long-cherished ties between the sovereign and the people, and led the way to the subsequent horrors of the revolution which dragged Louis XVI. into the balcony of his own palace, with a cap of liberty on his head, in place of a crown, and shadowed forth the outline of the guillotine, on which he shortly afterwards perished.

The execution of Louis XVI. took place on the 21st of January, 1793. The first movements of the revolution occurred in 1789. If natural phenomena have any designed connexion with human events, either as warnings or coincidences, more than one of no ordinary character heralded the important changes which were soon to unloose the whole fabric of civilised society, and endanger the best established institutions. On Sunday, July 13th, 1788, about nine o'clock, an almost total darkness covered several parts of France, without any eclipse. This was followed by a storm more tremendous than any that devastated Europe, since the great tempest of Nov. 26th, 1703. Louis XVII., the dauphin, and legitimate successor of his father, was closely confined by the terrorists, apprenticed to a shoemaker, named Simon, who treated him with savage barbarity, and died in prison, as was generally believed, of poison. Louis

* The recent "Life of Francis I.," by Miss Pardoe, has stripped much of the gilding from his hitherto brilliant and captivating character.

XVIII. was restored on the first abdication of Napoleon, in 1814, under the title of "Le Desiré." He fled within the year, returned a second time in a few months, surrounded by the bayonets of foreign allies, and died on the throne in 1824. His brother, Charles X., was driven out by the revolution of 1830, which substituted the Orleans branch. They, in turn, succumbed under another revolution in 1848, brought on by the Ulysses of the family, Louis Philippe. The Duke d'Angouleme, eldest son of Charles X., and Dauphin, died childless. His brother, the Duke de Berri was assassinated in 1820, by Louvel. The only male representative of the house, the Duke de Bourdeaux (son of the Duke de Berri), is unmarried and an exile. The present aspect of poli-

tical opinion looks very unfavourable to the chance of his restoration. But in these days of rapid change, a few turns of Fortune's wheel may effect miracles. His affairs are scarcely in so desparate a condition as were those of Louis Napoleon, when a prisoner in the citadel of Ham; and there he is now, Emperor of France, with unlimited power, his foot firmly planted on the Imperial throne, and his title acknowledged by every power in Europe.

These eminent examples, selected from an almost endless list, convey an impressive lesson. They may serve to check ambition, and console humility. When we ponder over them, we feel the truth with which the satirist wrote, who says—

"How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Because it glitters, must be lin'd with down.
The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection, Folly's place supply,
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we learn what woe from grandeur springs,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings."*

Pope Adrian VI., a virtuous prelate and most exemplary man, was well aware, although his reign was short, that the couch of a monarch is anything but a bed of roses. He rather possessed, than enjoyed, supreme dignity, and expressed a wish to have this inscription engraved upon his monument—"Here lies Adrian VI., who was never so unhappy in any period of his life, as in that wherein he was a prince." Sovereigns are not to be judged by the common standard of human character and opportunity. The philosophic mind, instead of looking with discontent on their superior state, will rather rejoice to have escaped their superior cares. A natural and entertaining historian, Old Philip de Comines, with goodness of heart and clear understanding, says:—

"In all the princes that I have served, and have ever known, there was always a mixture of good and of bad, which I plainly discerned, and indeed without wonder, for they are men like to ourselves, and perfec-

tion belongs only to God himself. That prince, however, whose virtues exceed his vices, is certainly worthy of extraordinary commendation and applause; for persons of their rank and dignity are more obstinate and inclinable to violence in their actions than other men, on account of the education which they receive in their youth, that is always less strict, and with less of discipline than that of others; and when they are grown up, the greater part of those that are about them, make it their business and their study to conform to their humours."

Comines had good personal experience of royalty in two masters of very opposite characters—Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and Louis the XI. of France. In his "Memoirs of his own Times," he tries to palliate the atrocities of the latter, who has descended to posterity, despite this attempt to whitewash him, as a mass of wickedness, with no redeeming points. It may be truly said, that Nature, in compounding this unique specimen—

"Having given all the sin,
Forgot to put the virtues in."†

* See Churchill's Poem of "Gotham," Book iii.

† Churchill, "Duellist," Book iii.

ON CERTAIN PROVERBIAL AND COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSIONS.

"Orditur ab ovo."—HORAT. DE ARTE POETICA.
Let things be traced to their origin.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE," meaning "This or none." Few phrases are in more common use. It takes its rise from Tobias Hobson, a celebrated Cambridge carrier, in the times of Charles I. and II. A short account of him may be found in the *Spectator*, No. 509. He was the first man in England who let out hackney horses for hire. The collegians of that day, as at present, when they engaged a horse, spared neither whip nor spur. Hobson kept a stable of forty sound roadsters, always ready for saddle and bridle, and in good order for travelling at a moment's notice. He was thrifty and ingenious, but benevolent withal, and he made it an invariable rule that each of his horses should have an equal portion of rest as well as labour. Accordingly when a customer came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there were many to choose from, but he was compelled to take that which

stood next to the stable-door, being the one which had rested the longest, or to have none at all. Thus every customer had the same chance of being well served, and every horse performed a similar duty. Hence it became a proverb, in all cases of general application where there was no alternative nor freedom of election, to say—"Here is nothing but Hobson's choice." This worthy speculator's house of call, in London, was "The Bull," in Bishopsgate-street, in one of the rooms of which, Steele writes, in 1722, that his portrait was drawn in fresco, with an hundred-pound bag under his arm, and this inscription on the said bag—"The fruitful mother of an hundred more." Milton honoured the memory of the Cambridge carrier with two quaint epitaphs, of which we transcribe the shortest, as it also appears to us the best.

"On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague."

"Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath lain him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time, this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt 'Cambridge' and 'The Bull:'
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd.
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
(In the kind office of a chamberlin)
Show'd him his room, where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed."

DUN. To dun, to press importunately for payment of a debt. This term has been deduced from the French *donne*, give; implying a demand for something due. The following seems a better origin. There was a man named John Dun, a bailiff of the town of Lincoln, who was so extremely active, and so dexterous in his unpo-

pular vocation, that it became a proverb when any one was indisposed to pay a debt, to say, "Why don't you Dun him?" That is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" The phrase from this became customary, and may be traced back as far as the days of Henry VII.*

To dine with DUKE HUMPHREY.

* See Gale's "Recreations," and Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates."

This old saying was applied to certain *impranci* who were accustomed to walk in St. Paul's Church, during the time usually occupied at dinner. In more recent days, it was common to say of peripatetic dinnerless dandies—"They are counting the trees in the park for a dinner." Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was a man of great hospitality, who kept open house, and a most excellent table. As he was supposed to be buried in St. Paul's, the analogy of the expression explains itself. But the fact is, he was not buried in St. Paul's, but in the old Abbey Church at St. Alban's, where we have beheld his veritable bones enclosed in an ancient oak chest. Authentically handed down, and as surely genuine, as the skull of Duke Schomberg, slain at the Boyne, which used to be exhibited to the curious in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, or that of Oliver Cromwell, which may still be investigated in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford. Some ten years since we happened to visit the last named museum. The curator placed in our hands, with considerable reverence, a cranium, which he evidently considered the gem, or great gun of the collection. "This," said he, importantly, "is the skull of Oliver Cromwell." We manipulated the relic with less emotion than Hamlet does the brain-pan of Yorrick, having already seen three before, of which fact we apprised the custodian. "It is impossible!" he exclaimed, with indignation, "there can be but one." Precisely so," we rejoined—"There can be but one *real* skull, but which that is, it would puzzle Solomon to determine, when the evidence is equally good for all." "Ours is the right one, the rest are humbugs," said he, as he carried back to its resting shelf the grinning memento of mortality. We have heard of another more circumstantial virtuoso, who has improved on this, by exhibiting the skull of Oliver Cromwell, when he was a boy. The pedigree of an erratic skull is more difficult to trace than even that of a picture, a horse, or a hero.

"I have caught a Tartar;" or, "He has caught a Tartar." A common saying, which means a man in a difficulty, from which he can neither advance nor recede. The expression is

supposed to be founded on a story of a trooper meeting a Tartar in the woods, and exclaiming to his comrades, who had a little preceded him, that he had *caught* one. "Bring him along with you," cried they. "I can't," replied he. "Then come yourself." "He won't let me." The story is apposite; but it proceeds from the phrase, and not the phrase from the story. We find in Terence, "*auribus teneo lupum*," I hold a wolf by the ears—which has precisely the same meaning, and is evidently the Latin father of the English descendant. More of our proverbial sayings are derived from the ancient classics than are generally recognised, until we take the trouble of tracing them to their source.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." This proverb comes lineally from the Latin of Laberius, preserved in the "*Fragmenta Veterum Poetarum*," by Stephens and Maittaire. "*Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra*." From thence it ascends to the Greek,* originating in an oracular prediction. The responses of the oracles of old were contrived with such ingenious ambiguity, that the solution was equally borne out, whether fortunate or disastrous. Many celebrated instances are preserved by Herodotus, Xenophon, Strabo, and other writers. Cræsus, when he consulted the oracle of Delphi, was told, that if he crossed the Halys, he should destroy a great empire. He supposed it was the empire he was about to invade, but it proved to be his own. The words, *Credo te Æacide Romanos vincere posse*, which Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, received for answer, when he wished to assist the Tarentines against the Romans, convey opposite meanings according as they are read. He interpreted them in his own favour, and they proved his ruin. Nero was ordered to beware of seventy-three, but he expected to live to that age, and misinterpreted the caution, until Galba, then in his seventy-third year, de-throned him. The oracles of old were open to bribery and corruption. Lysander failed in his attempts to purchase favourable responses, but Philip and Alexander were more fortunate. These oracles, for the most part, were mere priestly impostures, but occa-

* Χίλιαί ποτε δυνάμεισι παρὰ ἄλυσιν καὶ χιλιῇ.

sionally a happy coincidence in the prediction and the result gave them current popularity. As late as the sixteenth century, Michael Nostradamus, a celebrated French empiric and astrologer, obtained much reputation in this way. He published a volume of quatrains, in 1555, entitled, "Prophetical Centuries," obscure and fan-

tastical, which may mean anything or nothing, according as they are translated by credulity or caprice. He gained great credit by the following lines, which are applied to the death of Henry II. of France, killed at a tournament by the Count de Montgomeri, the lance piercing his eye through the golden visor:—

"Le Lion jeune le vieux surmontera,
En champ bellique par singulier duel,
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera,
Deux plaies une, puis mourir: mort cruelle."

"The elder lion shall the young engage,
And him in strange and single combat slay;
Shall put his eyes out in a golden cage,
One wound in two. Sad death, in such a way!"

In another quatrain he had said, "*Les Oliviers croîtront en Angleterre.*" This was afterwards affirmed to be verified in the elevation of Oliver Cromwell to the protectorship. When the French, under the reign of Louis XIII., took the city of Arras (anciently spelt Aras) from the Spaniards, after a very long and most desperate siege, it was remarked that Nostradamus had said—

"Les anciens crapauds prendront Sara."
"The ancient toads shall Sara take."

This line was then applied to that event, by showing that *Sara* is *Aras* backward, and that by the ancient toads were meant the French, as that nation formerly had for its armorial bearings three of these loathsome reptiles, instead of the three fleurs-de-lys afterwards adopted. Hence the origin of "Jean Crapaud," or "Johnny Crapaud," as a generic term for our Gallic neighbours. This Nostradamus had been a Jew, and claimed to be of the tribe of Issachar, because it is said in the Chronicles—"There shall come learned men from the sons of Issachar, who know all times." He lived in good repute, and died at Salons in 1566. Jodelle commemorates him in a punning Latin distich, not easily translated—

"Nostra damus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est;
Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus."

Two very extraordinary instances have been pointed out of predictions fulfilled to the letter, without straining

or round-about interpretation; where no gift of prophecy was darkly assumed, no imposture intended, and no supernatural agency can by any possibility be supposed. The first is mentioned by the learned Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his preface to his sermons on prophecy (1768-9). It is part of a chorus in the "*Medea*" of Seneca:—

"Venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus Tiphysque* novos
Detegat orbes."

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America. The other is in the first book of Dante's "*Purgatorio*":—

"J' mi volsi a man' destro, e posì mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente."

This is an exact description of the appearance of the four stars near the south pole, and yet Dante is known to have written in the early part of the fourteenth century, long before the discovery of the southern hemisphere.

"*LORD*," as an English title of nobility, is from the Saxon, *Hla-ford*, a giver of bread: *Hlaf*, a loaf of bread; *Ford*, to give, or afford. The descent is regular: *Hlaford*, *Laford*, *Lord*. The great men in ancient days kept great houses, and fed the poor, for which reason they were called givers of bread. The ladies distributed the loaves with their own hands, and were called *Lef-days*, bread-givers.

* Tiphys, it will be remembered, was the pilot of the good ship *Argo*, in the Golden Fleece Expedition. See "*Virgillii Bucolica*," *Ecl. iv. l. 84*; and "*Valerius Flaccus*," *passim*.

"My Lord" as vulgarly applied to hunchbacked persons, was probably a school-boy joke in the beginning, and evidently comes from the Greek word, *λαρδός*, crooked.

"*Revenons à nos moutons*," and "*Apropos des bottes*," are two of the commonest French colloquial phrases, constantly used in quotation. The first will be found in the old farce of *L'Avocat Patelin*, known in English as the *Village Lawyer*. The second is from the comedy of *Le Distrain* (*The Absent Man*) by Regnard. The principal character comes on the stage with only one boot on. His valet, after some observation relating to it, passes to another subject. The ludicrous transition of which he makes use, is, "*Apropos des bottes*" ("Talking of boots"); since which the expression has become proverbial.

"*Tally-ho!*" the cry set up by the huntsman when the fox breaks cover, is derived from the old Norman French, "*Il est allé hors!*" ("He is gone out"), as may be seen explained in "Dame Juliana Bermer's Book of Hawking and Hunting," and other ancient treatises on the noble art of venerie.

"Feed a cold and starve a fever," is a common saying, which, when taken in the literal sense, has led to dangerous mistakes. The correct reading is directly opposite, and means, "If you feed a cold, you will have to starve a fever." Sensible and useful as our English adages are justly reputed, the tongues of warmer and more southern lands possess a strength and piquancy of which ours is unconscious. With how much more force does the Spaniard express our "Misfortunes seldom come alone," when he says to the frowning visitor, ill-luck, "*Ben vengas, si vengas solo!*" ("Thou art welcome, if thou art unaccompanied.") There is a touching humility in another saying of the same nation, to which we have no parallel:—" *Defienda mi, Dios! de mi*" ("Preserve me, O God! from my own follies.") The Italian "*Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere*" ("Misfortune does not always come to injure"), is better than "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good;" while our "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be," &c., is by no means so comprehensive as "*Passato il pericolo, gabbato il santo*"

("When the danger is over, the saint is cheated.") Neapolitan and Sicilian sailors use their saints after a singular fashion. When there is either a storm or a calm, they put up an image of Saint Anthony against the mast, and call upon him to send a fair wind immediately. If he is sullen or dilatory, they thump him vehemently about the head, or against the deck, depose him for another, and so run through the whole calendar, kicking, cuffing, imploring, and blaspheming, until their wishes are accomplished.

No less a personage than the same Saint Anthony, *in propria personâ*, was for a long time marshal-general of the troops of Portugal, and still retains his rank, unless he may have been lately cashiered. In 1706, during the war of the succession, when affairs were going badly, the saint was made a soldier, subaltern, and captain, and, being dressed up in the successive uniforms of the several gradations of rank, he was at length elevated to that of marshal-general, with a pension of an hundred and fifty ducats. The first cannon-ball fired by the army of the Duke of Berwick at Almanza, unfortunately took off the head of the holy general, who had been placed in the van in an open carriage; whereupon the Portuguese army lost heart, turned tail, and fled to a man, leaving their English adherents to fight it out as they best could. It is said that the pay of this unlucky commander is still punctually deposited by the sovereign, in the Chapel Royal, every year, in a purse of red velvet. There are several Saint Anthonies. We know not whether the general be the same who sailed from Reggio across the straits to Messina on his cloak, steered by his staff, and founded a celebrated convent, still in existence, at the neighbouring village of Saint Agata. When we were in Sicily, the veritable cloak and staff were still preserved, and exhibited by the good monks for the trifling consideration of three bajocchi.

There have been many disputes as to the origin of the line—

"*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim*"

Erasmus quoted it with a dissertation, yet acknowledged that he was utterly ignorant of the author. It runs well and smoothly, as if it came from an ancient classic, and has a Virgilian sound. Many bets have been made

and lost that it occurs in the third book of the *Æneid*, where the Trojan hero relates to Dido how, when he was in Epirus, the prophet-king Helenus cautioned him to avoid sailing through the Straits of Messina, lest he should be wrecked between the rocks and the whirlpool. But the line is not there. It is to be found in a poem little known, by Gualterus Gallus, called, "*De gestis Alexandri*," a poor version of Quintus Curtius into Latin hexameters. The passage in which it is introduced is as follows, and speaks of the flight of Darius from the field of Arbela:—

"Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture, fugam? Nicias, Heu! Perdite, nescis
Quem fugias. Hostes incursis, dum fugis hostem,
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim."

This was first pointed out by Galeotus Martius of Narni, who died in 1476, and repeated in Dr. Johnson's conversation, as recorded by Boswell. Another still more common quotation, ascribed to Juvenal, has never yet been traced—

"Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis."

The well-known story of the Ephesian matron, adopted with variations by so many subsequent authors, originates with Petronius, and may be read at page 286 of his "*Satiricon*" (Amstelodami, 1669, 8vo.) At page 521 of the same work will also be found the line, affixed as a motto to the Globe Theatre, in Shakspeare's time—

"Totus mundus exerceat histrionem."

A few clever sentences, with an occasional scrap of satirical philosophy, are all that can be gleaned from the volume of Petronius; and to get at these what a mass of profligate and disgusting debauchery must be turned over! Truly, the profit is not worth the labour. The inscription over the proscenium of old Covent-garden Theatre, "*Veluti in speculum*," is not in any classic. The nearest to it, and the same in meaning, is "*Tanquam in speculum*," from Terence.

After the fight of Bannockburn, so fatal to the English, in the reign of Edward II., the Scots, by way of in-

sult, formed a proverb, which is valuable, as it points out the fashion of the day—

"Long beards, heartless—painted hoods, witless—
Gay coats, graceless—make England thriftless."

Boursault, in his Letters, relates an anecdote of Mademoiselle D'Orleans, daughter to Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII., to which he was an eye-witness. She was amusing herself, and endeavouring to get rid of some of the many heavy hours mixed up with the gaieties of a court, by playing with her domestics at the game of proverbs, expounded by gesticulation. She had already found out several, but endeavoured in vain to comprehend the meaning of one of her gentlemen, who capered about, made faces, and played a thousand antic tricks. Tired with attempting to discover this enigma, she ordered him to explain himself. "Madam," said he, "my proverb means '*One fool makes many*.' " The princess looked on this as a reflection on her imprudence, in being too familiar with her servants, and banished the unlucky proverbialist from her presence for ever.

The following passage is quoted perhaps more frequently than any in the English language:—

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that's in the battle slain,
Can never rise to fight again."

Where are the lines to be found? Every one will answer readily—of course, in *Hudibras*. You may search *Hudibras* with a microscope, but you will not discover them. Lowndes says (*Bibliogr. Manual*, vol. iii.), that they are in a small volume of facetious poems, by Sir J. Mennis and Dr. James Smith, entitled "*Musarum Deliciæ; or, Muses' Recreation*," published in 1655. But Lowndes is in error; they are not there, nor in *Hudibras* neither. This is the passage, as it stands in the latter work (Book III., canto 3), and from this it would appear the other has been altered:—

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

ON CERTAIN ANCIENT EDIFICES.

WHAT are the oldest buildings in the world? There can be no doubt that the Pyramids of Egypt take the lead

before all others. With no pretensions to architectural beauty, they astound by vastness, and seem built to last un-

til the final breaking up of all terrestrial matter. Certainly in existence 1,400 years before the Christian era, their origin has been traced back by some learned enthusiasts to the date of Moses and Aaron, who have been even quoted as their builders—a theory without a plausible basis. Herodotus says, the first and largest was erected by Cheops, King of Egypt, to enclose his remains. It occupied the labours of three hundred and sixty thousand workmen for twenty years, during which time one thousand and sixty talents were expended in supplying them with leeks, parsley, garlick, and other vegetables. This enormous pile of stone weighs six millions of tons; the base occupies an area equal to that of Lincoln's-inn Fields. The pyramids, as approached, seem less gigantic than they are in reality. Standing in an open plain, they are visible at a great distance. It is so with the ruins of Stonehenge from the same cause. The very remote antiquity of Stonehenge has been carried by some writers to a period almost as far back as that of the pyramids. We once met with a tract published by a resident of the neighbourhood, a schoolmaster, in which he undertook to show that the remains of that remarkable pile are antediluvian. He may have convinced himself, but he gained no converts. The best-founded opinions establish it as a Druidical temple; but when, or by whom erected, it is impossible to make even an approximate guess. Perhaps it was in existence even before the Druids, and may have originated with the Guebres, or fire-worshippers, for the purpose of observing the heavenly bodies. The two leading points in the Druidical system were secrecy and safety. For these reasons their temples were erected in the recesses of thick forests of oak, where they could only be discovered with difficulty, and whence it would be almost impossible to eject them, except as the Romans did, under Suetonius and Agricola, by starving and burning them out. It seems difficult to believe, that an open space, like Salisbury Plain, should ever have been selected for either concealment or defence. Oaks could never have grown where the chalk lies within a few inches of the surface. The mysterious round towers of Ireland have been deduced from the same origin, and have given rise to many fanciful and ingenious

dissertations. O'Brien, who was roughly handled by the critics, although he failed to establish his own theory, demolished those of his predecessors. The able and convincing work of Dr. Petrie appears to have settled a question long supposed to be insolvable. It is now decided that the towers were built for Christian usages, and can show no claim to a heathen pedigree. Under all circumstances, they may be considered the most singular, as well as the most interesting relics in the world.

The "Tower of the Winds," at Athens, was built B.C. 550, by Andronicus. The Temple of Theseus, at this day the most perfect specimen of the kind, about one hundred years later. Trajan's Pillar, still remaining at Rome, stood in the centre of the Forum. It dates from A.D. 100. The architect, Apollodorus, expressed himself lightly on a plan submitted to his judgment by Adrian, for a temple. He told the emperor, that if the goddesses and other statues which were seated in the area should take a fancy to rise, they would break their heads against the ceiling: an untimely pleasantry, which cost him his life. The Mole of Adrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, was erected A.D. 120, by Detrianus, who bears the repute of having been a worker of miracles, as well as an able architect. He conveyed the temple of the "Bona Dea" from one station to another, long before the *Casa Santa* of Loretto began to travel from Galilee to Dalmatia, and so on to its present resting place. The miracle of the monks thus loses all claim to originality. Adrian's sepulchre is a huge mass, with little to admire beyond strength and antiquity. The Roman sovereign, in his architectural taste, is well designated by Lord Byron, as the "Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles," and "colossal copyist of deformity." The oldest religious building in a perfect state is the Church of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, built by Anthemius and Isidorus, under the reign of Justinian, in the sixth century. It is, therefore, twelve hundred years old. In dimensions and general beauty it is not to be compared to St. Peter's, at Rome, St. Paul's, London, or many of the Gothic cathedrals; still it is an object of great interest, from its immense antiquity, and the historical associations. All the Greek emperors, from Justi-

nian, were crowned there, and several murdered at the altar. Six of its pillars are of green jasper, from the temple of Diana, at Ephesus; and eight of porphyry, from the Temple of the Sun, at Rome. The dimensions are small: length, 269 feet; breadth, 243 feet. The effect of the interior is perhaps increased by the total absence of all ornament or decoration, while the dome is so light that it almost looks suspended in the air.

The city of Venice originated from a single house, built on one of its smallest islands, A.D. 450, by Entinopos. The cathedral at Rheims dates back to A.D. 840; the architect, Rumaldo. The cathedral of Strasburg, by Erwin de Steimbach, was completed in the year

1020. The celebrated Campanile, or leaning tower of Pisa, is the work of Guglielmo, A.D. 1174. It inclines seventeen palms out of the true perpendicular, yet has stood in this state seven centuries, and is likely to stand. On a simple mathematical principle, there is no danger of it falling, so long as a plummet dropped from the centre falls within the base. The local *ciceroni* stoutly maintain that it was built so, but the conclusion is most improbable. A settlement, or an earthquake, after all was complete, is a much more intelligible cause. Who could ever credit that an engineer would designedly erect a bridge with a broken back, or an arch without the key-stone?

WOMEN, AS DESCRIBED BY THE ANCIENT POETS.

THE ladies are not much indebted to some of the old classics, who have treated them with unjust depreciation. An action for libel would lie against more than one, if they could be summoned into court. Homer draws two respectable matrons in Hecuba and Andromache. The Greek tragic poets have given some noble heroines; but Euripides was such an avowed enemy to the fair sex, that he was sometimes called, *Μισογύνος*, the "woman-hater." Perhaps from this deeply-rooted aversion arose the impure and diabolical machinations which appear in his female characters. He endeavoured to refute the charge, by saying that he had faithfully copied nature. In spite of all this antipathy, he was married twice; and, as Sir Peter Teazle says, "the crime carried the punishment along with it," for his choices were so injudicious, and the ladies so ill-conducted, that he was compelled to divorce them both. Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal, are terrible scandal-mongers: they step out of their way to describe women unfavourably, and lack the courtly delicacy of the elder Lord Lytton, who, when asked by a literary lady of note, why he did not insert in his life of Henry II. the well-supported tradition, which makes that prince the offspring of an amour between the Empress Matilda and her competitor, Stephen—"Madam," replied the noble biographer, "my work shall never become the vehicle of antiquated scandal against a lady of rank and character."

The ancient Egyptians treated the better half of the creation with becoming respect. It appears from Seneca, that in arranging the genders of their nouns, a singular and delicate compliment was paid to women. In the four elements, beginning with water, they appointed the ocean, as rough and boisterous, to the male sex; the more gentle streams and fountains they left to the females. As to the earth—they made rocks, stones, and mountains male; but meadow-lands, gardens, and bowers, female. Air they divided thus:—to the masculine gender, rough winds and hurricanes of every kind; to the females, the sky, the balmy breezes, and the zephyrs. Fire, when of a consuming nature, they made male; but artificial and harmless flames they consigned to the feminine class. Not so the Romans. They made a most awkward, and, in some instances, a peculiarly ridiculous distribution of genders.

The women of Plautus are almost uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better; and the only one among them who has done a good action, begs pardon of her husband, as being convinced of her own criminality in doing it—"Mi Chreme, peccavi! Fateor, Vincor!" (*Heautontimor.*) — (I was wrong, my Chremes, I own it! I am conquered!) It will hardly be believed by the unclassical reader, that the fault for which the good lady begs pardon, in these humble strains, was neither more nor less than the saving her child from being murdered, as her

husband, and its own father, had humanely commanded.

Virgil, far from showing the least consideration for the female sex, has treated them (even according to his warmest panegyrist, Dryden) in an unjust, unmanly style. He has falsified both the era and the history of Dido to render her odious and contemptible. By an anachronism of nearly three hundred years, he has taken away the character of an honest woman who committed public suicide, because she had sworn fidelity to the manes of her first husband, and preferred death to a compulsory marriage with a second.* Virgil also makes Queen Amata turbulent and tippling; and the Princess Lavinia, undutiful and unbelieving. Dryden adds, "that she looks a little flickering after Tumas." His goddesses are no better than his mortals. Juno is always in a passion, and surely (as Dryden observes), Venus adopts rather a strong measure, when she impudently expects that her injured husband should provide a suit of impenetrable armour for the offspring of her amour with Anchises. Camilla is the only female of whom the poet begins to speak well, but he soon dashes down her character by calling her "Aspera" and "Horrenda Virgo"—a bitter, awful virgin. This is almost as bad as Boiardo's "Gatta, fiera, cruda, dispietata"—a fierce, cruel, pitiless cat—as applied to his heroine, Marfisa. Both contain meanings as distant from anything attractive or amiable as words can paint.

As to Horace, it would puzzle any one to find one woman of pure fame spoken of in any part of his poems. We must except the compliment paid to Livia, the wife of Augustus (more in flattery than in truth), when he calls her *par excellence*—"Unico gaudens mulier, marito"—the wife contented with a single husband. His ladies are all Chloes, Delias, Lyces, Lydias, Lalages, and Cynaras. Their characters are all measured by the same light standard, and most of them seem to have added the worship of Bacchus to that of Cupid. He treats them accordingly, and recommends one of them to take care lest her keeper, in a fit of jealousy, should spoil her fashionable cap. One tolerably modest woman, indeed, Neobule, he seems to have known; but his idea of her delicacy does not prevent him from condoling with her on the severity of her uncle, who will neither permit her to entertain a lover, nor wash away her cares with rosy wine. Juvenal need not be mentioned. His trade was universal satire; woman-kind he treated with peculiar severity. He declares that he had scarcely ever heard a tradition of a thoroughly modest woman since the golden age. The prose writers of the Augustan era seem to have favoured the sex no more than the poets; and Seneca's account of the ladies of his time is at least as bitter as the sixth satire of Juvenal. In later days, Pope has written severely on female follies, but he has depicted some beautiful instances, as a set off. Take the following for an example:—

"O blest with temper, whose unclouded ray,
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till her husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most where she obeys."

Shakspeare, Lord Byron, and Sheridan Knowles, are amongst the ablest champions of the fair. Antiquarians consider them necessary evils, or, at best, endurable superfluities. Youth, beauty, and elegant accomplishments have no charm in their eyes.

"Their Venus must be old and want a nose."

The diary of Anthony à Wood contains many grotesque illustrations of his dislike to women, and the learned Selden records his own want of gallantry as follows:—"It is reason a man that *will* have a wife, should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that *will*

* Hence her appellation of *Dido*, a valiant woman, instead of Elissa, her original name. The ghost of Sichæus, her uncle and first husband, appeared every now and then to remind her of her vow, and prevent any backsliding.

keep a monkey, it's fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks."

We conclude with an anecdote, which shows that ladies sometimes, when they please, can find opportunities of retaliating severely on those who treat them not with the respect they merit. A gentleman who had married a second wife, indulged himself in recurring too often in conversation, to the beauty and virtues of his first consort. He had, at the same time, not discernment enough to discover that the subject was anything but agreeable to his present lady. "Excuse me, madam," said he; "I cannot help expressing my regrets

for the dear deceased." "Upon my honour," replied the fair incumbent, "I can most heartily affirm, that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be." Reader, never mind the ancients, and the fusty antiquaries, but study from living editions. If you are not satisfied with your own observations, and want to be assured from other sources how women ought to be valued, read Dryden's "Epitaph on Mrs. Anne Killigrew," Lord Lyttleton's "Mcnody on his Wife," and remember what Sir Walter Scott sings in the last canto of "Marmion":—

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light, quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

Then turn to the Bard of Hope, and not done so already:—
learn these lines by heart, if you have

"And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—A world without a sun!"

MRS. J. E. R——D——E'S DREAM.

'Twas very long and very flat,
The sermon which I heard;
And o'er the pew in which I sat
Sleep hovered like a bird,
With noiseless pinions folded there
Upon the uncirculating air.
Each ancient phrase upon my ear
In its dull dropping fell less clear;
And desk, book, preacher, one by one,
Died like the light of setting sun.
And then, upon my puzzled view,
More broad and deep the pulpit grew,
With seats ranged over seats, as fit
For an orchestral band to sit;
The church a church remained, altho'
To vast and fluted height,
Its whitewashed pillars from below
Sprung upwards on the sight;
The fretted roof stretched dignified
By wider span from side to side,
The glass with ancient painting glow'd,
And all things in their aspect show'd
A huge cathedral, wrapped around
With holy gloom and solemn sound.

But eye had scarcely time to range,
 Or ear to list, e'er came a change;
 The grim-toned organ's serious theme
 Stopp'd short, when at its close
 Quick strains of music, as beseem
 The unsaintly Polka, rose;
 And, profanation, strange, alas!
 Burst forth a crescent row of gas,
 To light some hundred couples then—
 Bare-bosomed girls, and neckclothed men,
 Sporting, with self-sufficient smiles,
 Their persons round through nave and aisles;
 Fingers gripp'd waists, and arms were spread,
 And woman's pleasure-heated head
 On manly breasts sunk languishing,
 As round and round in rapid ring,
 In jumping joy they jig'd or flew,
 With bob and bend, or whisk and wheel,
 Now forward, backward now, the new
 Terpsichores of toe and heel.

As here and there the dancers ran,
 Amid them all I mark'd a man—
 I mark'd him then—I see him now
 With courteous mien, and straight dark brow;
 Upon his features graven dwelt
 A history, not a tale to melt
 The heart with pity or with love,
 Or aught that softer passions move,
 But in his low'ring smile there gleam'd
 A conscious pow'r of ill, which seemed
 As if the forming soul within
 Had taken centuries of sin
 To build up an iniquity
 So great, so calm; and then his eye—
 'Twas dreadful! it appeared to blight
 The flowers festoon'd around each light.

As to each female he address'd
 His suit to dance, she rose,
 At once into his arms, not press'd,
 Nor yet as one who chose,
 But shudd'ring, as if hope had flitted
 Back to the seat which she had quitted.
 Away, away, away they whirl'd
 Like slinger's stone in circles hurled,
 So swiftly, it were hard to trace
 The woman in the man's embrace;
 Like separate things we see, which run
 Confused by motion into one;
 And when the breathless measure dropp'd
 Its long sustained tone,
 I marked where both I thought had stopp'd—
 'Twas wrong; he stood alone!
 The distant lights beam'd on him there,
 Concentred in a hazy glare;
 And from his form, as if the touch
 Of those strange limbs was all too much
 For its fair life, each nearer ray
 Sprung dark and hissing away.
 When at the long aisle's furthest end,
 The light or distance seemed to lend

His look a terrifying hue ;
 But still whene'er he closer drew,
 He reassumed with fatal ease,
 The pow'r to force, or art to please,
 Which won by their mysterious charms,
 Another partner to his arms,
 To tread a while that dance of fear—
 One madd'ning whirl—then disappear !

As the last victim in that race,
 For a strange pleasure pass'd my chair—
 I almost shrieked, as on her face
 I saw—Oh no ! no joy was there,
 But an unhoping sense of fate,
 Which horror held from being hate !
 Quick flash'd across my mind. "Should he,
 That man, whate'er he is, ask *me* ?"
 Instantly then I saw him turn
 His head around—did the air burn ?
 I thought it scorch'd me—and then rush'd
 A flood of ice through every vein ;
 And my whole strength and thought seemed crush'd—
 A feeling too complete for pain.
 I dared not look—what need for eye ?
 I knew that he was standing by,
 For every element, each sense
 Of mind or being, grew intense
 With life, then was translated whole
 To him, and left me scarce a soul !

I rose—but why ? I would have giv'n,
 To be chain'd there, whole worlds—ay, Heaven.
 "O spare me," piteously I cried ;
 "Spare ! why that word ?" a voice replied ;
 "'Tis joy—for you I hope, for me
 I doubt not, yet your choice is free."
 Free ! when his breath was on my face,
 And grasp'd in an unseen embrace
 Each limb mov'd shudd'ring forward ! Worse
 Than all, there was the smiling curse
 Of that calm look—do what I will—
 Through my shut eyes, fixed on me still.
 Up sprung the tune ! It seem'd to mingle
 The shrieks of death-beds in its jingle.
 'Tis time ! yet pray thou lost one—pray !
 In *such* a presence ? Fool !—away !
 But strangely then his bending form
 Grew fainter on my eye ;
 And his voice seemed like passing storm
 Confusedly to die.
 A friendly mist spread o'er the spot,
 And as I looked I saw him not,
 But, silent now, the preacher there,
 In the tall pulpit. Where, oh ! where
 Hath joy been known like what I knew,
 Reclining in that easy pew ?
 "Thank Heaven ! 'tis past," I feebly sighed ;
 And some one seated near me, cried
 In feeling tone, "Yes, madam, yes—
 "A tedious sermon I confess !"

PATRICK SCOTT.

A FLYING SHOT AT THE UNITED STATES.

BY FITZGUNE.

FIFTH ROUND.

"Those who attempt to level, never equalise. In all societies, consisting of various descriptions of citizens, some description must be uppermost. The levellers, therefore, only change and pervert the natural order of things; they load the edifice of society, by setting up in the air what the solidity of the structure requires to be on the ground."—BURKE.

Six thousand years ago, when "the grand old gard'ner and his wife" roamed amidst the flowers of Eden, through scenery more beautiful than the most romantic of dreamers can now imagine, nor aspired to greater independence than a terrestrial paradise allowed—their brains were as yet unperplexed by theories of government. Living in passive obedience to paternal authority, exerted for their own good, they experienced a greater degree of freedom than any of their descendants have since been able to attain. With more extensive knowledge, the fallen race have lost the power of judging right, which the possession of that knowledge seemed to promise; and what laws are necessary for their guidance, or whether any are necessary at all, becomes a matter of dispute. Despotism has had its supporters—democracy its advocates. While some would place all power in the hands of a single individual, and others all authority in the will of the multitude, wise men have endeavoured to find a mean between the two extremes, a *via media*, which, like a narrow path, might lead to realms of peace. But when anything like a middle course has been attained, the difficulty still exists of keeping in the track. Men deviating by turns from each side, forfeit their security, and, like deranged planets, which have strayed from their orbits, either fly off from all restraint, or rush violently to a centre. Truly good government is that which acts upon the precepts of a higher wisdom than man's. If the full observance of the moral law would insure almost complete felicity to the individual (as there is reason to suppose), it is evident that the happiness of a nation will be best insured by legislation based upon the grand principles of justice and mercy. It has often been said,

that a good despotism is the best government; and who can doubt the truth of the assertion? A *perfectly good* despotic government is paternal. A king the "father of his people" is a spectacle which demands and receives the admiration of the world. It is the image of that sublime authority which reigns supreme over all things. But, then, how can we insure that a government which shall continue to be absolute shall also continue to be good?—how provide for a long succession of Alfreds, to the exclusion of the Neros?

Up starts the democrat; he will settle the difficulty for you directly. Nothing more easy. Choose your king by universal suffrage; make him clearly understand that he is only the *servant* of the people; call him continually to account; and when not perfectly satisfied with his conduct, cashier him, and elect another. This kind of philosopher has no mists before his eyes—all is clear as noon-day; and he gives you a receipt for a good government with as much confidence in its efficacy as Mrs. Glass in dictating the terms of making the simplest dish in the cookery book.

It requires no very great degree of sagacity to perceive, that the tyrant and the democrat are actuated by the same principles. Both wish to have their own way; in both self-interest reigns supreme. The one claims to his unjust demands the implicit obedience of his subjects, the other dictates to the ruler the course of conduct to be pursued. Indeed, society has often learned, to its cost, that the democrat is nothing less than a tyrant in a chrysalis state, requiring but the warmth of faction to enable him to burst a flimsy covering, and flutter aloft in the gaudy colours which announce his species.

The first rebellion on record was democratic. It was no other than the rebellion of Adam; and was suggested by the prince of democrats, who seized the opportunity of flattering our first parents with the promise of greater dignity than they possessed. They were told that they were gods, and urged to assert their independence; but, unfortunately, neither they nor any of their descendants ever had reason to rejoice that the advice was acted upon. The genuine democrat is (to use a slang term) full of "humbug." Seeming fair without, while all is false and hollow within, he flatters only that he may enslave; putting rings in the noses of his worshippers, he causes them to admire the workmanship of the thing by which he drags them through the mire.

A pure democracy, much as its admirers may vaunt it, cannot continue for any length of time. It carries within it a self-destroying principle. "The scorpion girt by fire," it is said, commits *felo de se*; and a democracy, when it gets into difficulties, acts in like manner, as experience shows. No attempt at a *purely* democratic form of government was ever yet successful, except in the case of the United States—it has always resulted in a despotism of one kind or another. Equality is its first condition—a condition which cannot be fulfilled, except in a new country, and then only to a certain extent, and for a certain time; because as a country grows older, class will raise its distinctions. A state of society founded upon *positive equality* cannot even be imagined with propriety. Before it could exist, the earth must become a dead level; all people must be of the same height—have the same features—the same amount of intellect—must be struck with the same ideas simultaneously—must be born at the same time, and die altogether. The bare conception of such a state of things involves us in inextricable difficulties. Futile, then, would be the attempt to abolish the distinctions of class, or to equalise property. We should find ourselves employed in a task like that proposed to Hercules, of clearing away the unceasing, interminable crop of heads, from our Lernean Hydra; or discover, too late,

that we had insanely pulled down a well-built house, to run it up again in a truly dangerous and unworkmanlike manner.

No state professing to be purely democratic acknowledges an aristocracy. On the contrary, in such a community, that institution is ignored. We have had samples of republican governments, containing more or less of the popular element in their constitution; but it is only of late years that some have declared that "*none are, or shall be greater than the rest.*" The earliest form of government, the patriarchal, was decidedly aristocratic and monarchical; and we hear little of democratic influence till we arrive at a period when kings had learnt to abuse the power committed into their hands. Carthage was first a monarchy, then an aristocratic republic. Democracy was her ruin. In the Grecian states, the distinctions of class were acknowledged from the beginning. Theseus, who invited strangers to Athens, with his *Δῖον ἔτι πάντες λίσσῃ*, established the three classes, viz., noblemen, husbandmen, and artificers; and although he himself parted, in some measure, with the regal power, he did not surrender the sceptre into the hands of the people indiscriminately.

To the nobility he entrusted the selection of magistrates, the affairs of religion, and the administration of justice. It was not until popular power had so much increased, as to lead to an annual election of archons, and to cause the archons themselves to render an account of their government to the people, that the Athenians lost the liberties which the constitution of Theseus had secured to them. Then sprang up Draco, who, when he had framed his bloody code, said, "Small crimes deserve death, and I have no higher punishment for the greatest." It remained for Solon to remodel the commonwealth. He also divided it into four classes; but the chief error in his system was, that the lowest class of the people had a deciding voice in matters of importance. It was subsequently proved that the Scythian philosopher* was correct in his remark, that "in Athens wise men *pleaded* causes, and *fools determined* them." The military despotism of Pisistratus

* Anacharsis.

was evidently caused by the democratic basis upon which the fabric of Solon's government was built. Pisistratus appealed to the masses; his appeal was successful; and he gained what he desired—the supreme power. Had Solon placed less power in the hands of the *Θῆται*, and contrived some better means of classifying the people than by a mere property qualification, he probably would not have had the disappointment of seeing his republic tumble to pieces like a child's castle of playing cards. "The Tyrant of the Chersonese" rises like a meteor out of chaos, and the tomb—

"Gleaming on the cliff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain,"

remains at this day to tell of Themistocles, and of Athens, great and glorious. But mark the effects of democracy. When Aristides, by repealing the law of Solon, admitted the lowest of the people into the highest offices, the Council of Four Hundred (a kind of Committee of Public Safety), a military despotism, and the Thirty Tyrants, by turns enslaved the people. Thus the Athenians were continually losing liberty, by endeavouring to obtain too great a share of it. Wherever the democratic spirit *prevails*, we may be sure that it bodes the extinction of freedom; for seditious movements are like the convulsive throes which precede death.

The Spartan lawgiver, in endeavouring to restrain the regal power, made the mistake afterwards repeated by Solon, of allowing the general assembly of the people to ratify or reject government measures; and it is worthy of remark, that in spite of the measures afterwards taken to prevent the encroachments of the *ἄριστοι*, a cruel and tyrannical oligarchy (through their instrumentality) obtained possession of the supreme power. The Spartans probably are indebted for their glory and prosperity, rather to the stern virtues inoculated on the public mind by early education, than to republican institutions. To Fortitude, Bravery, Frugality, and Temperance, the greatest honours were paid; while the ingenious expedient of an iron currency robbed the Golden Calf of its customary homage. It is related, too, that

in all things Lycurgus* endeavoured to support the upper classes of society. Lycurgus endeavoured to make an aristocracy of virtue; Solon, wishing to do the same, upheld an aristocracy of money. Thus the wisdom of the ancients rejected democracy. The wisdom of modern times triumphs in it. America, fighting against nature, denies the distinctions of class, and boasts of EQUALITY — a thing which, nearly thirty centuries ago, was spurned by heathen sages.

The Roman Republic never affected to be a *bona fide* democracy; its citizens did not enjoy equality: they had regular ranks of society. At first, the consuls were only chosen from the higher orders; and although tribunes of the people were afterwards conceded, who sometimes endeavoured to destroy the power of the patricians, their successes were only temporary. The proposer of the agrarian law was put to death; and when the people had obtained more than their share of power, the laws were remodelled by those of Solon, and the Decemviri became absolute monarchs, each for a day in turn. The tyranny of Appius Claudius caused a reaction. Rome returned to her old system of a consulate and tribunes of the people. The government of Rome, from the days of Tarquin the Proud to the time of Julius Cæsar, appears to have been sometimes constitutional, sometimes democratic. Had it not been for the wars of aggression, which were continually carried on on the slightest pretext, there is little doubt but that the Roman Republic would have fallen a victim to internal dissensions. The bloody times of Marius and Sylla showed how completely disorganised the state had grown; but Rome at length found her master, and sat down, the Queen of the World, under the Cæsars.

America, at present, has little of the dignity of ancient Rome. She certainly produced a Cincinnatus, and adopted the symbol of that proud empire as her crest. But her Cincinnatus is no more; and whether the American bird will soar as high as his prototype remains to be proved.

To the most superficial observer, it must be evident that the genius of the ancient republic is not identical with

* Plutarch.

that which animates the modern transatlantic one. The last is more truly democratic. Her rulers, with but few exceptions, have hitherto been the mere servants of the people, and the people are such bigoted worshippers of the Goddess of Liberty, that they will scarcely render obedience to laws indispensably necessary for their preservation. Puffed up with ideas of their own sagacity, and mistaking a fictitious for a real independence, they laugh to scorn the institutions of older nations, and mock at the experience of ages. In spite of incidental barbarism, ancient Rome cannot be contemplated without a feeling of reverential awe. Military glory was her food, and victory followed her eagles. Her very name struck terror into the nations. Her laws were dispensed with severe justice. Obedience to rulers and fidelity to the commonwealth were enforced by a state religion; and though she is now only to be found in the folios of history, or seen a wreck upon the Seven Hills, her speech survives; and we stamp upon our coinage, and grave upon our monuments, the language of ancient Italy.

The Christian religion, inculcating submission to the "powers that be," seemed to give a sanction to the monarchical form of government. Accordingly, we hear little of democratic doctrine for many centuries.

What we are accustomed to call "the Republics of Venice and Genoa," were anything but democracies. Switzerland, though republican, has never been completely democratic, and the constitution of the states-general under a stadtholder differed little from that of a limited monarchy. It was reserved for America to give us a sample of a state of society without parallel in the annals of the world.

It is a commonly received opinion that we are in a great measure creatures of circumstance. No man can say what he would have been, had Providence placed him in any other position than that which he occupies. It is highly probable, indeed, that many whose names have been rendered either famous or infamous by their actions, would never have done anything worthy of being recorded, if a combination of circumstances had not led their inclinations in a certain direction. Our minds are formed, in a great measure, by what we see around

us—by the state of society in which we find ourselves—by the institutions under which we live. A being who passes his life in a coal-pit or a tin-mine, who never sees the light of Heaven, or breathes the fresh air, and whose ideas of men and things cannot stray beyond the narrow limits of his subterraneous abode, might have been very different if he had been born a denizen of upper air, had enjoyed a liberal education, and had been permitted to observe the moral and physical world as he pleased.

The peculiar physical aspect of a country has, probably, no small share in originating what we term "national character." The inhabitants of the Low Countries, breathing marsh-fogs and plodding over their flat lands, are very unlike the people who climb the magnificent mountains, and inhale the pure breezes of the Tyrol; and have we not good reason to expect that the wilds of North America may produce a race, differing something in thought and feeling from the citizens of the old world?

In the early settlement of a new country, everything starts upon a new basis. The settlers break off all connexion with the land of their fathers, and society has to be organised as stern necessity shall direct. Singularly unfortunate have been most attempts at constructing it on old models; for a real equality opposes a barrier to class system. "One man is as good as another" where gold is of no value, and where knowledge, art, and science, are worthless when compared with physical strength. The only aristocracy that can exist is one of muscular limbs and robust constitutions; and a stout coal-heaver from Wapping would meet with more respect, and would have greater weight, in such a community, than the profoundest philosopher in the world, or the most dignified scion of nobility, whose blood has flowed through fourteen generations. Thus the civilised being makes many retrograde steps; and a life spent in warfare with the obstinate wilderness, where the soldier of the woods is exposed to all the hardships which his new position entails upon him, tends gradually to subdue all the finer feelings of his nature, and to imbue it in some degree with the ferocity and selfish barbarity of the savage. Everything favours this backward pro-

gress. Here are no objects which might call forth reflection. No venerable monuments of antiquity; no relics of by-gone times. Seeing nothing older than the trees around him, the inhabitant of the newly acquired territory soon forgets that there was "a yesterday," and that the dust of ages has been piled above the silent graves of countless generations. Self-confident and self-satisfied, he begins to think himself rather a *god* than a *man*, as the only landmarks of the past fall before his axe. He feels that he is the lord of the forest; knows of none before him, and thinks little about those who are to come after. All his ideas, under these circumstances, centre in his own person, and if he bends at all, it is to his own image. A popular form of government will be the only one in accordance with the tastes of such an individual, because he is unaccustomed to restraint. Thus the soil of the *new* country generates *new* ideas and *new* principles of action. The native of monarchical England, dreaming of novelties, thinks he has made a grand discovery in the political world; kings and imperial parliaments appear to him as so much rust and cobwebs, which the superstition of past ages has accumulated, and which ought to be scraped and swept from off the face of the earth. "Let the masses rule," he says, "and all will be well." The emigrant is, in fact, in a fair way of becoming a democrat, and if the transformation is not complete in one generation, it will be so in the next. Judicious government, and constant communication with the mother country, may subdue, in a great measure, the downward tendencies of a colony established in the wilderness, but those tendencies (I think I may venture to say) will be found to exist in a greater or less degree under all circumstances.

The savannahs of Virginia offered fewer obstacles to the early settlers than did the trackless forests of New England. It was to the last, a district in harmony with their feelings and ideas, that the stern republicans of the seventeenth century* fled for refuge. They were pilgrims at the shrine of Liberty, and they came to worship that goddess in a temple peculiarly her own—a temple whose roof was the sky,

and whose pillars were the tall stems of primæval pine. He who has traversed the northern states of the Union will be able to picture to himself the landscape scenery of Plymouth, as it appeared to the first settlers. There the vegetable kingdom reigns supreme. A tangled wilderness naturally covers the whole face of the country, and under the shade of the forest a five or ten foot growth of stiff underwood is generally to be found. The colony founded by the adventurers from Delph-haven had an intemperate climate as well as a difficult country to contend with. In the summer, fever and ague thinned their ranks; in the winter, polar frosts and perpetual snow threatened them with a dreary death; the wrath of the elements was poured out upon them, and danger and disaster encompassed them on every side. Here, then, republicanism was planted and nourished. Beginning with the Puritan colony, it gradually spread to the south and west. The greater part of the New World has now caught the infection.

We cannot, however, attribute the growth of democracy in America entirely to the difficulties of the forest. The government of Russia, a country something similar to the United States, is the very political antipodes of republicanism. This much, notwithstanding, may be affirmed—viz., that the idea of popular government is more readily conceived in a young country than in an old. That we must look to other sources, in order to account fully for the political phenomena of the United States, is quite evident. We must look, then, to the early history of the quondam English colonies, and to the subsequent events which led to a separation from the mother country.

The era of the discovery of a new world was marked by two important events. It was preceded by the introduction of printing, and succeeded by a reformation in religion.

To those who have a partiality for observing coincidences, it is worthy of notice, that the first discoverer of a new world was a dove—the dove despatched by Noah and his family; and that the second discoverer of a new world, despatched too by the inhabitants of the old, was also a dove. For call the bold adventurer of the western

* Their first intention, however, was to have proceeded further south.

seas by what name you please, he is still a veritable PIGEON. If we humour our fancy a little, and carry the similitude still further, we may see in Columbus bearing back the pacific greetings of the Indian chiefs, a second edition of the dove with the olive twig in his mouth. Let us invoke the muse in order to explain our meaning more fully—

Long years ago, when after months of slaughter,
The world had sunk beneath a flood of water,
Noah, of liberty an ardent lover,
Sent out a dove to see what he'd discover.
At first the bird was wofully distressed,
And found no spot whereon his foot to rest.
Once more he tried, and soon it came to view,
A bird of th' old world had descried the new;
Lands he had found, where none he'd found before,
And in his mouth an olive branch he bore.
Thus, by an eastern form of speech, 'twas told,
That the new world wished peace unto the old.

Long years had passed, and to the world 'twas plain
That the new world was getting old again;
A dove once more flew forth, and thought it right
To crave the wind's assistance in his flight:
And now he wings his way across the main,
And seeks for resting-place, but seeks in vain;
Nought but a dreary ocean meets his eyes,
And back again the wearied wand'rer flies.*
Once more, like Noah's bird, they send him o'er
The self-same ocean he had crossed before,
When lo! from out the wave new shores arise,
The wished-for continent the DOVE describes;
Back, in his mouth, he bears the welcome story
Of a new world in all its verdant glory;
And back in words of peace the message brings
From new-world chieftains to an old world's kings.

The first glory of transatlantic dis-

covery, like the first ray of sunrise, falls bright upon the name of Hispania. Well would it have been if she had been content with that glory—if she had not been led, through lust of gold, to steep her garments in the blood of the lords of the forest. Upon Spain rests the indelible disgrace of being the first enslaver of American aborigines. Columbus himself cannot, on this head, escape the censure of the historic muse; and many followed his bad example. Spain obtained little hold on the territory at present under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes; although she conquered Florida, and was the first to plant the European standard† on the banks of the Mississippi, her influence was principally felt in Mexico and the southern continent. The British Lion is the next to place his paw on the new soil. Giovanni Gabotti, the *protégé* of Henry VII., whose discoveries were further prosecuted by his son, was (as every one knows), only five years after Columbus. Thus Spain and England divide the laurels between them. France, however, comes in for her share. Jacque Cartier (1534) sailed up the St. Lawrence; Champlain founded the Canadian settlements, and Pontincourt established the first northern colony at Port Royal, in Nova Scotia. Various were the claims urged by right of discovery. While England claimed the northern part of the continent, France appropriated six degrees of latitude out of it—namely, from 40° to 46° north (towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the latter became more exorbitant in her demands). Meantime, the possession of the southern districts was a matter of dispute between Spain and France. French Hugonots having a settlement in Carolina, the Spaniards, not being able to tolerate heresy, and wishing to show themselves true sons of an Apostolic Church, displayed the *mild* virtues of a mild religion by massacreing‡ the whole colony, men, women, and children. This massacre was, however, retaliated by another on the part of the French.

Great Britain can scarcely be said to have had a footing till the beginning

* I think Humboldt has suggested that Christopher Columbus probably conceived the idea of discovering a western continent during a voyage to the North Seas.

† Ferdinand de Soto discovered the Mississippi.

‡ Bancroft's "History of the United States," p. 30.

of the seventeenth century. No permanent settlement was made until that under James, by the London Company,* for Raleigh's colony perished, while England was distracted with anxiety at the prospect of the projected Spanish invasion.† Virginia, under the auspices of the First James, took its tone from England. Her people were gathered under the wings of Mother Church; the King's supremacy was upheld, and it was attempted to form a system of society on the European model. Although the first charter of the southern colony was soon abrogated, its spirit survived and long continued to inspire sentiments of loyalty and habits of subordination among the people. Futile, however, were most of the schemes of government in the New World. Discordant elements were at work, and an ardent passion for civil liberty, which chafed and fretted at the least symptom of restraint, baffled the sapient designs of a Locke and a Shaftesbury, as well as of a James Stuart. A gold fever, too, boded an agricultural death; much rubbish was scratched up; men discovered auriferous sparkles in vegetable mould, and despatched shiploads of common clay‡ to enrich the parent state. Popular representation, and the introduction§ of negro slavery in the south, were nearly coeval with the foundation of a Puritan colony in the north.||

On the 6th of September, 1620, the *Mayflower*, after making a false start, finally bid adieu to Old England, and steered for the shores of America. November saw the craft at the other side of the Atlantic. The passengers had reached their destination, and had found a land beyond the jurisdiction of the sceptres of kings and the mitres of bishops. They were the Pilgrim Fathers, and they came to seek,

"On the wild New England shore,
Freedom to worship God."

The Constitution of England, at that time, was falling sick of a fever, which, in the next reign, carried off both the Church and the monarchy. Various evil humours were insidiously corrupting her blood. Trade, commerce, and the growth of manufactures, were fast raising a monied aristocracy, the members of which, as might very naturally be expected, were not apt to understand why a title and estate acquired by birthright, without respect to individual merit, should elevate the possessor above him who had gained his position by his own merit and industry.

Jealousy between these classes was fomented by religious discord. The excessive zeal of Geneva, the result of ROMISH TYRANNY AND SUPERSTITION, infused a gloomy and fanatical spirit, which was stealthily gaining ground, and causing "Merry England" to assume a reserved, cross, melancholy, and discontented countenance, quite at variance with her naturally cheerful disposition. It was scarcely to be expected, however, that the revolted subjects of the Pope should subside quietly and at once into moderate views, or that in removing the meretricious ornaments with which the Church had been adorning herself during the dark ages, hasty reformers should not accidentally destroy part of her decent clothing. In our minds there is a tendency to run away with an idea. Imagination will sometimes be found mounted on its favourite hobby, and going off at full gallop. Because Rome had a hierarchy, some cannot divest themselves of the idea that a Protestant bishop hides under his surplice a pair of cloven feet, and whisks beneath its folds the pointed tail.¶ Because Rome had a supreme head in the Pope, the supremacy of a sovereign over a national Church—which is really a great bulwark of religious liberty, and the most

* Sir H. Gilbert Raleigh's half-brother was the founder of this settlement.

† Robertson, Bancroft.

‡ Robertson, vol. iv. p. 417.

§ This honour is ascribed to the Dutch. Ibid, vol. iv. p. 429. Bancroft, p. 79.

|| The Jesuits made their way into Canada exactly at the same period.

¶ Nothing more clearly shows that the authority of a bishop is necessary in the Church than the fact, that the temporary destruction of the order, in the reign of Charles I., was followed by the direst confusion. The tyranny of the Puritan party was far less excusable than that of the Ecclesiastical Commission. Among the oppressive proceedings of which the Republican party was guilty, the following may be mentioned:—"Parliament Ordinance, 1645: And it is further hereby ordained by the said Lords and Commons, that if any person or persons whatever, shall, at any time or times hereafter, use or cause to be used, the Book of Common Prayer in any church or chapel, or public place of worship, or in any

rational thing in the world—is, with some, nothing more nor less than a part of the “great mystery of iniquity.” In fact, so superstitious is their dread of Popish error, that unless they can get to the very antipodes of Rome, their noses are continually assailed by an imaginary smell of brimstone. What is the consequence? Why, that “extremes meet.” Individual infallibility is substituted for the infallibility of a system. A gloomy countenance and harsh demeanour take the place of penance and mortification. Monastic establishments vanish from the sight, but are supported in an invisible shape by rules which prescribe rigid seclusion from society. Impossible biographies of worthies held up as models for contemplation, in which the most secret ideas and inward emotions are noted down by the pen of another, supplant the memoirs of saints who walked with their heads in their hands. In place of king-deposing Popes, you find spiritual leaders wielding despotic authority, and insidiously leading their flocks to renounce their allegiance to their lawful sovereign.

Making all the allowances that candour is capable of, it must be confessed that the genius of Puritanism is essentially democratic; it will not acknowledge any ecclesiastical authority which it has not created. To establish a state of society where *all* may preach is its cherished scheme. In this respect, as in most others, it is the opposite extreme of Popery, which does not allow the least interference on the part of laymen in the affairs of the Church. A voluntary system, by means of which the power of electing and cashiering the clergy is placed in the hands of the masses, strongly resembles democratic civil government. The uncertain breath of popular favour, in both cases, creates and destroys. The pulpit in the one, and the chair of state in the other, are filled in the same manner. Hence so strong a friendship subsists between the two systems, that, like Pylades and Orestes, they are generally to be seen walking side by side.

The Pilgrim Fathers, smarting from

English intolerance, determined to carry out their favorite theories of ecclesiastical and civil government to the fullest extent. They accordingly made their governors and their clergy dependent upon the popular will. The swords, spiritual and temporal, were in reality wielded, not by the minister of religion and the civil magistrate, but according to the dictates of the majority; and thus an attempt was made to prove the truth of the paradox, “*Vox populi, vox Dei.*” When they left the land of their fathers, the five score passengers of the Mayflower fondly hoped to build up a sanctuary for civil and religious liberty, such as the world had not seen since the days of the Apostles.

It was soon evident, however, that toleration was no more a part of their system than it had been in the Church which they had seceded from. Nothing could have exceeded the numbers and loudness of the complaints of their party at being obliged to endure the formality of the Church of England forms of worship—to bow at the creed—to listen to a liturgy borrowed from the Popish mass-book, and to give a patient hearing to “drones” and “dumb dogs.” Yet, when an opportunity offered of showing clemency, what was the conduct of these gentlemen who had such tender consciences themselves? One of their admirers, the Rev. Mr. Joseph Banvard, tells us that, in 1657, Humphry Norton, a Quaker, was, for the crime of non-conformity, flogged and banished, for which he had to *pay fees*. That the Quaker meetings were forbidden under a penalty of £5 and a whipping; and finally, that the members of that sect were one and all banished on pain of death. De Tocqueville, alluding to their code of laws, says:—

“The legislator, entirely forgetting the great principles of religious toleration which he had himself upheld in Europe, renders attendance on Divine Service compulsory, and goes so far as to visit with severe punishment, and even with death, the Christians who chose to worship God according to a ritual differing from his own.”

private place or family, within the kingdom of England, or dominion of Wales, or port and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, that then every such person offending therein shall, for the first offence, forfeit and pay the sum of £5 of lawful English money; for the second offence the sum of £10; and for the third offence shall suffer one whole year's imprisonment, without bail or mainprize.”

Hear, also, the voices of "the Fathers,"* as recorded by Bancroft:—

"The rugged Dudley was not mellowed by age. 'God forbid,' said he, 'our love for the truth should be grown so cold that we should tolerate errors. I die no libertine.'"

"'Better tolerate hypocrites and tares than thorns and briars,' affirmed Colton. 'Polipietty,' echoed Ward, 'is the greatest impiety in the world. To say that men ought to have liberty of conscience is impious ignorance.' 'Religion,' said the melancholic Norton, 'admits of no eccentric motions.'"

A little further on the same author† says, that "Clarke, the pure and tolerant Baptist of Rhode Island, was, with his companions, tried for preaching, and condemned to pay a fine of £20 or £30." Holmes, one of the party, who refused to pay, was whipped unmercifully. Again—a woman who had come all the way from London to warn the magistrates against persecution, was whipped, receiving twenty stripes. A fine was imposed on such as should entertain any of the accursed sect, and a Quaker, after the first conviction, was to lose one ear, on the second another; after the third to have his tongue bored through with a red hot iron.‡

The manner in which some of the victims of cruelty met their fate is thus described:—

"Robinson pleaded in his defence the special message and command of God—'Blessed be God, who calls me to testify against wicked and unjust men.' Stephenson refused to speak until sentence had been pronounced, and then he imprecated a curse on his judges. Mary Dyar exclaimed, 'The will of the Lord be done!' and returned to the prison 'full of joy.' From the jail she wrote a remonstrance: 'Were ever such laws heard of among a people that profess Christ come in the flesh? Have ye no other weapons but such laws to fight against spiritual wickedness withal, as ye call it? Woe is me, for ye are disobedient and deceived. Let my request be as

Esther's to Ahasuerus. You will not repent that you were kept from shedding of blood, though it were by a woman.' The three were led forth to execution. 'I die for Christ,' said Robinson. 'We suffer not as evil doers, but for conscience sake,' were the last words of his companions. Mary Dyar was reprieved, but not till the rope had been fastened round her neck, and she had prepared herself for death. Transported with enthusiasm, she exclaimed, 'Let me suffer as my brethren, unless you will annul your wicked law!' She was conveyed out of the colony; but soon returning, she also was hanged on Boston Common, a willing martyr to liberty of conscience. 'We desire their lives absent rather than their deaths present,' was the miserable apology for these proceedings. Among others condemned was Christian; he met his persecutors with undaunted courage. 'By what law,' he demanded, 'will ye put me to death?' 'We have a law,' it was answered, 'and by it you are to die.' 'So said the Jews to Christ; but who empowered you to make that law?' 'We have a patent, and we make our own laws.' 'Can you make laws repugnant to those of England?' 'No.' 'Then ye are gone beyond your bounds: your heart is rotten towards the King, as towards God. I demand to be tried by the laws of England; and there is no law to hang Quakers.'§

Laud, in cutting off the ears of Bur-ton, Bastwick, and Prynne, did not play greater rigour than is found in such acts as these.

In civil affairs, that liberty which the Puritans were straining after seemed also to elude their grasp. It fled, leaving not so much as its *garment* behind; for it appears that, amongst other trivial matters with which the government chose to meddle, the *dress of the ladies* was prescribed by Act of Parliament. Short sleeves were forbidden, tight sleeves ordered. De Tocqueville also mentions that, "in 1649, a solemn association was formed in Boston, to check the worldly luxury of long hair."||

* Bancroft, p. 181.

† Whether the author quoted intends the following as an apology for the tyrannical behaviour of the Puritans, or whether he is endeavouring to show the fruits of their system is not quite clear:—"Since a particular form of worship had become a part of the civil establishment, irreligion was now to be punished as a civil offence. The state was a model of Christ's kingdom on earth; treason against the civil government was treason against Christ; and, reciprocally, as the Gospel had the right paramount, blasphemy, or what a jury should call blasphemy, was the highest offence in the catalogue of crimes."—p. 181.

‡ These last punishments were, however, expunged from the code.

§ Bancroft, p. 184.

|| Severe upon their own countrymen, it could not be supposed the wild aborigines would find more favour at their hands. It is said that the latter were encouraged by the French

Those who admire the Puritans are apt to find excuses for their excesses, not, perhaps, quite justifiable. Several writers attribute the severity of the "blue laws" to what they call "the union of Church and State." The constitution of government in the colony, however, could scarcely be called a Church and State system. They maintained that the Church was independent of the State. In reality, the Church was above it. Theirs was, strictly speaking, an ecclesiastical government; but the strange jumble of religious and civil matters which they made, at first puzzled the inquirer. Undoubtedly, it was democratic, *to a degree*: the majority ruled, and the magistrates were elected by, and were made responsible to, the people. The office of magistrate soon became exceedingly odious, and it was found necessary to fine persons who refused to become the servants of the people. £20 was the penalty for refusing to become governor. One of the latter, Bradford, considered himself fortunate in getting off after ten years' service. Much more might be written upon the subject of Puritan jurisdiction in New England, but enough has been said to show that liberty was not attained there any more than it has been amongst other democratic communities. When I read the works of those who admire the system of government in America, and find that they point triumphantly to Puritanism as the source of those democratic ideas, I conclude that it is almost superfluous to look out for evidence of a fact about which a free confession has been made.

It may be said, then, that the SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE, which now exerts so powerful an influence on all the affairs of America, is the inheritance which the Pilgrim Fathers left to their descendants.

It is not easy to compute the amount of influence which the Puritan colony

may have had upon the mother country, in the reign of Charles I. It is not improbable that the violent sectarian fanaticism which at that time clouded the English mind, was as much owing to the apparent success of the same principles on the other side of the water as to the strenuous opposition of the Church and the Crown. Who shall say, that the "bigots of that iron time" were not strengthened in their wild ideas by reports of the prosperity of their partisans in the New World? Who shall say, that the wrong-headedness of Vane did not acquire force during a residence in New England, or that Hampden was not inspired from the same source, or confidently declare, that the dark enthusiasm of Cromwell* himself was not rendered darker by their example? One fact, at all events, is certain, viz., that Hugh Peters, the favourite chaplain of the parliamentary army—whom Burke mentions as having been seen "triumphing" before a captive monarch, and as having profaned the "Nunc Dimittis," in a sermon on the subject, by applying it to himself, and to the fate of the King—was once minister of Salem. This divine, on one occasion, preached a sermon before Oliver Cromwell and Bradshaw, on the text, "Bind your kings with chains, and your nobles with fetters of iron." "But," said he, in his discourse, "Beloved, it is the last psalm but one; and the next psalm hath six verses, and twelve hallelujahs—'Praise ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord in his sanctuary,' and so on. For what? Look into my text—there is the reason for it—that their kings were bound with chains," &c.

It is worthy of notice that Peters, who was particularly obnoxious to the royalist party, was the *first* to suffer after the restoration of the monarchy.

Strong must have been the democratic† feeling in New England at this time. While Virginia welcomed the

in their attacks on the New England settlements. Whether such was the case or not, the Indians certainly deserved chastisement. The Puritans inflicted it without mercy. Some of their prisoners they sold to friendly Indian tribes, that they might be tortured to death; others they sold as slaves to the Bermudas, or enslaved them themselves. This was going a little too far, although, perhaps, it was necessary to take some steps to overawe these mischievous savages.

* It will be recollected, in connexion with this subject, that Cromwell, Hampden, Pym, and others, in the year 1637, were just embarking for New England, when an order from the King arrested the departure of the men who were destined to overturn his throne.

† It is astonishing how far the prejudice of some American historians carries them beyond

cavaliers who fought for Charles, and was the last which submitted to the usurper, the northern colony welcomed the fugitive regicides: Edward Whalley, William Goffe, and John Dixwell* "were kindly received by the governor, Endiot. They resided many years unmolested within the limits of Massachusetts, where they *preached and prayed, and gained universal applause.*"

Let it be the future prayer of the children of England, wherever they may be, or however far removed from the parent stock, that no KING-KILLER, any more than the less distinguished slaughterer of the human race, shall obtain the applause of men who boast of British descent; and that no Christian congregation may henceforth be found so lost to all sense of justice and humanity, as to sit listening complacently to the wretch who thumbs the sacred page with hands red and reeking in the blood of his lawful sovereign. Some historical writers, nay, some divines of the present day, look with a favourable eye upon the doings of the Puritans. Even to those who are not disposed to be warmly attached to royalist principles, it must surely be a matter of wonder, how men who on other points display no want of sense or feeling, can prostitute their pens in adulation of the regicides of '49, and in painting the arch-rebel who sold his own countrymen† as slaves, whose sword made women childless, and whose bolts of destruction mark nearly every venerable ruin in the kingdom, in the holy colouring of a saint and an apostle!

Cold must be the hearts of those who can find excuses for the men that spat in the face of captive and fallen majesty, who can look calmly upon the death of him whose last word—"Remember!" was—as his murderers afterwards discovered with shame and confusion—a parting command, that when England should recall the royal race, MERCY should overshadow the wretches who in cold blood had slaughtered their king!

The spirit of resistance to the au-

thority of England displayed in the refusal of the memorable stamp act, was nearly identical with the feeling which caused Massachusetts to decline obedience to Charles II. A calculating moderation had, however, always been visible in American disloyalty. When the news of the restoration had flown across the ocean, the New Englanders would scarcely give credence to the report. But when there was no longer a doubt about the matter, they prepared adulatory addresses. Again, while they declined obedience to Charles, they sent provisions to the English fleet in the West Indies, and a shipload of masts to England, and pocketed their loyalty at a time when England was endangered by the fall of Clarendon.

Like that of the French Directory was their subsequent conduct towards the State of Maine—which had submitted to the commissioners of the King. No sooner had the commissioners left, than Massachusetts (now a populous colony), in order to extend the blessings of popular government to other districts, marched into Maine, and took it "*vi et armis.*" Democratic doctrines are contagious. Radiating from New England, they gradually carried away the greater part of the population of other provinces. Emigration from Europe swelled the ranks of the popular party. The Covenanters, who fled from the persecutions of Claverhouse, sought refuge in New Jersey, and discontented spirits migrated to all parts of the colonies.

Many English people imagine that the Americans, up to the commencement of George III.'s reign, bore the stamp of Englishmen, and paid a proper respect to authority and to rank. Such, however, was not altogether the case.

"The inclinations of the country," says Spotswood (an English traveller), "are rendered mysterious by a new and unaccountable humour which hath obtained in several counties, of excluding gentlemen from being burgesses of Virginia, and choosing only persons of mean figure and character."

the bounds of sober reason. The Rev. Mr. Joseph Banvard, in another part of the book we have already alluded to, says, of the Puritans of New England, "Their works went with their faith. Cromwell developed the union of these apparently conflicting principles—Trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

* Bancroft, page 202.

† Vide Hume, chap. lxi., vol. viii. page 271.

Some years after, Glen, the governor of South Carolina, writes to England:—

“Here levelling principles prevail, the frame of the civil government is unhinged. A governor who would be idolised must betray his trust; the people have got the whole administration into their hands: the election of the members of the assembly is by ballot. Not civil posts only, but ecclesiastical preferments are in the disposal or election of the people; to preserve the dependence of America, the constitution must be remodelled.”

One other fact. In 1748, just as “Sherlock was interceding for an American episcopacy, Virginia transferred by law all the patronage of the livings to the vestries. Sherlock became persuaded that Virginia wished to lessen the influence of the Crown.”*

Two causes of the existing political system in America having been suggested, we have now to allude to a third. If the last had never arisen, perhaps the first and second might, in time, have ceased to operate. If the

interference of Great Britain in the internal affairs of the colonies had not been attempted, or could have been persisted in, perhaps republicanism might have disappeared with the wilderness where it was planted.

Concerning the *right* of England to repay herself for loss of revenue in protecting and nourishing her transatlantic children, by means of impositions laid on by Act of Parliament, opinion is divided. Previous to the year 1765, the supremacy of King and Parliament over the legislative assemblies had been repeatedly insisted upon by American lawyers.†

Acts of the British Parliament interfered with the trade and with the interior economy of the provinces.‡ The opponents of those who wished to tax America, both in England and in the provinces, asserted that America could not bear the tax. The recent war with the French and Indians had certainly cost the colonies much, but it had cost England more; and the former were prospering§ wonderfully,

* The Church in Virginia had been considered as under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London.

† The Chief Justice at New York, in 1702, declared, “that in the plantation the King governs by his prerogative.” Sir Joshua Holt said—“And Virginia being a conquered country, their law is what the King pleases.” In 1711, New York was left without a revenue under the administration of Hunter. The high power of Parliament was the resource of the ministers. In its name they reimposed all the taxes which had been discontinued by the legislature. Lord Mansfield, when Pennsylvania refused to take part in the war (1744), said “that the English Parliament alone could prescribe rules of conduct for them,” &c., &c.—*Bancroft*.

‡ As, for instance, the navigation act; also, 1672, an act imposing a duty upon sugar, molasses, tobacco, &c., when transported from one colony to another. These duties were ordered to be collected by English commissioners of customs (7 and 8 William III., c. 22—1696). The colonies having exposed their goods in foreign markets, an act was passed preventing them. In this act it is also said, “that all laws, by-laws, usages, or customs at this time, or which hereafter shall be in practice in any of the said plantations, which are in any ways repugnant to this present act, or to any other law hereafter to be made in this kingdom, so far as such laws shall relate to or mention the said plantations, are illegal, null, and void to all intents and purposes whatever.” In Queen Anne’s reign, several acts were passed prohibiting the exportation of rice and molasses to foreign markets; prohibiting the cutting down of pine, pitch, or tar trees not enclosed, and under a certain height; ascertaining the rates of foreign coins in America; establishing a general post-office, and appointing post-masters and fixing the rates of postage. These last not only regulate the internal government, but the last of them actually raises an internal revenue (3 and 4 Anne, chap. 5 and 10; 6 Anne, chap. 30; 9 Anne, chap. 10). In the reign of George I. an act was passed, ordering plantation duties, which were established by the 25th Charles I., to be paid into the treasury. Another—furs and copper ordered to be exported. In the reign of George II. it was enacted, that lands, houses, negroes, and other hereditaments, and all real estates whatever, should be liable to and chargeable with all debts due to the king or any of his subjects (5 Geo. II., chap. 7). Same reign the commons *give and grant* certain duties on all foreign spirits, molasses, &c., imported into the plantations (6 Geo. II., chap. 13). Same reign an act was passed restricting the governors and assemblies from making any order, resolution, or vote whereby paper bills or bills of credit shall be created or issued; and also acts prohibiting the exportation of huts from one plantation to another, and for preventing the erection of mills.

§ In 1704, the total exports amounted to £569,950; and in 1772, they amounted to no less than £6,024,171. Burke, in his celebrated speech on American taxation, admits the great

while the latter was much more heavily burdened with taxes."

Grenville, in the debate on American taxation, had said:—

"These children of our planting, nourished by our indulgence, and protected by our arms, will they grudge to relieve us from the heavy load of national debt which we lie under?"

Barré had replied with caustic severity:—

"Children planted by your care? No! Your oppression planted them in America. *They* nourished by your indulgence? They grew by your neglect of them. *They* protected by your arms? They have nobly taken up arms in your defence."

Powerful was the opposition: Chatham used all his rhetoric, and Burke took up the cudgel against the ministry. Doubtless the cause of American independence was much furthered by English oratory.

The Americans seem to have had a sort of superstitious dread of sovereign authority. They were ready, they said, to give the King money, but not upon compulsion. They feared that if the right of England to tax the colonies was once conceded, one imposition after another would be laid on, till all the fruits of their toil were swept away, to fill the coffers and foster the pride of a tyrannical government.

But the plea of not being represented in Parliament, which was the grand objection against being taxed, appears scarcely valid when it is remembered that in England, Birmingham, Durham, and other places were not represented for many years, and yet submitted quietly to financial legislation. Indeed, if the principle of no taxation without representation were fully carried out, election by universal suffrage would be the only concession which would satisfy some of us. And supposing America had been permitted to send delegates to the House of Commons, would the feelings of the

people have been better explained, or their views better supported, than they were by their numerous advocates marshalled in the ranks of the opposition? When the eloquence of Burke was used in vain, would the hon. member for Massachusetts have succeeded in arresting the attention of the house? A most decided negative might be hazarded; but supposing the contrary, a doubt would still remain as to whether the colonies would in that case have bowed to a decision of the collected wisdom of the British dominions.

The beginning of their opposition in some parts of the country bears the stamp of something very like a deep-laid plan which had other objects beyond. That opposition, in several instances, could scarcely be called constitutional. In New England, especially, great outrages were perpetrated. The lives of the stamp officers were threatened if they did not resign their posts. Sometimes they only escaped with the annihilation of their property, and while petitions breathing loyalty were transmitted to the King, the petitioners gutted the dwelling, burnt the furniture, and destroyed the very wearing apparel of his representative.† The pulpit, as had often been the case in the earlier history of the colony, took the revolutionary side. The press followed the example. At Providence, two days before the outrages in Boston occurred, a gazette extraordinary was published, with "*vox POPULI, vox DEI*," in large letters, for the frontispiece, and underneath, "*Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.—St. Paul.*" In this paper, the New Englanders were commended for the spirit of opposition they had displayed, from whence it was evident that "the spirit of their fathers rested upon them." How fondly that people clung to their ancient notions of popular government, their subsequent conduct, which inspired the rest of the colonies to

and rapidly increasing prosperity of the colonies. It has also been urged against the Americans of that day, that the fact of their having been able to maintain a successful war against the mother country, shows that poverty was not the cause of their declining to throw their mite into the imperial treasury.

* The following statements show the rate of taxation in the colonies at a time previous to the revolution. "A gentleman purchased an estate in the province of New York with about £2,400 sterling. He stocked this estate and lived on its produce, and the total of the taxes which he annually paid to the poor, church, county rate, province or state, amounted to no more than £1 1s. 7d. sterling. A ship carpenter in New York at this time could earn 6s. a day; a bricklayer, 4s. 6d.; labourer, 2s.; and yet the prices of beef, bread, rum, &c., were lower than in England."

† The Lieut.-Governor of Boston.—"War of Independence," vol. ii. p. 19.

unite in resistance, showed.* Where such a spirit reigned, it was surely impolitic in England to force on them a measure which, under the circumstances, could not be carried out. The colonists perceived that the stamp act tended to hamper their commercial transactions, and saw that it could easily be rendered nugatory. Sanctioned by their religion, they probably considered opposition to England as a duty; and favoured as they were by a large party in Great Britain, they readily perceived that their opposition, whether lawful or not, would without doubt be successful if steadily persevered in. Perhaps it would have been better for all parties if the repeal of the stamp act had not been followed by attempts to impose taxes upon "glass, tea, paper, and painters' colours." The burning of the Gaspee schooner at Providence, and the systematic destruction of the East India Company's teas at Boston, roused a fierce enthusiasm. England lost her colonies, and the strife which, if unsuccessful, would have been stigmatised as the AMERICAN REBELLION, was called the WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Dutch,† breaking the law of neutrality, assisted the insurgents; the chivalry of France plunged into the unnatural war; the great powers of Europe smiled on the upstart offspring, glad that the proud parent should be humbled; and the baffled lion retreated to his native rock, and wondered at the cubs he had reared!

To whom shall the guilt of that war be imputed? To the rebellious child, or to the unreasonable parent? Time alone can answer the question. But this much we know—the part which one European nation took in the transaction, brought down a heavy retribution on her own head: the principles she had encouraged and applauded in the New World, were practically applied to herself in the Old; and the ancient monarchy of France, blinded by the flatteries of a false philosophy, fell to the dust in blood and tears, and rose up again the scourge of the world, under "THE CHILD AND CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY!"

National levity carried the French

into the greatest extremes for some years previous to the Revolution. The following anecdote may be considered "apropos:"—"The influenza spread about this time, and that also, was converted into a fashionable dress. The hats and bonnets of the frivolous Parisians were all *influenzas*. The Count de Vergennes, in a conversation, was describing the singularity of this epidemic disorder, and said it was called 'le mal Russe,' because it first appeared at Petersburg. 'We are threatened,' observed a Duchess present, *with another malady*, which will come from America. 'What is that, madam,' interrupted Vergennes. 'The INDEPENDENZA,' replied the fair Cassandra. I am informed that our troops in that country are delighted in finding that every soldier may hope to become a general, if he shows any talents for war; that the Americans acknowledge no distinctions of nobility and rank, and that all men are equal. This infinitely pleases the French, and on their return home they will dwell with rapture on these events; they will tell their friends and relations all they have seen, and in what manner men become independent; they will teach men what they have learnt there. The Count de Vergennes was greatly surprised and embarrassed at this effusion. This minister had formerly persuaded himself that the separation of the colonies from the mother country, and the war of France, would ever after have a fatal influence on the future existence of England."—*Domestic Anecdotes*.

Did the Lion of England bend before that impersonation of the spirit he had battled with in America? Did he crouch and tremble at the despot's name? Did he whine for mercy, and prostrate himself at the feet of the tyrant? No! He rose from his lair, and lashed himself into a rage; the sound of a thousand guns was in his roar as he sprang upon the foe. He chased him from the sea, and he tore him on the land; and in the territory of that power which had once violated the law of neutrality, he felled his enemy to the earth.

* It may be mentioned in connexion with this subject, that the motion of resistance to the Boston post bill was made under the title of "a solemn league and covenant."—"War of Independence," vol. i. p. 27.

† Gifford considers this breach of faith, on the part of the Dutch, as one of the principal causes of the success of the American insurgents.—*Vide* "Life of Pitt."

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VOL. XLI.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE CROWN MATRIMONIAL OF FRANCE	269
LECTURES AT MECHANICS' INSTITUTES. LORD CARLISLE—LORD BELFAST .	285
SONNETS. DAWN—DEATH	299
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—No. LXIX. THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH NAPIER, LL.D., Q.C. M.P. FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN	300
THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO	315
SPRING-TIME FLOWERS. THE BREEZE OF SPRING—THE DAFFODIL—THE PILGRIM OF ART—NATURE'S TEACHINGS—SIR AXEL AND LADY ILSE—A MOTHER'S TALK— THE FAIRY GIFTS	332
TO THE BAY OF DUBLIN.—BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY	346
SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT. CHAPTER XVI.—AN UNLOOKED FOR DISCLOSURE. CHAPTER XVII.—A FRIEND'S TRIALS	347
MORE IMPROVEMENTS IN THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE	356
TOM CLUGGINS'S TWO ANTIPATHIES	374
BURKE'S FAME AND COBDEN'S FOLLY	386

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THE CROWN MATRIMONIAL OF FRANCE.

For upwards of sixty years has France exhibited to the world the spectacle of a phantasmagoria — wild, fitful, and incoherent as a nightmare-dream. The horrible and the pathetic mingled with the grotesque; things incongruous and unexpected succeeding each other with transformations as rapid as legerdemain; massacres and festivals; miseries and orgies; reckless license and stringent despotism; strange visions of murdered sovereigns, and ephemeral consuls and dictators. Dynasties changing like the slides in a magic-lantern; an emperor rising from the chaos of revolution, as from a surging sea; sinking, re-appearing, then again sinking. A long-guarded captive seating himself on the throne of his captor; a Republic with the anomaly of *Equality* for its motto, and a *Prince-President* at its head; and *Absolutism* established in honour of *Liberty* and *Fraternity*.

Party colours glance on the sight like the tints of a quick-shaken kaleidoscope; the white of the Bourbon lilies, and the blue of the Napoleon violets; imperial purple, tri-coloured cockades, and Red Republicanism. Another shake of the kaleidoscope, and again the purple predominates. But the present *resumé* of the empire has not the *prestige* of its original, whose birth was heralded by glittering trophies, and the exciting strains of martial music. No! Here is an empire created by slight of hand amid no prouder minstrelsy than that of the violins of fêtes.

With a new slide of the magic-lantern we behold an imperial wedding, surpassing in brilliant externals even the nuptials of the Napoleon and Maria

Louisa. But the bridegroom is not Napoleon the Great, nor is the bride a daughter of the Cæsars. We must give the bridegroom due credit for proving that he still possesses some freshness of feeling, not yet wholly seared by *coups d'état* and diplomacy, and that he amiably prefers (for the time, at least) domestic affection to self-interest and expediency. But how long will he be permitted by the most changeable, the most uncertain people on earth, to enjoy his love-match in peace? With the populace it may be acceptable, so long as it gives them pageants to “assist” at, to gaze upon, and to talk about; but the alliance of an emperor of France with a Spanish countess, the subject of another sovereign, is not *glorious* enough for the other classes, who are really aristocratic in their hearts, notwithstanding occasionally short freaks of democracy. Republican governments have never *governed* the French; they are only impressed by the opposites of democracy, by the *prestige* of rank, titles, and distinction. Louis XIV., a far more mighty sovereign than Napoleon III., and who, on his firmly established throne, was servilely worshipped as the “*Grand Monarque*,” never dared to avow his clandestine marriage with Madame de Maintenon. Napoleon I. showed how well *he* understood the genius of the French people, when he replaced his really beloved Josephine by the daughter of an emperor, and required his brother Jerome to put away *his* first wife, Miss Patterson, for a German princess.

Louis Napoleon himself seems to have had his misgivings as to the effect the step he contemplated would

have on the mind of the nation ; and the fall of the French funds, from the time the marriage came on the *tapis*, was full of significance. Instead of following the usual example of monarchs, and simply announcing his intended marriage, he proceeded to make his notification a *piece justificative*, full of explanations and apologies, in which his anxiety betrayed him into inconsistencies and errors of judgment. At variance with his *hereditary pretensions* as Napoleon III., he rejoiced in the character of *parvenu*, and then boasted the "high birth" of his consort. He endeavoured to frame his speech, as though he had taken for his text Ovid's maxim—

"Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et Amor."

—*Metam.* lib. II. 846.

Yet he has laboured to overload love with the most far-fetched and dazzling majesty. He complacently instanced his grandmother, Josephine, as beloved by France, though not of royal blood; seemingly oblivious that Napoleon I. had not stooped from the throne to raise her (she had been his wife ere men dreamed of him as a monarch)—and that his policy soon compelled her to descend from the throne, and give place to a prouder bride. Louis Napoleon has promised that the Empress Eugenia will revive the virtues of the Empress Josephine: far wiser had he not touched on the topic, to remind his bride that the reward—the earthly reward—of those virtues was divorce and a broken heart; and to remind his people how easily the non-royal wife could be moved aside, whenever the interests of the crown or the nation should require it. He who has declared that "the empire is peace," has dropped ominous words of "the hour of danger," in which the good qualities of his Eugenia will shine forth; in contrast, he evidently meant, with the incapacity and selfishness of Maria Louisa, *when France was invaded by the allies*; but how utterly distasteful to the French public must that ill-judged reminder be! He spoke, in his ante-nuptial speech, of the unhappy fates of the illustrious ladies who had worn the crown of France—a suggestive theme, in which we are about to follow his lead; but from *his* lips the subject seemed peculiarly ill-chosen and ill-timed. Verily, his Imperial Majesty has been singu-

larly infelicitous in his selection of topics. In every country of Europe there are still men whose hearts can respond to the sentiment—

"Dulce et decorum est PRO PATRIA mori."—*Hor.*

Such men would have esteemed it more judicious to have avoided any mention of the deceased father of Eugenia de Montijo, than to have announced him as one who, in the struggle of Spain for independence, fought *against* his own countrymen, and *with* the invaders of his native land. The unnecessary allusion to the bereaved Duchess of Orleans is in such bad taste, that to comment on it would be a continuation of the fault.

But we must excuse the inconsistencies of a man too much in love to see the import of all he said: and we must not, in common courtesy, omit for his bride the customary compliment to all brides, the expression of our good wishes. We wish her happiness, and the more willingly for the sake of the good blood in her veins—the blood of worthy, sagacious, and *patriotic* Scotland (derived, *not* from her father, but from her mother, a Kirkpatrick). May the "canny drop" be allowed free circulation through her heart! Yes, we wish her happiness willingly, but *very doubtfully*; not because she has wedded a Buonaparte, for the men of that name have not the reputation of unkind husbands (even to the wives they repudiated), and she might be very happy with Louis Napoleon in another sphere; not merely because her position is trying, and apparently insecure, but because she places on her head *the crown matrimonial of France*—a circlet with which some dark fatality seems connected: for, among the many fair brows on which it has rested, there are very few that it has left without a blight or a wound.

When our memory passes in review the royal and imperial wives of France, we are surprised to see how many have been divorced, how many broken-hearted, how many have left a disgraceful name behind to posterity. And among the smaller number, the innocent and the happy, how many have been snatched away by a premature death, or have been early and sadly widowed. The crown matrimonial of France has been borne, by the majority of its wearers, unworthily, unhappily, or too briefly. For some it

has been imbued, as it were, with a disfiguring stain ; for others, lined with sharp, cruel thorns ; for others, wreathed with the funereal cypress. If history, holding her mirror to our view,

" Bids us in the past descry
The visions of futurity,"*

with *such* a history of French queens and empresses before our eyes, it is but natural that good wishes for the bliss of Empress Eugenia should be damped by doubts and fears. By casting with us a quick and comprehensive glance over the memoirs of the royal ladies to whom we have alluded, the reader will be convinced of the great preponderance of cares, crimes, and sorrows, over peace, innocence, and felicity, in their lives. We will commence our summary with the reign of Charlemagne, as a remarkable era, and sufficiently early for our purpose.

Charlemagne, A. D. 768 (date of his accession).

His first wife was HERMENGARDE (daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards), whom he had been persuaded by his mother, Bertha, to wed, contrary to his inclinations, and whom he divorced in two years after his accession, on the plea of her ill health. She had the grief to see her father dethroned by Charlemagne, whose prisoner he died. The desolate Lombard princess died in obscurity.

The second wife, HILDEGARDE, a noble Swabian, was fair, wise, and good, but was calumniated by Taland, a half-brother of Charlemagne, who (in revenge for her disdain of his own proffered addresses) accused her of criminality with a foreign knight during the king's expedition against a German tribe. Obligated to conceal herself from her incensed husband, she lived in great poverty, till her accuser, struck with remorse after a dangerous illness, declared her innocence. In memory of her restoration to her home and her good fame, she founded, in Swabia, the Abbey of Kempsten ; in the annals of which religious house is written the history of her patience and her suffer-

ing (during her concealment), and her noble forgiveness of her persecutor. But her recovered happiness was brief ; she was snatched by death from her numerous children at the early age of twenty-six, in 784.

FASTRADE, the third consort, daughter of Raoul, Count of Franconia, so disgusted the people by her arrogance, that a conspiracy was formed to dethrone her husband on account of her influence over him. This plot, though abortive, caused Fastrade much mortification and anxiety ; and she died very young, in 794, as much hated as her predecessor had been lamented.

LUTGARDE, a German, the last consort of Charlemagne, handsome, generous, and literary,† loved her husband ; and to enjoy his society, usually accompanied him to the chase. But he was faithless to her, choosing for his favourite one of the ladies of her train. Whatever mortification Lutgarde might have felt was soon terminated by death. She died young and childless (in A. D. 800), after an union of little more than four years.

Louis I. (le Debonnaire). 814.

His first wife was HERMENGARDE, daughter of Ingram, Count of Hesbay.‡ She has left an unenviable reputation as cruel and despotic. When Bernard, a petty Italian king, who revolted against Louis had been conquered, Hermengarde sentenced him and his adherents to death ; and though the sentence was commuted by Louis, she caused the eyes of Bernard to be pulled out, and such tortures to be inflicted on him, that he expired in consequence. She herself died soon after her victim ; having, however, been more fortunate in her lot than her predecessors, for she had enjoyed a peaceable wedded life for twenty-one years.

Her successor JUDITH, daughter of Welf of Bavaria, was an artful and licentious woman, whose bad conduct caused her step-sons (children of Hermengarde), to revolt, filling the kingdom with trouble. They published her profligacy with Bernard (the son of her husband's tutor), whom she, by her influence over Louis, caused to be created

* Quoted from the Prologue to Bland's Translations from the Greek Anthology.

† She enjoyed the friendship of the learned Alcuin (disciple of the venerable Bede), at whose persuasion Charlemagne founded the University of Paris.

‡ In the country of Liege.

Duke of Septimanie. She was taken by her step-sons, and imprisoned in a convent at Poitiers, and compelled to pronounce the vows ; but was liberated by her husband when he had put down the revolt, she having solemnly sworn to her innocence. Again the young princes revolted ; and Judith, again captive, was sent to Tortona, in Italy, and her young son Charles separated from her, and shut up in a monastery ; the unfortunate Louis himself being confined at St. Medard ; from whence he was released only on submitting to some very abject conditions. He received back his wife and her son, but soon died of grief. Judith survived him but three years ; having, however, lived to see the murder of her favourite Bernard, by the hands of her son Charles, who stabbed him for revolt. She has left an odious name in the records of history.

Charles I. (the Bald). 840.

He married first HERMENTRUDE, daughter of Odo Count of Orleans. She was prudent and good, but her life was one of sorrow. Her eldest son, Louis, had an impediment in his speech ; her second son, Charles, died young ; her third son, Carloman, rebelling against his father, because the latter required him to become a monk against his will, was taken prisoner, had his eyes put out, and was imprisoned in the Abbey of Corbie. Her only daughter Judith, widow of Ethelbald, King of England, eloped from court with Baldwin of Flanders, causing great scandal and trouble. Hermentrude had not the consolation of her husband's affection ; for Louis formed an attachment for Richilde, sister of Boson, King of Provence, and ill-treated Hermentrude, whom he sought to divorce, but found public opinion too strong in her favour. The unhappy wife died, overwhelmed with cares, A.D. 869, and was buried at St. Denis.

In three months after her death Louis married RICHILDE, who hated, and was hated by her stepsons, and fomented great disorders in the royal family. Having accompanied the king in his expedition against the countries on the Rhine, on his defeat she was

obliged to fly from Heristal in the middle of the night, without clothes or money ; suffered great hardships, and lay-in by the roadside, with no one near her but one attendant. All her children (four sons and a daughter) died young. After her husband's death she lived a most licentious life, and pillaged and fired houses in her Bacchanalian riotings, until the Bishop of Rheims threatened her with excommunication unless she restrained her disgraceful conduct.

Louis II. (the Stammerer). 870.

ANSGARDE, the daughter of a Count Hardouin, was privately wedded by Louis, during the life of his father, Charles the Bald, and bore him two sons, Louis (afterwards king), and Carloman ; but being of an inferior rank, Charles compelled her husband, whom she tenderly loved, to divorce her, and to espouse

ADELAIDE, daughter of Count Begon, whose life was embittered by her doubtful position : for, on the death of Charles the Bald, Ansgarde obtained from Pope John VIII. the establishment of her children's* rights, because Charles had not applied to the ecclesiastical power to sanction the divorce between her and his son Louis. Wherefore Adelaide was generally accounted only the concubine of Louis, and the deserted Ansgarde as his lawful wife. Adelaide, who suffered great uneasiness of mind, was *enceinte* at the time of Louis's death, in 879, and had a posthumous son, Charles, surnamed the Simple.

Charles III. (the Fat). 884.

He married in 877 RICHARDA, a lady of Scottish birth. She was esteemed for wisdom and virtue ; but was accused by her feeble-minded and credulous husband of infidelity with his prime minister, Luitgard, Bishop of Verceil. Richarda in vain protested her innocence, offering to submit to the ordeals of fire and water : she was divorced, and retired to a convent in Alsace, which she had founded, and lived there ten years in retirement.

Charles IV. (the Simple). 893.

The life of his first consort, FREDERUNE, sister of Beuves, Bishop of

* Her eldest son, who reigned as Louis III., died unmarried, as did also his brother Carloman.

Chalons-sur-Marne, offers nothing remarkable. She had four daughters, but no son; and died 918, after a marriage of eleven years.

His second wife was OGINA,* an English princess, sister of King Athelstane. Her royalty was clouded. Her husband was dethroned by his subjects, and imprisoned at St. Quentin, where he died in great misery. Ogina, divided from him, fled to England for the protection of her only child, Louis, thence surnamed *Outremer*, or "beyond sea." On her son's recall, after thirteen years of exile, she returned to France, where she married (at the age of forty-five) Herbert Count of Vermandois, then but twenty years of age, and son of Herbert de Vermandois, who had betrayed and imprisoned her royal husband, the dethroned Charles. This ill-assorted marriage alienated the love and respect of her son, King Louis. Ogina lived happily, however, with her young husband, but only for two years, as she died in childbirth, in 853.

Louis IV. (Outremer). 936.

He married GERBERGA of Saxony, daughter of Emperor Henry the Fowler, and widow of Gilbert Duke of Lorraine, who was drowned in attempting to cross the Rhine on horseback, to escape the pursuit of Louis d'Outremer, then at war with him. Gerberga defended her dead lord's fortress so gallantly, that when King Louis at length succeeded in taking it, he admired the spirit of his fair adversary so much that he offered her his hand and throne. She was loved and respected by Louis, whose friend and counsellor she was: but her lot had many cares. The king, in an expedition, was made prisoner, and remained a year in captivity; her young son Carloman died while a hostage for his father; others of her children also died young; and she survived her affectionate husband.

Lothaire. 954.

Married, in 966, EMMA, daughter of Lothaire King of Italy. She was depraved, and gave cause of scandal with Adalberon Bishop of Laon; and then poisoned her husband, in the hope of reigning in the name of her son, and

only child, Louis *le Faineant*, or the Idle. Louis, on his accession, threatened Adalberon and herself with punishment; but *he*, too, died by poison: and the Duke of Lorraine, uncle to the king, imprisoned both Emma and Adalberon, and treated them with severity. Emma escaped from prison in 988, but became a miserable outcast and wanderer, and died in the following year.

Louis V. (le Faineant). 986.

He married BLANCHE,† daughter of a noble of Aquitaine. She was very beautiful, but the marriage was an ill-suited one: for Blanche was animated, and Louis inert, and so much disliked her vivacity, that he often retired from her company to a country residence. She became corrupt in her conduct, and attached herself to the Count de Verdon, and afterwards to several others. At length she poisoned Louis, after a short reign of fifteen months; and in him ended the Carlovinian race.

Blanche re-married with Hugh, eldest son of Hugh Capet, the next heir, for whose benefit she removed her first husband, but shortly afterwards died childless.

Hugh Capet. 987.

His queen was ADELAIDE of Guienne, who appears to have lived in tranquillity; but enjoyed her elevation to the throne only two years, dying in 989.

Robert (the Devout). 997.

His first wife was BERTHA, daughter of Conrad of Burgundy, and widow of Odo Count of Blois. But the Pope, Gregory V., pronounced their marriage invalid, because Robert had been sponsor to one of Bertha's children by her first marriage, which circumstance had constituted what the canons of Rome termed "a spiritual affinity" between them. But the royal pair were strongly attached, and refused to separate. The Pope laid France under an interdict; Robert and Bertha retired to the Castle of Vaivert, near Paris, where they were rendered miserable by crowds of their subjects daily haunting them, with piteous entreaties that they would consent to part, and so terminate the

* By some called Edguina.

† By some writers she is called Constance.

evils the kingdom was enduring from the interdict. All their friends and attendants fled from them; and they would have been utterly desolate, but for two servants who remained to aid them, but who, notwithstanding, viewed their wretched master and mistress with such horror, that they passed through the fire for purification everything which had been touched by the excommunicated couple. The king remained firm, refusing to forsake his unhappy wife; she lay-in of a premature birth from grief, and Robert being assured that she had produced a monster with the neck of a goose,* he considered this (fictitious) occurrence as a proof of the wrath of heaven, and at length consented to give her up. In two years after, Bertha, still loving, and who still called herself queen, went to Rome to solicit the new Pope (Sylvester II.) to establish her marriage; but while she was urging her suit, Robert made another alliance, and the unhappy Bertha retired to a convent, and died 1016.

CONSTANCE, Robert's second wife, daughter of William Count of Provence, was beautiful, but haughty, violent, and hard-hearted. Robert disliked her so much, that he would never term her wife or queen; and took, to console him, a mistress, Almafede, who had been betrothed to a Count de Beauvoir, at which Constance was so much chagrined, that she caused the count to be assassinated, in revenge for his having yielded his claim on the hand of Almafede. Robert, in consequence, sought to divorce Constance; but the bishops of the realm interfered to prevent him. Thirteen persons, accused of heresy, being sentenced to the flames at Orleans, in 1022, Constance chose to be present at this dreadful spectacle; and perceiving, amongst the condemned, one Stephen, who had formerly been her confessor, she was so much incensed against him, that she attacked the wretched man on his way to the scene of his torture, and thrust out one of his eyes with her staff. Her eldest and favourite son died young, leaving the succession (to her great chagrin) to her second son, Henry, whom she

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Louis VII. (the Young). 1137.

His first wife, ELEANOR of Aquitaine, disgusted him by the gross improprieties of her conduct in the Holy Land, whither she had accompanied him, and where she had incurred scandal with the celebrated sultan, Saladin, and others; and even with her own uncle, Raymond of Poitiers. Louis, therefore, divorced her, and she immediately married again with Henry II. of England. But the shadow of the crown matrimonial of France rested upon her still; witness her well-known unhappiness with Henry, their mutual dislike, her jealousy, the discords she excited between her sons and their father, and her deserved and long imprisonment. CONSTANCE, daughter of Alphonso King of Castille, second wife of Louis, was worthy of the influence she possessed over his heart; but their happiness was very brief, being terminated in four years by the early death of Constance in childbirth. She was buried at St. Denis. The third queen of Louis, ALICE, daughter of Thibaut Count of Campagne, and niece of our English king, Stephen, lived peacefully, as it appears, and, surviving her husband, was regent for her son.

Philip II. (surnamed Augustus). 1186.

His first wife, ISABEL, daughter of the Count of Hainault, was married to him when both bride and bridegroom were only twelve years of age. Philip having afterwards quarrelled with her

uncle, the Count of Flanders, the girlish queen, then but seventeen, was accused by some malicious persons of taking part with the count against her husband, who, imbibing a dislike to her, exiled her from court, and sent her to live in a kind of disgrace at Sens. At length relenting, he recalled her; but her young and clouded life was terminated by her dying in childbirth at the age of twenty-one. Her successor was INGERBURG, daughter of Walde-mar King of Denmark. She was beautiful, with a profusion of fair hair, and was scarcely seventeen when married. The day after the nuptials she was crowned. During the rites Philip was observed to gaze upon her, and then to turn pale; and became so troubled, that he could scarcely be induced by his ministers to allow the ceremony to continue. But in a fortnight afterwards he called a council, and divorced the poor young foreigner, who, on learning from an interpreter what the proceedings meant, burst into tears, exclaiming in a broken dialect—"Bad France!—Rome!" implying that she appealed to Rome from the injustice of France. But Philip brutally imprisoned her in the convent of Cisoien, near Lisle, and left her in such penury, that she was often dependent on her needlework for her food. In 1196, Philip married AGNES, the lovely and amiable daughter of the Duke of Merania. But Pope Celestine, at the instance of Canute, Ingerburg's brother, annulled the divorce of the latter, and dissolved the marriage of Agnes and Philip. The king refused to renounce his new wife, and shut up Ingerburg in a still more rigorous imprisonment than before, at Etampes. The kingdom was laid under an interdict, and a council was called at Soissons, where the cause of Ingerburg was pleaded so earnestly, that Philip, without waiting for the termination, silently retired; and riding to the prison of the young Dane, placed her behind him on horseback, and without any attendants, or respect, carried her to Paris, and acknowledged her as queen. Agnes de Merania seeing herself abandoned, died of grief soon after, at the Castle of Poissi. After her death, Philip again cast off the so often insulted Ingerburg, and again imprisoned her; but was constrained by the Pope to release and recal her to court, where she continued to reside meekly

and patiently, ill-treated by the king, but pitied by the people. She survived her tyrant, who has incurred the odium of making three lovely, and virtuous young women undeservedly miserable.

Louis VIII. (the Lion). 1223.

His queen, **BLANCHE**, daughter of Alphonso VIII. of Castille (and of Eleanor of England), was so fair that she was called *Candide*, and was good, prudent, and pious. She enjoyed her husband's love in a happy union of twenty-six years. Yet she was not exempt from royal anxieties; for during her regency for her son (St. Louis), she had many troubles, cares, and difficulties, on account of the insurgent nobles and the Bretons. She had lost four sons and a daughter in infancy, and she finally died of grief at Maubuisson, on hearing that her son, St. Louis, who had gone to Palestine, was a prisoner in Egypt.

Louis IX. (St. Louis). 1226.

When only nineteen he married **MARGARET**, daughter of Raymond Berenger Count of Toulouse, who was herself but fifteen. She had every advantage of person, mind, and heart, and was ever beloved by Louis. But in her early days she experienced great vexation from her mother-in-law, **Blanche**, who so entirely separated the affectionate young couple, that she would not permit them even to converse together. On one occasion when **Margaret** was dangerously ill, and Louis had ventured to her room to inquire after her health, his mother, finding him there, took him by the hand to lead him out; and the poor invalid called to her in tears—"What, madame! will you not suffer me, either living or dying, to speak to my lord and husband?" After the death of **Blanche**, the domestic happiness of **Margaret** was unbroken, if we except her natural grief at losing six of her eleven children. But her greatest affliction was the loss of St. Louis, who died of the plague in Tunis. She died 1295, and was buried at St. Denis.

Philip III. (the Hardy). 1270.

His first wife, **ISABEL**, daughter of James I. King of Arragon, was only fifteen at the time of her marriage, and had a fair prospect of happiness, had

life been spared. But she died at twenty-five, in consequence of a fall from her horse, which occasioned a premature confinement. She was buried at St. Denis. The second queen of Philip, **MARY of BRABANT**, daughter of Henry Duke of Brabant, was handsome and intellectual, and was at first beloved by her husband. But a gulf was soon opened between them by the calumny of a man named **La Brosse**, an upstart favourite of Philip, who accused Mary of having poisoned Louis, the son of her predecessor Isabel. Philip imprisoned the queen, and treated her with rigour. But her brother, then Duke of Brabant, came forward in her defence; and after a searching examination, **La Brosse** was convicted (by the confession of one of his tools) of the young prince's murder, and was hanged. Mary was honourably acquitted; but she had suffered severely in mind and in health, from the trials and indignities to which she had been exposed. After Philip's death she lived in a close retreat from the world. One of her daughters, **Margaret**, was the second wife of Edward I. of England.

Philip IV. (the Fair). 1285.

His queen was **JOAN**, daughter of Henry King of Navarre. She had great talents, and a taste for the fine arts; and seems to have escaped, in great degree, the sorrows of the crown matrimonial of France. But she had only attained the age of thirty-three at her death. One of her daughters, **Isabel**, was married to Edward II. of England subsequently to her mother's decease.

We come now in order of time to four Burgundian princesses (two pairs of sisters), whose respective husbands filled the throne of France in succession, under the titles of Louis X. (le Hutin), Philip V. the Tall, Charles IV. (the Handsome), and Philip VI. (de Valois). These ladies were **MARGARET** and **JOAN**, daughters of Robert II. Duke of Burgundy, consorts of Louis X. and Philip de Valois; and **JANE** and **BLANCHE**, daughters of Otho of Burgundy, and wives of Philip V. and Charles IV.

MARGARET was married when scarcely fifteen to Louis X. She was very handsome, and depraved in no ordinary degree. She, with her sisters-in-law, **Jane** and **Blanche**, inhabited the Hotel de Neale, that stood on the

Seine,* and that has acquired an infamous celebrity from the scandalous revels of these beautiful but wicked young females, who are said to have caused the guests they admitted secretly to be hurled down a trap-door and drowned in the river, if they unfortunately recognised in their fair and anonymous entertainers the wives of their princes. Margaret and Blanche had selected two favourites, Norman knights and brothers, named Philip and Walter d'Aulnay. The latter had been attached to a Mademoiselle de Morfontaine, who, finding herself neglected, was inspired by jealousy to watch her fickle lover, and thus discovered the double intrigue, which soon came to the knowledge of the king (then Philip IV.) On the trial of the criminals, revelations especially disgraceful to the princesses were made. The brothers D'Aulnay were executed after being put to tortures too horrible to relate. Some persons proved to have been accessories to the royal intrigues were likewise put to death. Margaret and Blanche were degraded, and stripped of their inheritances; their heads were shaved, and they were imprisoned in a most rigorous manner in the Chateau Gaillard, about seven leagues from Rouen. Margaret was strangled by the hands of an executioner in her dungeon, by the king's order, in 1315, when only twenty-six.

BLANCHE remained a close prisoner for twelve years. She was then removed to the Abbey of Maubuisson, where she took the veil, but did not long survive her profession. Her two children pre-deceased her. She was never crowned as the consort of Charles IV., but the shadow of the crown matrimonial projected itself forwards, and fell upon her, as it were, by anticipation.

JANE was sentenced to imprisonment in the Castle of Dourdan. But she was the heiress of the province of Franche Comté, which her husband did not think it good policy to restore, as he should do if he divorced her. He therefore affected to believe her innocent of the charges brought against her, and applied to the parliament for her acquittal and restoration to her rank and honours. During the life of

her husband, King Philip V., Jane lived decorously; but her after years proved the truth of the former accusations; for her widowhood was a career of the utmost profligacy. She died in Flanders at the age of thirty-seven.

JOAN of Burgundy, sister of Queen Margaret, and wife to Philip VI. (de Valois), bore a very different character from that of her guilty relatives. She was prudent and virtuous, and was beloved by her husband, but had the grief to see his kingdom overrun by the English. The fate and the criminality of her sister must have given her many bitter pangs. She died at fifty-five, and was buried at St. Denis.

After the execution of Margaret in the dungeon of Chateau Gaillard, her husband, Louis X., took for his second wife CLEMENCE of Anjou. But she had been only a few months wedded when Louis died, leaving her *enceinte*. The violence of her grief brought on fever, and her posthumous child died in a few days after its birth. She herself died young, in retirement.

After the demise of Blanche in her cloister, her widower, Charles IV., married MARY of LUXEMBURG, daughter of the Emperor Henry VII. She was amiable, discreet, and beloved, and died in childbirth, aged only eighteen, in a year after her marriage.

The third wife of Charles, JANE d'EVREUX, his cousin, was worthy of the love and esteem he bestowed upon her. But she lost her affectionate husband by death after three years only of union. Jane lived to the age of sixty, and was buried at St. Denis. The crown made for her coronation was used to crown the succeeding queens of France.

On the death of Joan of Burgundy, the virtuous sister of the strangled Margaret, Philip VI. married BLANCHE of NAVARRE, then only eighteen. But her regal splendours and domestic affections were overthrown by the death of Philip, in a year and a-half after their nuptials; and she was left a widow and *enceinte* before she had completed her twentieth year. She had subsequently the misfortune to lose her only child, Blanche, in the bloom of youth. Queen Blanche lived in retirement, and died at seventy, and was buried at St. Denis.

* Its site is now occupied by the Palace of the Institute, and some other buildings.

John (the Good). 1350.

He was much attached to his estimable wife, BONA of LUXEMBURG; but the calamities of his unfortunate reign were a source of anguish to her, both as wife and queen. The realm was torn by civil factions, and devastated by the victorious arms of the English, under Edward III. Bona did not long survive the, to her, disastrous battle of Cressy, in which so many of the French nobles perished.

His second wife, the charming JANE D'Auvergne, widow of Philip de Rouvres Duke of Burgundy, had her share of sorrows, as queen, wife, and mother. She saw her royal husband defeated at all points by the English, taken prisoner at Poitiers, and carried to London, to endure a four years' long captivity; and the kingdom, in his absence, a prey to the horrible atrocities of the peasant war, called the *Jacquerie*. The dauphin, her step-son, treated her with disrespect, deprived her of the regency, and obliged her to retire to Burgundy. Her own two daughters died young; and when her husband was free to return to her, in 1361, it was with estranged affections, he having fallen in love, while in London, with a lady, to be near whom he returned to England and to captivity, in which he died. Grief shortened the days of his unhappy queen, who survived him but a year. She died in 1365, and was buried at St. Denis.

Charles V. (the Wise). 1369.

His wife, the accomplished and handsome JANE DE BOURBON, died in childbirth, leaving her husband inconsolable. Of her nine children, six had died before her. Dying in 1378, aged forty, she was buried at St. Denis.

Charles VI. (the Beloved). 1380.

He married the beautiful and depraved ISABEL of BAVARIA, notorious for her conjugal infidelities, her violence, cruelty, prodigality, and want of natural affection for her children. On account of her licentious conduct, the king caused her to be imprisoned for a time; his subsequent insanity, however, gave her power and liberty, which she abused. She was disgraced by her

intimacy with her husband's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and then with the Duke of Burgundy, the murderer of Orleans. Her favourite, Boisdourdan, was put to death by order of the king, issued in a lucid interval. Another, Saligny, was arrested by the dauphin, who confined his mother in a prison, whence she was delivered by the Duke of Burgundy, in arms. France was overrun by the English, and deluged with blood by intestine factions; the people were starving, the king insane, and with his children often in want of the commonest necessities. Isabel and her son, the dauphin, detested each other; she endeavoured to poison him, and failing, negotiated, in order to ruin him with the English, for the cession of France; and made a marriage between her daughter Catherine* and Henry V. of England. On the death of the lunatic and neglected king, Isabel, despised by the English, and abhorred by the French, fell into merited poverty and desolation; and when she died, none could be found to pay any regard to her remains, which were conveyed at night in a little boat across the Seine to St. Denis, accompanied only by one priest and the boatman.

Charles VII. (the Victorious). 1422.

He married MARY of ANJOU, daughter of James II. King of Naples. She was a woman of most exemplary conduct, good sense, and religious feelings, and was at first much esteemed by Charles, till he was alienated from her by his mistresses; then he treated her with the utmost disdain, and would not even speak to her; and his favourites (with the exception of the celebrated Agnes Sorel), emboldened by his example, behaved to the queen with great indignity. Yet she endured all with uncomplaining meekness, and declined the advice of her friends to withdraw from court, the scene of her griefs, lest it should injure the king with his people, who were suffering deeply from the English armies in their country; and, to add to her griefs, her son, Charles of Normandy, was poisoned. After the death of the king, Mary founded twelve *chapelles ardentes*, with twelve priests in each, to pray night

* Her daughter Isabel had been previously married to Richard II. of England, who was dethroned by the father of Catherine's husband.

and day for the repose of his soul. She died in 1463, and was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XI.

The first wife of this bad man was MARGARET, daughter of James I. of Scotland. She was witty and accomplished, but had no personal attractions, and was disliked and ill-treated by Louis. Having been calumniated, and without redress, by a gentleman named Count James de Tilly, she fell ill from chagrin, and was so weary of her sad existence, that she refused to take any remedy to save her life, saying, "Fie upon life! let no one speak of it to me any more." Mary died childless, and very young. She was never queen; but being dauphiness, was queen expectant; and the crown matrimonial had cast its dark shadow forwards.

The second wife of Louis, and his crowned queen, was CHARLOTTE, daughter of Louis Duke of Savoy. She was amiable, meek-spirited, and modest; yet her evil-minded husband treated her not merely with unkindness, but with brutality. He insulted her by his numerous infidelities, and kept her in such poverty, that her food was scanty and coarse, and her apparel mean and patched. When he was at war with the Duke of Burgundy, suspecting the queen to be well inclined to the interests of his adversary, he imprisoned the unfortunate Charlotte in the Chateau of Amboise, where she suffered still greater distresses than ever. Of six children, she buried two sons and a daughter young. Her constitution was so broken by the inroads of penury and constant vexation, that she died in three months after the decease of the tyrant. Her tomb at Clery was broken open and profaned by the Hugonots in the subsequent religious wars.

Charles VIII. (the Courteous). 1443.

His consort was ANNE, only child of Francis II. Duke of Brittany—a princess distinguished by brilliant advantages of mind and person. She was at first attached to the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII., but was re-

quired to relinquish him, in order to marry Charles VIII., to whom she made an affectionate wife. In her early years some clouds dimmed her horizon; but subsequently her sky was calm and bright. Charles was, for some time, a negligent and unfaithful husband; and she lost all her children, three sons and a daughter, in infancy; the loss of the young dauphin, in particular, afflicted her severely. At the close of his life, Charles became more sensible of his wife's merits, and more endeared to her; and she grieved sincerely at his premature death. But her destiny was prosperous: she retained her rank as queen consort, by becoming the wife of her first love, the Duke of Orleans, who succeeded Charles on the throne; and over the heart and mind of Louis she ever preserved a strong influence. Yet she died early, in childbirth, when she had scarce numbered thirty-eight years; she was buried at St. Denis. The predecessor of ANNE, with Louis XII., had been JOAN, the sister of Charles VIII., and daughter of Louis XI., whom Louis, when Duke of Orleans, had been reluctantly forced to marry when the princess was but twelve years old. This ill-fated lady was remarkably plain, and even somewhat deformed; but wise, pious, good, and tender; and was, unhappily for her peace, affectionately attached to a husband to whom she was an object of dislike.* She was allowed, for a brief space, the empty title of queen, of which Louis XII. was in haste to despoil her, for the sake of her brilliant rival, her brother's widow, Anne of Brittany. The new king assembled a council to sanction his divorce from Joan; and the proceedings took a peculiar course, that were torture to the mind of a delicate and sensitive princess. After her divorce was pronounced, Joan retired to the Convent of the Annunciation at Bourges, where she lived in the odour of sanctity, and died at the age of forty-one.

The third wife of Louis XII. was MARY, daughter of Henry VII. of England—an unwilling and sorrowful bride, constrained to marry, in the bloom of seventeen, an infirm old king,

* Madame de Genlis's Novel, "Jeanne de France," of which this princess is the heroine, in representing Louis XII. as cherishing any tender feelings for her, deviates from the general testimonies of history. Scott's "Quentin Durward" conveys more truthful impressions of his sentiments.

evils the kingdom was enduring from the interdict. All their friends and attendants fled from them; and they would have been utterly desolate, but for two servants who remained to aid them, but who, notwithstanding, viewed their wretched master and mistress with such horror, that they passed through the fire for purification everything which had been touched by the excommunicated couple. The king remained firm, refusing to forsake his unhappy wife; she lay-in of a premature birth from grief, and Robert being assured that she had produced a monster with the neck of a goose,* he considered this (fictitious) occurrence as a proof of the wrath of heaven, and at length consented to give her up. In two years after, Bertha, still loving, and who still called herself queen, went to Rome to solicit the new Pope (Sylvester II.) to establish her marriage; but while she was urging her suit, Robert made another alliance, and the unhappy Bertha retired to a convent, and died 1016.

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Philip II. (surnamed Augustus). 1186.

His first wife, ISABEL, daughter of the Count of Hainault, was married to him when both bride and bridegroom were only twelve years of age. Philip having afterwards quarrelled with her

uncle, the Count of Flanders, the girlish queen, then but seventeen, was accused by some malicious persons of taking part with the count against her husband, who, imbibing a dislike to her, exiled her from court, and sent her to live in a kind of disgrace at Sens. At length relenting, he recalled her; but her young and clouded life was terminated by her dying in childbirth at the age of twenty-one. Her successor was INGERBURG, daughter of Walde-mar King of Denmark. She was beautiful, with a profusion of fair hair, and was scarcely seventeen when married. The day after the nuptials she was crowned. During the rites Philip was observed to gaze upon her, and then to turn pale; and became so troubled, that he could scarcely be induced by his ministers to allow the ceremony to continue. But in a fortnight afterwards he called a council, and divorced the poor young foreigner, who, on learning from an interpreter what the proceedings meant, burst into tears, exclaiming in a broken dialect—"Bad France!—Rome!" implying that she appealed to Rome from the injustice of France. But Philip brutally imprisoned her in the convent of Cisoien, near Lisle, and left her in such penury, that she was often dependent on her needlework for her food. In 1196, Philip married AGNES, the lovely and amiable daughter of the Duke of Merania. But Pope Celestine, at the instance of Canute, Ingerburg's brother, annulled the divorce of the latter, and dissolved the marriage of Agnes and Philip. The king refused to renounce his new wife, and shut up Ingerburg in a still more rigorous imprisonment than before, at Etampes. The kingdom was laid under an interdict, and a council was called at Soissons, where the cause of Ingerburg was pleaded so earnestly, that Philip, without waiting for the termination, silently retired; and riding to the prison of the young Dane, placed her behind him on horseback, and without any attendants, or respect, carried her to Paris, and acknowledged her as queen. Agnes de Merania seeing herself abandoned, died of grief soon after, at the Castle of Poissi. After her death, Philip again cast off the so often insulted Ingerburg, and again imprisoned her; but was constrained by the Pope to release and recal her to court, where she continued to reside meekly

and patiently, ill-treated by the king, but pitied by the people. She survived her tyrant, who has incurred the odium of making three lovely, and virtuous young women undeservedly miserable.

Louis VIII. (the Lion). 1223.

His queen, **BLANCHE**, daughter of Alphonso VIII. of Castille (and of Eleanor of England), was so fair that she was called *Candide*, and was good, prudent, and pious. She enjoyed her husband's love in a happy union of twenty-six years. Yet she was not exempt from royal anxieties; for during her regency for her son (St. Louis), she had many troubles, cares, and difficulties, on account of the insurgent nobles and the Bretons. She had lost four sons and a daughter in infancy, and she finally died of grief at Maubuisson, on hearing that her son, St. Louis, who had gone to Palestine, was a prisoner in Egypt.

Louis IX. (St. Louis). 1226.

When only nineteen he married **MARGARET**, daughter of Raymond Berenger Count of Toulouse, who was herself but fifteen. She had every advantage of person, mind, and heart, and was ever beloved by Louis. But in her early days she experienced great vexation from her mother-in-law, **Blanche**, who so entirely separated the affectionate young couple, that she would not permit them even to converse together. On one occasion when Margaret was dangerously ill, and Louis had ventured to her room to inquire after her health, his mother, finding him there, took him by the hand to lead him out; and the poor invalid called to her in tears—"What, madame! will you not suffer me, either living or dying, to speak to my lord and husband?" After the death of **Blanche**, the domestic happiness of Margaret was unbroken, if we except her natural grief at losing six of her eleven children. But her greatest affliction was the loss of St. Louis, who died of the plague in Tunis. She died 1295, and was buried at St. Denis.

Philip III. (the Hardy). 1270.

His first wife, **ISABEL**, daughter of James I. King of Arragon, was only fifteen at the time of her marriage, and had a fair prospect of happiness, had

life been spared. But she died at twenty-five, in consequence of a fall from her horse, which occasioned a premature confinement. She was buried at St. Denis. The second queen of Philip, **MARY of BRABANT**, daughter of Henry Duke of Brabant, was handsome and intellectual, and was at first beloved by her husband. But a gulf was soon opened between them by the calumny of a man named La Brosse, an upstart favourite of Philip, who accused Mary of having poisoned Louis, the son of her predecessor Isabel. Philip imprisoned the queen, and treated her with rigour. But her brother, then Duke of Brabant, came forward in her defence; and after a searching examination, La Brosse was convicted (by the confession of one of his tools) of the young prince's murder, and was hanged. Mary was honourably acquitted; but she had suffered severely in mind and in health, from the trials and indignities to which she had been exposed. After Philip's death she lived in a close retreat from the world. One of her daughters, Margaret, was the second wife of Edward I. of England.

Philip IV. (the Fair). 1285.

His queen was **JOAN**, daughter of Henry King of Navarre. She had great talents, and a taste for the fine arts; and seems to have escaped, in great degree, the sorrows of the crown matrimonial of France. But she had only attained the age of thirty-three at her death. One of her daughters, Isabel, was married to Edward II. of England subsequently to her mother's decease.

We come now in order of time to four Burgundian princesses (two pairs of sisters), whose respective husbands filled the throne of France in succession, under the titles of Louis X. (*le Hutin*), Philip V. the Tall), Charles IV. (*the Handsome*), and Philip VI. (*de Valois*). These ladies were **MARGARET** and **JOAN**, daughters of Robert II. Duke of Burgundy, consorts of Louis X. and Philip de Valois; and **JANE** and **BLANCHE**, daughters of Otho of Burgundy, and wives of Philip V. and Charles IV.

MARGARET was married when scarcely fifteen to Louis X. She was very handsome, and depraved in no ordinary degree. She, with her sisters-in-law, Jane and Blanche, inhabited the Hotel de Nesle, that stood on the

Seine,* and that has acquired an infamous celebrity from the scandalous revels of these beautiful but wicked young females, who are said to have caused the guests they admitted secretly to be hurled down a trap-door and drowned in the river, if they unfortunately recognised in their fair and anonymous entertainers the wives of their princes. Margaret and Blanche had selected two favourites, Norman knights and brothers, named Philip and Walter d'Aulnay. The latter had been attached to a Mademoiselle de Morfontaine, who, finding herself neglected, was inspired by jealousy to watch her fickle lover, and thus discovered the double intrigue, which soon came to the knowledge of the king (then Philip IV.) On the trial of the criminals, revelations especially disgraceful to the princesses were made. The brothers D'Aulnay were executed after being put to tortures too horrible to relate. Some persons proved to have been accessories to the royal intrigues were likewise put to death. Margaret and Blanche were degraded, and stripped of their inheritances; their heads were shaved, and they were imprisoned in a most rigorous manner in the Chateau Gaillard, about seven leagues from Rouen. Margaret was strangled by the hands of an executioner in her dungeon, by the king's order, in 1315, when only twenty-six.

BLANCHE remained a close prisoner for twelve years. She was then removed to the Abbey of Maubuisson, where she took the veil, but did not long survive her profession. Her two children pre-deceased her. She was never crowned as the consort of Charles IV., but the shadow of the crown matrimonial projected itself forwards, and fell upon her, as it were, by anticipation.

JANE was sentenced to imprisonment in the Castle of Dourdan. But she was the heiress of the province of Franche Comté, which her husband did not think it good policy to restore, as he should do if he divorced her. He therefore affected to believe her innocent of the charges brought against her, and applied to the parliament for her acquittal and restoration to her rank and honours. During the life of

her husband, King Philip V., Jane lived decorously; but her after years proved the truth of the former accusations; for her widowhood was a career of the utmost profligacy. She died in Flanders at the age of thirty-seven.

JOAN of Burgundy, sister of Queen Margaret, and wife to Philip VI. (de Valois), bore a very different character from that of her guilty relatives. She was prudent and virtuous, and was beloved by her husband, but had the grief to see his kingdom overrun by the English. The fate and the criminality of her sister must have given her many bitter pangs. She died at fifty-five, and was buried at St. Denis.

After the execution of Margaret in the dungeon of Chateau Gaillard, her husband, Louis X., took for his second wife CLEMENCE of Anjou. But she had been only a few months wedded when Louis died, leaving her *enceinte*. The violence of her grief brought on fever, and her posthumous child died in a few days after its birth. She herself died young, in retirement.

After the demise of Blanche in her cloister, her widower, Charles IV., married MARY of LUXEMBURG, daughter of the Emperor Henry VII. She was amiable, discreet, and beloved, and died in childbirth, aged only eighteen, in a year after her marriage.

The third wife of Charles, JANE d'EVREUX, his cousin, was worthy of the love and esteem he bestowed upon her. But she lost her affectionate husband by death after three years only of union. Jane lived to the age of sixty, and was buried at St. Denis. The crown made for her coronation was used to crown the succeeding queens of France.

On the death of Joan of Burgundy, the virtuous sister of the strangled Margaret, Philip VI. married BLANCHE of NAVARRE, then only eighteen. But her regal splendours and domestic affections were overthrown by the death of Philip, in a year and a-half after their nuptials; and she was left a widow and *enceinte* before she had completed her twentieth year. She had subsequently the misfortune to lose her only child, Blanche, in the bloom of youth. Queen Blanche lived in retirement, and died at seventy, and was buried at St. Denis.

* Its site is now occupied by the Palace of the Institute, and some other buildings.

from all sides, yet the ocean of her misery was never full till the last moment of her cruel martyrdom ; and the tale of her sufferings, like an ocean, infinite and perennial, has never been exhausted, though the theme of a thousand pens.

Napoleon. 1804.

The smooth brow to which the blood-stained diadem of Marie Antoinette was transferred, seemed for a season exempted from the ordinary fatality. JOSEPHINE was happy in her children ; happy in her imperial husband's love and his glory ; happy in her extraordinary elevation ; happy in the respect of her court, where no unblushing rival dared, as in former reigns, to parade within the circle of the fair sovereign. But the unseen and unsuspected thorn within the crown matrimonial worked its way. Who knows not the anguish of that unmerited and ungrateful divorce, to which she was forced to consent, by the man whom she had materially served, and whom she had so affectionately loved ?

Her Austrian successor could not be accounted otherwise than unfortunate, since early deprived of empire, parted for ever from a husband whose sincere wish it had been to render her happy, and bereaved by death of her amiable son, if she had but possessed ordinary sensibility. But cold, apathetic, and selfish, MARIA LOUISA evinced but little feeling for her every way blighted boy — none for his imprisoned and fallen father ; and her subsequent connexion with her one-eyed chamberlain, Count Neipperg, disentitles her to our respect or sympathy. Doubtless the reader will remember how Byron has characterised her heartlessness in his "Age of Bronze," in the sarcastic lines that conclude thus :—

" Her eye, her cheek betray no inward strife,
And the ex-empress grows as *ex* a wife !
So much for human ties in royal breasts !
Why spare man's feelings when their own are
jeats ?"

Louis Philippe. 1830.

But who shall withhold his pity from the respectable ex-queen, AMELIA, the last, and still living victim of the crown matrimonial of France ? She,

in her domestic affections, was happy till the diadem pressed her temples : *then*, she was destined to weep over the graves of her eldest son (Duke of Orleans), snatched away in the prime of manhood, and of her lovely daughter, Marie, in the bloom of youth, with her nuptial garland just wreathed ; and at last to fly into a foreign land with her husband, from the rage of his revolted nation ; and to remain in exile, widowed and dethroned.

And now, reader, have we not laid before you a black catalogue of those who have worn the crown matrimonial of France ? Out of sixty-seven royal and imperial consorts, there are but thirteen on whose names there is no dark stain of sorrow or of sin. Of the others, eleven were divorced ; two died by the executioner ; nine died very young ; seven were soon widowed ; three were cruelly traduced ; three were exiles ; thirteen were bad in different degrees of evil ; the prisoners and the heart-broken make up the remainder. All those who were buried at St. Denis—about twenty* in number—were denied the rest of the grave ; their tombs were broken, their coffins opened, their remains exposed to the insults of a revolutionised populace, and then flung into a trench, and covered with quick-lime.

Does history show any parallel to this list of queens and empresses in any civilised country ? With pride and pleasure we contrast with it our English history ; for though several of our queens have had sorrows, the number of the sufferers is smaller, and their griefs were (generally speaking) of a more chastened kind. Nor has the English diadem been disgraced by so many examples of wickedness, nor by turpitude of so deep a dye : and how few are the divorces !—none since the Conquest save in the reign of *one* king. We are not about to investigate the causes of the fatality so evidently attending the crown matrimonial of France, with whatever idiosyncrasy, so to speak, in the nation or in the court it may be connected ; nor *why* the *dark shadow* should spread into other lands when their sovereigns ally themselves with French royalty. But we cannot help observing the remark—

* This number only refers to the royal consorts from the time of Charlemagne ; others of earlier date were buried at St. Denis, and subsequently exhumed.

able fact, that the shadow has rested upon our British crown when shared with a daughter of France. The two persons among our queens consort notorious for their wickedness, were both French princesses, Eleanor of Aquitaine, divorced by Louis VII., and married by Henry II. of England; and Isabel (daughter of Philip IV. and Jane of Navarre), the faithless and cruel wife of our Edward II.—she whom Gray has apostrophised:—

“She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate.”

Richard II., husband of the gentle child-queen Isabel de Valois (daughter of Charles VI. and Isabel of Bavaria) was dethroned and murdered. Henry V. survived his marriage with Isabel’s sister, Catherine de Valois, but two years; and on his death, in the flower of manhood, England’s glory was long obscured; and from the second marriage of the same Catherine, descended Henry VIII., the greatest tyrant that

ever oppressed this realm. Charles I., husband of Henrietta Maria (daughter of Henry and Mary de Medicis), was beheaded. Constance of Provence, Isabel of Angoulême, and Margaret of Anjou, the partners of the troubled reigns of Henry III., John, and Henry VI., though not daughters of French kings, were, nevertheless, French women.

In retracing the miseries of the unfortunate royal marriages of France, our memory has involuntarily and naturally recurred to the familiar lines of Horace, descriptive of unions of an opposite character. If any one wishes to adopt those lines, as a good augury for the new “imperial bride,” whatever doubts we may feel, we will not in courtesy gainsay him:—

“Felix ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
Divulsus querimonis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die.”*

M. E. M.

LECTURES AT MECHANICS' INSTITUTES—LORD CARLISLE—LORD BELFAST.

“Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, a Course of Lectures by the Earl of Belfast,” is the title of a volume lately laid on our table. The name is one well calculated to excite attention, and the preface, which tells us that “the lectures were delivered in the Music Hall, Belfast, in the month of March, 1852, for the benefit of the library fund of the local Working Classes’ Association,” is of itself enough to disarm criticism. The volume is inscribed to the Earl of Carlisle, whose exertions in aiding the education of all classes of society have done him so much honour, and have been productive of so much good. Most of our readers must be familiar with the account of his travels in America, his narrative of which was first communicated in the form of lectures at Mechanics’ Institutes in the north of England,

and has since been published in one of the little books which, by their cheapness, tempt railway travellers to purchase, and which are more sure to find attentive readers than if they had been brought before the world in the sumptuous quartos of a former day. In the same unambitious form were also published his comments on the poetry of Pope and of Gray, which were first read or spoken by him before one or more of the mechanics’ institutes or working men’s associations.

Such readers as have the opportunity of referring to the beautiful little book entitled “Claims of Labour,” or even to our very imperfect account of it,† will find a statement that the effect of the changes, which society has undergone during the last two or three centuries, has been each day to separate the classes, of which it consists, from

* “Thrice happy they, in pure delights,
Whom love with mutual bond unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Even to the latest hours of life.”—FRANCIS and PYE’s *Horace*.

† DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Jan. 1845.

each other more and more. Look through any of the books which describe ancient manners—Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," for instance—and see how much has passed away in which a more easy intercourse between classes tended to increase the kindliness of each to the other. The very study of books tends to isolate us. The ancient Church festivities, and the parodies of these festivities, which were a part of manners as much as the more sacred solemnities—the Boy Bishop, and the Abbot of Misrule, and the Devil in the Mysteries and Mummeries—brought all persons together to the same common enjoyment. The distinctions of rank were not forgotten, but there was to all the same share in a common enjoyment. All this has passed away. Other times and other thoughts have succeeded. The Book of Sports is no longer a part almost of the religion of the people. We have no wish to recall that past; we have no doubt that, on the whole, society has gained; and so far from that gain having been at the expense of those whom we conventionally call the lower classes, it is our opinion that those classes—considered as classes—have on the whole gained, but that something of the happiness of society has, both to the rich and the poor, been lost—something for which, if it could not be preserved, it would at least be well to seek such compensation as changed circumstances enable us still to attain.

It is a delight to us to see such men as the author of the "Claims of Labour;" as the Earl of Carlisle, and, we may add, as the Earl of Belfast, active in the mission of humanity. There can be no doubt that, wherever the essays of the first-mentioned writer are known, they have been productive of great good—that they have pressed, upon the heart and conscience of many, a sense of duty, which, urged by a less earnest or less gentle monitor, would probably have indolently slumbered, satisfied with benevolent dreams, and never wakened into action. Lord Carlisle has, perhaps, even done yet more, as there is something in the living voice, and eye, and gesture, more than in the mute eloquence of books. And it is probable that his example and encouragement in parts of the country where he possesses political and territorial influence, have brought numbers to aid

in the good cause of education, who would otherwise have silently allowed the working classes to effect what they could for themselves, satisfied that they were doing fully enough, if they did not interrupt.

It would appear that Lord Carlisle has for many years delivered lectures at the several mechanics' institutes through Yorkshire; and there are few books which convey more information on topics of general literature than the little shilling volume of his addresses which the Longmans have issued in "The Travellers' Library." But of greater value than any amount of pleasure or instruction that may be derived from the book is the example thus given, and which has had many followers. Dickens and Bulwer Lytton have aided in the good cause. Robert Ferguson, son of the member for Carlisle—who is himself president of the mechanics' institute of Carlisle—has, in their hall, given, in popular lectures, the best account of Austria and its institutions that we know. We believe, but are not quite sure, that the substance of his volume of Eastern travels, which, in spite of its fantastic title ("the Pipe of Repose"), deserves to be classed with the works of Warburton and Kinglake, was first delivered in the form of lectures. Through Lord Carlisle's addresses, the cultivation of our higher nature, by means of the Fine Arts and of Poetry, is impressively urged; and there is no reason whatever why these should be exclusively the birthright and heritage of the rich. Through the Fine Arts and Poetry, rather than in any other way, is it felt that mankind are all of one blood—

"One touch of Nature doth make all men kin."

The language of our true nature is that of poetry. In one of these addresses, Lord Carlisle suggests what we think might lead to great good—the mere reading aloud of some great poem—the "Paradise Lost;" the "Iliad" in one of the English translations; a play of Shakspeare's. Why not extend this—why not a novel of Lever's, or Miss Edgeworth's? The comfort of a warm and well-lit room, with such enjoyments, will soon put an end to ale-house junkettings and such excitements.

Scotland was, we believe, the birth-place of these Institutions; but we are

not sure that their success has been as great, or their influence as beneficial as in the north of England. There is some difficulty in making them direct schools of instruction for the adult, and the education of the young is provided for or assisted in many other ways. The danger to be chiefly guarded against is, the communication of superficial information. Still, even this is better than none, and its diffusion is likely rather to cure than create idle vanity. There will, no doubt, be showy lectures on mesmerism, and phrenology, and such things—which, if they do no great good, will yet do little or no harm; and amusement is itself a good. It is wonderful to how much our strong perception of this great truth—unrevealed to statisticians and benevolent Quakers, and the race of philanthropists and antiphilanthropists—reconciles us. Even laughing at a lecture—so that the laugh be not very loud or long—is no unpleasant or unprofitable thing.

In these reunions at mechanics' institutes, we do not ask for the very best information on any subject. The better we can get, the more shall we be pleased; but as the cheerful guest will not contradict his host who is passing off a bottle of claret for Burgundy, but affirms, without giving the wine a name, that "it is good wine of its kind," so we, on these occasions, take what we can get, and are thankful. A short lecture from a lord may be better than a long one from a mechanic; still, when we go to these places—attendance on which we rather preach vehemently than practice actively—we should like sometimes to hear lords lectured as well as lecturing. The thing, however, is a good thing—a very good thing; and if of moment in Scotland and in England, of how much greater moment is it in Ireland. What Lord Carlisle, and Helps, and Ferguson, with the aid of Dickens and Bulwer Lytton, and others, are doing in England, Lord Belfast is doing in Ireland. He had, we ought, perhaps to say, been anticipated at Belfast, by Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Napier, who both delivered lectures at the same rooms, for the same objects; and in Limerick similar efforts were successfully made by the late Sir Aubrey De Vere.

We are glad to find a young Irish nobleman engaged in the good cause. Our mentioning him in connexion

with the distinguished men whom we have just spoken of, is almost forced upon us, not merely from the circumstance of all being engaged in what is substantially the same work, but because they may be said to feel themselves as co-operating with each other in it. Lord Belfast's work is, as we have said, dedicated to the Earl of Carlisle, as is also the "Friends in Council," of one of the other writers whom we have mentioned.

There can, we think, be no doubt that the bringing together the various ranks of society, has upon all a humanising influence. This has made the theatre, at all times felt—in spite of much that we could wish changed for the better, and with all its permitted license—to be, upon the whole, of no doubtful benefit to society. In one of Lord Morpeth's addresses to the Leeds Mechanics' Institute—we like to speak of him under the name by which he was known among us—after endeavouring to excite his auditors to the "exercise of active virtue," he adds:—

"I believe there is scarcely anything which might not be attained, if we could only one and all of us determine to rise up to what we might be; if it could only be felt thoroughly by every one of us, no matter how humble his place, or how contracted his sphere, that each one has his own appointed work and mission,—not, assuredly, by indulging in any puffed-up opinion of his own capacity, and endeavouring to escape from his natural place or his allotted business, but by constant and conscientious perseverance, in which he might do much, very much, to smooth all the troubled elements of the daily life around him, and to aid the general welfare and advancement of his species. I believe that there is nothing at once so ambitious, and yet so humble, as duty; and it is the true, the practical, the Christian philosophy to endeavour rightly to apportion and attemper the ambition and the humility. It is because I believe that labour affords the main occasion and chief exercise-ground of duty, and because I see what labour has already done, and stretch my eyes forward to the yet greater things which it has to do in the world, that I said that if I had lived in the olden times, I should have been ready to build temples and altars in its name. But when I give this merited praise to labour, I believe, at the same time, that, with a view to the interests of labour itself, with a view to its vigorous, and permanent, and cheerful exercise, we ought not to exact too excessive and engrossing a service; but that breaks and relaxations are desirable, and salutary, and even necessary, to its own proper deve-

lopment and support. It is, therefore, that I love to read occasionally of the expeditions made by the monster trains which convey large numbers far away from the smoke and confinement of their own streets and shops, to see whatever may be worthy of note, upon the many points of that great net-work of railways by which we are in the process of being surrounded,—to the crowded quays of Liverpool or the gothic aisles of York; and I should not repine—let me say it with the peace of Mr. Wordsworth—if a protracted line of railway should, on some sunny afternoon, carry a large bevy of the tradesmen of Leeds to the soft margin of Windermere or Ullswater. It is on the same ground that it has given me peculiar pleasure to have the privilege of witnessing and sharing the celebration of this evening, in the midst of such a community as I have already adverted to, and in the presence of such a company as that which I now see around me. It has, indeed, fallen to my lot often to be present at what are termed fashionable amusements in various quarters of the globe, and I have always found that they are pretty much the same thing wherever in the world it might be—whether amongst the courtier circles of St. Petersburg, or the republican dandies of New York. I do not mean to assume any very severe or moralising tone with respect to the attempts of people to amuse or enliven themselves; but I must say that I have generally found these very polished amusements to be rather listless, unmeaning, and unsatisfying things, where people seemed to come because they had nothing better to do, and to find it a great relief when it was time to go away. But an assembly like this, confined to no class or walk in life, comprising very many of what are termed the middle and labouring classes of society, those who keep the business of daily life really going, brought and kept together by no other tie than the love of knowledge, the wish to attain it and to communicate it, to acquire for themselves and to dispense to others the reciprocal benefits of instruction and advancement—this, to say nothing of its being more useful and more ennobling, seems to me a far fresher, livelier, heartier thing, than the high-flying entertainments I have adverted to—the morning battue or the midnight polka."

In another address (Wakefield, May, 1844), we find him addressing the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes:—

"In your busy and engrossing occupations, toiling at your daily task, and for your daily bread, you may certainly be without those opportunities and aids to advancement in study or in discovery which belong to studious ease, or to learned leisure; but it is not from these quarters that the most bril-

liant contributions to human advancement have been always made; it was not from these classes that Watt, or Brindley, or Fulton, or Burns, or Chantrey, came. In my travels on the great continent of North America, I chanced to fall in with a blacksmith in one of the interior States, who, while he most assiduously performed all the requirements of his calling, accomplished the mastery of, so as to be perfectly able to read, about fifty languages. I have just put down an extract which was made from the journal of this blacksmith linguist; it is a diary of his daily business for five days taken by chance in the course of the year. The extract is from the common-place book of Elihu Burritt, in 1838. 'June 5th. Read fifty lines of Hebrew, thirty-seven of Celtic; six hours of forging. June 6th. Read thirty-seven lines of Hebrew, forty of Celtic; six hours of forging. June 7th. Read sixty lines of Hebrew, sixty lines of Celtic, fifty-four pages of French, twenty names of stars; five hours of forging. June 8th. Read fifty-one lines of Hebrew, fifty lines of Celtic, forty pages of French, fifteen names of stars; eight hours of forging. June 10th (Sunday). 100 lines of Hebrew, eighty-five pages of French, four services at church, Bible-class at noon.' For many days he was unwell, and sometimes worked twelve hours at the forge; so that it seems that he did not come within the ten-hours' bill. Now, lest you should be tempted to think that the concerns of his handicraft interfered with or were prejudicial to his course of study, I shall subjoin a remark which was made with respect to him by Mr. Combe, the eminent phrenologist, who travelled in America, and who gave the greatest attention to the developments of the human head, and to the conditions of human health. Mr. Combe says—'One thing is obvious, that the necessity for forging saved this student's life; if he had not been forced by necessity to labour, he would in all probability have devoted himself so incessantly to his books, that he would have ruined his health, and been carried to a premature grave.'"

Lord Carlisle is not satisfied with thus praising, and thus encouraging the exertions of others. He is himself a fellow-worker with the humblest of those who toil, and with Him in whose service all toil alike. There can, we think—whatever seeming contradiction may lead us to enunciate the proposition doubtfully or to limit it—be no reasonable doubt that the education, which disciplines the faculties, and brings before the mind larger objects of contemplation than those which are forced upon it by the necessary provision for each day's wants, even though unconnected with religion, elevates the moral na-

ture of man. We should say this without hesitation, were it not that some writers, and among them Sir A. Alison, contend, or seem to contend, against the proposition, and have endeavoured to prove from statistical tables that crime increases with the increase of secular education. The fact we doubt, or, to speak more accurately, disbelieve, whatever statistical tables may say, or seem to say. But, suppose it true, it is far from deciding the question. Education for all may be desirable, even suppose it accompanied with increased crime in some. The question, however, is one which we are not now called on to discuss. Our business is with a volume or two, discussing the merits of some of the English poets, not a statistical inquiry—

"Ours is a tale of Flodden field,
And not an history!"

But why review such a work at all? It makes no high claims. A good deal of it was printed in the newspapers when the lectures were delivered, and the newspaper itself—

"The folio of four pages—happy work—
Which not even critics criticise,"

would not seem to be more secure from the pen of the reviewer than these lectures, written for some local purpose, and becoming a book almost by accident. But we are not sure that even the newspaper of our day is sacred from the reviewer. The newspapers of Cowper's time, were newspapers in the proper sense of the word; they did not affect any very serious criticism, nor were they subjected to it. They were but little instrumental in creating, or in displacing ministries. They were not what newspapers have since become. They gave reports, strange and imperfect reports, of parliamentary debates, from which little would be learned of what was going forward—that little calculated not to satisfy, but to excite curiosity. You had, no doubt, then, as now—

"Patriots bursting with heroic rage,
And placemen, all tranquillity and smiles."

You had public meetings; corporation orators roared,—seditious demagogues harangued—

"Cataracts of declamation thunder here—
There, forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wonders lost;
While fields of pleasantries amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,

And lilies for the brows of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald—
Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets;
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews;
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs;
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits;
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wenders—wondering for his head."

Among the advertisements of the newspaper of that elder day were, no doubt, those of the itinerant lecturer, though neither Cowper nor Crabbe have thought it necessary to distinguish them from those of other candidates for public attention, whose claims to notice fill the motley miscellany—

"Lo! where the advertising tribe succeed,
Pay to be read, yet find that few will read,
And chief the illustrious race, whose drops and pills
Have patent powers to vanquish human ills."

Physic had once alone the lofty style,
The well-known boast, that served to raise a smile.
Now all the province of the tribe invade,
And we abound in quacks of every trade."

The newspaper of the days of these poets can scarcely be said to exist now. It is probable that such delight as Cowper describes welcoming the arrival of the post, was less felt in the afterdays of mail coaches, than when the winter evening and its comforts were ushered in by the arrival of the postboy—

"He comes—the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen
locks—
News from all nations lumbering at his back."

And the rapidity with which the railroad conveys intelligence cannot but diminish its interest. Is there any place now so remote from the stir of intercourse as to have the kind of happiness and misery intelligible, which Crabbe speaks of, in the following lines?—

"So charm the news—but we, who far from town,
Wait till the postman brings the packet down;
Once in the week a vacant day behold,
And stay for tidings till they're three days old;
That day arrives, no welcome post appears,
But the dull morn a sullen aspect wears;
We meet, but, ah! without our wonted smile,
To talk of headaches, and complain of bile;
Sullen we ponder o'er a dull repast,
Nor feast the body while the mind must fast."

The newspaper of our day—which has swallowed up altogether the pamphlet of former time—bids fair to devour magazine and review. The only political discussions which are read at all are those in the papers. The review, appearing at intervals of three mortal months, is a slow coach; and everything that it used to carry is now sent by other conveyances. The magazine, moving on lighter springs, rather better horsed, and driven by smarter lads than

the old lumbering review, yet often finds itself distanced by the newspaper; and there is even in ourselves, who still hold the magazine a somewhat more convenient vehicle than either newspaper or review, some disposition to allow many of the modern books, which in one way or other reach us, to be delivered to Prince Posterity, if such be their destination, by any other conveyance than our van.

The feeling with which we regard Lord Belfast's exertions in communicating, by public lectures, his views of "the Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," may be judged by our notice of his graceful work, when reviewing Lord John Russell's "Memoirs of Moore." Still we have some hesitation in making a volume of criticism the subject of a critique. The very justness of the observations is against our doing so, as the subject on which Lord Belfast lectures is one which has been treated of by almost every person engaged in literature for the last thirty or forty years, and it was scarce possible that much of novelty could distinguish any one now bringing it before any portion of the public. That persons in humbler walks of society should be addressed by a person in his lordship's position scarce constitutes a reason, interesting as the fact, no doubt, is, and indicative of social improvement in more ways than one. The beauty of many passages in these lectures—the power of mind which they occasionally and very often exhibit, and the good sense which has subdued and controlled the expression of enthusiastic admiration, and fitted the lecturer for his office, form our chief motive for making the volume the subject of a formal review.*

The first lecture opens with a passage from Lord Jeffrey, in which he states the importance of being able to trace the sources in our own mind to which the pleasure that poetry gives is ultimately to be referred. The reader in Sterne, "who is pleased, he knows not why and cares not wherefore," is a different class of person altogether from such analytical student as the great critic imagines. He who,

"Man and boy,
Hath been an idler in the land,
Contented if he can enjoy
The things that others understand,"

has no business here. The mere vague perception of natural beauty—the feeling of enjoyment from sunshine and shade, from indulgence in a dreamy mood and from modulated sound—when one is pleased rather from our own reverie being but little interrupted by any exercise of attentive thought—which, we fear, is by too many regarded as constituting the basis of the poetical character, is at all events one which will not do for him who would examine scenery for the purpose of re-producing, by any exercise of the painter's art, its effects on the eye or on the mind. Still less would it answer in the case of the analyst of poetry, whether his object be the ambitious one, which the young poet, in the strong sympathy that consciousness of kindred power cannot but produce, may have, of learning from the works of the great masters how their creations arose, or whether it be but the gratification of a reasonable curiosity, not easily satisfied, till it has learned as much as can be searched out, by patiently investigating causes and effects, of the art "unteachable, untaught." Our author seems to decline such analysis, and limits his ambition within more narrow bounds:—

"As for me, I will account it sufficient glory and reward, if I succeed in imparting to those that hear me any share of my own admiration for our immortal bards, by proving that it is based both on taste and truth.

"The requisites for a poet are many, but beyond all doubt the chief of these are *Imagination* and *Fancy*. Of these two qualities it might be said that the one builds the structure, while the other stamps upon it a delicate tracery: or, comparing them to music, that the one conceives the theme, while the other adorns it with an airy net-work of ornament that charms the ear, and enables it to follow the leading idea through subtle changes and Protean harmony.

"Imagination is cultivated by patient observation: the impressions of sense which are felt by all alike, glide off the memory of the unimaginative man, while on the mind of him who has this heaven-bestowed gift, they are reflected—not evanescently—but as it were upon a plate prepared by photographic process, to perpetuate the semblance of whatever shadow is cast thereon.

"This retaining of impressions produces a habit of accuracy in the process of imaging, that will eventually bestow a power of describing objects not before the eyes; and the poet thus acquires the power of storing

* "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." London, Longmans, 1852.

his mind with materials that enable him to produce at will an harmonious whole, which, though it be the building of his own brain, is formed of materials dug from the quarries of memory and reflection.

"This is the poet's groundwork. Then with a mind thus plentifully stored, he seeks to place some order in his thoughts. At first all is chaos and confusion; but a light, though far distant, appears, and as his thoughts begin to take a form, it seems by degrees to approach and widen its track, until a broad and even way lies patent before him; the stores of memory so ranged on either side that he plucks from them on his passage that which shall best adorn his attendant muse; while from the wild flowers which fancy strews in his path, he stoops to pick such as shall form a wreath most apt to deck her brow."

The "Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," is not a strictly accurate title. The poems by which Coleridge is best known, were written before 1800; so were Wordsworth's, so were Crabbe's, and so were many of Scott's. It is also inaccurate in a different way; it is confined to the poetry of writers who are dead. Still, who has ever meditated a title-page, and found it possible to avoid inconveniences of this kind?

Of Coleridge, we are given some account of the "Ancient Mariner," and a few quotations, well calculated to give some conception of the poem. "Christabel" is scarcely mentioned; nor are we satisfied with the few words which relate to the "Ode to Dejection":—

"Of Coleridge's love of truth, mastering every other feeling, we have a curious example in his 'Lines to Wordsworth.'

"The latter had recited to him a poetical essay 'on the growth of an individual mind,' which Coleridge greatly admired. On the following evening he addressed to his brother bard a laudatory poem, in which he conveys his praise in terms that must have startled the hermit of Grasmere, whose delight was—

"'To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.'

Speaking of Wordsworth's visit to France during its revolution, he thus addresses him:—

"'For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,
Amid the terror of a realm aglow,
Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
When, from the general heart of human kind
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!
—Of that dear hope afflicted and struck down,

So summoned homeward, thenceforth calm
and sure,
From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,
With light unwaning on her eyes to look
Far on herself, a glory to behold,
The angel of the vision!—Then (last strain)
Of duty, chosen laws' controlling choice,
Action and joy!—An orphic song, indeed—
A song divine, of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted!"

"But for the example of truth, of which I spoke. He says:—

"'Nor do thou,
Sage Bard, impair the memory of that hour
Of thy communion with *my nobler mind*,'

"In any other man this had been arrogance; in Coleridge it was the overweening influence of truth raising him above the formal modesty: and this is perhaps the most characteristic line in all his works."

The poem "On the growth of an individual mind," which is here mentioned, is that which, since Wordsworth's death, has been published under the name of "The Prelude." It is curious how Lord Belfast has mistaken the meaning of the passage which he quotes. Coleridge speaks of his "*nobler mind*," not—as Lord Belfast supposes—thinking of it as in comparison with Wordsworth's, but in comparison with itself at an after period, when broken health and impaired energies had left it other than what it was in the period of youth and hope. The poem speaks in a tone of natural depression of spirits, of the contrast between Coleridge, as he was at the time to which Wordsworth's poem chiefly referred, and in which he is often described in language of admiration, anticipating all that might be expected from his "God-given" strength, and Coleridge, in the dejection of broken health and spirits—

"Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
The pulses of my being beat anew:
And, even as life returns upon the drowned,
Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains,
Keen pangs of love awakening as a babe
Turbulent with an outcry in the heart;
And fears, self-willed, that shunned the
eye of hope;
And hope, that scarce would know itself
from fear;
Sense of past youth and manhood come in
vain,
And genius given, and knowledge won in
vain;

And all which I had culled in wood-walks
wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee, had opened out but
flowers
Strewed on my corse and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin for the self-same grave!"
Sibylline Leaves.

The poetry of Kirke White next comes to the mind of our author. How suggested — whether by supposed excellence, or by real contrast — we do not well know. The caprices, however, of criticism, when the writer is of gentle mood, are as little to be accounted for as those of love itself. Some accident of a school premium, or some present from a theological godmother, may have introduced White's poems to our author. He may, perhaps, have taken him up when he ought to have been better employed, and this alone is often the cause of admiration; but some cause having but little connexion with the merits of the writer, must have raised White into the heaven of poetry in which Lord Belfast regards him as a star. We remember one similar case, James Montgomery's admiration of Dermody, whom he regarded as one of the greatest poets of later times. White's "Ode to Disappointment" is quoted, the cadences of which have a sort of desolate wail, which is not unlikely to give pleasure to an uninformed ear. It is a poem without passion or imagery—a vague, blank, vacant poem; Scriptural language supplying the absence of thought—a poem by no means unpleasing, but surely not one of any promise:—

"Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
Half whistles and half groans."

Just listen—

"What is this passing scene?—
A peevish April day!
A little sun, a little rain,
And then night steals along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him
in the dust.

"Then since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys
Where rust consumes and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill,
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze — this
throbbing heart be still?"

Some passages are then quoted from a poem which White left unfinished at his death, in which a council of demons is assembled, and speeches given there, containing some forcible lines. We think a time will come in which Lord Belfast will agree with us in thinking, that he has said too much, when he states that Kirke White's "description of Satan's return to his own kingdom, after his visit to earth, and his temptation of our Saviour, scarcely yields the palm to Milton."

From Kirke White, we pass to Wordsworth. The poems which had originally raised so loud a laugh against Wordsworth, are quoted, and Lord Belfast is among those who join in the merriment; yet something is to be allowed for the weight in the opposite scale, which ought to be given to what Coleridge has told us, that he has known in the case of each of the ridiculed poems, some one distinguished man to whom it was a peculiar favourite—a fact, which may teach us a lesson of humility; for the poems that have given more than common pleasure to such a man as Fox, one of the admirers spoken of by Coleridge, must have something to commend them—must have some value which it may possibly, if not probably, be our own fault, if we altogether disregard. Wordsworth was himself amused at some playful imitations of them, as we learn by a quotation, which our author gives from Gillies' "Reminiscences of a Literary Veteran":—

"Gillies describes a conversation with Sir Brooke Boothby, one of the greatest authorities of the day, on the subject of the then new aspirant to literary honours. 'During one of our many walks,' says Gillies, 'he inquired whether I did not think his poems very childish, and their subjects ill-chosen; to which I answered sweepingly that one subject was as good as another in the hands of a veritable poet, and that to resuscitate the feelings and impressions of childhood was an important duty. Two or three days afterwards, Sir Brooke gave me a MS. entitled "Second Childhood; or the Exercises of a Neophyte in a New School." The said exercises were two-fold; first, a long poem, in heroic numbers, detailing minutely how the author in a morning ramble met with a juvenile chimney-sweeper, who gazed wistfully upon a basket of herrings, whereupon, after a train of reflection and inquiries, Sir Brooke produced a penny, and presented three of the silver-coats to the hungry youth; secondly,

a most laughable ode on childhood, which commenced—

“ ‘ Bring, O bring the cap and bells
Stuck with daffodil and daisy ;’

and of which I remember only four more lines—

“ ‘ Namby pamby, dilly dally,
Never let your thoughts aspire !
Wisdom lies in being silly,
Man was made for nothing higher.’

With these travesties no one was more heartily diverted than the great poet himself, when he found them some years afterwards in an album at my house.’ ”

Some beautiful stanzas from his “ Lines to a Daisy,” are quoted, to prove Wordsworth’s liveliness and rapidity of fancy. There is a disposition, however, to repeat the kind of censure with which the “ Excursion ” was first assailed :—

“ The ‘ Excursion,’ ” says he, “ abounds with deep philosophical thought, and is throughout adorned with picturesque passages full of quiet and tender beauty. No one can read this poem (full though it be of incongruities, and inconsistent with all truth and probability as is the basis of the tale) without admiring the aim of the writer, and the energy with which he has struggled to build up and strengthen the powers of the mind, in contrast to the operations of sense. How much is it to be regretted that in the onset Wordsworth should have marred all harmony or apparent truthfulness in this work, by placing such sentiments as are here beautifully expressed in the mouth of—a Scotch pedlar—who, instead of hawking his wares with a broad Gaelic accent, is made to pour forth highly wrought phrases

“ ‘ Of truth and grandeur, beauty, love, and hope.’

Thus does the poet violate not only the conventional rules of poetry, but the realities of life ; for surely it is inconsistent with truth and probability that a profound moralist and dialectician should be found in such a situation.”

All this is unreasonable and unjust, and is borrowed almost in words from Jeffrey, or rather has been echoed from the old laughter of the *Edinburgh Review*. Jeffrey tells us that Mr. Wordsworth has made “ his chief advocate of Providence and virtue an old Scotch pedlar, retired, indeed, from business, but still rambling about in his former haunts, and gossiping among his old customers, without his pack on his shoulders.” Long before the “ Excursion ” had been written, it had been

remarked, in Pinkerton’s “ Letters from Scotland,” published under the name of “ Heron,” that the necessity of travelling alone through thinly-peopled districts had given to this class of men a meditative and pious turn of mind ; and that when the travelling merchant first left his home to pursue this occupation, he was regarded as about to be occupied in an honourable profession, not unbecoming a gentleman ; and, on his return, when enabled to retire with something of a competence, was received as such. Conventional feeling then was probably much less offended than our lecturer, “ bent beneath his load ” of old Reviews, imagines, by the introduction of the vagrant merchant among the persons of Wordsworth’s philosophical poem ; and in thinking over the several occupations of life that might have been imagined as likely to produce such a character as the hero of the “ Excursion,” we do not know any combining so many of the required conditions, as we meet with in the north country pedlar. The offence is in the word “ pedlar ”—not in any one of the associations necessarily connected with the thought. The same minds that quarrel with the word do not fall out with the Swiss itinerant who carries his basket of statues on his head ; and they probably connect a dream of amatory romance with the buy-a-broom girl. It would, of course, be impossible for us to give lengthened extracts from a poem which is within the reach of most of our readers, and thus show with how little reasonableness an objection of this kind is dwelt on. Yet we may be permitted a word. The “ Wanderer,” as Wordsworth calls his pedlar, is described as a younger child of one who cultivated a small hereditary farm among the Athol Hills. His father dies while he is a child ; his mother marries the village schoolmaster. The circumstances in which he is brought up are minutely, even anxiously dwelt on. The household is brought up

“ in the peaceful ways
Of honesty and holiness severe ;
A virtuous household, though exceeding poor.
Pure lives were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God : the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God’s Word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.”

The employment of the boy from six years of age till eighteen, is tending cattle on the hills, during the summer

And all which I had culled in wood-walks
wild,
And all which patient toil had reared, and all
Commune with thee, had opened out but
flowers
Strewed on my corpse and borne upon my bier,
In the same coffin for the self-same grave!"

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In the winter he is allowed to go each day to his stepfather's school, a fabric

"that stood alone;
Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,
Far from the sight of city spire, or sound
Of minster clock."

To the school he each day goes and each day returns alone. The character of the scenery around, the landscape and the changing heavens, impress themselves upon his mind; and thought becomes more a habit, even because he has no one to whom to communicate his impressions. From childhood he has become familiar with natural objects, and the solitude in which he lives has created at an early period of his life that intense self-communion in which, more than in all else, consists what is called genius. His feelings are associated not with the perishable objects on which those of common men are ordinarily fixed, but the glorious phenomena of outward nature—the mountains, the ocean, the midnight heavens, are impressed upon him

"with portraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seemed
To haunt the bodily sense."

The power of abstraction attributed to him was in itself genius. The scenery amid which he lived, thus linked to his mind by meditation and suggestive thought, supplied a standard with which, consciously or unconsciously, he measured

"All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms."

Not alone does his mind expand by the habit of contemplating objects of greatness, but in this way it becomes furnished with imagery. Outward nature has properly no life of its own; such life as we ascribe to it is given by the imagination of the observer,—is in truth the observer's own mind reflected upon things without, or is the recognition by the human spirit of the presence of Deity diffused over all;—the first breathing of what has been called natural religion.

The Wanderer is brought up with little aid from books. In early boyhood he has none, except such as tell the history of the martyrs of the Reformation and the Covenanters, and some fragments of old stories of giants, knights-errant, and demons—

"Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts,
Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures
dire,

Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbow'd, and lean-
ankled, too, .
With long and ghostly shanks—forms
which once seen
Could never be forgotten."

The legendary traditions of the country—and no land is richer in such traditions—nourished Imagination;—the Affections were of somewhat later growth in his mind, and appear first to have been confined to a sort of delight in contemplating the beauty of sunrise and its effects:—

"Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds
were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love."

His lonely reveries on the mountains have a still deeper effect on his mind:—

"Oh, then, how beautiful, how bright ap-
peared
The written promise! He had early learned
To reverence the volume which displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he feel his faith
. . . . all things there
Breathed immortality. . . .
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive. Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet,
was his heart
Lowly."

His occupation was that of a herdsman. He earned little more than what gave the means of his support; the parish minister's shelf supplied books with legends of martyrs and ghost stories. With something saved from his earnings, he had purchased the book which most had tempted

"his desires
While at the stall he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,—
The divine Milton."

His stepfather supplied a few mathematical books, and these now became his study. But nature was still uppermost at his heart,—

"as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting
power
In all things that from her sweet influence,
Might tend to wean him. Therefore, with
her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth."

Something of what is called mysticism would seem now to have possessed his mind; and that strange state in which feeling seeks to express itself in the language of pure science. A state of mind, which if we were not prepared for much of real or seeming contradiction in the human mind, could only last for a very short season. A fine passage follows:—

“ Full often wished he that the winds might
rage
When they were silent: for more fondly
now,
Than in his earlier season did he love,
Tempestuous nights, the conflict and the
sounds
That live in darkness: from his intellect,
And from the stillness of abstracted thought,
He asked repose; and I have heard him
say,
That often, failing at this time to gain
The peace required, he scanned the laws of
light,
Amid the roar of torrents, where they
sent
From hollow clefts, up to the clearer air,
A cloud of mist, which in the sunshine
frames
A lasting tablet for the observer's eye,
Varying its rainbow hues; but vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.”

In such training was his life passed till his eighteenth year, at which time he makes the effort to teach a village school, but finds that—

“ The wanderings of his thought were then
A misery to him; ”

And he resigns the task in despair. Then comes that occupation which gives him his designation among men, and which is a stone of stumbling even to those who are generally among the sure-footed. Is it possible that the word pedlar can have the power in any mind to overcome all the associations which have been gathered round this man, to whom a reality as strong as ever Defoe gave to one of his heroes, has been given by our great poet? and if

“ The small critic wielding his delicate pen,”

is unable to raise himself above the idle prejudice, does he imagine, or can he imagine, that the better portion of his audience, the mechanics and artisans whom he addresses, will or can follow him in this fastidious-

ness? Listen to the passage in which the offensive word occurs. Think you that any one capable of understanding and enjoying it—and to understand requires but ordinary attention—will be affected by the spirit of ridicule with which it is sought to preclude any consideration of a subject which has occupied a thoughtful man's mind for many years?—

“ That stern yet kindly spirit, who constrains
The Savoyard to quit his native rocks,
The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow vales,
(Spirit attached to regions mountainous,
Like their own steadfast clouds) did now
impel
His restless mind to look abroad with hope.
An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on
Thro' dusty ways, in storm, from door to
door,
A vagrant merchant, bent beneath his load!
Yet do such travellers find their own delight:
And their hard service, deemed debasing now,
Gained merited respect in simpler times,
When squire, and priest, and they who
round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration, all dependent
Upon the PEDLAR's toil, supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies with the wares he
brought.”

In this passage—in this passage alone is the fastidious reader shocked with the offensive word. Competence and ease were the sure rewards of a life of industry which had other attractions for a youth brought up in the way we have described, and who had found himself unfitted for the profession which he had originally thought of. We believe that in the humblest walks of industry, feelings as elevated as those which Wordsworth ascribes to his pedlar are not unfrequent. We can well imagine the particular calling chosen from the class of motives which he suggests. Are we to allow ourselves to be wholly overcome, by thinking of modern manners, when the manners of an earlier period are what the poet is describing? We cannot forbear giving a few lines more:—

“ From his native hills
He wandered far. Much did he see of men,
Their manners, their enjoyments and pursuits,
Their passions, and their feelings; chiefly
those
Essential and eternal in the heart,
Which, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life
Exist more simple in their elements,
And speak a plainer language.”

He is free from the ordinary cares of life—his heart is disengaged—he has few sorrows of his own, and thus is prepared to sympathise with others. When the competence which his toils have earned has been obtained, he still loves to ramble among his old haunts; and a visit of this kind, and a walk of a few days among the mountains with the young poet, is the subject of the “Excursion.” We feel difficulty in understanding the sort of ridicule in which the reviewers of the poem have indulged; the only answer to which, after all, is a thoughtful perusal of the work.

A hundred accidents must affect the way in which one judges of a poem; and the age at which we read a book, is not the least of these. It is not surprising, then, that Lord Belfast seems to feel more pleasure in discussing the merits of Moore than of Wordsworth. It is probable that a part of the interest which these lectures had for the audience was the recitation of striking passages from the poets about whom the lecturer was talking. We have in this way several extracts which, it at first occurred to us, ought rather to be referred to than reprinted from volumes in every library and drawing-room.

On consideration, however, we think Lord Belfast was right in printing them. We think of looking for a passage, but should it be necessary even to rise from a chair for the purpose, it will not be done. From Moore our lecturer moves on to Keats, and the poetry of Keats is the stepping stone on which he passes to that of Scott. The transition is probably accidental. Of Keats's poetry the extracts given are too few, and, besides, have the fault of being from the best-known passages. There is too much also about Keats's reviewers. From Scott's poetry the extracts are ample; they are in general passages that have been read by every one with great delight. As there is no object of illustrating peculiar views, we think the quotations are too many; but it is not improbable that the gratification of Lord Belfast's audience led to giving so many; and it is one of the praises of this book that the audience, rather than the reader of the volume, has been thought of by the lecturer.

We pass over the introduction of the third lecture, acknowledging that we do not understand what his lordship

says about poetry being the mirror of its age, and thinking that any difficulty in comprehending the matter is not lessened by a very strange passage of Lamartine, which excites our lecturer's admiration. We give it in Lord Belfast's translation, not having seen the original:—

“Poetry is man's own self—it is the instinct of the age—it is the inward echo of all his outward impressions; it is the thoughtful and feeling voice of humanity, uttered by certain men, endowed with purer minds than their fellows; a voice heard above the loud and tumultuous clamour of its generation, and which moreover endures after it, and gives to future ages a record of former wailings and of by-gone joys—of ancient deeds and past imaginings. That voice can never be stifled in the world, for it is not of man's creation. From *heaven* had it its birth, and to *heaven* did it bear aloft the first cry of humanity. It will be also the last cry heard by the Creator, when under his almighty hand his great work shall be shattered.—From him it had its birth; to him shall it return!”

These introductory sentences to each topic which he has to discuss must greatly perplex a lecturer who thinks not alone of a portion of his subject, but of the relation which that portion has to the entire. Some partial truth there generally is in remarks of this kind; but test them by the fair experiment of placing such prefaces as introducing a different portion of the subject! Lord Belfast, for instance, lauds Keats and Shelley just as much as he does Byron or Scott. Are *they* true poets only as far as they are mirrors of their time? Some meaning—not much—may be given to Lamartine's words. They are an exaggeration, if exaggeration be possible, of the kind of thinking which, first substituting abstract words for things, and then forgetting that his logic was dealing with abstractions alone, made Vico speak of the *Iliad* as not the work of a man, or any number of men, but of humanity, or of the Grecian people—we forget which—at a particular time. The lecture, however, on Byron is strikingly good; that on Shelley is also interesting; and in both there is a great deal to instruct, as well as to give pleasure.

To lectures, however, of this kind, persons come not for any purposes of direct instruction; though we think if that were more after the object both of

the lecturer and the auditors, not merely might something of instruction be given, but pleasure—much greater than any likely to be received from the mere fact of bringing a crowd together to listen to what, except there be a real interest in the subject, will be regarded as but the idle occupation of a listless hour—would be the result.

Attend one of these institute lectures. See the earnestness with which the whole auditory follow every word, every thought of any man thoroughly in earnest, and who endeavours to bring under some general principle any of the class of topics that have been strongly but obscurely before their minds. Take such questions as affect, or seem to affect, their condition in life—questions in which what are called the rights of capital or of labour are involved; assume the lecturer to sustain views opposed to what the persons brought together may regard as their interests—can inattention or disrespect be complained of? Is there not the strongest disposition fully to understand, and when an argument is fairly conducted, to admit its force, whatever may be its bearing? If the lecturer exhibits new facts, is there not the strongest desire to ascertain their full force? We have little doubt that even on political and religious questions there could be little danger, and that there would be the greatest advantage, in the fullest publicity. We believe that had the different classes of society better means of intercommunication than the newspapers give, it would be beneficial to all; and much better means will, no doubt, be found when the great importance of what has been urged by Mr. Marshal and Mr. Helps, is fully recognised. “In all plans for the education of the working classes, my object would be, not to raise any individuals among them above their condition, but to elevate their condition itself.” Such is the language quoted from Mr. Marshal in the little volume entitled “*Claims of Labour*,”* and strongly enforced. The great evil which interrupts all education, is the anxiety of individuals to escape from the class in which they find themselves placed. While that anxiety furnishes the chief motive for exertion, there is

little probability of the condition of the class itself coming better. But to all classes great advantages would arise from freer and more frequent intercommunication; and the benefit resulting from this would, we think, be even greater to the higher classes than to those who are more directly supported by labour. The very intercourse itself is a process of education in which are necessarily taught, and that not slowly, lessons of self-respect, and respect for others. In Dublin, we remember some years ago that Mr. Torrens MacCullagh lectured at the Mechanics’ Institute on History, and Mr. Henry Curran on Law, and in both cases found attentive auditors, not alone among the persons who might be regarded as the patrons of the Institution, but among the very humblest persons in society, whom a desire for improvement had brought together. The experience of Sir Robert Kane, who also delivered lectures at that Institution, and whose name we sometimes still see connected with its meetings, was similar. Sir Robert Kane’s “*Resources of Ireland*,” a book of great value, was, we believe, for the most part drawn up for the purpose of such lectures. Mr. MacCullagh’s “*Lectures on History*,” produced at first in the same way, is one of the most instructive books that can be placed in a young man’s hands.

But we would go further than education to this extent. We should not shrink from allowing to be debated in public assemblies, consisting of the poorest as well as the wealthiest of society, and of all intermediate classes, any questions of social interest; and we feel the strongest assurance that, in a very short time, the good taste and good sense of all would avoid the class of topics which, whatever their interest to general society, affect individuals in the same way as the question of the marriage of a son or daughter, or the arrangements of a household. Thus, we think, controverted topics of religion would be altogether removed from discussion; not by any formal interdiction, but by a feeling, that in these questions the application of principles, which must always be left to individuals, rather than principles themselves, is in question; and if such sub-

* “*Claims of Labour*.” Second Edition. page 45.

jects were ever inadvertently or intentionally introduced, it would be with delicacy, and in the spirit of mutual courtesy. We have great faith in free air and light—they are man's best or only security for physical health; and something that is more easily described by the words free air and light, than by any words less metaphorical, is also the best preservative of mental vigour and activity.

If there be frequent reunions in the halls of the mechanics' institutes, or elsewhere, of men of different ranks, who meet with a feeling of their common interests—of their perfect equality, notwithstanding social distinctions, and with a feeling that social distinctions have their chief value in their tendency to secure to all that absolute equality—we have little doubt, that such prejudices as now exist will gradually, and not slowly, pass away—at all events, will cease to embitter society as they now do. We would have noblemen go not alone to deliver lectures, but to listen to lectures; but by whomsoever delivered, the lectures which dealt in absolute earnestness with real subjects—which forced minds to think, and did not allow them to be merely amused with phantoms of thought—such lectures as might be expected from men like Carlyle, or Ebenezer Elliott, or the author of the “Claims of Labour,” would do almost infinite good. Admit that at first a portion of the audience listened with strong antagonist prejudice—admit that their feelings and their understandings are pre-occupied, yet they have many of them done what they could to think out the subject, whatever it may be, that we assume to be one of interest to them. They cannot divest themselves of a dim suspicion that there may be something not unreasonable in the views of others, whom they behold opposing all their most cherished objects; but they also believe, that injustice is done them in there being no fair examination of their own views. They *feel*, and in the absence of any communication with men not of their own class, love to cherish a feeling, that there is no fair play for the poor. But once create a fair communication between classes, and all prejudices of this kind will be greatly lessened, if not altogether removed.

We have got into an argument which we had not anticipated, and we must return to our author.

The lectures in this volume can scarcely be described as having for their object to communicate instruction; and we are not sure whether the lecturer is not most successful in dealing with works, whose claim is that of pleasant badinage and gaiety. We have a good many extracts from Hood, and the Smiths, and Barham—of which we can well imagine the comic effect, increased by emphasis and gesticulation. Oddities of rhyme, grotesque combinations of thought, wit trembling on the verge of absurdity—buffoonery, which is every now and then almost brutal, as in the revolting story of “Lord Tomnoddy”—require very high animal spirits to enable them to be borne at all. Poems, however, which cannot be read to oneself may be read aloud, to the no small amusement of a company.

The concluding lecture deals with the poetry of Southey, of Campbell, and of Crabbe. Our estimate of Southey is essentially, and in all things, different from that of the lecturer; but to discuss the matter would lead us too far. Though a graceful writer of such matters as the accident of the day forced on the attention of a studious man, whose support was derived from his pen, Southey's true distinction was as a poet, and this will, we have little doubt, be ere long generally acknowledged. While we write, our attention is directed to a passage in which the late Mr. Moir, the “Delta” of *Blackwood*—a true poet, too soon removed—in his lectures on the poetical literature of the past half-century, delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Association, has thus expressed himself:—

“Hour after hour with Southey had its allotted task, continuously, unceasingly. History, antiquities, bibliography, translation, criticism, tale, poem, political economy, statistics, politics, almost every department of knowledge, received emblazon from his able, ready, versatile, and unwearied pen. His finest phase, however, was as a poet.”

Our task is concluded. The volume has given us great pleasure. Still we should feel more in seeing Lord Belfast engaged in some work of his own, than in commenting on others. Gray has told us that the worst verse is better than the best criticism that has ever been employed upon it. Limiting the proposition to criticism on poetry that

has already occupied the attention of men, and regarding it as rather a form of discouraging criticism, than as recommending the fabrication of verse, we think there cannot be a doubt of the reasonableness of what he has said. The recollection of the maxim is likely to lead to great forbearance in the expression of opinion on the subject of poetry; to save some poetry from any detailed criticism, or elaborate discussion; and above all things, to teach the critic a distrust of his own art, when dealing with poetry worthy of the name.

Again we thank Lord Belfast. His connexion with Belfast has probably led to his delivering lectures there, and we

cannot terminate our article better than by quoting the concluding sentence of his lectures:—

“But if, by drawing your attention to the subject, I have tempted any to dive deep into those golden streams of which I have shown but the surface; if I have imparted to one heart a particle of that esteem in which I hold the nation's poets; if, above all, I have added but one stone to the colossal structure of popular education, which, rising daily higher from its firm-set foundations, bids fair to lift its giant head high above prejudice, and to send forth from its most towering pinnacle a beacon-flame, to light the world around, then I am satisfied, my end will have been fulfilled!”

DAWN.

BY FITZJAMES O'BRIEN.

Dawn cometh; and the weary stars wax pale
 With watching through the lonely hours of Night,
 And o'er the fathomless deep azure veil
 A sweet, uncertain smile of infant light
 Spreads softly, rippling up the starry height;
 Chasing the mists that like dark spirits flee
 Before the breath of Morn; and now more bright
 It mantles o'er the unrepousing sea,
 As when on sorrowing brows first gleams the birth
 Of joy for years estranged; then as a child,
 That, through the solemn woods at eve beguiled,
 Steals with light foot-fall, 'mid the leaves scarce heard,
 Upon a bough where rests some slumbering bird—
 So steals the silent Dawn upon the sleeping Earth!

DEATH.

Methought a change came o'er me, strange yet sweet,
 As if unmanacled a captive sprung;
 Lightness for dull incumbrance, wings for feet,
 The heavy and the weak asunder flung:
 To sink, to sail, to fly were all the same;
 No weight, no weariness; unfleshed and free;
 Pure and aspiring as the ethereal flame,
 With the full strength of immortality:
 Reason clear, passionless, serene, and bright,
 Without a prejudice, without a stain,
 Unmingled and immaculate delight,
 Without the shadow of a fear or pain—
 A whisper gentle as a zephyr's breath
 Spake in mine ear, “THIS LIBERTY IS DEATH.”

JAMES EDMESTON.

Homerton.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LXIX.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH NAPIER, LL.D., Q.C.,

M.P. FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

THE subject of the present memoir is descended from the ancient Scotch family of the same name, the Napiers of Merchistown—a stock whose branches have borne fruit that are even now glorious in the annals of our country. His grandfather, about a century since, settled in the north of Ireland; and in the last week of the year in which his friend, Sir James Emerson Tennent, was born, the grandson first saw the light in Belfast—a town which has produced many great men in every department of literature and science. Amongst other eminent persons whose names have since become well known to the world, the distinguished dramatist James Sheridan Knowles soon afterwards took up his residence in that town, where he became a master in the principal educational establishment there, the Belfast Academic Institution. The sons of Mr. William Napier were placed under the care of Mr. Knowles, first as a family tutor, and then in his school; the youngest of them, at that time, being Joseph, then about six years of age. To his young pupil Mr. Knowles became quickly attracted, for he was a child of great promise, as well as of great liveliness. The early predilection soon grew into cordial affection, which thenceforth continued to increase, as the child grew to be a youth, and the youth matured into manhood, till it has ripened into a love and esteem equally honourable to both. We are in possession of some of the sentiments of Mr. Knowles, in relation to this his favourite pupil, whom he describes, in the words of a school-fellow, “as always cheerful, good-tempered, and playful; with wonderful powers of imitation, which he sometimes practised in the most amusing ways.” If there be any person in a position to form a just and impartial judgment of another, we believe that the preceptor to whom the care of youth is committed is most likely to be so. Without the partialities or prejudices that obscure the judgment of parents and relatives, he views the boy through a clear medium, untinged with the hues of either affection or caprice. He studies his temper, his disposition, his intellect, his abilities, with the care of one who is in no small degree answerable for the formation of his character and the issue of his future life, and with the discrimination which the practice of estimating character necessarily confers. But pre-eminently qualified to form such a judgment was the preceptor of young Joseph Napier. Knowles possessed, as every one indeed must in whom the dramatic element is largely developed, the faculty of looking deep into the heart, of nicely distinguishing the shades and aspects of the human mind, and reading correctly the faint characters of all those complex, moral and intellectual instincts, when their tracery was yet illegible to the ordinary eye. We therefore offer no apology for quoting at length one or two passages from a letter, with which we have been favoured by Mr. Knowles, as the best testimony which can be brought forward:—

“If tales out of school are condemned by the boys, the master who tells them must, of course, be a pretty scamp; therefore, so far, out of respect for my own character, I keep my finger on my lips, though, truth to say, the recollections of the boy of six years old need not bring a blush into the cheek of her Majesty’s late Attorney-General for Ireland, howsoever they might disturb, more or less, his due professional gravity. You cannot cork mercury in a man, as you may in a bottle; how, then, in a child? There was one little gentleman, in one little class, who occasioned more stir in the school-room than all the rest of the pupils, big and little, put together—of course by his feats in a branch of study which was marvellously congenial to him, so as to cost him little preparation; and, consequently, to exhibit few symptoms, if any, of flagging or wearying. But I must mind what I am about!

“‘Young Joseph’ grew up a pet with his master, and, what was far more to his credit, though it did not do him all the service that might rationally have been expected, with his school-fellows. When I say ‘not all the service,’ I mean it to be understood that such favouritism did not utterly spoil him, a circumstance for which I account by suspecting that an



Joseph Napier

innate consciousness of peculiar power begot occasional fits of application, till what was desultory at first, became at last regular, by repeated experience of uniform, prideful success.

"But *there* was the mercury still!—prank after prank played on, through the irrepressible joyousness of a high-tempered nature—played frankly and in open day—cleverness, without cunning; smartness that gave no pain, the victims of which outlaughed the inflictor, the moment he was discovered, or betrayed himself by his arch and blandly triumphant face."

"It is singular enough," adds Mr. Knowles, speaking of his young pupil when entering his fourteenth year, and admirably appreciating some of the points of character which prominently distinguish the man—

"That I myself dubbed him counsellor while yet he wore his frill. I fancied then that I read 'the bar' in his face, which, in a state of perfect quietude, indicated a capacity for deep and sure research. But it was his heart that pleased me most. I never saw him sulk, or keep anger, or practice indirection, except, indeed, in making a show, as if he were going to send the ball in the school-alley with the force of a cannon-ball, and then wickedly dropping it like a feather an inch or two above the line; so winning the game like a rogue, with a roguish laugh in your face. Barring this, in my eyes at the time a heinous transgression—for I used to play with the boys—I saw in prospect a man of effortless, unswerving integrity, as well as of lofty, solid, dependable ability, which, thanks be to God, he has become."

Napier studied the classics under Dr. O'Beirne, afterwards Master of the Royal School at Enniskillen, and subsequently under the Rev. William Neilson, by whom he was prepared for Trinity College. Under these masters he attained an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin authors; an acquaintance which he enlarged in his after years, and to which, we believe, in connexion with the peculiar pains which Sheridan Knowles bestowed in the training of his pupils in the English classics, may, in no small degree, be attributed the purity of his style as a speaker. But the bent of his mind was decidedly towards mathematics, and he had the good fortune to be placed under the tuition of a distinguished scientific scholar, the late Dr. Thompson, of Belfast, the father of the celebrated professor of the University of Cambridge. With such advantages the intellect of the youth rapidly developed itself; and, previous to his fifteenth year, he had mastered all the higher branches of the exact sciences, and entered Trinity College, under Dr. Singer, the present Bishop of Meath, as he has himself informed us, in his first speech before that University, when he appeared as a candidate to represent her in parliament. In his college course he soon became distinguished, especially as a mathematician; and before the termination of his first year, he published a demonstration of the Binomial theorem, the elegance of which attracted much notice, and acquired for him the acquaintance of the Rev. Charles Boyton, then one of the Fellows, who became his attached friend during the rest of his life. But his love for science did not seduce him from the study of classical literature; and, although it must be confessed that his studies were often fitful and desultory, yet was he in general a successful competitor for honours in both branches of education. The success of his undergraduate career justified Napier in looking forward to a fellowship; and accordingly, after having graduated in 1825, he commenced to read for that purpose, and continued to reside as a master within the walls. Amongst his intimate acquaintances, at this period, were the late Dr. William Cooke Taylor, a man whose extensive knowledge and great labours in literature, require no comment, and James Whiteside, afterwards his brother-in-law, and recently his able colleague as Solicitor-General for Ireland. With such associates as these, a less energetic or less ambitious spirit than Napier's, would have been forced onward. With such a mind as his, progress was an irresistible impulse. During the intervals of severer study, he cultivated his taste for polite literature, and wrote occasionally for some of the principal periodicals of the day. At the period of which we speak, the College Historical Society had not been revived, and Napier and his two friends earnestly engaged themselves in the endeavour to restore a society which had fostered and drawn forth the genius of the most eloquent orators of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar; and they succeeded so far as to establish an Oratorical Society without the walls of the College. The intimacy which Napier had formed with Dr. Boyton, though originating in the sympathies which congenial scientific tastes inspired, was nevertheless destined to influence

the political views of the young student. His tendencies were, indeed, previously conservative; they now became fixedly so, and an opportunity ere long arose to introduce him to the country in the character of a politician. In the year 1828, the leaders of the aristocracy and the most influential commoners of Ireland considered that the emergencies of the times demanded an energetic union and co-operation of the Protestants, for the purpose of preserving, in its integrity, the constitution as then established. Accordingly, upon the 16th of August of that year, a numerous meeting took place in Dublin, at which the Brunswick Constitutional Club of Ireland was formed, of which Mr. Boyton was one of the secretaries. The establishment of local clubs throughout the country soon followed; and, on the 28th of October, a meeting of the graduates of our University was held, at Morrisson's Great Rooms, for the purpose of forming a College Club. Upon this occasion Napier was present, and made his first essay on the arena of politics, in a speech of great promise. He gave a clear and able review of the Protestant institutions of the country, from the Reformation, and demonstrated how firmly the prosperity of Britain was based upon that religion; while in the progress he exhibited the stores of a mind richly cultivated in classic literature. Upon this subject we are not disposed to dwell. The hand of time has softened down many of the asperities of party feeling which then existed: the great measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation passed in the following year: many of the great leaders, then arrayed against each other, have passed away from the scene of earthly strife, and others have lived to find that, on all sides, there are things to be forgiven and forgotten.

Previous to this, Napier had abandoned the intention of sitting for a fellowship, and he now resolved on going to the bar. He went to London with this object, and applied himself diligently to the prosecution of legal studies, being a constant attendant on the lectures of Mr. Amos, then professor of common law at the London University, and he became a pupil of Mr. (afterwards Justice) Patteson, then the leading practitioner in common law. Under that eminent lawyer, he acquired a sound and accurate knowledge of the principles of our laws, and the science of pleading, a knowledge which laid the foundation of his subsequent eminence in his profession. Upon the promotion of Patteson to the bench in 1830, Napier commenced to practise as a pleader in London, and during his first and only term there his success was such as to hold out very strong encouragement to him to persevere.

But Providence had destined him for another course — a Providence which ordereth all things well, and whose wisdom and goodness men generally acknowledge in the retrospect. The urgent solicitation of friends at home, who knew well how to estimate his powers, and confidently looked forward to his success in his own country, induced him to abandon his chambers and return to Ireland; and he was called to the Irish bar in Easter term, 1831. We shall not venture to speculate upon the consequences to Napier of thus changing the scene of his exertions. It may be that in England a higher professional position, and larger professional income, might have resulted from his pursuing his original design, and like his able master, he might now be adorning the judicial bench of that country. But even if it might have been so, we believe his choice was a wise and a happy one. He has grown up to name and fame amongst his own people; happy in having no ties of relationship severed, no bonds of youthful friendships broken: they who witnessed his promise as a boy, his distinctions as a youth, were still beside him, many pursuing the same path, all cheering him onward with their sympathy and their love in that course which has ultimately led him to the highest position which a practising barrister can attain. He chose for his circuit, of course, the North-Eastern, which included his own county, and went his first circuit in the spring of 1832. His character was already before him, and he speedily got into business on the circuit, which necessarily led to business in town also. To the public at large, there is little interesting in the life of a practising barrister. Study and seclusion, and regular attendance in court during term, and going the circuit twice a year, make up the sum total of his monotonous existence, so far as the public see. But in the Court and the Hall the rising man is marked and watched with an attention that is full of interest to those in the sphere within which he moves. So it was with Napier; he

quickly acquired the character of a sound lawyer and an accurate pleader. Both in town and on the circuit he was now engaged in most cases of importance in the common law courts, and in criminal cases; and wherever the pleadings in a case required particular skill, or involved technical niceties, attorneys began to consider Joseph Napier one of the best men in the hall. In the year 1840, some members of the Irish bar conceiving that some enlightened system of legal education should be established in this country, a society was formed by them, called the Law Institute. Amongst those favourable to these views was Mr. Napier, who took an active part in its educational objects, and delivered gratuitously many lectures on the common law, which were very popular, and laid the foundation of the subsequent improvements now in progress, and likely to be consummated at no distant day.

In the spring assizes of the year 1843, a remarkable criminal trial was had at Monaghan; remarkable not only by reason of the political notoriety of the party on trial, but still more so as having led to an adjudication upon a question as to the rights of persons on trial for non-capital felonies. We allude to the case of *The Queen v. Samuel Gray*. The prisoner was indicted for firing a pistol at one James Cunningham, with intent to kill him, or do him grievous bodily harm. The offence was declared by the 1st Victoria, cap. 85, to be a felony, and punishable with transportation for life, or for any term not less than fifteen years, or imprisonment for any term not exceeding three years. When the jury panel was called over, Mr. Napier and Mr. Whiteside, who were counsel for the prisoner, challenged one of the jurors peremptorily, and the Crown demurred to the challenge, relying on the law being, as had been more than once decided by the Irish judges and as the practice had always been, that in cases of capital felony alone such a right existed. The challenge was disallowed, and the trial proceeded, which terminated in a conviction. The point was afterwards argued before the Court of Queen's Bench, upon a motion in arrest of judgment, with great ability by both the prisoner's counsel, and the Court ruled in favour of the Crown; Justice Perrin alone dissenting. Mr. Napier, however, felt strongly convinced that his view of the law was the correct one, and he determined never to rest till he had the decision of the highest legal tribunal of the realm upon the point. In the meantime, the important trial of O'Connell and others, for a seditious conspiracy arising out of the Clontarf meeting of 1843, took place, which resulted in the conviction of the traversers; and a writ of error in that case was brought to the House of Lords on their behalf. The reputation of Mr. Napier was now so high, that both the Crown and the traversers were anxious to secure his professional services. Strangely enough it so happened that retainers from both sides were sent to his house on the same day, and forwarded to him where he was at the time in Belfast, by the same mail; but while the retainer of the Crown was delivered by post in due course in the morning, that of the traversers, which was made up in a parcel, had been overlooked at the post-office until the evening, and was not delivered until Mr. Napier had posted his letter, acknowledging and accepting the retainer for the Crown. A discussion took place between the agents for the respective parties, each insisting on his right to the services of an advocate whom each felt was worth contending for, and the point was ultimately left to the arbitrament of (we believe) Mr. Holmes, who decided that Mr. Napier was, for the time, the property of the Crown.

The writ of error was also brought in Gray's case, and it so happened that both were heard before the House of Lords within a very short time of each other.

The point raised in Gray's case was, as we have seen, one of great public importance, and the law staff of both countries were engaged in upholding the decision pronounced in favour of the Crown. Against these Mr. Napier entered the lists single-handed. His argument in this case was a masterly one. He reviewed the entire doctrine of the right of challenge at common law, beginning with the older authorities, and following it through to those of our own times, and succeeded in convincing the high and learned judicial tribunal, and reversing the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench. An allusion to this case was made not long since upon the examination of a witness before the select committee on outrages (Ireland) in a manner which we think was neither very ingenuous, nor very successful, by a learned member of that committee, with the

object of showing that Mr. Napier had, at his own expense, carried the case on a point of law to the House of Lords, to secure the acquittal of Gray as being an Orangeman. Mr. Napier, who was the chairman of the committee, was subsequently examined, and we give part of his evidence on the subject, not only as a refutation of the implied charge against him, but as giving a brief summary of the case itself:—

“I was originally retained in that case as counsel upon an ejectment on the title tried in Armagh, along with Mr. Tombe, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Whiteside, in the regular way on the civil side, for Sam Gray; and out of that the transaction occurred which was the subject matter of the criminal prosecution afterwards. On the first trial of Sam Gray for the murder of Murphy, I was regularly employed as his counsel, with Mr. Tombe and Mr. Whiteside, in the ordinary and usual way, and was regularly feed and paid. On that trial he was acquitted; and I have no hesitation in saying, that upon the evidence I think the verdict was right; and we all thought upon the evidence as it stood, the verdict was right. . . . After the trial the Crown discovered something with regard to Farlow's character, which made them doubt whether he was the credible witness we had all given him credit for; then there was a second trial, not for the murder, because having been acquitted of that, he could not be again tried; but there was a shot fired at another of the party, which missed, and he was indicted for shooting with intent to murder. . . . One of the jury was taken ill during the trial, and the jury had to be discharged. On the third trial coming on, Gray made an application to the court; and it was stated the expense of these proceedings had ruined him, and he begged that counsel and attorney might be assigned by the court to defend him. That is usual when a party is unable to pay; and the ordinary and usual course has been, for the Crown to pay the reasonable expenses of the defence. The judge (and I think it was Judge Crampton who tried him on that occasion) assigned myself and Mr. Whiteside as his counsel; and a counsel has no right to refuse, when he is assigned by the judge. If a barrister is assigned to defend a prisoner, he is bound, by his position, to do it. Accordingly, on that occasion, we appeared to defend Gray; and on that occasion the jury disagreed. Then the crown removed the case from the criminal side of the court, and took it to the *nisi prius* side; it came down a fourth time for trial; and on that occasion we were again assigned by Mr. Justice Perrin to defend Gray. I raised the question, which had been a very moot question in Ireland, of the right of peremptory challenge by a prisoner in a case of felony not capital; for he was not tried on that occasion for a capital felony, but a transportable felony. That question was raised, and was put on the record; it came up to Dublin, and it was argued before the Court of Queen's Bench by myself and Mr. Whiteside. . . . The judges differed in opinion, Mr. Justice Perrin differing from the rest of the court, and we considered that his law was right, and the House of Lords thought so. The Crown then refused to pay any fees, and for performing our duty we were not allowed one farthing of fees; and they were ultimately refused by the Crown. My position was this, that there being an important point of law, involving the right to challenge, which would arise upon every trial in a case of transportable felony, having the opinion of one learned judge with me, and being counsel for the man, and the fees being refused by the Crown, I thought it was an attempt to oppress him; and I certainly did say, that if the case went further, I would not seek for any compensation or remuneration for arguing the case. Accordingly the officers, both in Ireland and England, remitted their fees under the circumstances, on bringing the appeal; I came over here; I never got one farthing; I did not pay any money out of my own pocket, except travelling expenses, in coming over; but it so happened that, at the same time I was coming over in the case of Mr. O'Connell, who had also a point before the House of Lords; and both the cases were argued in the same week. I argued the case before the House of Lords, but I was never paid one farthing in any way. I did my duty as counsel, having been assigned, and got nothing for it. The House of Lords decided that on the point of law the counsel for Gray were right, and awarded a *venire de novo*, which would have enabled the Crown, if they had thought proper, to proceed again; but they thought they had gone far enough, and dropped the proceeding.”

The argument of Mr. Napier in Gray's case established for him a high reputation in England as a sound and able lawyer. Baron Parke characterised it as “an able argument.” He received many flattering messages from those who were best qualified to pronounce an opinion, and, upon his return to Ireland, he received a silk gown from Sir Edward Sugden, then Chancellor of Ireland. The acceptance of the position of Queen's Counsel, is one which at once tests the real merits of a barrister, and his estimation with the public. If he be indeed fit to take a leading place, he soon attains it: if his promotion be the result of anything else than true professional merit, his fee-book will not fail to dissipate any delu-

sion under which he may have laboured as to his competency to sit amongst the magnates within the bar. There is not indeed a sorrier sight than that which the object of political feelings or private nepotism presents, when he sits amongst the leaders of the profession, thrust out of the class of business which he was competent to discharge respectably outside the bar, without acquiring that to which his abilities are unequal. Not so was it with Mr. Napier; he at once took his place amongst the first of the silk gowns, as he had previously been amongst the very highest of the stuff ones. And so, with extending celebrity and increasing business, he was looked upon as a man whose ultimate elevation to the highest honours of his profession, might fairly be calculated upon.

In the following year he was engaged before the House of Lords, upon an appeal from the Court of Chancery, in the case of *Lord Dungannon v. Smith*. The case was one of considerable interest, as well to the legal profession upon the point of law involved, as it was to the noble appellant, by reason of the amount of property which depended upon the decision.

Mr. Napier argued the demurrer, on behalf of Lord Dungannon, before Sir Michael O'Loughlen; and Sir Edward Sugden having, *pro forma*, affirmed the decision, Lord Dungannon appealed to the House of Lords, and brought Mr. Napier specially to argue the question. It was in truth an up-hill work. A recent decision of the Vice Chancellor of England, affirmed upon appeal by Lord Cottenham—we allude to the case of *Ibbetson v. Ibbetson*—was a strong authority against Lord Dungannon, and, indeed, formed the basis of the judgment of the Court of Chancery in Ireland; besides, the opinions taken in England by the noble appellant were generally unfavourable and all discouraging. Still, however, Lord Dungannon determined upon having the highest judicial decision upon a point in which he thought common sense was, at all events, in his favour. Upon Mr. Napier who, as he himself observed, had served an apprenticeship to the case, he relied with the utmost confidence that no resource which learning or assiduity could supply, would be unexplored. And in this he was not deceived. The appeal was opened by the late Mr. Hodgson, of the English bar, on behalf of Lord Dungannon; Lord Lyndhurst, as Chancellor, presided, assisted by Lord Cottenham, the previous Chancellor, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, and thirteen of the law judges. His statement of the case was long and elaborate; but he made so little impression on the house, that at the conclusion the counsel for the respondent did not expect to be called on for any argument in reply. Mr. Napier then followed on the same side with Mr. Hodgson. His speech was one of remarkable ability and learning. With great skill he applied himself to the case; he arrested the attention of the court by the masterly review of all the cases; and ere he concluded his argument for the first day, which occupied about an hour, it was evident that the enemy's flank was turned, and that some of the court, if not thoroughly convinced already, wavered in their opinions. Upon the following day he resumed his argument, and spoke for three hours, with an ability which commanded the entire attention of his auditory, and in its progress elicited more than once the marked approval of several of the noble lords. At the close of his argument, as Mr. Napier was gathering up his papers, Lord Lyndhurst remarked to Mr. Hodgson, that the house and the judges begged to express their admiration of the able argument which they had heard, and requested that Mr. Napier should be informed of this their opinion—Lord Brougham adding, "a most remarkably able argument." The result was, that the respondent's counsel were called upon to speak, and, instead of the easy victory which they had anticipated, they found themselves obliged to apply all their energies and learning to answer the arguments of Mr. Napier. The respondents having closed, it remained for Lord Dungannon's counsel to reply, and, at the special request of the noble appellant, and with the ready and unconditional assent of Mr. Hodgson, the general reply was confided to Mr. Napier. Accordingly, upon the 24th of June, 1845, Mr. Napier replied; he answered the arguments of his learned opponents with great force and ingenuity, and it is, perhaps, one of the ablest and the most erudite specimens of forensic eloquence upon record. Such was its effect, that it completely won over two eminent judges, Baron Parke and Justice Patteson, who considered it conclusive; though, unfortunately, the current of authority, and especially the case of *Ibbetson v. Ibbetson*, were too strong against him to give a majority in his favour. At the conclusion

of the speech, the Lord Chancellor informed Mr. Napier that it was the opinion of all the noble and learned lords present, that the case was extremely well argued by the learned counsel, and both Lords Campbell and Brougham, as well as Baron Parke and Justice Patteson, in the course of their judgments, pronounced the argument of Mr. Napier to be a very able one. The decision of the house was, however, adverse to Lord Dungannon; but his able advocate had the consolation of receiving high eulogy from those whose opinions were of the greatest value. In a letter from Lord Dungannon, who expressed his entire satisfaction and gratitude for the manner in which his case had been conducted, that nobleman writes:—"Mr. T. told me that Baron Parke had stated to him on the circuit, that the argument was the most able and masterly he had ever listened to; and such, he added, was the opinion of Lord Lyndhurst." "I certainly never read," observes an eminent individual, "a more able and intellectual appeal, showing great talent and acuteness, with a perfect knowledge of his subject; and his arguments are powerfully backed by cases which must have occupied immense labour and industry to have collected together; moreover his language is really classically beautiful." But, perhaps, the eulogy most grateful to his heart was that bestowed upon him by one whose judgment, sound, discriminating and severe, is looked up to by all who know him, and whose experience and habitual sobriety of mind make him chary of praise. Mr. Holmes, the honoured veteran and ornament of the Irish bar, the leader of his own circuit, and the father of the profession, after having read the argument, wrote to Mr. Napier in the following terms:—"I have received from the perusal of it great pleasure, and much information. I consider the argument not only a most able one, as applied to the particular case, but also a very clear, satisfactory, and useful exposition of the principles which should govern courts in the construction of wills, and indeed in their decisions generally."

Though the decision in this case was adverse to Lord Dungannon, the argument of his Irish counsel placed that gentleman in a very high position in the estimation of English jurists, and has led to his being engaged in several appeals before the House of Lords; and he has invariably experienced the most marked consideration from Lords Campbell and Brougham, as well as from Lord Lyndhurst, and the English judges.

Meantime the friends of Mr. Napier were solicitous that he should seek another field for the exercise and development of talents, which they felt convinced (and the issue has justified their convictions) were eminently calculated to make him an efficient and useful member of the senate. His learning and industry gave him the power of comprehending and mastering every question which was submitted to his intellect, and his patient endurance of toil enabled him to become acquainted with the minutest details. In addition to these, he was a man of high moral principles, strongly attached to what is called the evangelical party in the Church, a faithful friend to the clergy, whose rights he had consistently advocated, and with whose grievances he had always sympathised.

The dissolution of Parliament in 1847 offered an opportunity for putting Mr. Napier forward as a candidate for some Irish seat, and many circumstances combined to direct the hopes of his friends towards the University of Dublin. A feeling had been long growing up among the electors, that it was disparaging to our University, and injurious to her reputation, that she should be represented by any other than one who had been educated within her walls, and received his degree at her own hands, and thus become acquainted with her requirements, and instinctively attached to her system and her interests. At the previous election in 1842, public expression was given to this sentiment in a resolution signed by several of the fellows, and a committee was formed to support the canvass of Dr. Longfield against Mr. George Alexander Hamilton, a graduate of Oxford. That an opposition should be organised against such a man as Mr. Hamilton—one of known ability, integrity, and business habits; a gentleman whose personal virtues won him universal esteem, and whose high station and ancient family connexion with the county of Dublin insured him extensive support—that an opposition should be organised against such a man was the highest evidence of the cogency of that principle, and of the sincerity of those who advocated it. Before the day of election, however, arrived, Dr. Longfield withdrew from the contest, and Mr. Hamilton was returned without opposition. The honest and

able course of usefulness which that honourable gentleman has pursued from the day of his election to the present, and the unceasing attention he has devoted to every interest of the University, and upholding the rights of every class of his constituents, deserve their unabated confidence and gratitude; and those who failed to establish the principle for which they then contended, have at least the consolation to feel that the University suffered the least possible detriment in the violation of that principle in this instance. In his case, too, we are happy to say, a conflict between principle and inclination can never again arise. Our University has most worthily conferred on their able representative the degree of Doctor of Laws, and thus affiliated one who has proved himself worthy of her adoption.

But the former colleague of Mr. Hamilton, at the period of the dissolution, not only laboured under the disadvantage of not having been a graduate of the University, but had subjected himself to the hostility of a zealous and uncompromising party, by the course he had pursued in parliament on questions of public interest at the time. Into the merits of this latter ground of complaint we shall not enter. We desire to refrain, as we firmly believe would the gentleman whose biography we are now sketching, from a word that might give pain to Mr. Shaw. He has retired from parliamentary life for ever, and we would wish to remember him as one whose acknowledged ability and manly eloquence raised him to very high consideration in the senate, and conferred a lustre upon his native land.

Thus a strong desire to put forward a candidate in opposition to Mr. Shaw was manifested; but the difficulty of finding a graduate of the University, who would be likely to obtain the confidence of the great body of the electors, was considerable. No one who could not combine the support of a large amount of all parties in his favour, could have the least chance against a man whose friends were still numerous, however his popularity might have been shaken, and who had the vast advantage of the long-established practice of universities, not to displace a member during his life, except upon the abandonment of some great principle, or the forfeiture of that confidence which belongs to personal character. Mr. Napier was selected as the man who could most largely unite in himself the qualifications likely to ensure success. The constituency may be divided into four classes—the Church, the Bar, the Medical Profession, and the Educated Gentry; with a large body of the first, as we have said, Mr. Napier was a deserved favourite, for he had been long their counsellor and their friend. The Bar of Ireland were justly proud of him, and he was bound to most of its influential members by the strong bonds of that brotherhood which daily converse in an honourable profession forms; and in no profession, it may truly be said, are those bonds drawn more closely than in his. They had witnessed his advancement, and shared often in the triumph of his personal exertions; they knew how thoroughly he loved his profession, and how much he had laboured to improve legal education; and they felt that the character and honour of the profession might be safely confided to him as its collegiate representative. Upon more than one important occasion he had been honoured with the confidence of leading members of the medical body; he had been generally the legal adviser of the Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians, and was fully acquainted with their privileges and the rights which they required to be protected. To the general body of the electors he was recommended by his collegiate attainments, and the active part which he had always taken in identifying himself with the Historical Society, and literature in general. Just at this time, too, the celebrated trial of *Brasbie v. Dr. Renehan*, the President of Maynooth, for libel, came on. Mr. Napier, who was engaged for the plaintiff, had the reply; and so ably did he vindicate the rights of his client, so uncompromisingly did he put forward the cause of religious liberty, that, without assailing the religious faith of the defendant, but appealing to the hearts and consciences of the jurors as *men*, he secured a verdict from a jury upon which were no less than five Roman Catholics. It was, therefore, determined to solicit Mr. Napier to allow himself to be put in nomination; and in the event of his declining, the intention was to put forward Mr. Butt. Not without considerable hesitation Mr. Napier accepted the honour thus offered to him, and issued his address when he was assured that his refusal would not prevent a contest.

Another candidate was put forward in assertion of the principle of which we

have spoken—one whose genius and learning were of the highest order, though his devotion to science, by withdrawing him much from the practical details of life, would probably have impaired his efficiency as a public man. We allude to one who not only gave lustre to our own University, but shed abroad the light of his world-wide reputation—the gifted and lamented Professor MacCullagh. Never, we believe, in the annals of the College, has any election taken place within her walls that more profoundly agitated the electors than did that of 1847. When we remember that the most fruitful element of excitement in this country, namely, religious differences, was necessarily absent, and that it can scarcely be said any spirit of party politics—we mean such as divide Whig from Tory, Conservative from Radical—was at all mixed up with the contention, we are forced to trace much of the excitement which existed throughout to the fact, that this was a contest to assert a great principle, that the representatives of the Irish University should, like those of the sister kingdom, be educated within the walls of the institution which they were to represent. Other motives for excitement, to which we have already alluded, mingled with that which we hold to have been the paramount one. The proceedings commenced on the 4th of August, 1847. The fourth candidate proposed was Mr. Napier, by Dr. Hart, and he was seconded by the Rev. Dr. Mortimer O'Sullivan. When he rose in his turn to address the electors, he was most enthusiastically received. He briefly detailed his connexion with the College since his fifteenth year, his progress at his profession, and not ungracefully alluded to the high encomium which the venerable Sergeant Warren had just before pronounced upon him. It had been put forward against Mr. Napier that his contest with Mr. Shaw was a personal one; to this charge he thus replied—

“When Mr. Shaw asserts that this is a personal contest between him and me, involving no principle, I join issue with him on that. I have no merely personal object, nor have I any personal feeling against the right hon. gentleman. A feeling has for some time prevailed in the constituency, and I shared in it myself, that the representation of the University was far from satisfactory (hear, and cheers). I was applied to on the subject on more than one occasion, but declined pressing myself forward; and recently I said I would respond whenever I should have reason to believe that I would be approved by a substantial portion of the constituency. I do not go into the details, which have been so much before the public, and admitted by Mr. Shaw's friends; but the charge against me, that I sounded the electors before I announced myself as a candidate, I declare, on the honour of a gentleman and the word of a Christian man, is utterly destitute of any foundation in truth or fact. . . . I asked no one elector for his vote or support, until the requisition I received was presented to me; and I was morally satisfied, from the assurance of friends, that the step would be approved of by the majority of the electors.”

He concluded his vigorous and classical address in these words:—

“Gentlemen, I am one of yourselves; I feel my bosom glow with youthful associations; as I look around the place in which we are now assembled, what memories rush into my heart, and awaken those deep emotions which are amongst the high mysteries of our being. Behold, around me on every side, my brethren and companions. Yes, graduates of Oxford! I can here appeal to a feeling you could not infuse into your hearts—a child's jealousy for its mother's honour (tremendous cheering). Away then, gentlemen, with every narrow prejudice; a spirit of nationality does touch (I repeat my own words)—it does touch with a mysterious power the hearts of intelligent men (cheers). Gather around its altar on this interesting occasion, and let us mingle our united prayer for blessings upon our common country. The wind of conquest has swept the land, but the Lord was not in the wind; the earthquake of rebellion has convulsed it, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; the fire of agitation has wasted it, but the Lord was not in the fire. There is yet a still small voice; hear it—act upon it—it whispers peace.”

The contest was continued with unabated spirit during five days, at the termination of which Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Shaw were returned—the former having obtained seven hundred and thirty-seven votes, the latter five hundred and seventy-two. Mr. Napier having polled five hundred and thirty-nine; eleven hundred and ninety electors having exercised their franchise. Nevertheless, though Mr. Napier was not returned, the principle upon which he was put forward virtually triumphed; and it is not a little curious to see that upon an analysis, six hundred and ninety-five electors recorded their opinions in favour

of that principle, by giving their votes to one or both of the new candidates. And so, too, felt Mr. Napier, and all those who had struggled for that principle. In his speech after the election, he assured the successful candidate, that he was not going to part with the University :—

“I here give him notice,” said he, “from this place, that, if I am a living man—if I am spared, I will meet him face to face at the next election (cheers). I will throw myself on the judgment of this constituency; and I am much mistaken, if he will not find that upon this occasion he has made his dying declaration” (cheers).

Ere many months had elapsed, increasing indisposition rendered Mr. Shaw unable to discharge the laborious duties of parliamentary life. He resigned his seat for the University early in the year 1848, and Mr. Napier was returned in his place without opposition.

Perhaps it was fortunate for Mr. Napier that he was unsuccessful in his first appeal to the electors. He was at the moment, it may be, too fresh from the peculiar associations of a particular class, both in politics and in religion. The interval afforded him time, and opportunity, too, to come out, as it were, from within the narrower limits within which he had moved, and to enlarge the sphere of his mental vision; to wear down, by contact with others, many a salient point which is too apt to offend those with whom it comes into collision; to acquire more of the “*teres atque rotundus*,” that smooth rotundity, that polish which alone makes manifest the fine grain of a noble nature. Indeed, some of his best friends feared that the ardour of an untutored zeal would be likely to lead him from the large views of catholicity to the narrower ones of sectarianism, and thus place him in a false position with the Church herself, and both in a false position with the house. Whatever might have been apprehended on this head, to his honour be it recorded, that he has lived to dissipate every fear. Uncompromising in his principles, he is no bigot; ardent, he is ever cautious; and though sometimes impassioned, he is never led, in the hurry of debate, to forget what is due to himself, to others, or to the house.

Early in March Mr. Napier took his seat in the House of Commons. At first he was cautious, quiet, and observant, contenting himself with a few short conversational observations. On the 14th, he spoke briefly on the debate upon the punishment of death, and in a few days afterwards upon the proposition for extending the income-tax to Ireland—a measure which he strenuously opposed. But his first speech of any importance was upon Mr. Sharman Crawford’s “Outgoing Tenants Bill.” Before we advert particularly to this speech, it may not be amiss to say a word or two upon the manner in which the questions that related to this country were introduced into and dealt with in the house. An Irish question was generally brought forward by a particular party, and for party purposes. If it were a matter of grievance, then the grievance-monger was pretty sure to assail England for her injustice and oppression, and thus at the outset irritate those whom he should conciliate—threatening where he should remonstrate, declaiming where he should reason. In addition, Irish facts were rarely put forward in a manner that was very correct or very intelligible. Extravagant assertions were often advanced with recklessness, and subjects were discussed and commented upon in a style of bombastic magniloquence very unsuitable to the English temperament, while the proverbial looseness and inaccuracy in statistics greatly diminished the value of such testimony with our more business-like neighbours. It is not, then, to be wondered that Irish questions were regarded with some alarm by the house, and its impatience of the manner in which they were introduced and handled was construed into an unwillingness to do justice to Ireland. During the debate upon Mr. Crawford’s bill, some of the Irish members did not fail to repeat the old accusation that the house was closed against Irish grievances. “If it be so,” said Mr. Napier, in allusion to this complaint—

“It is the fault of Irish members. Where is the measure that has been brought forward in a practicable shape that has been capriciously rejected? When have facts, dispassionately stated and accurately ascertained, been treated with disdain? I must say, in justice to the English members, that in the limited opportunity I have had of observation, I see no indisposition to entertain the discussion of Irish questions, except so far as the manner in which they are introduced, may have occasioned that indisposition. If men are content to

indulge in vulgar clamour and general abuse, or, when they are precise in detail, if they are usually inaccurate in their facts and figures—if thus they nauseate Englishmen, without instructing them on local matters—in common fairness, let themselves bear the blame of the natural result; and let those who send them as their representatives reap the fruit of their selection."

He then proceeds to discuss the measure, which he thoroughly exposed to the satisfaction of the house; and after quoting from the speech of Mr. Blackburne, then Chief Justice, at the special commission, he continued:—

"Here, then, is the secret as to the miseries of Ireland; you discover it by a candid comparison of the condition of her prosperous province and her degraded districts. The swell of agitation is thrown back from Ulster. British connexion is valued, not denounced; its privileges made available, not counteracted—kindly feeling between landlord and tenant prevails—religious liberty is honoured, and truth diffuses its own peculiar blessings. You look away from this prosperous spot: you see suspicion displacing confidence—hatred of England inculcated and cherished as a religious dogma—the bad passions aroused and inflamed—the charities of human hearts curdled and corrupted—those relations dissevered which are the offspring of dependence and protection: here are the immediate causes of the depression which is acknowledged; you must renovate the soil before you can improve the products. So long as those who influence and stimulate the mind of the people, stoop to an ignominious popularity to trade upon their distress or disaffection, the efforts of the wise and good are baffled and impeded. This is the evil which must be met, and honestly and boldly grappled with. Your legislation is all romance, until this previous question be decided. The constitution of England, that noblest edifice ever reared on earth—which stands amidst the storm which rocks all Europe to its centre—that which gives to England a name and a place on which heaven shines serenely—it must by its own steady powers infuse its own principles by gentle processes into the habits of the people of Ireland; trusting to the energy and wisdom of its laws, and the power of its own executive: not suffering any irresponsible body of men to assume the right or the power of dictating terms of government; but with conscious strength and dignity imparting the light and warmth of freedom to shine on all with steady impartiality, and thus quicken into life the attachment and respect of the people."

The speech was a remarkably telling one, and even those whose views it opposed, were forced to express their admiration. Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. O'Connor, Sir George Grey, Mr. P. Scrope, Mr. Fagan, and others, as they followed, paid each a tribute to the ability and clearness with which the speaker had dealt with his subject, though the compliments of some were, as might naturally have been expected, accompanied with some qualification.

At this period the Whigs had no Irish law officer in Parliament, a position of itself sufficiently embarrassing, but which might have been made doubly so, by an able lawyer in the opposition, if he so desired. But faction was no part of Mr. Napier's nature or principles. To his honour be it said, he was on every occasion ready to give his assistance to the house in answering questions and supplying information which should have been answered and supplied by some ministerial member; and thus while he availed himself of those opportunities of usefulness, he acquired the respect of the house at large, and the friendly regard of many individuals politically opposed to him, and he was sure at all times to obtain a ready and attentive hearing. Early in the ensuing year, the relief of the distress in Ireland occupied the house. In the debate, Mr. Napier took a leading part. In a very able speech, he reviewed the condition of Ireland from the period of the Union. "Upon the passing of the Emancipation Act," said he—

"What remained for the Government and Parliament to do but to take the social evils of that unhappy country into their serious consideration, and to apply a remedy for the correction of them? They were now paying the penalty of their long neglected duty. Instead of taking the course which was so clearly pointed out to them, they made Ireland the battle-field of party. A system of policy was pursued, fomenting discord and division; it curdled the charities of human hearts, wasted the energies and augmented the social miseries of the people. Let them, however, now learn wisdom from the experience of the past.

"He admitted there was nothing more unwise towards Ireland than to hold out to her the prospect of removing all her evils by legislation—evils which no legislation of itself could remedy. He often remarked that this induced a class of people to look forward for the most romantic benefits from legislation. In the face of all the evils which

afflicted Ireland, there was not one measure of a statesman-like character proposed to save the country.

“He (Mr. Napier) had certainly supported, with all his heart, the Government in the measures they had brought forward to secure that peace and repose. Let them have some measures for promoting the employment of the people. Society in Ireland—some portion of it at least—must be reconstructed; and he firmly believed that there never was a nobler opportunity for doing so, and placing it upon a permanent and peaceful footing, than the present.”

A vigilant guardian of the Protestant Church, Mr. Napier was ever ready to vindicate her against the assaults of her enemies. When Mr. Roche, upon the debate of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, in language neither very ornate nor temperate, asserted of the Protestant Establishment, that “that gross and intolerable monopoly stood at the head and front of Ireland’s grievances,” Mr. Napier stood up as her champion, though he had not intended to have spoken on the matter before the house:—

“But, after the challenge made that night with regard to the Irish Established Church, by the hon. member for Cork (Mr. Roche), he felt called upon, as one of the representatives of that Church, to rise and meet that challenge with as much boldness and firmness as it had been given. He never wished to be ostentatious of his religion, but he trusted he should never be the man to be ashamed of it. He was ready to meet the challenge against that Church upon every ground—upon the ground of its antiquity, the truth of its doctrine, as being conformable with Scripture—the correctness of its discipline—the unbroken succession of its spiritual leaders from the earlier ages down to the present times; all its long catalogue of bishops, many eminent for their piety and their learning, could trace their descent from the days of St. Patrick.

“He (Mr. Napier) upheld the creed of that Church, on which his humble but immortal hope depended. He admitted that others differed with him; but let them show him one point of toleration upon which their liberty was pressed, and he (Mr. Napier) would help to remove their ground of complaint. Nine-tenths of the property of Ireland belonged to Protestants, and support for the Church was a tax on property—no personal tax was exacted in Ireland, from any man to pay for a religion of which he did not approve; save and except, indeed, so far as funds were regularly taken from the national exchequer to keep up Maynooth, and for other similar matters. There was a charge on the property, and those who took that property surely ought not to refuse to pay their creditor what they had engaged to pay him, merely because he differed in religion. But he would go from the south to the north of Ireland, and trace in all its territorial extension the benefits and advantage of Protestantism. He found it foster no sedition or revolutionary spirit; and in Protestant Ulster in particular, prosperity, industry, and every blessing that gave temporal and spiritual happiness to man reigned co-extensively with that Protestantism, which contained the germs of everything that could make a people prosper for time and for eternity.”

The important question upon the rate-in-aid came before the house in March, 1849. It involved a principle of great importance to many parts of Ireland, namely, the justice of making the solvent unions bear the defalcations of those that were insolvent. Against this proposition Mr. Napier contended, in a speech of great research and remarkable ability. He insisted that neither the law of Elizabeth, nor that of 1838, recognised the principle of responsibility beyond the limits of the particular union, much less could the Poor Law Extension Act be considered to do so. He urged two main objections to the applicability of the measure: first, that it was unjust—and secondly, that it was unwise. “Was it wise,” he asked—

“Or generous for this great country, whose resources and power enabled it to throw down the gauntlet to the rest of the world in defiance, to fasten upon a few parties in Ireland the burden of this rate, who had already been almost exclusively taxed under the poor law for the support of the destitute in their island, which was an integral part of the British empire? The calamity under which Ireland was suffering was providential, and the charge consequent upon relieving her from it ought to be borne by the kingdom generally.

Upon a matter of this description and magnitude they ought to take a large and comprehensive and wise and generous view of the policy to be pursued. There were three things Ireland wanted in order to promote her welfare. The first was repose, a cessation of political differences, and angry feelings and disputes; secondly, capital; thirdly, the exertion of private individuals for the purposes of agricultural improvement. Any policy that would ensure even one of these three things ought, in his opinion, to meet with favour

on the part of the house ; and any course of action which was likely to have a contrary effect ought to be discouraged. Now, let him for a moment test these three subjects by the feeling of the people of Ireland ; and a large proportion of them were perfectly capable of forming a judgment upon them. The house must be already aware that the majority of the Irish people had expressed opinions unfavourable to the measure, and that in some instances threats had been held out with respect to obedience to the law. His own hope was, that if the bill should pass, its provisions would be quietly obeyed ; but at the same time he was of opinion that obedience might be purchased at a very dear price. From the opinion which was known to prevail upon the subject of the measure, he thought that it would tend to weaken the affections of the loyal portion of the people of Ireland towards England, and that it would engender feelings of animosity towards British legislation.

With regard to the question of capital, if it was considered advisable to make advances of the public money, could they not be made under ordinary circumstances, and not by diminishing the shattered remnant of the capital which remained in the country ? The constant system of taxing property in Ireland it was that deterred men who had capital from employing it, and thus private enterprise was paralysed.

With regard to the financial argument in respect of Ireland—if it were the real sound feeling of England—not that unhealthy feeling which induced a desire to shift a burden from their own to other shoulders—if the sound feeling of this country were that Ireland ought to bear any additional taxation, he would not put forward a mere financial argument against such a feeling, because he was very anxious that there should be good feeling on both sides ; ill-feeling on either or both sides could only be injurious to both countries, therefore, he thought it both unwise and ungenerous to press such a measure. There ought, in common justice, to be either local rating and local taxation, or, that failing, then the appeal for aid ought to be made to the imperial treasury."

Sir Robert Peel followed Mr. Napier, and spoke in terms of high eulogy of his speech—an eulogy all the more valuable, as the right honourable baronet was always chary of his commendation. Mr. Napier was congratulated on every side ; and as he passed through the lobby of the house shortly afterwards, he met Sir James Graham, who said, "I congratulate you on your most able and eloquent speech—it was worthy of the best days of old Ireland, the days of Plunket eloquence." Turning from the commendations at St. Stephen's to that nearer home, an amusing instance was related by a northern barrister, who heard the comment about to be stated. The people in the north of Ireland were greatly excited about the rate-in-aid, and in Belfast they were somewhat disappointed, that their own members had not taken a more active part in the debate. However, when Mr. Napier's speech appeared in the papers, they comforted themselves with the gratifying reflection that he was their own man, if he was not their own member ; and so they felt no scruple in appropriating the honour and glory of the matter to themselves. "Ay, ay," said an old, sturdy Presbyterian, "our Mr. Napier has done his duty like a man. I see Sir Raabart has noticed him just nine times over in his speech—I counted them myself, sir."

From this period Mr. Napier constantly experienced the kindly and, as he felt it, very generous notice of Sir Robert Peel, which was expressed as well in private as in public. When he applied for an adjournment of the debate on the Viceroyalty question, he begged it as a favour from Lord John Russell, and said that one reason for his doing so was, that he observed Mr. Napier had endeavoured to catch the Speaker's eye, and wished to speak on the question, and that he had never listened to the honourable and learned gentleman without wishing to hear him again. Indeed the very marked respect paid by Sir Robert Peel, while it could not fail to be very gratifying to Mr. Napier, placed him at the same time in a somewhat delicate position. He felt grateful, and must have been desirous to show his sense of a notice which he considered generous, as it was gratuitous, and which he knew could not but be serviceable to him ; while, at the same time, he was sensitively fearful lest, in his intercourse with Sir Robert, he might be suspected of making any unbecoming advances. It was not till the death of that eminent statesman that he felt himself entirely released from all embarrassment ; and on the day that the melancholy event was first notified to the house, Mr. Napier took occasion, opportunely offered, to pay a just tribute to the talents and the labours of the departed.

A diligent and constant attendant on his parliamentary duties, to which he ever postponed professional emolument, Mr. Napier spoke on all the leading

questions before the house, and sat upon all the important committees. The Report upon the Receivers under the Irish Courts of Equity was prepared by him, and he afforded valuable assistance in the "Process and Practice Act," which was publicly acknowledged by Sir J. Romilly; also in the "Criminal Law Amendment Act," and others; while he prepared and carried through the house, even in the days of the Whigs, the admirable Ecclesiastical Code, which is justly regarded as a great and substantial boon to the Protestant Church and clergy.

Upon the sudden resignation of Lord John Russell and his colleagues last year, his successor in office, the Earl of Derby, at once offered to Mr. Napier the Attorney-Generalship of Ireland. The office was tendered to him upon terms alike honourable to both parties, leaving Mr. Napier perfectly free, upon certain questions, to retain those opinions which, we believe, no temptations, however great, would induce him to sacrifice. At the same time the Earl of Eglinton was sent over as viceroy to this country, and under his administration Mr. Napier assumed the important duties of his office. They were both new hands, so far as office was concerned; and, in common with many other of the appointments, afforded the extruded Whigs and the uncourted Irish patriots matter for merriment, as being inexperienced Johnny Raws, and so forth. It was quite true they had not experience enough of official diplomacy to have confounded the distinctions between right and wrong, nor been gazing sufficiently long through a Downing-street atmosphere, to be unable to see any object untinged by the hues of party, or undistorted by the love of power. But to make amends for these deficiencies in their education, they had a simplicity of manner and speech, that, however contemptible in the eyes of old political stagers, was quite refreshing and naive to the mass of the people. They absolutely not only always meant what they said, but ventured, with a charming frankness, very often to say what they meant. With these old-fashioned notions Lord Eglinton entered upon his executive policy in this country, aided in chief by one whose sagacity, wisdom, and learning placed him amongst the foremost judicial persons of the age; while his temper, discretion, experience, and sterling common sense rendered him the sagest and safest of councillors. We allude, of course, to the late Lord Chancellor Blackburne.

Ireland has proverbially been ever the difficulty of England. Never was it more so than during the viceroyalty of his noble predecessor. To Lord Clarendon is due the solution of one political problem, at all events—the utter impossibility of achieving the prosperity of a nation by those very means that would ensure the ruin of an individual. That to be politically tortuous, uncandid and insincere, till no man could respect his government, speculate upon his political movements, or depend on his political justice, is not the way to govern any country—least of all, such a country as Ireland—but, on the contrary, constitutes the very fittest policy to alienate her from England, to increase her dissensions, and exasperate her classes, the one against the other, and roll all back into barbarism and anarchy, Lord Clarendon had indeed completely proved, to the cost of the Irish people, and the satisfaction of the whole world. With such an example to profit by, and such a problem solved to his hand, it somehow occurred to the unsophisticated mind of Lord Eglinton that, perhaps, after all, political probity and justice might be regulated by, and dependent on, somewhat the same eternal rules as governed private morals. And so he began to take a survey of the past, to see what he was to shun, as well as what he was to follow. He found that much of the Irish difficulty was created by a long series of misgovernment. First, the country had been, as it were, portioned out to noble families of great influence—undertakers, who administer everything by family jobbing. Then the people rose against the tyranny of the oligarchy, and made themselves formidable, and they had to be conciliated; and, accordingly, a new dogma was propounded, namely, that the country should be governed through the priests. But, whether it was priest or patrician, still no minister or viceroy ventured to bring the governed, as it were, face to face with the governors—to teach the people that the true and just function of a government was to do what was just and right, because it was just and right; and to deal directly *with* the people and *for* the people, as a community, and not as an appendage—to be candid, and firm, and fair, and generous, yet to be uncompromis-

ing where principle was concerned ; to tamper with no crime, to tolerate no treason, to enter into no alliance with agitators, lay or clerical, whether in the chapel-yard, or at St. Stephen's, or in courts of justice—in fine, to make justice respected by exhibiting it as pure and impartial, and the law supreme, by showing it simple and uncompromising, without respect of persons. Lord Eglinton determined to attempt this novel mode of administering the affairs of Ireland. He was heartily met in his honest endeavours by those whom the Earl of Derby had given him as his law officers, advisers and associates, and to whom he became most cordially attached. Ireland soon began to *feel* the change—to trust in the assurances which were given to her with a sincerity of manner that every heart acknowledged ; and men began to understand that there is a policy which is superior to party and subdues faction, that seeks to make all parties satisfied, by aiming to advance the common interest of all. This policy was administered most happily by a nobleman who deported himself with a simple frankness, and a most unaffected courtesy, to all classes, creeds, and parties, and who carried with him, in retiring from this country, the respect of all, and, we may add, the affectionate esteem of the majority of the nation. Sincerely do we hope that his successor will endeavour to carry out, patiently and permanently, this the only policy which has ever been found successful in Ireland. England is bound to see that this policy is adhered to, for she has seen the good fruits that it has borne, and Ireland should not be satisfied with any other.

But we have been in some degree digressing from our subject. While Mr. Napier was in office, he dedicated himself wholly to its duties. He, with his able and energetic colleague, soon reduced the Ribbon covers to submission and tranquillity, by firm and successful prosecutions. One of the most pressing questions which required a settlement was that which related to the occupation of land, not only by reason of some real social grievances involved, but still more from the facility with which selfish and dishonest agitators turned those grievances into engines to inflame the minds of the people. Mr. Napier prepared with great and patient industry a series of bills, for the purpose of abolishing the old code, and entirely re-edifying it in a manner at once solid and simple. Of these bills we have recently spoken, freely expressing our opinions both in our approval and dissent. They are now in committee. We believe it is the general hope that their author will be able to carry them through the house with such modifications as will make them a vast benefit to the country.

When Lord Derby resigned the seals of office, Mr. Napier was remitted to his non-official life. It is not unlikely that, if the ministry had stood, he might have passed very soon from the official position which he filled so worthily to a seat on the judicial bench, for which he is so eminently qualified. That he did not, we think may be matter of just regret, if not to himself, yet assuredly to the country. To place the administration of the laws in the hands of a man of learning and virtue, to whom the profession may look up, and in whom the nation can confide, is to confer an incalculable benefit on society ; as to promote to such a dignity any who may want either personal virtue or professional knowledge, is a treacherous use by the minister of the power with which the country has entrusted him. For Mr. Napier we have no anxiety. He was ever fond of his profession for its own sake, and for the sake of those to whom it has bound him in the endearing ties of life-long friendship. He returns to a natural position in the highest ranks of the profession ; it is said that his health much needed a respite from Parliament, and that his political labours should, in justice to himself, be closed soon, and judicial duty his reward. Whether in Parliament, the profession, the bench, or the private circle, we hope ever to see him what we have ever known him to be, and wish him to continue.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

WHATEVER other steam routes may be established between England and Australia, whether by the Cape of Good Hope, or over the Isthmus of Panama, we think the one by Ceylon, Singapore, and Torres Straits must eventually be occupied by a regular line of packets. The advantages of this line would be, that, while it afforded as safe and as speedy a passage as any other from England to Sydney and to our Australian dominions, it would likewise serve to bind and connect those with our great Indian empire — to open up and make known, and profitable to us and to the world, the many rich and beautiful islands of the Indian Archipelago; and would become the medium of connexion also between the Spaniards and the Philippine Islands, on the one side, and the Dutch and the Netherlands' East Indies on the other. The establishment of such a line of packets, if well and liberally founded, and managed in a large and impartial spirit, free from all jealousy, even of a national character, and adapted to suit the convenience of all nations, as well as ourselves, would be a feat well worthy to take its place in history among political achievements of a high order. It might be the means of spreading the light of religion and civilisation over many fair regions of the earth, as well as increasing the wealth and adding to the prosperity of ourselves and other more or less civilised people. It would be the opening of a great highway into countries abounding in mineral wealth, of the richest and most fertile soil, clothed with the most useful, as well as the rarest and most costly of vegetable productions; and possessing a variety of form and surface, an immensity of coast line, together with sufficient inland spaces, composed of every modification of plains, of mountains, and of valleys, calculated, with their tropi-

cal, but insular and tempered climate, for every variety of cultivation, and affording facilities for every species of commerce.

We propose, with the aid of the books mentioned at the foot of this page,* and our remembrance of some others, assisted also by some personal knowledge and recollections of that portion of the earth, to take the reader a trip, from the Straits of Malacca through the Indian archipelago, as far as New Guinea and the northern shores of Australia.

If we entered the Straits of Malacca from the north-west, leaving our pleasant settlement of Pulo Penang on our left, and the independent Sumatran state of Acheen on our right, we should see the shore on either hand gradually closing in, till the straits were not more than twenty miles in width. The Sumatran shore would then appear very low and flat, evidently, as far as could be seen into the interior, a great jungle or forest, traversed by many rivers, whose deltas often make the coast a mere mud bank for many miles together. The lofty volcanic peaks of the interior, some of which are said to be 15,000 feet high, are far too distant to be visible in any ordinary condition of the atmosphere.

On the Malacca shore the land is likewise rather low, but broken here and there by some small hills and undulations, and the white sand beach, now and then interrupted by a small rocky cliff, or here and there by the jungly entrance of a little river. The whole country seems covered with wood, among which groves of coconuts and other palms wave their feathered heads, like the ornamental plumes of the forest. At some miles' distance in the interior, may now and then be discerned, through the hot and trembling haze of the tropical sky, the dim outline of some bold granitic hills.

* 1. "A Visit to the Indian Archipelago, in H. M. S. *Mæander*." By Captain the Hon. H. Keppel, R.N. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

2. "Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. *Rattlesnake*, commanded by the late Captain Owen Stanley, R.N." By John Macgillivray, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: T. and W. Boone.

One of these, called Mount Ophir, at the back of Malacca, rises to a height of about 3,600 feet.

If we took boat and entered the little rivulet, and landed at the town of Malacca, we should find a most pleasant and picturesque old town, with some remains of the architecture of its former Portuguese masters, and still more quaint old buildings, characteristic of the Dutch, from whom it came into our possession. Chinese houses, ornamented with all the grotesqueness for which that nation is famous; Chinese temples, with huge gilt images, and cool courts, under groves of beautiful trees; and the more fragile houses of the Malay people, that look as if made merely out of the refuse wood and sticks of the bamboos, bananas, and palm-trees in which they are secluded:—all these, with open, grassy spaces, bordered by noble tamarind trees, and cool, sheltered lanes and alleys, under avenues of cocoa-nuts and bamboos, form a most agreeable contrast to the glaring, dusty streets, bare spaces, and spick and span new English houses we should afterwards meet with at Singapore. Malacca is, no doubt, rather a lazy place; there is not much business doing; nobody seems to be in a hurry, neither does any one seem at all anxious for hard work. But there is a delightful, dreamy sort of air about it, every one appearing quite happy and contented, which, to our feelings, made it a most enjoyable place for a short residence. There is, moreover, no spot in the world—and for this assertion we can quote the authority of the Resident—where there is so little crime of any sort. The criminal courts have really nothing to do, and the civil almost as little. Any man, by two or three days' moderate exertion, can earn enough to support him in ease, and supply him with amusement for the rest of the week; and, accordingly, having food, shelter, and amusement, and occasionally a little finery, they are there with content.

We dwell rather on Malacca, as, on the entrance to the great Malay archipelago, because it always appeared to

us that its inhabitants afforded a good type of what all the Malayo-Polynesian races would become, whenever they had been for a sufficient time under a good government—a government that would keep order and administer equal justice, without being over strict in exacting either money, labour, or religious observances, from the population.*

Let us, however, proceed a little, and visit Singapore. On approaching it the Straits of Malacca seem to be completely closed by low land on every side, a number of islands lying across it, the passages between which, as well as great part of the adjacent seas, are so encumbered with shoals, that the unwary captain who happens to touch on one of them about high water will probably, in a short time, be able to walk round his ship and examine the state of her bottom, and may consider himself a lucky man if that be all the harm that happens to him.

Arrived off the town of Singapore we still seem to be in a lake surrounded by rather low land on every side, that on the south being cut up by a multitude of channels, not yet known or surveyed, although all inhabited, and sometimes, to our shame be it spoken, by people whose trade is a sort of pettifogging piracy. They emerge in small prahus from their retreats, and pounce on any native boats, sampans, or prahus they may be able to master; robbing and, perhaps, murdering our customers, and sometimes our own subjects, within sight of our own doors, and of the vessels lying at anchor in our harbours.

Of Singapore we will allow Captain Keppel to speak:—

“On the banks of a small stream—the rendezvous, until 1819, of only a few Malay trading prahus—now stands the rich and extensive town of Singapore.† By no act of his life did Sir Stamford Raffles manifest greater discernment and foresight than by founding this settlement. In 1824, five years after its first establishment, the population amounted to 11,000, ‘the magical result,’ says its eminent founder, of ‘perfect freedom in trade.’ This number had already doubled itself when I saw the place for the first time,

* There is a considerable Malay College in Malacca, which has made it of late years the centre of Malayan literature and instruction.

† Captain Keppel calls it *Sincapore*, a method of spelling that ought to be discouraged, as its name is really “Singha pura” the “Lion city.”

in 1833; and it has continued to increase ever since in the same rapid way.* Singapore has now become the commercial emporium of all the trading communities of the eastern archipelago, as well as of that extensive trade which is carried on by all nations with China and India. Hither also resort, now twice in every month, the steam vessels of the Dutch from Batavia, of the Spaniards from Manila, and our own from China, to meet the European mail. The number of square-rigged vessels that anchor annually in the roads exceeds a thousand. The island measures twenty-seven miles in length, and eleven in breadth. A few years ago it was a dense jungle. On every hill may now be seen the residence of some hospitable merchant, surrounded by plantations of nutmegs or other spice trees. Excellent roads intersect the island, and substantial bridges are thrown across its streams."

So far we can corroborate and agree with Captain Keppel; but, when we were there in 1845, many of these roads only led through jungle much invested with tigers, and we fancy neither can have been much diminished since, as Captain Keppel says—

"The annual loss of human life from tigers, chiefly among the Chinese settlers, is perfectly fearful, averaging no fewer than 860, or one per diem."

And he goes on to relate some interesting anecdotes of adventures with these "wild bastes," for which we must refer our readers to his book.

Singapore is altogether a wonderful and interesting place, but not a pleasant one according to our notions, and the higher ranks of its society appeared to us to be infected by a stiff and starched evangelicism—the source of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Proceeding east from Singapore, we emerge, at Point Romania, into the entrance of the China seas, and, keeping still easterly, we arrive at the north-west coast of Borneo and the now far-famed province of Sarāwak.†

Of Borneo we have no personal

knowledge, but from the descriptions we should judge that the natural features of the country greatly resemble those of the Malay peninsula, except that the rivers, plains, and mountains are all on a larger and grander scale. In the former book of Captain Keppel, as well as in the publications of Belcher and Marryat, the views of the river banks recalled to our recollection all the beauties of tropical scenery; while those of the great mountain of Kineh Balu gave the idea of much grandeur, but also of much singularity and peculiarity in the outline, so as to puzzle our fancy as to what rock the mountain could possibly consist of. We can hardly imagine a more delightful sojourn for an enthusiastic naturalist than an encampment on the flanks of this mountain, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet from the plains of a great unexplored country like Borneo, full of new animals, new birds, shells and insects, new trees and plants, and unexamined and undescribed rocks.

Captain Keppel's present book is taken up, as to the Bornean part of it, with a defence of the naval operations against the Sakarran and Sarebus† pirates; a defence of Rajah Brooke, as connected therewith, and also of his general government of Sarāwak, and some more extracts from his journals.

Rajah Brooke is a man who has occupied some considerable share of public attention of late years, for which reason we propose first briefly to examine these his claims to hero worship. We can do this the more conscientiously as we never had any connexion either with himself, his friends, or his enemies; never saw him for more than ten minutes, and know nothing more of him than we have seen in print. He went out some twelve or fourteen years ago, if we recollect rightly, as a private gentleman, in his own yacht, in search of adventures. He found them on the north-west coast of Borneo, where he entered the little river Sarāwak, made

* Its population is said now to be 60,000.

† We must entreat our readers, if they have any feelings for the ears of those who have been accustomed to the harmony of the beautiful Malay language, not to pronounce this word as if it were the name of one Sarah Wack. The accent is on the second syllable, with the "a" broad and open, and the final "k" only just sounded merely like a thick "h."

‡ These are the names of rivers east of the Sarāwak, but the reader will look in vain in the chart given by Captain Keppel for these names, and many others mentioned in his book. Not only are many names omitted from this chart, which ought to have been inserted, but, according to our notions, there occur mistakes in the spelling of some of those that are given. For instance, the Malay name for a "point," or "cape," is "tanjong," not "tajong."

friends with the then Rajah Muda Hassim (a weak old gentleman, like many others of the Malay chiefs), assisted him to overcome his enemies, and received the rajahship for his pains. He took on himself the government of the country, with but little means of support, except his own energy and force of character, his determination to administer justice impartially, and to rule the people for their own good.

He succeeded. All praise be to him for it. It was a difficult and rather ticklish task, requiring a good share of "pluck" and of self-confidence, as well as considerable ability. Among any other race than a Malay race, the very great probability is, that he would never have had the chance afforded him, and if he had, that he would *not* have succeeded.

We can, on our own personal authority, affirm that all the Malay* races are singularly docile—that docility is their most striking characteristic. They can easily be taught to be pirates; easily trained to be quiet seamen; they can be made merchants or agriculturists, servants or gentlemen, Hindoos, Mahometans, or Christians, with greater ease and facility than, perhaps, any other race of people on the globe. We do not mean to say that they assume the appearance only of these things; on the contrary, they are perfectly genuine and sincere. They make as good, thorough-going, merciless, and desperate pirates under one kind of influence, as under another they become mild, patient, persevering, Christian husbandmen, sailors, or merchants. An Arab trader settles among them, converts them all into Mahometans, and, probably, makes them pirates, for his own private advantage. A humane English gentleman visits them, and establishes himself among them as a ruler, and if he have the luck to be away from the influence of neighbouring potentates of another class, or if he can in any way overcome and repel their attacks, he founds a kingdom based on the principles of justice and humanity.

Many minor instances of this might be found if they were sought for, of which the following is one that happens to occur to us. In 1845 the

noble island of Lombock was virtually ruled by an Englishman of the name of King, and he may be ruler of it now for all we know to the contrary. He settled as a trader at Ampanam, and in a short time became the prime minister of the rajah, and his word became law over the whole country. An agent of his, an Englishman of no very high class as to manners or education, lived at the other end of the island, alone, exercising an undisputed authority over the surrounding people.

The mere fact, then, of Mr. Brooke (now Sir James) becoming Rajah of Sarawak, was, after all, nothing very outrageously wonderful. Almost any other English gentleman of average resolution and ability, could have done the same thing if he had taken the fancy to try. Similar things could be done even now, either in other parts of Borneo or in many other islands of the east. Any gentleman who can fit out a good, armed yacht, and has a fancy for a principality in a rude, half-civilised country, and does not mind risking his life in the first attempt to obtain it, might soon acquire the style, title, and authority of rajah in the eastern archipelago.

We believe that Rajah Brooke administered his government well and wisely, and, perhaps, in the only way that such a government could be well administered. He most undoubtedly, however, acted on one or two occasions without much scruple, and in a sufficiently arbitrary manner, somewhat in the Louis Napoleon style. We do not say he was not justified in so doing; we merely state the fact. He has however, something about him of the charlatan and adventurer, which, if it has contributed to his success, has also, we think, been very greatly the cause of the obloquy that has lately attended it. He writes journals, but does not condescend to publish them, delegating that office to sundry captains in the navy—Captain Keppel, first and chief; and they usher these journals into the world with a flourish of trumpets that no man could blow in his own behalf without being answered by a laugh.

This course of proceeding may be a fortunate accident, but it rather smacks of policy and a foregone conclusion. It certainly could not have answered

By Malay here, we mean all the inhabitants of the great eastern archipelago who are not Japanese on the one hand, nor Papuans on the other.

better, had it been all a contrived system from the beginning. Rajah Brooke is now Sir James Brooke, Consul-governor-commissioner, with £3000 per annum from the Imperial Government; has been sent on an embassy to Siam (in which he failed egregiously), and has made treaties with the sultans of Bruni and Sooloo (which have had few or no results).

He, with great arrogance, not long ago, demanded from the Governor of Singapore the dismissal of an officer of one of the courts of justice there, because that officer had previously been editor of a paper, in which attacks on the rajah had appeared. He again in this reminds us of Louis Napoleon, on a small scale, who, doubtless, would send a demand for the head of the editor of the *Times*, or of *Punch*, if he thought he could get it.

In the present work, Rajah Brooke commences a journal thus:—

“*June 15th, 1850. Singapore.*—I commence anew a journal of events. . . This record will be for myself alone; I shall try to lose the sense of writing for the public, and use the freedom that I feel of action and of expression.”

Now, what man, commencing a really private journal, thinks it necessary to tell himself so at the beginning? Moreover the journal is, throughout, *carefully written*—no hasty expression, no mere heads, or broken memoranda; everything in it, too, *tells* well for Rajah Brooke. There is throughout it an air of apology and of defence, as if of a man advocating his own cause, and putting his actions in the best possible light. There is, moreover, both in this portion and in all his other journals similarly published, an ostentation of philanthropy and disinterestedness, which begets suspicion. Now and then, too, an expression occurs, evidently betraying the fact of its being written for publication; for instance—

“*2nd December.*—The following description of a bird, found in Labuan, is curious; and I relate it as I heard it from Low and Brereton.”

If this journal was really “for himself alone,” to whom is he *relating* this description? Dozens of similar instances might be pointed out in it.

Captain Keppel states that “the notes are published as they are found

in the original manuscript.” Before reading them, we are told that he has “with difficulty obtained permission to make use of them.” This is so evidently a piece of affectation on the rajah’s part, that, however it may have imposed on Captain Keppel, it will certainly not be accepted by us without a smile.

Finally, we may dismiss Rajah Brooke with the verdict, that he seems in the main an honest, well-intentioned and humane man, of considerable energy and ability, but that he has his full share of vanity and ambition, which he endeavours to conceal under the guise of disinterested benevolence and general philanthropy; and that, however good his intentions may be, it would be just as well if he did not make such a fuss about them.

As to the naval operations against the Sakarran and Sarebus pirates, we acknowledge ourselves to be converted from our previous distrust of their propriety, by the evidence and arguments brought forward by Captain Keppel. We are willing to set down to the darkness of the night, and the consequent impossibility of seeing exactly what was done, the excessive slaughter and destruction that was caused by the paddle-wheels of the *Nemesis*, and the arms of the party under Captain Farquhar. Doubtless, the morning light brought many a doubt and fear, mingled with regret, to the hearts of those engaged. To those feelings we are unwilling that a word of ours should add a single pang. The operations were justified in the main, both in their design and in their result. No man can be answerable in such circumstances for the details of the execution of his orders. In dealing with bodies of uncivilised or half-civilised men, whether in our own islands here at home, or in distant lands, among people called savages, it must always be borne in mind, that they do not understand or believe in your mercy or forbearance, unless they are fully aware of your power to destroy, and of your resolution to exercise it, if compelled to do so. In intercourse with so-called savage tribes, every one must hold himself prepared, with whatever reluctance and regret, to give them the most practical and convincing proof of his power to destroy and utterly annihilate them, before he can expect them to give him credit for not exercising

that power. To act with energy—in plain words, to kill a certain number of men, when circumstances justify or compel you so to do, without hesitation, and in the most certain, rapid, and effectual manner, is often the truest humanity, and the one most likely to put a stop to all bloodshed for the future.

We are now prepared to believe that circumstances *did justify* the attack on the Sakarran and Sarebus fleet, and can only regret that the rencontre did not take place by day, when justice might have been more tempered with mercy than it was.

Every one, the officers of the navy most especially, must rejoice that the iniquitous system of head-money for pirates—£20 for every carcass—has been put an end to. This was one of the good results of that lamentable, though necessary action.

Our former distrust of the propriety of those operations was, we must confess, a good deal heightened by our recollection of the rencontre which took place some time previously on the coast of Gilolo, under the orders of Sir Edward Belcher. Mr. Marryat, one of his own officers, showed pretty clearly, in his account of the transaction, that the native prahus destroyed on that occasion, and for which a large sum of money was paid to Sir E. Belcher and the crew of the Samarang, were really gun-boats, or coast-guard boats, acting under the orders of the Dutch Government, or of the native chiefs, sanctioned by the Dutch.

We recollect, in 1845, meeting in Sourabaya with an Englishman, the skipper of a small merchant vessel, that had been wrecked near New Guinea. He had been passed on by native prahus from one island to another, till he came to Java. One of the islands he had visited was Gilolo; and we well remember his telling us that he was there obliged to deny he was an Englishman, and pass himself off as an American, because the people were so exasperated in consequence of an unjustifiable attack from one of our men-of-war—the wanton destruction of their prahus, and the uncalled for burning of one or two of their peaceful and unoffending villages. We disbelieved the story at the time, and repudiated the statement, for the honour of the cloth; but after reading Belcher's and Marryat's account of the voyage of the Samarang,

we fear there was too much truth in the native version of the story. Doubtless it was a mistake on the part of Sir Edward Belcher, but such mistakes have very awkward consequences.

Let us continue our voyage, under the guidance of Capt. Keppel, through other parts of the Archipelago. From Sarawak he sailed along the north-west coast of Borneo, touching at Lubuan and Maludu Bay, and then visited Sooloo, passing many small, but beautiful islands on his way. Of Sooloo itself he quotes the following description by Mr. Hunt, which we believe to be near the truth, although written rather in the style of a George Robins:—

“There are few landscapes in the world that exhibit a more delightful appearance than the sea coasts of Sooloo; the luxuriant variety of the enchanting hills exhibits a scenery hardly ever equalled, and certainly never surpassed, by the pencil of the artist. Some with majestic woods, that wave their lofty heads to the very summits; others, with rich pasturage, delightfully verdant; others, again, exhibit cultivation to the mountain top, chequered with groves, affording a grateful variety to the eye: in a word, it only requires the decorations of art and civilised life, to form a terrestrial paradise.”

At the small island of Cagayan Sooloo, Captain Keppel visits the lake described by Sir Edward Belcher, and discovers another one. They must be very curious and interesting places:—

“We came to, in ten fathoms, about a mile off the south side of Cagayan, and immediately commenced our examination of the curious circular lake. The entrance is by a gap about fifty yards wide; this, however, is crossed by a bank of coral, which extends along the whole south coast, and at low water is nearly dry, so as to exclude any boat larger than a canoe. Just outside the middle of the bar was a small island of rock and sandstone, with a sufficient shelter of bushes to make an excellent sheltered spot for our pic-nic. On passing the bar we found ourselves inside a magnificent circular lake of deep blue water; its circumference was about three miles. It was completely encircled by sandstone cliffs, upwards of two hundred feet in height, and nearly perpendicular; their sides were covered with trees and shrubs. In the natural barriers of this remarkable enclosure, only two small breaks occurred; one was the gap by which we entered, the other was on the east-north-east side.

“From the inside, the little island at the entrance had all the appearance of having

once filled the gap, and looked as if it had been forced out into the sea by some internal pressure. The break which I mentioned on the north-east side did not come lower than within seventy or eighty feet of the water's edge, and was partially concealed by the thick foliage of the jungle and forest trees. In sounding we found the depth of water to vary from fifty to sixty fathoms; and it appeared to be as deep at the sides as in the centre. Nothing could be more beautifully luxuriant than the growth of the jungle trees of every description; their trunks and branches covered with an endless variety of beautiful creepers in brilliant blossom, hanging in festoons to the very water's edge. Over our heads, disturbed by such unusual visitors, numbers of pigeons flew to and fro; while many varieties of parrots screamed their remonstrance at our intrusion. Forming ourselves into small parties, we dispersed; some to haul the seine, some to search for shells, while a third party explored the gap on the north-east side, clambering up without any anticipation of a further treat, which was in reserve for them.

"At a height of about ninety feet, another beautiful lake burst on their astonished sight, circular in form, and as nearly as possible similar to that which they had just left. The two lakes were separated by a sort of natural wall, and the spectator, standing on its narrow edge, could, by a mere turn of the head, look down either on the inner lake, at a depth of thirty feet, or on the outer, eighty feet beneath him, almost perpendicularly. The water of the higher, or inner lake, was perfectly fresh; but it may be observed, that while it is called the *inner* lake, because we approached it *through* the other, it is, in fact, a very little further inland than the first. Men and axes were procured from the ship; the trees were cut down, and a road made up the gap; a raft was then constructed, and, together with a small boat, launched upon the upper water. Our operations soon drew some of the natives to the spot, who expostulated on our proceedings, informing us that the waters of the lake were sacred, and had never yet been desecrated by the presence or by the pressure of an earthly canoe; that the Spirit of the Lake (by description a fiery dragon of the worst order) would not fail to manifest his displeasure at the innovation; and that nothing would induce them to venture on it. These scruples were, however, got over by one of them after he had swallowed a glass of grog.

"It was not until we were afloat on the inner lake, that we were enabled to form a correct idea of the beauty of its encircling barriers, and of the luxuriant vegetation which graced them. We had then also the best view of the extraordinary gap through which we had passed into it. The sandstone cliffs were more perpendicular on the fresh-water side, assuming the appearance of massive masonry; and the gap might be a por-

tal, a hundred feet in height, broken through the immense stone wall. The creepers, also, were hence seen to great advantage, some of them falling in most beautiful luxuriance, the whole length, from the summit of the surrounding heights to the water's edge.

"I should have added, that the cliffs on the lake-side were intersected at regular distances, by a stratum of conglomerate."

We are reminded by these descriptions of the sacred lake mentioned by Herman Melville, in his "*Typee*," a book which gives the most truthful and accurate, because the most glowing and vivid pictures of the Marquesas Islands, not very dissimilar in any respect to many of those in the eastern archipelago.

We incline to the suspicion, that these circular lakes of Cagayan were old craters, the sandstone and conglomerate being, probably, volcanic tuff and breccia.

Incidental mention frequently occurs of the beauties of the archipelago, whether it be of a little coral islet, with its white beach, rising from unfathomable dark blue water, or of the large and mountainous islands such as Mindanao.

Let us take the following peep into the island of Luzon, the principal one of the Philippines. The party start from Manila, up the river Pasig:—

"We took canoe and paddled up the river, on either side of which, the country-houses and gardens of the inhabitants extended for miles.

"It was dark when we reached the entrance to the lakes, and our boatmen took it easy during the night, but at daylight, when we rubbed our eyes, and looked about us, the change seemed magical. Instead of the narrow and very muddy river on which we were paddling when we went to sleep, we found ourselves on the bosom of a magnificent lake, measuring several miles across; and in water, which, although fresh, was deep and blue in appearance. The hills, or rather mountains, came sloping down from the clouds to the water's edge; we could see the fish rising in all directions. As we passed by headlands, or emerged from groups of islands, fresh expanses of the lakes opened before us, all of the same beautiful character. It was, in fact, one large lake; though in many places nearly separated into several different basins, by narrow passes and numerous islets. We went on wondering and admiring, until we reached our friend's residence in the vicinity of a large and flourishing village. . . . After this, he provided us with a guide to the summit of a

hill in the vicinity, commanding an extensive view. On our way thither, we passed through the village, which is approached by pleasant lanes, sheltered from the sun by hedges of bamboo, the ends of which, gracefully inclining inwards, formed an arch overhead. The houses were clean and well built, with white walls and neatly thatched roofs; the streets are built at right angles; and there is, after the common fashion of Spanish towns, a plaza, or square in the centre.* . . . The low land between the village and the hills at the back, was drained and highly cultivated. The corn fields were generally fringed with groves of cocoa-nut trees, affording a very pleasant and necessary retreat from the noonday sun.

"It was intensely hot, and the hill ascent very laborious: but the view from the summit was worth the trouble. Looking in the direction where we imagined we had entered the waters, we were at fault; for the labyrinth of lakes seemed interminable; basin after basin of blue water appearing, one beyond the other. Some of the distant land lay high; it sloped gradually to the water's edge, and seemed to be capable of any degree of cultivation.

"In an opposite direction, the lake view was not equally extensive, but bounded by higher mountains, at the foot of which, in a plain beyond, communicating by rivers with the lake, stands the town of San Francisco. The view on this side was more lively, being relieved by the white sails of the numerous canoes passing to and fro. The low land immediately beneath our feet, bordering the lake, was teeming with herds of cattle. Altogether the scene was indescribably beautiful.

"It seemed strange to us that agriculture was so partially pursued on the shores of these lakes, where the soil was so rich, where easy means of irrigation were at command, and where the water communication from all parts of the country with Manila, was so open and easy. The explanation given was, that all communication, whether by land or water is insecure: liable to the attacks of banditti—these are composed partly of deserters from the army, and partly of native Indians; a race still untamed and unimpressible as to the advantages of quiet commerce."

The banditti part of the story is simply the result of mismanagement and bad government. The Spaniards have had possession of Manila for three centuries, which we can at once

venture to say, have been three centuries of oppression, tyranny, and injustice, grinding exaction on all the natives they can get into their power, and of the most intolerant haughtiness and contempt on the part of the authorities towards all those, whether Native, Creole, or Spaniard, whom they have been sent to govern.

It is the old story of colonial misgovernment which, bad enough in our own colonies, has always been ten thousand times worse in those of Spain; and the worst of it is, that it will require centuries of good management to eradicate the mischief that has been done, to raise and cherish a kindly feeling in the hearts of the natives towards the Europeans, or to make the Europeans act with common justice and humanity to their native fellow-subjects. The Philippines ought to have been, and might have been with proper management, a kind of terrestrial paradise. By this time all their swelling bills and fertile valleys might have been crowded with a happy and contented population, the very overflowings of whose abundance would now have yielded to Spain a far higher revenue than any she ever has derived from them, or is ever likely to do.

There is in this part of the archipelago a most interesting and delightful field for exploration, open to any one who has the means or opportunity. The great islands of Mindanao and Palawan, of which Dampier and some of the older navigators give such charming accounts, are still almost unknown. And what do we know of the island of Formosa, the very name of which is an attraction?

Let us now retrace our steps southward of Borneo, and touch at Java—that large and magnificent island, the head quarters of the Dutch possessions in the east—from which, after paying all expenses, they derive a revenue of over two millions sterling to the credit of the home government of Holland.

Java is generally associated in people's minds with pestiferous cities seated in deadly swamps, with poisonous upas trees, and valleys of death that no

* This feature of a square in the centre is characteristic also of all Dutch towns in the eastern archipelago, and we question whether it be not an aboriginal characteristic rather than an introduced one. The green square surrounded by trees in the town of Castlebar, county Mayo, with the church on one side, and the streets running along the other, reminds us always of one of these eastern towns.

living being can approach with safety. There is some truth in the swampy and unhealthy situation of some of the principal Dutch towns, as those of Batavia and Sourabaya, where the Hollanders seem to have pitched themselves in order that they might have muddy canals traversing the streets, and thus delude themselves into the belief that they were at home. As to the upas tree: there are several kinds of upas, the juice of some of which is poisonous when treated in a certain way, but a man might surround his house with a grove of upas trees without experiencing any ill effects from them.

The country, when once we get away from the mud flats of the coast into the interior, is one of the most beautiful and magnificent, as well as one of the most fruitful, healthy, and delightful of all the countries of the earth. Noble groups of volcanic mountains range from one end of the island to the other, rising often from 8,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea. The broad valleys and plains between these, which are often 1,500 feet above the sea, are traversed in every direction by brooks and rivulets of ever-running water, giving irrigation to large cultivated districts covered with rice, and sugar, and other tropical productions; while on the rising grounds at the foot of the hills, delightful coffee plantations, with cool grassy alleys under lofty forest trees, spread over miles of ground. Above these, magnificent forests clothe the steep and deeply furrowed flanks of the mountains for several thousand feet, out of which emerge the grassy heights of the summits, crowned here and there by the bare piles of cinders and ashes forming the volcanic cones. In the upland villages, potatoes, peas, and other vegetables, as also fruits of a more temperate climate, are produced in abundance, and supplied to the cities in the plains, where all tropical vegetables and all the delicious fruits of the archipelago are to be had almost for the asking.

Some of these fruits, by the way, as the juicy, exquisite, never-cloying mangosteen, the rich, full-flavoured, luscious, though dreadful-smelling, durian, are worth a voyage to Java or Malacca if only to taste them.

Captain Keppel did not see much

of Java, the only modern account of which that we are aware of since the admirable one of Raffles, is a short narrative given in the voyage of H.M.S. Fly, under Captain Blackwood. We extract the following, however, from Captain Keppel:—

“A short run carried us into Batavia roads. On nearing this spacious and beautiful anchorage, in which the flags of all nations may be seen flying from the mast-heads of a variety of vessels, from the prahus of the Spice Islands to the magnificent traders of the United States, you are at once impressed with the idea that you are approaching a large and opulent city. . . .

“Batavia deserves a great deal more notice than we had time to bestow on it, being the capital of all the Dutch possessions in the east, with a mixed population, chiefly Javanese, of about 120,000. Like Manila,* the city is approached from seaward by a long, straight canal, running between two massive walls; and as there is a strong current generally setting out, the easiest way to stem it is to land the crew, and let them track the boat. The houses near the sea, although large and handsome buildings, are used by the merchants for business purposes only. . . . The suburbs, extending over the higher grounds to a distance of several miles inland, are most healthy and very beautiful; they present a succession of large, handsome houses, standing in extensive gardens, and surrounded by cocoa-nut, banana, and other trees, whose shade imparts a delightful freshness to the apartments. The roads to this part, from the coast, are broad, with streams of fresh water on both sides.”

The great public roads of Java are, indeed, admirable ones. One line alone, from Anjer on the west to Banyu Wangi on the east, is more than six hundred miles long, with post-houses at regular intervals of eight or ten miles. A carriage and four may be driven without impediment the whole distance. The horses, however, are only supplied by the people of the several districts, on an order from the government, which must be sent previously along the line, and the Dutch are most jealous of allowing any one but their own government officers to travel in the island at all.

From Batavia Captain Keppel proceeds to the eastward:—

“As we kept the Java coast, the fishing canoes, or ‘flying canoes of Java,’ as they

* And Sourabaya, and other cities in Java.

are not inaptly styled, were each morning objects of surprise and admiration. They are long, but very narrow; just broad enough to enable a man to sit between the gunwales: the crew seldom exceeds four men. They are rendered steady by long semicircular outriggers, one end secured to the gunwale, the other to large bamboos awash with the water, of the same length as the canoe itself; and as they are daubed all over with some bright white substance,* they have the appearance of huge spiders crawling over the dark blue sea, which is at the same time strange and picturesque; their speed, when propelled by paddles, is very great, but under their large triangular sails they appeared to fly."

Captain Keppel next mentions the islands of Bali and Lombok, the people of which retain a form of the Hindoo religion that once prevailed in Java (where still abound the many ruins of its beautiful temples), and probably over other parts of the archipelago. It appears to have been a purer form of the religion than that now prevalent in India.

The magnificent volcanic peaks that dominate these two large islands, the whole of which seem but fitting bases for them to stand on, are, when viewed from the sea at sunrise or sunset, two of the most noble sights we ever happened to set eyes on.

Neither Captain Keppel nor any of the recent English voyagers have touched at Celebes, or given us any account of it. The very shape of the island has something attractive about it. We would gladly understand the reason of the one narrow piece of land running north and south, and the four promontories, each more than one hundred and fifty miles long, striking out from it in four different directions, ranging from south to east.† We have heard from persons well acquainted with the archipelago, the Resident of Sourabaya among the number, that of all the lovely islands of the east, Celebes is the most beautiful and the most magnificent.

The free, political institutions, moreover, among the Bugis of the Gulf of Bony, where they have a federation of states under chiefs, either elected or bound to rule constitutionally, some of whom, too, are occasionally women,

together with the frank and manly character of those Bugis we have seen, and the enterprise they evince in their trading expeditions to all parts of the archipelago, from Singapore to the Gulf of Carpentaria, make one anxious to know more of such a country, inhabited by such a people.

In pursuance of his duty, however, Captain Keppel made the best of his way to Port Essington, passing in his way the well-known island of Sumbawa (an eruption in which, in 1815, was felt in several directions one thousand miles from its source), the islands of Flores and Timor, with the many adjacent and smaller islands. One of these, a little island called Comba, north-east of Flores, showed a volcano in eruption as they passed.

This, as well as several other scenes mentioned in the voyage, have been very effectively sketched by Mr. Brierly, an artist who accompanied Captain Keppel during part of his voyage. North of Timor are the small islands of Wetta and Kissa, the inhabitants of which having been converted during the last century by some Dutch Lutheran clergymen, still remain Christians, and, judging from one specimen of them with whom we have associated, are as pleasant, quiet, and intelligent a people as one would wish to meet with anywhere.

At Port Essington Captain Keppel's business was to remove a party of marines, detachments of whom had been stationed there since 1838, in the abortive hope of a settlement arising there. "Scias, mi fili, quantulo sapientiæ mundus gubernatur," might, perhaps, be a good motto for all public offices, but ought especially to be affixed to the doors of the colonial office. The two attempts to colonise Northern Australia—namely, this one at Port Essington, and Colonel Barney's at Port Curtis, on the eastern coast, were made, perhaps, with as little judgment (either rashly and ignorantly, or on the advice of incapable and incompetent persons), as any two abortive attempts that ever did not succeed. In each case there was a district near at hand of far higher capabilities, and offering far higher ultimate advantage, whether

* This would be chunam.

† This curious form seems to be nearly repeated in the neighbouring island of Gilolo, which increases our desire to understand the reason of so anomalous a structure.

commercial or political. The Port Essington settlement, or station, had only to be moved to Cape York; the Port Curtis one, only to be taken to the coast between Broad Sound and Whitunday Passage, and they would at once have avoided all their difficulties, and been in a condition to make a fair attempt at permanent usefulness. Where they were placed, self-supporting settlement was impossible, and mere posts were useless and practically inaccessible.

Captain Keppel devotes some pages to the description of Port Essington, but does not add anything to our previous knowledge of it. He accuses "naturalists" of "scarcely condescending to admit the Australians into the human race." We should like to know the name of any naturalist who has shown "compunction at allowing them to take their places over the head of the intelligent monkey or sage-looking Chimpanzee."

This is not the only matter in which Captain Keppel shows a want of information, as to what has been done or said by his predecessors. He gives an account of a native stealing on a kangaroo to spear him, taken either directly or at second-hand from Captain Grey's account of the same thing in Western Australia. He volunteers an off-hand opinion as to the advantage of a post at Cape York, which he does not visit, without at all referring to the previously published* reasons of those that had visited it, for such an establishment. When subsequently visiting Carteret's Harbour, in New Ireland, he speaks of it as "discovered by, and named after a Captain Carteret," as if he had never heard of the old circumnavigator Carteret, one of the early ornaments of his own profession. He says also that Cook discovered Port Jackson "on his way to Botany Bay." One would almost imagine that Captain Keppel had never read Cook's voyages, or he must have known that, as Cook was sailing from south to north, and as Port Jackson is north of Botany Bay, it was on his way *from* that place that he observed the entrance to Port Jack-

son, and set it down as a boat harbour only.

The remainder of Captain Keppel's book is taken up with an account of his run from Port Essington round the north of New Guinea, from which we shall extract a few scraps,—his visit to Sydney and Van Dieman's Land containing nothing new or remarkable, except some extracts from Captain Stanley's journal, to which we shall refer when speaking of that voyage; and he then closes with an interesting account of Norfolk Island.

Of the island of Ceram, he writes:—

"The island of Ceram is the second in size of the Moluccas, having an estimated area of about 10,000 square miles. Owing to the jealousy of my friends the Dutch, it is but imperfectly known.

"The mountains are from six to eight thousand feet in height, sending down innumerable streams to the sea. The vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and the trees gigantic. I have now in my possession a circular slab of wood from the island, three and a-half inches thick, and eight and a-half feet in diameter. The sago palm, in particular, is more abundant and productive than on any of the adjoining islands. Cloves and nutmegs grow wild."

Of New Guinea, he says, that it is

"A country about which there appears more interesting mystery than any we had visited. The interior of this magnificent island, 900 miles in length, is less known even than Ceram, or any of the Indian archipelago; and yet it is supposed not only to abound in minerals, but to possess a fertility of soil; and, from its tiers of hills, arising into distant mountains, a variety of climate capable of producing every fruit or vegetable grain within the tropics. For the naturalist, I believe that no country in the world is equally rich in beautiful rare birds and beasts."

When anchored in Carteret's Harbour, in New Ireland, he says:—

"The water where we anchored was so beautifully clear, that in forty† fathoms deep, the corals, shells, and seaweed growing on the bottom could be distinctly seen, and

* See "Voyage of the Fly," vol. i. p. 308, *et seq.*, and "Voyage of the Rattlesnake," as given farther on.

† On consideration, we must confess ourselves a little sceptical of the accuracy of this depth. We have seen clear seas everywhere, and some not far from New Ireland, but never could distinctly make out anything on the bottom at a greater depth than ten fathoms.

gave it all the appearance of a beautiful submarine garden."

We have some pretty clear water on the western coasts of *Old* Ireland, but nothing to equal this of our new namesake in the east. What should we think of being able to loll over the packet's side, and look at the shells, and fish, and the rocks, and weeds, and sands of the bottom, the greater part of the way from Kingstown to Holyhead.

The "Voyage of the Rattlesnake, under Captain Owen Stanley," written by J. Macgillivray, naturalist to the expedition, was published last year. The object of the expedition, as stated in the instructions, was to continue the survey of the Great Barrier reefs off the N.E. coast of Australia, commenced by Captain F. P. Blackwood, in H. M. S. Fly, and more especially to examine the passages leading through Torres' Straits; as, also, to complete the survey of the S.E. coast of New Guinea and of the Louisiade archipelago.

Captain Owen Stanley (son of the late eminent and energetic Bishop of Norwich) was a man distinguished for his love of science, and especially of natural history, and he was accompanied by Mr. Macgillivray, son of the late professor at Aberdeen, who was appointed naturalist to the expedition. Captain Stanley, to the great grief of all his friends, his brother officers, and naturalists in general, died in Sydney, before the objects of his voyage had been altogether completed. His second in command, Commander C. B. Yule, brought the vessel home, where Mr. Macgillivray published his account of the voyage, and has now again gone out as naturalist to H. M. S. Herald, under Captain Denham, on a voyage to New Caledonia, the Feejee Islands, and other parts of the Pacific.

The early part of the voyage of the Rattlesnake was occupied by surveys of harbours within the colony of New South Wales, and that of Port Curtis, where the abortive attempt at a settlement took place, that has already been alluded to. With all this we have nothing further to do, except to observe, by the way, that Mr. Macgillivray describes the country round Port Curtis as wretchedly barren and destitute of fresh water, which, from our knowledge of the neighbouring coast, is

exactly what we should have expected. In 1848, they sailed from Sydney for Torres Straits, in company with the barque Tam O'Shanter, having a colonial expedition on board, under Mr. Kennedy, which was to disembark at Rockingham Bay, and explore the peninsula of Australia that projects between the Coral Sea and the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Of this expedition we shall have to say a few words presently, but we will first select from Mr. Macgillivray's book one or two scraps of natural history gleaned from the little islands that fringe the N.E. coast of Australia inside the Great Barrier coral reefs that run for upwards of a thousand miles, like a sub-marine wall, at a distance of about thirty miles from land. In Fitzroy Island, Mr. Macgillivray says:—

"A new species of large fruit-eating bat, or flying-fox (*Pteropus conspicillatus*), making the third Australian member of the genus, was discovered. On the wooded slope of a hill, I one day fell in with this bat in prodigious numbers, presenting the appearance while flying along in the bright sunshine, so unusual in a nocturnal animal, of a large flock of rooks. On close approach, a strong musky odour became apparent, and a loud incessant chattering was heard. Many of the branches were bending under their loads of bats; some in a state of inactivity suspended by their hind claws; others scrambling along among the boughs, and taking to wing when disturbed. In a very short time I procured as many specimens as I wished, three or four at a shot, for they hung in clusters. The flesh of these large bats is reported excellent; it is a favourite food with the natives, and more than once furnished a welcome meal to Leichardt and his little party, during their adventurous journey to Port Essington."

In another place:—

"The reef furnished many radiata and crustacea; and, as usual, the shell collectors, consisting of about one-half the ship's company, reaped a rich harvest of cowries, cones, and spider shells, amounting to several hundred weight. One day I was much amused when, on hailing one of our men whom I observed perched up among the top branches of a tree, and asking whether it was a nest he had found, the answer returned was,—'Oh, no sir; its these *geotrochuses* that I am after.'

"On some little islands off Cape Flattery, under the bark of some trees I found two new land shells, one of them a flattish helix, in prodigious numbers, and this more than ever

satisfied me that even the smallest islands and detached reefs of the north-east coast may have species peculiar to themselves, nor did I ever return from any one of the thirty-seven upon which I landed without some acquisitions to the collection."

This reminds us of an observation of Mr. Darwin, when examining the Galapagos Islands, while naturalist to H.M.S. Beagle, to the effect, that he found peculiar species, even of birds, on different small islands, and that even when they were within sight of each other—each small island having one or two birds not known on any other portion of the earth. These and similar facts now familiar to the naturalist, joined to the well-known succession of species discovered by the geologist, point to some mysterious laws regarding the production of new species, of the highest interest to the philosopher.

Mr. Kennedy's expedition seems to have been planned without much forethought. To attempt to land it in Rockingham Bay was simply madness. On referring to the "*Voyage of the Fly*," we find it described in these terms:—

"On the mainland an unbroken range of high land, none of which is less than 2,000 feet in height, stretches along shore as far as we could see to the southward, and, after sweeping round Rockingham Bay, rises and spreads to the northward into still loftier and more broken and mountainous elevations. The summit of this range near Rockingham Bay is very level, but there are many projecting buttresses and ridges on its seaward slope, which is everywhere very steep, and seems furrowed by many gullies, and ravines, and narrow-winding valleys penetrating its sides."

Now, for a lot of men and horses, after being confined for some weeks in a small vessel, to be tumbled ashore when utterly out of condition, and to have to begin by forcing their way over such a country as this, almost ensures the breaking down of an expedition. Had they gone farther north, to Endeavour River, where Cook repaired his vessel, they might have landed, and recruited, and refreshed on the grassy flats of the river, gradually explored its course upwards, gathered strength and condition both for men and animals; and then, having formed a central depôt, the whole peninsula might have been explored by excursion parties in different

directions, and the schooner kept to fall back on in case of disaster.

As it was, they landed in Rockingham Bay, and sent the vessel to meet them at Cape York at a *certain time*. The tremendous difficulties of the mountain defiles around Rockingham Bay detained them so long (six weeks longer than was calculated), that not only the health and strength of all the party began to fail, but the provisions also; and, after desperate exertions and miserable hardships, Mr. Kennedy was obliged to leave eight of his party encamped at Weymouth Bay, while he pushed on to Cape York, with three men and his native servant, for assistance:—

"Near Shelbourne Bay one of the party accidentally shot himself, and another was too ill to proceed; consequently it was determined to leave them behind in charge of the third man, with a horse for food, while Kennedy and the black pushed on for Port Albany.

"At length, near Escape River, within twenty miles of Cape York, a tribe of natives, with whom they had had some apparently friendly intercourse, tempted by their forlorn condition and a savage thirst for plunder, attacked them in a scrub, and with too fatal success, as the gallant leader of this unfortunate expedition breathed his last after receiving no less than three spear wounds. The affecting narrative of what passed during his last moments, as related by his faithful companion, is simply as follows:—'Mr. Kennedy, are you going to leave me?' 'Yes, my boy, I am going to leave you,' was the reply of the dying man. 'I am very bad, Jackey; you take the books, Jackey, to the captain, but not the big ones; the governor will give anything for them.' I then tied up the papers. He then said, 'Jackey, give me paper and I will write.' I gave him paper and pencil and he tried to write, and then he fell back and died, and I caught him as he fell back and held him, and I then turned round myself and cried: I was crying a good while until I got well; that was about an hour, and then I buried him. I dug up the ground with a tomahawk and covered him over with logs, then grass and my shirt and trowsers; that night I left him near dark."

The black, Jackey, succeeded in reaching the vessel, and assistance was sent to the rest of the party, but only in time to rescue two of them, the rest having died of starvation and utter exhaustion of strength.

We could not choose but pause a moment on this melancholy episode, if only to give a word of reprobation to

its thoughtless and ill-judged plan, in which no previous authorities seem to have been consulted, nor any use made of the information or experience that had been gained.

We will now proceed with the Rattlesnake. Arrived off the south-east coast of New Guinea, Mr. Macgillivray gives a very useful abstract of what had previously been done on it, from which we extract the following passages:—

“The first navigator who saw the shores in question appears to have been Luiz Vaez de Torres, in the Spanish frigate *La Almiranta*, coming from the eastward in August, 1606. In lat. $11\frac{1}{2}$ deg. S., Torres came upon what he calls the *beginning of New Guinea*, which, however, appears to have been a portion of what is now known as the Louisiade archipelago. Being unable to weather the easternmost point of this land (Cape Deliverance), he bore away to the westward along its southern shores. ‘All this land of New Guinea,’ says he, in his long-forgotten letter to the King of Spain, a copy of which was found in the archives at Manila, after the capture of that city by the British, in 1762, ‘is peopled with Indians not very white, much painted, and naked except a cloth made of the bark of trees.’”

Torres then sailed along the coast till he enters the straits which now bear his name, when he continues:—

“We caught in all this land twenty persons of different nations, that with them we might be able to give a better account to your Majesty.”

We have often wondered what became of the twenty persons thus coolly described as “caught.”

M. De Bougainville, in June, 1768, was the next navigator who visited these regions, and gave names to some of their most prominent features, and to the archipelago of the Louisiade. More or less of the coast was subsequently seen in a casual way by other French and English navigators, and an actual survey of part of it was commenced by Captain Blackwood, in

1845, in *H.M.S. Fly*, continued by Captain Yule, in *H.M.S. Bramble*, and completed, as far as the south coast and the Louisiade was concerned, by Captain Stanley.

The 140 miles of coast surveyed by Captain Blackwood consisted of low muddy land, covered by jungle and traversed by innumerable wide freshwater channels, being evidently the delta of one or more great rivers proceeding from the interior of the country.* Captain Yule traced the coast from where it was left by Captain Blackwood to Cape Possession, where the land rose into lofty mountains, one of which was more than 10,000 feet high. These high mountains were found by Captain Stanley to continue to the S.E. Cape of New Guinea, one peak attaining the height of more than 13,000 feet, and their submarine prolongation evidently stretches into the Louisiade, in the south-east island of which Mount Rattlesnake is 2,689 feet high. These mountains seem to be a very magnificent range, judging from sketches we have had an opportunity of seeing in the hydrographical office at the Admiralty,† but which have not been published.

In the extracts from Captain Stanley's journal, given by Captain Keppel, occurs the following description of them:—

“Except the island under the shelter of which we had anchored, nothing whatever could be seen on the land side but masses of heavy clouds above, and volumes of rolling mist below; while, to make it more tantalizing, to seaward all was as clear as possible.

“About an hour before sunset, a change came over the scene, far more magical, far more sudden, than anything ever attempted on the stage, when the dark green curtain is drawn up to show the opening scene of some new pantomime. All at once, the clouds began to lift, the mist dispersed, and the coast of New Guinea stood before us, clearly defined against the sky, tinged with the rays of the setting sun.

“The mountains seemed piled one above another, to an enormous height, and were of

* See “Narrative of the Surveying Voyage of *H.M.S. Fly*, commanded by Captain F. P. Blackwood, R.N.” By J. Beets Jukes, M.A., F.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition. 2 vols. Boone.

† Mr. Macgillivray's book is illustrated from sketches by Mr. Huxley, the assistant-surgeon of the ship, who has lately received the medal of the Royal Society of London, for his researches on the marine invertebrata during the voyage. These researches, we hope and believe, will shortly be published by the Government.

a deeper blue than any I had ever seen before, even in the Straits of Magellan. They were intersected by tremendous gorges; and, from the foot of the lowest ranges, a considerable tract of low and apparently alluvial soil reached to the beach.

"To give an idea of the scene by description would be utterly impossible. The intense blue of the mountains contrasted strangely with masses of white fleecy clouds, driven rapidly past them by the gale; the bright gleams of the setting sun on the nearer hills, covered with most luxuriant vegetation, from which most mysterious little jets of very white smoke from time to time burst out; and the two surveying ships quite in the foreground, completed the picture, which we did not enjoy very long; for in these latitudes, as you very well know, there is no twilight; and, in less than an hour from the time the clouds began to rise, all was dark; and, though we saw many of the peaks again, we never had another chance of seeing the whole range so clearly.

"From subsequent observations, I find that some of the hills must have been forty-eight miles off, and were at least as high as the Peak of Teneriffe."

We recollect to have seen a similar effect, just before sunset, in the single mountain group of the Peak of Lombok, which rises boldly from the sea, to a height of 11,400 feet. Just before sunset the clouds that had hitherto obscured the mountain suddenly broke, disclosing first its topmost peak clear in the upper air (seeming just overhead, though twenty miles distant), and then they slowly settled down, fold after fold, with many a sweep and swerve, into the great valleys and ravines, that only became apparent by their swallowing these huge billows of vapour, and their dark and jagged crests becoming for a moment visible against them.

This effect, carried out on so extensive and grand a mountain range as that of New Guinea, must have been a sight such as it is given to few men, and those only once, to behold.

On a subsequent occasion Mr. Macgillivray says:—

"As an instance of the clearness of the atmosphere, so different from what we had usually experienced during our former visit to these shores, it may be mentioned that on one occasion, during a light breeze from the north-west, we clearly saw Mount Yule (10,046 feet high) and the summit of Mount Owen Stanley (13,205 feet high), distant respectively 120 and 80 miles from the ship. On this occasion also we had a full view of

the whole of Mount Astrolabe, which, although 3824 feet in greatest height, and appearing to D'Urville, as he ran past, to be the highest land on this portion of the coast, is rendered quite insignificant by the lofty though distant range behind. Mount Astrolabe differs in character from any other of the New Guinea mountains seen by us, indicating a different geological formation. The summit extends thirteen miles, running parallel with the coast line, and distant from it about eight miles. Viewed from the north-westward the outline is regular, exhibiting a series of nearly flat tops, with slight interruptions; but from the southward it appears as a succession of terraces or projecting cliffs, precipitous in front near the summit, with a long steep slope below, probably of debris; while the flat top slopes backwards with a very gentle declivity. Owen Stanley range again presented quite a different aspect, as seen on the occasion alluded to, when nearly one half of its whole length (300 miles), from Mount Yule to Heath Bay, was in full view: the outline was irregular, but never suddenly so, and no peaks or other remarkable points were seen."

This great mountain chain appears, from descriptions of former voyagers, to run along the whole north coast of New Guinea as far as Geelvink Bay, when it probably turns to the southward. The whole of the south coast appears to be low, except where these two ends of the mountain chain strike out on it. The drainage from such a great mountain chain would be quite sufficient to produce a river large enough to form the delta of 140 miles in length, like that surveyed by Captain Blackwood.

It does not appear that this mountain chain is volcanic, although volcanoes are found active in the islands off its north-east end, and extinct in Torres Straits. In the Louisiade archipelago all the rocks were mica slate.

Mr. Macgillivray's book contains many interesting and graphic descriptions of objects of natural history, both botanical and zoological. It also has much ethnological matter of great value, and many amusing and instructive accounts of his adventures with the different savage tribes he falls in with, and of their manners, habits, customs, and appearance.

One very interesting story he tells of a white woman, Mrs. Thompson, the sole survivor of a wreck in Torres Straits, having lived four years and a-half among the "black fellows" there,

whom she at length persuaded to allow her to see her friends the "white men." She, of course, remained with them, and was taken back to Sydney. From her he got a large quantity of interesting information, and many additions to his vocabulary.

On these subjects, however, we must refer our readers to the work itself, assuring them it will well repay perusal.

Our object has been, while reviewing the two works placed at the head of this chapter, to give the reader some idea of the form and aspect, the relative size and situation, of some of the principal islands of the eastern archipelago. We commenced with the Straits of Malacca, and the great and flourishing settlement of Singapore, as the starting point of our supposed packet route through this great archipelago. We shall close with some description of Cape York and Torres Straits, as the best spot for the intermediate coaling station for the packets between Singapore and Sydney.

Torres Straits lies between the north point of the east coast of Australia and New Guinea, being about eighty geographical miles in width from north to south. The northern end of the Great Barrier reef, here about seventy miles from the land, stretches nearly across its eastern entrance. Its northern half is completely blocked by coral reefs and shoals stretching from New Guinea, so that all ships passing through it, whether they come through one of the openings in the Great Barrier reef, or double its northern extremity, are compelled to come within sight of the land of Australia, and to pass close to either the mainland of Cape York, or one of the many islands just detached from it.

Having premised so much, we will let Mr. Macgillivray do the rest. While lying at anchor at Cape York, he says—

"The frequent excursions of our shooting parties, being more extended than during our last visit, became the means of adding considerably to our knowledge of the surrounding country. One of the immediate consequences was, the discovery of several small streams of fresh water. The principal of these, which we named Mew River (after its finder, the serjeant of marines aboard), has its mouth in a small mangrove creek, three quarters of a mile to the eastward of Evans Bay. About five miles farther up, its source was found to be a spring among rocks, in a dense calamus scrub. Its waters

a fine valley running nearly east and west, behind the range of hills to the southward of Evans Bay, and its line is marked by a belt of tangled brush, exceeding in luxuriance anything of the same description which I had seen elsewhere.

"The lower part of the valley is open forest land, or nearly level and thinly wooded country, covered with tall coarse grass. Farther up it becomes more beautiful. From the belt of wood concealing the windings of the river, grassy sloping meadows extend upwards on each side to the flanking ridges which are covered with dense scrub, occasionally extending in straggling patches down to the water. The soil of these meadows is a rich sandy loam. Here, at the end of the dry season and before the periodical rains had fairly set in, we found the stream at half-way up to be about six feet in breadth, slowly running over a shallow gravelly, or earthy bed, with occasional pools from two to four feet in depth."

This matter of permanent fresh water is one that only those who have visited Australia, can adequately appreciate. While the Mæander lay at Port Essington, they could only just get enough of water for their daily consumption, and were obliged to go to the Moluccas to water the ship.

In another place, Mr. Macgillivray mentions that on Albany Island, immediately adjacent to Cape York, was—

"A small sandy bay with a sufficient depth of water close in shore, which, after a minute examination by Captain Stanley, was considered to be well adapted to the running out of a jetty, alongside of which the largest steamer could lie in perfect safety."

He finally sums up, as to Cape York, in the following terms:—

"I need scarcely repeat the arguments which have been adduced in favour of the expediency, I may almost say necessity, of establishing a military post, or small settlement of some kind, in the vicinity of Cape York simply because, while perfectly agreeing with Mr. Jukes, and several other persons, who have drawn the public attention to the subject, I have little in addition to offer. Still, a few words on the question may not be out of place. The beneficial results to be looked for, were such a settlement to be formed, would be:—

"1st, A port of refuge would be afforded to the crews of vessels wrecked in Torres Straits, and its approaches, who otherwise must make for Booby Island, and there await the uncertainty of being picked up by

some passing vessel, or even attempt in the boats to reach Coupang in Timor, a distance of 1,100 miles further. And now that the settlement at Port Essington has been abandoned, the necessity for such a place of refuge is still greater.

"2nd. Passing vessels might be supplied with water and other refreshments; also stores, such as anchors, &c., which last are frequently lost during the passage of the strait.

"3rd. The knowledge of the existence of such a post would speedily exercise a beneficial influence over our intercourse with the natives of Torres Strait, and induce them to refrain from a repetition of the outrages which they have frequently committed upon Europeans; the little trade in tortoise-shell, which might be pushed in the strait, as has frequently been done before by small vessels from Sydney, and even from Hong Kong, would no longer be a dangerous one, and protection would be afforded to the coaling depôt for steamers at Port Albany.

"4th. In a military point of view, the importance of such a post has been urged upon the ground, that in the event of a war, a single enemy's ship stationed in the neighbourhood, if previously unoccupied, could completely command the whole of our commerce passing through the strait.

"5th. From what more central point could operations be conducted with the view of extending our knowledge of the interior of New Guinea, by ascending some of the large rivers of that country, disemboguing on the shores of the Great Bight?

"6th. And lastly—but on this point I would advance my opinion with much diffidence—I believe that were a settlement to be established at Cape York, missionary enterprise, *judiciously conducted*, might find a useful field for its labours in Torres Strait, beginning with the Murray and Darnley islanders; people of a much higher intellectual standard than the Australians, and consequently more likely to appreciate any humanising influence which might be exercised for their benefit."

Most readers, perhaps, take up a book of voyages or travels, as they

would a novel, seeking a passing amusement from the adventures therein described, or perhaps only from the illustrations given. Such voyages as these now described, however, and especially such as the latter book of Mr. Macgillivray's, admit of a more careful and studious perusal for the amount of information they contain, whether to the naturalist, the geographer, or the statesman.

To the man of science, perhaps, it matters not of what nation were the observers, nor in what language their history is written. For the interests of the British empire, however, with her colonial possessions and foreign dependencies scattered over the whole globe, her subjects and her commerce penetrating to even the most out-of-the-way corners of it, — new trades, new sources of wealth, new commercial relations every day springing up, it is essential that competent observers and describers of our own nation should be always travelling the globe, and from time to time giving to the public the results of their observations.

These may be a source of amusement to the idle man, and of information to the man of science, but by no man ought they to be more thoroughly mastered, and frequently perused, than by any one who aspires to become a leader in the affairs of the British empire.

Of this empire the United Kingdom is only the heart—its limbs and members embrace the world. Would that every politician would keep this fact present to his mind! We should then have fewer petty squabbles and local and party disputes and prejudices, here at home—should legislate and govern in a purer and larger spirit, with the consciousness that every throb of the national heart is felt, in its pulsations, to the uttermost ends of the earth.

SPRING-TIME FLOWERS.

"Sweet as Spring-time flowers."—SHAKESPEARE.

WINTER is wellnigh past and gone; snow, and sleet, and the bitter hail-storm have given place to the plashing shower, and the dull, dense clouds of February. Winter is wellnigh gone—driven away by the advent of the still young Spring. But, ere he yields up the wide domains of the fair earth, he turns ever and anon in his flight, as if he would again grasp the world with his cold, rude hands, and essays to regain his lost dominions. And so, in his Parthian flight, will he now and then turn round and hurl from his sling the pattering hail-stones, or shoot from his quiver the sharp, glittering lancets of frost by nights—or howl in a wild, blustry storm. But, for all these, he is vanquished, and shrinks away as he draws close around him his white mantle; and soon shall the song of birds proclaim the approach of his conqueror, and the flowers of the earth shall laugh with joy from a thousand bright eyes, and whisper their homage in the breathings of their odorous breath. Come, then, let us too share in the gladness of Nature. Even, already, as Tennyson sings—

**"The secret of the Spring
Moves in the chambers of the blood."**

Shall it not move in our souls, too, as it does in our bodies? disposing man to intellectual pleasure, as it does all animal existence to physical delight. Yes, we will be merry—in good sooth, we will be merry. And so bring hither our red leather box, and we shall see what flowers are treasured therein—flowers that have lain through the winter, yet perished not, nor grew dim in their lustre, or faint in their odour, but like the

**"Rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long."**

And flowers, too, that have only just burst from the calyx, as the first breath of the sweet Favonius passed over them—

“ O Proserpine,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon : daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength.

Bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
To make you garlands of ——"

What, then, shall we first present to you? Something that, like the primrose or the cowslip, reminds one that now the pleasant, breezy Spring

**"On the heel
Of limping winter treads —"**

Listen, then, to a song to welcome in the season:—

THE BREEZE OF SPRING.

L

**Dull winter hastens to be gone,
He's disappearing fast ;
The sunny hours are coming on,
The stormy time is past.**

The ice no longer binds the rill,
Nor snows their mantle fling :
For every bleak and barren hill
Has kiss'd the breeze of Spring.

II.

I hear its music in the wood,
It sighs along the vale,
Where summer flowers in beauty stood,
It lingers in the dale ;
It plays upon the primrose banks,
And rests its merry wing ;
The drooping snowdrop kindly thanks
The western breeze of Spring.

III.

Ah ! well it knows where violets grow
In the lone and shady lane ;
It bids its sweet, blue fav'rites blow,
And onward speeds again.
It wakes the flowers of the field,
And they their offerings bring ;
The flowers their sweetest incense yield,
To scept the breeze of Spring.

IV.

The blackbird, from the hawthorn bush,
Renews his lively strain ;
On topmost branches stands the thrush,
And tunes his throat amain :
At close of evening calm and mild,
He makes the forest ring
With native woodnotes, clear and wild—
He loves the breeze of Spring.

V.

The robin leaves his winter friends
For hedge-rows far away—
Above his mossy nest he bends,
And pipes his plaintive lay.
The lark uprising with the light,
On merry mounting wing—
Strains all his might till out of sight,
And hails the breeze of Spring.

VI.

A hundred voices fill the air,
The sun shines warmly down ;
Away with each intruding care,
And leave the gloomy town.
Come, roam along the woodpath green,
Hear nature's favourites sing,
Enjoy the soul-enlivening scene,
And woo the breeze of Spring.

R. TOWNLEY.

What a thousand pleasant images do these verses conjure up in the mind, for they discourse of Nature, and Nature never satiates us. Old as the world, yet ever young ; still the same, yet ever charming the soul and the senses with a charm beyond that of novelty—a freshness that makes her ever renew her

bloom. Here, too, is a memorial of one of the earliest of our wild flowers—one that raises up its yellow head with the king-cup and the violet upon the green meads, the favourite of poets in all times—the asphodel of the Greeks, the daffodil that Shakspeare, and Milton, and Spencer have sung: and now let Collins chant its praises:—

THE DAFFODIL.

I.

Golden asphodel!
 Many a woodland well
 Lies an amber water in thy light divine;
 And the Oread girls
 See their dancing curls
 Flash like summer sunlight 'mid the hyaline!
 When, with flying ankles,
 Bending branches under,
 With a choric melody they cleave the air asunder!

II.

Ages long ago,
 Did thy golden glow
 Lie on gorse and heathbell upon the mountain side;
 Where the pheasant's breast
 Found a frequent rest,
 With its wide wings drooping in the summer-tide;
 And the red deer, weary,
 'Mid Apollo's anger,
 Crushed thy odorous petals fair, crouching in his languor.

III.

Blossom, ever golden!
 By the rivers olden
 Winding, slowly winding to the wide blue sea!
 Chalice ever bright!
 Fragrant with delight,
 Where the 'ancient forests murmur in their glee,
 Linger in thy beauty,
 'Mid the moss enwoven,
 'Till, by winter's icy lance, the glowing year is cloven!

MORTIMER COLLINS.

These are, indeed, graceful verses. There is a fine rich luxurious fancy about them that bespeaks true genius. Mortimer Collins is an especial favourite of ours, and, therefore, right gladly do we find another flower of his culling, which we shall now give you:—

THE PILGRIM OF ART.

I.

Weary of life in cities, and the sound
 Of endless commerce, forth the pilgrim goes;
 Pining to tread the distant Alpine ground,
 Pining to cool with lustrous mountain-snows,
 The ruthless fever on his brow that glows,
 And burns his heart to ashes. Far away,
 Where evermore the mighty gulf stream flows,
 Or where, beneath a sky of silent grey,
 Pines of the Northern Sea wave in the wind alway.

II.

Where shall he seek for beauty and for life ?
 O earth has pleasant places, and the sea
 In its calm majesty and voiceful strife,
 Is full of infinite gladness. There may be
 No limit to its thunder and its glee ;
 Where the great granite bulwarks of the land
 Do battle with the tempest ; where the free
 Voice of old ocean shakes the stormy strand,
 While stern black tempest-clouds upon the mountains stand.

III.

A soft green cirque amid the hills divine,
 Well I remember : overhead the sky,
 Rent by the mountain-peaks, its hyaline
 Fretted with broken clouds ; in ether high
 An eagle on wide wings is floating by,
 Full in the sunlight ; on the curving grass
 Young children, ruddy in their sweetness, lie,
 Lave their white feet in brooks that eddying pass,
 And crush the wildwood flowers in many an odorous mass.

IV.

Here shines the Lamp of Beauty. When the night
 Darkens the sky to one imperial star ;
 While fades and narrows from the baffled sight
 The form of all things ; while the hills afar
 Grow up to Titans, helmed as Titans are
 For hottest warfare ; in that lonely hour
 When sails the nightwind in his cloudy car,
 From peak to peak, from cliff to craggy tower,
 Then burns the solemn light of the great Lamp of Power.

V.

The ripe fruit reddens 'mid the mulberry leaves,
 And merry girlhood with a purple stain,
 Deepens sweet lips of laughter. Harvest sheaves
 Are bound all golden by the sunburnt train
 Of Autumn. Waves the yellow sea of grain
 Beneath the sweet wind of the sultry time,
 Which drives cloud shadows o'er the thirsty plain,
 Freshening the fields. The reaper's choral chime
 Comes to the distant ear like some old Doric rhyme.

VI.

This is the Lamp of Life. And memory
 Brings her own beauties from the ages hoary ;
 For her the Nereid maids pass flashing by
 On the blue waves, beneath some promontory
 Whose kingly crest was known in Grecian story ;
 For her the vintagers of mid-sea isles
 Sing all day long old Homer's chants of glory ;
 Of great Achilles and the Odyssean wiles,
 Of Hector's brave despair, and Helen's magic smiles.

VII.

Or else an azure temple—incense wending
 Skyward. Ionian girls, with wavy hair,
 And girded breasts, and silken lashes, bending
 Over most lucid eyes. The soft pure air

Embracingly surrounds those beauties rare ;
 And the white columns, and the tossing sea,
 And the pale olive-trees that cluster there,
 Win half their beauty from the ether free,
 Whose sapphire-stained robe binds all things lovingly.

VIII.

Then let us shout Thalatta ! Beauty bright,
 And life, and power, blend in that thought divine.
 There pause, tired pilgrim ! The fresh wind's delight
 Breathes wildly over the eternal brine.
 Earth, air, and sea, the mighty sisters trine,
 Meet on the white sands of the winding shore ;
 Fair visions people all the curving line
 Of cape and bay ; and hearken to the roar
 Of waves that course along the granite ocean floor.

IX.

Eternal is the glory of the earth :
 Pilgrim of dreams, despair not. Be thou part
 Of all the solitary power, whose birth
 Is in the giant mountain's silent heart ;
 Or where the torrents, with a thunder start,
 Leap from the pine-woods over jambs of stone,
 Upheaved by ancient fires. Undying art
 Shall find thee in thy wanderings wild and lone,
 And wed thee with that ring which makes all power thine own.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

Fine thinking and finely expressed, in all that majesty of motion which the stanza of Spencer so admirably suits. Beyond all question it is the noblest vehicle of verse which English poetry has ever achieved. How infinitely beyond the *Ottava Rima* of Tasso, in nerve, vigour, and dignity. Well, let us pass on and see what comes next to hand. It speaks of Nature, and so we shall give the author a hearing :—

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

I.

Oh ! ye flowers blooming
 In your garden beds,
 Mild and unassuming,
 Lifting your fair heads,
 Or your bright forms spreading
 O'er the meadows wide,
 And rich perfumes shedding
 Where glad streamlets glide,
 Though boasted not in story,
 Each of you outvies
 The regal pomp and glory
 Of Solomon the Wise !

II.

Oh ! ye dew-drops, seeming
 Like celestial gems,
 Once in lustre beaming
 On saints' diadems,
 Glistening now on flowers,
 Sparkling on the trees,
 Decking summer bowers—
 Soon before the breeze,

Or the sunbeam's greeting,
Will ye die away;
Thus, too, man is fleeting
Quickly to decay.

iii.

Oh ! ye diamonds shining
Brilliantly and bright;
In one spark combining
Many rays of light;
Dug from earth's deep bosom
Some fair brow to deck,
Or, like a favour'd blossom,
Grace some beauty's neck;
To our hearts more brightly
Shine the lost one's eyes,
Gazing on us nightly
From the happy skies.

iv.

Oh ! ye bright birds winging
Home your joyous flight,
In your rapture singing
Strains of wild delight,
There are human voices
Dearer to our ears,
And the heart rejoices
When such strains it hears—
Hark ! for strains excelling
Those are heard above,
Saints their praises telling
To the God of Love !

v.

Oh ! ye free winds blowing
From your viewless thrones,
Every moment growing
Wilder in your tones;
Whither are you fleeing ?
Why so full of wrath ?—
There is ONE decreeing
Which shall be your path;
Though ye seem so flighty,
Ye act not from choice,
One thing is more mighty,
'Tis "the still small voice."

vi.

Oh ! ye lofty mountains,
With high grandeur crown'd,
Whence a thousand fountains
Leap with bubbling sound.
Know we, It is Written,
For our sakes, no doubt,
When the rock was smitten,
The living streams gush'd out—
A well of everlasting
Life to weary men,
Who, that pure spring tasting,
Never thirst again.

VII.

Oh! ye billows, rolling
 In your power and pride,
 Beyond man's controlling,
 Onward ye will glide ;
 Underneath you slumber,
 In a dreamless sleep,
 High hearts without number,
 Hidden by the deep ;
 Yet will cease your power,
 Mighty though it be,
 In God's appointed hour
 There shall be " no more sea."

VIII.

Oh! ye bright stars, gleaming
 From your lofty sphere,
 In your splendour beaming
 On us, mortals, here
 Deeming it your duty
 Darksome paths to light,
 Shining in your beauty—
 " Watchers of the night ;"
 They who are forgiven—
 They whose faith endures,
 Shall yet wear, in heaven,
 Brighter crowns than yours !

Nature, indeed, may teach us much ; but Nature needs an interpreter to teach us all her lore. And so it is, when we read her outspread volume in the illumination of that light which Revelation gives, her lessons are full of wisdom. Alas, without that light how much has mankind gone astray, even when he thought he followed an unerring guide. What is the next wild flower to present you with? It is an exotic, transplanted from a land of song:—

SIR AXEL AND LADY ILSE.

TRANSLATED FROM OCHLENSCHLAGER.

I.

It was the Knight Sir Axel
 Rode up the castle height,
 To woo the Lady Ilse,
 A maid of beauty bright.
 He wooed the Lady Ilse,
 That sweet and lovely maid ;
 But he, one month thereafter,
 In dark, cold earth was laid !

II.

It was the Lady Ilse—
 Her heart was crushed and cold ;
 She heard the Knight Sir Axel
 Moving beneath the mould !
 Up stood the Knight Sir Axel,
 In his arms his coffin bore,
 And ghastly, in his grave-clothes,
 Stood at fair Ilse's door.

III.

Then at her door thrice knocked he,
 And said in hollow tone,
 "Let in thy true love, Ilse,
 For soon he must be gone."
 Then up rose Lady Ilse,
 Undid the chamber door—
 There stood the Knight Sir Axel,
 She thought to see no more.

IV.

"When thou art calm and cheerful,
 And look'st with hope on high,
 Then ever-blooming roses
 Upon my coffin lie ;
 When thou giv'st way to sorrow,
 And wail'st in mournful mood,
 O then my mouldering coffin
 It overflows with blood !

V.

"Already doth the red cock
 Call to the graveyard lone—
 Fair Ilse, I must leave thee,
 And to my grave be gone !
 Look up ! see in the heavens
 Yon little star so bright ;
 Already how it paleth
 Before the morning light !"

VI.

Then up looked Lady Ilse,
 Up to that star looked she,
 And in his grave sank Axel,
 For nothing else could be !
 But Ilse's heart was woful—
 She wept both night and day ;
 And one short month thereafter,
 In dark, cold earth she lay !

There is a good healthy moral conveyed in this little poem, though the lady did not profit by it, namely, to "weep not for the dead ;" yet we have seen it better expressed elsewhere. It is, indeed, a truth, that of all the vanities of life the greatest vanity is to mourn hopelessly over those who are departed from us. Youth understands not this in all the ardour of its early and unsubdued affections ; but age learns to feel it and to acknowledge it. The dead have passed away to their final resting place, our cries cannot recall them ; our tears cannot change their future, though it may embitter our own present. Why should we mourn ? Have we not enjoyed their converse while they were with us here—shall we not look forward to be with them again hereafter ? Wise, indeed, is the sentiment of our own poet Tennyson, and finely expressed the solace which the living should take in the memory of the dead, though ravished from him :—

"I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
 I feel it when I sorrow most ;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all !"

Upon this principle, too, let us make up our account with life and death, and esteem ourselves happy whenever, upon striking the balance, we find the former

has given us more than the latter has taken from us; while memory still preserves to us that which neither life nor death can destroy. But man learns—though the lesson be a hard one, and the heart be slow to feel and dull to comprehend it—man learns that every earthly loss brings its spiritual gain, every earthly sorrow its spiritual joy; and that as surely as the shadow on the earth certifies the existence of the sunlight in the heavens, so surely does grief here announce gladness hereafter. And so it is with the loss of friends. Listen, while we expound to you its uses in an illustration of—

A MOTHER'S TALE.

"Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them."
—JOB, xxxvii. 21.

"Foot-prints that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."
—VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

There was a mother upon earth,
Who once had children three;
Blithe was her face to see,
When these sat by her hearth.

It was her joy to circle round
And hear their young sweet laughter;
No thought "before and after"
Saddened the merry sound.

Thus brightly passed away her years;
Her children were her treasure,
Her hope, her pride, her pleasure—
She had no need of tears.

Alas! she had small thought to give
To Him, the Almighty name,
From whom her glory came,
Who bade her blessings live.

At length a silent shadow crept,
And touched her golden light
With gloom of coming night:
She trembled, yet she slept.

It darkened round with solemn tread—
"Darkness which might be felt;"
Yet though her body knelt,
The heart was hardened.

Closer around her child it crept—
Dark lay its awful trace
On the beloved face;
The mother only wept,

And earnest prayed, with anguish wild;
While faintly fell the prayer
For grace, for strength to bear—
"Lord Jesus, heal my child!"

There came a morning from the sky,
From out the azure heaven,
So lovely—was it given
Only for agony?

Even with the dawning of that day
Rose an exceeding cry—
A pure soul quietly
Passed to its Lord away ;

And she who had “ no need of tears,”
In mother pride elate,
Stood darkly desolate.
Where now her golden years?

She went forth in the morning sun—
Within, her child lay dead :
“ My darling !” thus she said,
Not “ Lord thy will be done.”

“ My darling !” it was all she said,
Again, again, again—
The anguish of her pain
That one word uttered.

But He who pierced very sore
Was pitiful—she felt
Aroused, her spirit melt,
A calm unknown before.

It circled round with might unseen,
Deep filling the sweet air,
Giving her strength to bear,
An arm whereon to lean.

She felt the depths of the blue sky
Enter into her soul ;
It seemed from thence it stole
Her still serenity.

Even from earth the tender flowers
Looked up into her face,
Yearning, with loving grace,
To bless the silent hours.

Low whispering, with fragrant breath
Of one as beautiful—
Oh, slow of heart and dull,
To whom they speak of death !

To them a brighter voice is given—
Softly the lilies white
Sigh from their beds of light,
Of Christ their Lord and heaven.

And thus it was, from that deep day
Of agony, there rose
A stillness, a repose
Which none might take away.

And while her tears fell quietly,
For sorrow and for sin,
There was a light within,
She felt was of the sky.

And plainly by that light she read,
 But for this chastisement,
 In loving mercy sent,
 Thy soul had perished.

And thoughts would often come and go—
 Music, now faint, now clear,
 May not thy child be near?
 How near thee none can know.

May not thy darling steal away
 Some pain, some hollow care,
 It has been thine to bear,
 Leaving thee free to pray?

May not thy angel child reveal
 Blessings which hidden, sleep
 From all but those who weep?
 We know not, yet we feel.

We only know whence blessings come—
 Christ took thy lily flower,
 To teach thee, through love's power,
 His love, to lead thee home!

A simple, touching tale; ay, and told in a verse musical and graceful, teaching us the old-world truth that what to our eyes seems a curse, is yet, in reality, a blessing. There is another lesson, too, which we learn, but we learn it slowly; and our schoolmaster is Time, who disperses the mists of error, and gives us at last to see the divine face of Truth. And that lesson is, that many an apparent blessing is a real curse—a curse which not the providence of God sends uncalled for, but which our own prayers invite. This, too, we shall show you by an illustration, and a fair favourite shall be your preceptress:—

THE FAIRY GIFTS.

BY TINY.

Four maidens sat at eventide
 Beside a forest spring,
 Where boughs drooped on the soft, rich grass,
 And flow'rs were blossoming;
 And the wood-dove came at heat of noon,
 To rest her weary wing.

The moss was bright as emerald
 Where the living fountain sprung,
 And pleasant was the quivering shade
 By tangling garlands flung;
 For gracefully, from tree to tree,
 The flexile woodbine hung.

The summer breeze that waved the trees
 Above those maidens fair,
 Brought chesnut flowers in snowy showers
 Upon their shining hair;
 And breathed on brows unmarked by time,
 Unshadowed by a care.

They heard the wild-bee's drowsy hum,
 As laden home he hied;
 Within the foxglove's crimson cup
 The butterfly they spied;
 And the slanting ray of waning day
 Announced the eventide.

They saw no more the insect swarms,
The glittering flies of June,
That floated on their fragile wings
In the sultry beam of noon ;
They all had vanished, ere on high
Arose the round, white moon.

Yet still they lingered, loth to go,
While one a story told—
A sweet, wild fairy legend
Of the golden days of old,
Ere fancy's bright imaginings
Had all grown dim and cold.

They drank, with thirsty eagerness
And long-drawn, anxious sighs,
The wond'rous tale of magic power
That lurked in mortal guise,
And one and all they wished to them
Some fairy might arise.

The moonbeams lay upon the stream
That murmured at their feet,
And silvered o'er the flowers that bent
The shining spray to meet,
When a voice arose from out its depths—
A sad voice, wild and sweet.

It said, in tones that thrilled their hearts—
“ Frail things of mortal birth,
Who yearn for pow'r that lingers yet
In secret on the earth,
Mine ears have heard the sighing wish
That mingled with your mirth.

“ One boon to each, whate'er it be
I will on you bestow ;
Yet ponder well before you ask,
For be it weal or woe,
Henceforth the gifts that you receive
With life's source twin'd shall grow.”

The elder maiden prayed for wealth,
For potent, worshipped gold ;
Another for the loveliness
Denied to mortal mould ;
The third for genius ;—but the fourth
Stood silently and cold.

“ 'Twas but an idle wish,” at length
She said, with downcast eye ;
“ I did not dream that power like thine
Dwelt, save with Him on high ;
Oh ! keep me pure and good, that life
May fit me for the sky !”

Their prayers were granted, and they rose
From the lone fountain's side,
While joy and terror filled their hearts
With strange conflicting tide ;
And, through the soft and dewy night,
In silence, home they hied.

And fortune showered her favours down
Upon one maiden's head ;
Wealth seared her brain and steeled her heart,
And love and friendship fled ;
And hideous spectres crowded round,
To haunt her sleepless bed.

She broke the ties which Nature knits,
Of love to all mankind ;
She severed the enduring links
Which child to parent bind ;
And lingered out a weary life,
With torture in her mind.

And beauty, such as human thought
Can scarce conceive to be,
Smiled in the second maiden's face,
With magic witchery,
And lovers, in unnumbered crowds,
Before her bent the knee.

She broke the true heart, that had prized
Her love in other days,
And thirsted for the lavish meed
Of noble lovers' praise,
Poured at her feet from warriors' lips,
And poets' breathing lays.

Her haughty soul, unsatisfied,
Longed still for wider sway ;
She scorned the true, and spurned at all,
And hoped a prouder day,
'Till time stole on with noiseless tread,
And beauty fled away.

And then, a loveless, friendless age
Replaced her sun of youth ;
Her heart was knawed by vain remorse,
As with a serpent's tooth ;
And, in her solitude, forlorn,
She prized love's slighted truth.

The third poured forth to the rapt world
The treasures of her mind ;
She soared, in fancy, 'to the stars,
And left dull earth behind,
And sought for happiness and peace,
Which she was ne'er to find.

Men wept like children, as they read
The coinage of her brain ;
The heart-wrung for the time forgot
Their misery and pain,
And the world-weary pulse leaped high
With hope and youth again.

But she, whose spell had wrought the change,
What recompense had she ?
Vain burning longings ne'er fulfilled,
A life-long agony,
That cankered at the root of life,
And bade contentment flee.

The last—ah! she alone was proof
Against the ills of life;
Her heart ne'er felt the wish to join
In earth's unceasing strife;
But charity, and peace, and love,
Within her breast grew rife.

Ah! she alone of all the four,
Had cause to bless the fairy's dower.

A charming poem, is it not? We love to have instruction imparted in such sweet song. Yet would not three out of every four of the world choose as did the three elder maidens—wealth, beauty, genius? Is not the language of almost every heart that of Callimachus in his hymn to Jove?—

Χαίρει, πατήρ, χαίρει, καὶ αὐτὸς δίδου δ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἀφαινοί τι
Οὐκ ἀρετῆς πατρὶς ἄλβος ἐπικύπτει ἀνδρῶν αἰετῶν,
Οὐκ ἀρετῇ ἀφαινοί, δίδου δ' ἀρετὴν τι καὶ ἄλβον.

Well, but you will say—What shall man wish or ask for? Shall he ask at all; or shall he leave it to the hand of Providence to dispense to him out of the treasures of wisdom and love? Hear what a heathen poet, who sat almost in the light of Christian philosophy, teaches in reply to some such question—

"Nil ergo optabunt homines? Si consilium vis,
Permites ipsa expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris;
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Di:
Cærior est illis homo quam sibi."

An excellent answer for the heathen; yet will we "show you a more excellent" one, which Juvenal might have learned that there was more truth in the prayer of the Mamertine, or in "Jove's daughters," than in the apostle's learned a higher truth still, namely, that man wants "with prayer and supplication" what these wants really are, and in how small a measure the wishes of a man's heart can alone be satisfied. If his wishes range beyond those things which are the ritual requirements, most assuredly he has uttered prayer of his heart, forthwith answered. St. Augustine has finely said, "aliquid vult quod non decet." But we have wandered away from the flowers in the fields to the biting Truth. Nevertheless, bear with us, dear friends; the wreath will be all the brighter if a drop or two, from that pure and everlasting well, glitter like jewels amid gaudy colours and green leaves.

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TO THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

My native Bay, for many a year
 I've loved thee with a trembling fear,
 Lest thou, though dear and very dear,
 And beauteous as a vision,
 Shouldst have some rival far away—
 Some matchless wonder of a bay—
 Whose sparkling waters ever play
 'Neath azure skies elysian.

'Tis Love, methought, blind Love that pours
 The rippling magic round these shores—
 For whatsoever Love adores
 Becomes what Love desireth :
 'Tis ignorance of aught beside
 That throws enchantment o'er the tide,
 And makes my heart respond with pride
 To what mine eye admireth.

And thus, unto our mutual loss,
 Whene'er I paced the sloping moss
 Of green Killiney, or across
 The intervening waters—
 Up Howth's brown sides my feet would wend,
 To see thy sinuous bosom bend,
 Or view thine outstretch'd arms extend
 To clasp thine islet daughters ;

Then would this spectre of my fear
 Beside me stand—How calm and clear
 Slept underneath, the green waves, near
 The tide-worn rocks' recesses ;
 Or when they woke, and leapt from land,
 Like startled sea-nymphs, hand in hand
 Seeking the southern silver strand
 With floating emerald tresses :

It lay o'er all, a moral mist,
 Even on the hills, when evening kist
 The granite peaks to amethyst,
 I felt its fatal shadow :
 It darkened o'er the brightest rills,
 It lower'd upon the sunniest hills,
 And hid the wingéd song that fills
 The moorland and the meadow.

But now that I have been to view
 All even Nature's self can do,
 And from Gaeta's arch of blue
 Borne many a fond memento ;
 And from each fair and famous scene,
 Where Beauty is, and Power hath been,
 Along the golden shores between
 Misenum and Sorrento :

I can look proudly in thy face,
 Fair daughter of a hardier race,
 And feel thy winning well known grace,
 Without my old misgiving ;
 And as I kneel upon thy strand,
 And kiss thy once unvalued hand,
 Proclaim earth holds no lovelier land,
 Where life is worth the living.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNLOOKED FOR DISCLOSURE.

ON the second day of the trial, the court-house was even more densely crowded than on the first. The rank and station which the accused had held in society, as well as the mysterious character of the case itself, had invested the event with an uncommon interest; and long before the doors were opened, a vast concourse filled the streets, amidst which were to be seen the equipages of many of the first people of the country.

Scarcely had the judges taken their places, when every seat in the court was occupied—the larger proportion of which displayed the rank and beauty of the capital, who now thronged to the spot, all animated with the most eager curiosity, and speculating on the result in a spirit which, whatever anxiety it involved, as certainly evinced little real sympathy for the fate of the prisoner. The bold, defiant tone which Curtis had always assumed in the world had made him but few friends, even with his own party; his sneering, caustic manner had rendered him unpopular; few could escape his censures—none his sarcasms. It would, indeed, have been difficult to discover one for whom less personal interest was felt, than for the individual who that morning stood erect in the dock, and with a calm, but stern expression, regarded the bench and the jury-box.

As the court continued to fill, Curtis threw his eyes here and there over the crowded assemblage, but in no wise disconcerted by the universal gaze of which he was the object. On the contrary, he nodded familiarly to some acquaintances at a distance; and, recognising one whom he knew well in the gallery over his head, he called out—

“How are you, Ruxton? Let me advise you to change your bootmaker, or I wouldn’t say that the Crown lawyers won’t put you, one day, where I stand now!”

The laugh which followed this sally

was scarcely repressed, when the trial began. The first witness produced was a certain Joseph Martin, the solicitor at whose house Curtis had passed the evening on which the murder was committed. His evidence, of course, could throw little or no light upon the event, and merely went to establish the fact, that Curtis had stayed with him till high midnight, and left him about that hour to proceed to his home. When questioned as to the prisoner’s manner and general bearing during that evening, he replied, that he could detect nothing strange or unusual in it; that he talked pretty much as he always did, and upon the same topics.

“Did he allude to the Government, or to any of its officials?” was then asked; and, before a reply could be given, Curtis cried out—

“Yes. I told Martin, that if the scoundrels who rule us should only continue their present game, nobody could regret the ruin of a country that was a disgrace to live in. Didn’t I say that?”

“I must remind you, sir,” interposed the judge, gravely, “how seriously such conduct as this is calculated to prejudice the character of your defence.”

“Defence! my lord,” broke in Curtis, “when did I ever think of a defence? The gentlemen of the jury have heard me more plainly than your lordship. I told *them*, as I now tell *you*, that innocence is no protection to a man, when hunted down by legal blood-hounds; that——”

“I must enforce silence upon you, sir, if I cannot induce caution,” said the judge, solemnly; “you may despise your own safety, but you must respect this court.”

“You’ll find that even a more difficult lesson to teach me, my lord. I can remember some eight-and-forty years of what is called the administration of justice in Ireland. I am old enough to remember when you hanged

a priest who married a Protestant, and disbarred the lawyer that defended him."

"Be silent, sir," said the judge, in a voice of command; and with difficulty was Curtis induced to obey the admonition.

As the trial proceeded, it was remarked that Colonel Vereker was seen in close communication with one of the Crown lawyers, who soon afterwards begged to tender him as a witness for the prosecution. The proposal itself, and the object it contained, were made the subject of a very animated discussion; and, although the testimony offered seemed of the greatest importance, the court decided that it was of a kind which, according to the strict rules of evidence, could not be received.

"Then you may rely upon it, gentlemen of the jury," cried Curtis, "it is favourable to *me*."

"Let me assure you, sir, to the contrary," said the judge, mildly; "and that it is with a jealous regard for *your* interest we have agreed not to accept this evidence."

"And have you had no respect for poor Vereker, my lord? He looks as if he really would like to tell the truth, for once in his life."

"If Colonel Vereker's evidence cannot be admitted upon this point, my lord," said the Crown lawyer, "there is yet another, in which it is all-essential. He was one of those who stood beside Rutledge on the balcony, when the words were uttered which attracted his notice. The tone of voice, and the manner in which they were uttered, made a deep impression upon him, and he is fully persuaded that they were spoken by the prisoner in the dock."

"Let us listen to him about that," said Curtis, who now bestowed a more marked attention to the course of the proceeding. Vereker was immediately sworn, and his examination began. He detailed with great clearness the circumstances which preceded the fatal event, and the nature of the conversation on the balcony, till he came to that part where the interruption from the street took place. "There," he said, "I cannot trust my memory as to the words employed by Rutledge, although I am quite confident as to the phrase used in rejoinder, and equally certain as to the voice of him who uttered it."

"You mean to say," said the judge,

"that you have recognised that voice as belonging to the prisoner."

"I mean to say, my lord, that were I to hear him utter the same words in an excited tone, I should be able to swear to them."

"That's a lie!" cried Curtis.

"These were the words, and that the voice, my lord," said Vereker; and as he spoke a deep murmur of agitated feeling rang through the crowded court.

"By Heaven!" cried Curtis, in a tone of passionate excitement, "I hold my life as cheaply as any man, but I cannot see it taken away by the breath of a false witness; let *me* interrogate this man?" In vain was it that the practised counsel appointed to conduct his case interposed, and entreated of him to be silent. To no purpose did they beg of him to leave in *their* hands the difficult game of cross-examination. He rejected their advice as haughtily as he had refused their services, and at once addressed himself to the critical task.

"With whom had you dined, sir, on the day in question—the 7th of June?" asked he of Vereker.

"I dined with Sir Marcus Hutchinson."

"There was a large party?"

"There was."

"Tell us, so far as you remember, the names of the guests?"

"Some were strangers to me, from England, I believe; but of those I knew before, I can call to mind Leonard Fox, Hamilton Gore, John Fortescue, and his brother Edward, Tom Beresford, and poor Rutledge."

"It was a convivial party, and you drank freely?"

"Freely, but not to excess."

"You dined at five o'clock?"

"At half-after five."

"And rose from table about eleven?"

"About that hour."

"There were speeches made, and toasts drank, I believe?"

"There were—a few."

"The toasts and the speeches were of an eminently loyal character; they all redounded to the honour and credit of the Government?"

"Highly so."

"And as strikingly did they reflect upon the character of all Irishmen who opposed the ministry, and assumed for themselves the position of patriots. Come, sir, no hesitation — answer

my question boldly. Is this not true?"

"We certainly did not regard the party you speak of as being true and faithful subjects of the king."

"You thought them rebels?"

"Perhaps not exactly rebels."

"You called them rebels; and you, yourself, prayed that the time was coming when the lamp-iron and the lash should reward their loyalty. Can you deny this?"

"We had a great deal of conversation about politics. We talked in all the freedom of friendly intercourse, and, doubtless, with some of that warmth which accompanies after-dinner discussions. But as to the exact words——"

"It is the exact words I want—it is the exact words I insist upon, sir. They were used by yourself, and drew down rounds of applause. You were eloquent and successful."

"I am really unable, at this distance of time, to recollect a word or a phrase that might have fallen from me in the heat of the moment."

"This speech of yours was made about the middle of the evening?"

"I believe it was."

"And you afterwards sat a considerable time, and drank freely?"

"Yes."

"And, although your recollection of what passed before that is so obscure and inaccurate, you perfectly remember everything that took place when standing on the balcony two hours later, and can swear to the very tone of a voice that uttered but three words—'That is a lie, sir!'"

"Prisoner at the bar, conduct yourself with the respect due to the court, and to the witness under its protection," interposed the judge, with severity.

"You mistake me, my lord," said Curtis, in a voice of affected deprecation. "The words I spoke were not used as commenting on the witness, or his veracity. They were simply those to which he swore—those which he heard once—and although, after a five hours' debauch, remained fast graven on his memory, along with the very manner of him who uttered them. I have nothing more to ask him. He may go down—down!" repeated he solemnly, "if there be yet anything lower that he can descend to!"

Once more did the judge admonish the prisoner as to his conduct, and

feelingly pointed out to him the serious injury he was inflicting upon his own case by this rash and intemperate course of proceeding; but Curtis smiled half contemptuously at the correction, and folded his arms with an air of dogged resignation.

It is rarely possible, from merely reading the published proceedings of a trial, to apportion the due degree of weight which the testimony of the several witnesses impose, or to estimate that force which manner and conduct supply to the evidence when orally delivered. In the present case, the guilt of the accused man rested on the very vaguest circumstances, not one of which but could be easily and satisfactorily accounted for on other grounds. He admitted that he had passed through Stephen's-green on the night in question, and that possibly the tracks imputed to him were actually his own; but as to the reasons for his abrupt departure from town, or the secrecy which he observed when writing to the bootmaker, these, he said, were personal matters, which he would not condescend to enter upon, adding, sarcastically—

"That though they might not prove very damning omissions in defence of a hackney-coach summons, he was quite aware that they might prove fatal to a man who stood charged with a murder."

After a number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony went to prove slight and unimportant facts, Anthony Fagan was called, to show that a variety of bill transactions had passed between the prisoner and Rutledge, and that on more than one occasion very angry discussions had occurred between them in reference to these.

There were many points in which Fagan sympathised with the prisoner. Curtis was violently national in his politics. He bore an unmeasured hatred to all that was English; he was an extravagant assertor of popular rights; and yet, with all these, and, stranger still, with a coarse manner, and an address totally destitute of polish, he was in heart a haughty aristocrat, who despised the people most thoroughly. He was one of that singular class who seemed to retain to the very last years of the past century, the feudal barbarism of a by-gone age.

Thus was it that the party who accepted his advocacy had to pay the

price of his services in deep humiliation; and many there were who felt that the work was more than requited by the wages.

To men like Fagan, whose wealth suggested various ambitions, Curtis was peculiarly offensive, since he never omitted an occasion to remind them of their origin, and to show them that they were as utterly debarred from all social acceptance, as in the earliest struggles of their poverty.

The majority of those in court, who only knew generally the agreement between Curtis and Fagan in political matters, were greatly struck by the decisive tone in which the witness spoke, and the damaging character of the evidence was increased by this circumstance.

Among the scenes of angry altercation between the prisoner and Rutledge, Fagan spoke to one wherein Curtis had actually called the other a "swindler." Rutledge, however, merely remarked upon the liberties which his advanced age entitled him to assume; whereupon Curtis replied, "Don't talk to me, sir, of age! I am young enough and able enough to chastise such as *you*!"

"Did the discussion end here?" asked the court.

"So far as I know, my lord, it did; for Mr. Rutledge left my office soon after, and apparently thinking little of what had occurred."

"If honest Tony had not been too much engrossed with the cares of usury," cried out Curtis from the dock, "he might have remembered that I said to Rutledge, as he went out, 'the man that injures Joe Curtis owes a debt that he must pay sooner or later.'"

"I remember the words now," said Fagan.

"Ay, and so have I ever found it," said Curtis, solemnly. "There are few who have gone through life with less good fortune than myself, and yet I have lived to see the ruin of almost every man that has injured me!"

The savage vehemence with which he uttered these words caused a shudder throughout the crowded court, and went even farther to criminate him in popular opinion than all that had been alleged in evidence.

When asked by the court if he desired to cross-examine the witness, Curtis, in a calm and collected voice, replied—

"No, my lord; Tony Fagan will

lose a hundred and eighty pounds if you hang me; and if he had anything to allege in my favour, we should have heard it before this." Then turning towards the jury-box, he went on:—"Now, gentlemen of the jury, there's little reason for detaining you any longer. You have as complete a case of circumstantial evidence before you, as ever sent an innocent man to the scaffold. You have had the traits of my temper and the tracks of my boots, and, if you believe Colonel Vereker, the very tones of my voice, all sworn to; but, better than all these, you have at your disposal the life of a man who is too sick of the world to stretch out a hand to save himself, and who would even accept the disgrace of an ignominious death, for the sake of the greater ignominy that is sure to fall later upon the unjust laws and the corrupt court that condemned him. Ay!" cried he, with an impressive solemnity of voice, that thrilled through every heart, "you'll array yourselves in all the solemn mockery of your station—you'll bewail my guilt, and pronounce my sentence; but it is *I* from this dock, say to *you* upon that bench, the Lord have mercy upon your souls!"

There was that in the energy of his manner, despite all its eccentricity and quaintness, a degree of power that awed the entire assembly; and more than one trembled to think, "What! if he really were to be innocent?"

While this singular address was being delivered, Fagan was engaged in deep and earnest conversation with the Crown prosecutor; and from his excited manner might be seen the intense anxiety under which he laboured. He was evidently urging some proposition with all his might, to which the other listened with deep attention.

At this instant Fagan's arm was tapped by a hand from the crowd. He turned, and as suddenly grew deadly pale; for it was Raper stood before him!—Raper, whom he believed at that moment to be far away in a remote part of the country.

"What brings you here? How came you to Dublin?" said Fagan, in a voice tremulous with passion.

"We have just arrived; we heard that you were here; and he insisted upon seeing you before he left town."

"Where is he, then?" asked Fagan.

"In his carriage, at the door of the court-house."

"Does he know—has he heard of the case before the court? Speak, man! Is he aware of what is going on here?"

The terrified eagerness of his whisper so overcame poor Raper, that he was utterly unable to reply, and Fagan was obliged to clutch him by the arm to recal him to consciousness. Even then, however, his vague and broken answer showed how completely his faculties were terrorised over by the despotic influence of his master. An indistinct sense of having erred somehow overcame him, and he shrank back from the piercing glance of the other, to hide himself in the crowd. Terrible as that moment of suspense must have been to Fagan, it was nothing to the agony which succeeded it, as he saw the crowd separating on either side, to leave a free passage for the approach of an invalid, who slowly came forward to the side-bar, casting his eyes around him, in half-bewildered astonishment at the scene.

Being recognised by the bench, an usher of the court was sent round to say that their lordships would make room for him beside them; and my father—for it was he—with difficulty mounted the steps, and took his seat beside the Chief Justice, faintly answering the kind inquiries for his health, in a voice weak and feeble as a girl's.

"You little expected to see me in

such a place as this, Walter!" cried out Curtis from the dock; "and I just as little looked to see your father's son seated upon the bench at such a moment!"

"What is it?—what does it all mean?—how is Curtis there?—what has happened?" asked my father, vaguely.

The Chief Justice whispered a few words in reply, when, with a shriek that made every heart cold, my father sprang to his feet, and, leaning his body over the front of the bench, cried out—

"It was I killed Barry Rutledge! There was no murder in the case! We fought with swords; and there," said he, drawing the weapon, "there's the blade that pierced his heart! and here" (tearing open his vest and shirt)—"and here the wound he gave me in return! The outrage for which he died well merited the penalty; but if there be guilt, it is mine, and mine only!"

A fit of choking stopped his utterance. He tried to overcome it; he gasped convulsively twice or thrice, and then, as a cataract of bright blood gushed from nostrils and mouth together, he fell back and rolled heavily to the ground—dead!

So exhausted was nature by this last effort, that the body was cold within an hour after.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FRIEND'S TRIALS.

THE day of my father's funeral was that of my birth! It is not improbable that he had often looked forward to that day as the crowning event of his whole life, destining great rejoicings, and planning every species of festivity; and now the summer clouds were floating over the churchyard, and the gay birds were carolling over the cold grave where he lay!

What an emblem of human anticipation, and what an illustration of his own peculiar destiny! Few men ever entered upon life with more brilliant prospects. With nearly every gift of fortune, and not one single adverse circumstance to struggle against, he was scarcely launched upon the ocean of life ere he was shipwrecked! Is it not ever thus? Is it not that the storms and seas of adverse fortune are our best preservatives in this world, by

calling into activity our powers of energy and of endurance? Are we not better when our lot demands effort, and exacts sacrifice, than when prosperity neither evokes an ungratified wish nor suggests a difficult ambition?

The real circumstances of his death were, I believe, never known to my mother, but the shock of the event almost killed her. Her cousin, Emile de Gabriac, had just arrived at Castle Carew, and they were sitting talking over France and all its pleasant associations, when a servant entered hastily with a letter for MacNaghten. It was in Fagan's handwriting, and marked "most private, and with haste."

"See," cried Dan, laughing—"look what devices a dun is reduced to to obtain an audience. Tony Fagan, so secret and so urgent on the outside, will be candid enough within, and beg

respectfully to remind Mr. MacNaghten that his endorsement for two hundred and something pounds will fall due on Wednesday next, when he hopes ——"

"Let us see what he hopes," cried my mother, snatching the letter from him, "for it surely cannot be that he hopes you will pay it." The terrific cry she uttered, as her eyes read the dreadful lines; rang through that vast building. Shriek followed shriek in quick succession for some seconds; and then, as if exhausted nature could no more, she sank into a death-like trance, cold, motionless, and unconscious.

Poor MacNaghten! I have heard him more than once say, that if he were to live five hundred years, he never could forget the misery of that day, so graven upon his memory was every frightful and harrowing incident of it. He left Castle Carew for Dublin, and hastened to the court-house, where, in one of the judges' robing-rooms, the corpse of his poor friend now lay. A hurried inquest had been held upon the body, and pronounced that "Death had ensued from natural causes;" and now the room was crowded with curious and idle loungers, talking over the strange event, and commenting upon the fate of him who, but a few hours back, so many would have envied.

Having excluded the throng, he sat down alone beside the body, and, with the cold hand clasped between his own, wept heartily.

"I never remember to have shed tears before in my life," said he, "nor could I have done so then, if I were not looking on that pale, cold face, which I had seen so often lighted up with smiles; on those compressed lips, from which came so many words of kindness and affection; and felt within my own that hand, that never till now had met mine without the warm grasp of friendship."

Poor Dan! he was my father's chief mourner; I had almost said his only one. Several came and asked leave to see the body. Many were visibly affected at the sight. There was decent sorrow on every countenance; but of deep and true affliction, MacNaghten was the solitary instance.

It was late on the following evening, as MacNaghten, who had only quitted the rooms for a few minutes, found, on his return, that a stranger was standing beside the body.

"Ay," muttered he, solemnly, "the green and the healthy tree cut down, and the old, sapless, rotten trunk left to linger on in slow decay!"

"What! Curtis, is this you?" cried MacNaghten.

"Yes, sir, and not mine the fault that I have not changed places with him who lies there. *He* had plenty to live for; *I* nothing, nor any one. And it was not that alone, MacNaghten!" added he, fiercely, "but think—reflect for one moment, on what might have happened, had they condemned and executed *me*! Is there a man in all Ireland, with heart and soul in him, who would not have read that sentence as an act of government tyranny and vengeance? Do you believe the gentry of the country would have accepted the act as an accident, or do you think that the people would recognise it as anything else than a murder solemnised by the law? And if love of country could not stimulate and awake them, is it not possible that fears for personal safety might?"

"I have no mind for such thoughts as these," said MacNaghten, sternly: "nor is it beside the cold corpse of him who lies there I would encourage them. If you come to sorrow over him, take your place beside me; if to speculate on party feuds, faction dissensions, then I beg you will leave me to myself."

Curtis made him no reply, but left the room in silence.

There were some legal difficulties raised before the funeral could be performed. The circumstances of Rutledge's death required to be cleared up; and Fagan—to whom my father had made a full statement of the whole event—underwent a long and close examination by the law authorities of the Castle. The question was a grave one as regarded property, since, if a charge of murder could have been substantiated, the whole of my father's fortune would have been confiscated to the Crown. Fagan's testimony, too, was not without a certain disqualification, because he held large liens over the property, and must, if the estate were estreated, have been a considerable loser. These questions all required time for investigation; but, by dint of great energy and perseverance, MacNaghten obtained permission for the burial, which took place with strict privacy at the small churchyard of Killester, a spot which, for what reason

I am unaware, my father had himself selected, and mention of which desire was found amongst his papers.

Fagan accompanied MacNaghten to the funeral, and Dan returned to his house afterwards to breakfast. Without any sentiment bordering on esteem for the "Grinder," MacNaghten respected him generally for his probity, and believed him to be as honourable in his dealings as usury and money-lending would permit any man to be. He was well aware, that for years back the most complicated transactions with regard to loans had taken place between him and my father; and that, to a right understanding of these difficult matters, and a satisfactory adjustment of them, nothing could conduce so much as a frank intercourse and a friendly bearing. These were at all times no very difficult requirements from honest Dan, and he did not assume them now with less sincerity or willingness that they were to be practised for the benefit of his poor friend's widow and orphan.

MacNaghten could not help remarking that Fagan's manner, when speaking of my father's affairs, was characterised by a more than common caution and reserve, and that he strenuously avoided entering upon anything which bore, however remotely, upon the provision my mother was to enjoy, or what arrangements were to be made respecting myself.

"There was a will, he thought, in Crowther's possession; but it was of the less consequence, since the greater part—nearly all of the Carew property—was under the strictest entail."

"The boy will be rich, one of the richest men in Ireland, if he live," said MacNaghten; but Fagan made no reply for some time, and at last said—

"If there be not good sense and moderation exercised on all sides, the Carews may gain less than will the Court of Chancery."

MacNaghten felt far from reassured by the cautious and guarded reserve of Fagan's manner; he saw that in the dry, sententious tone of his remarks, there lurked difficulties, and perhaps troubles; but he resolved to devote himself to the task before him, in a spirit of patience and calm industry, which, unhappily for him, he had never brought to bear upon his own worldly fortunes.

"There is nothing either obtrusive or impertinent," said he, at last, to

Fagan, "in my making these inquiries, for, independently of poor Walter's affection for me, I know that he always expected me to take the management of his affairs, should I survive him; and if there be a will, it is almost certain that I am named his executor in it."

Fagan nodded affirmatively, and merely said—

"Crowther will be able to clear up this point."

"And when shall we see him?"

"He is in the country, down south, I think, at this moment; but he will be up by the end of the week. However, there are so many things to be done, that his absence involves no loss of time. Where shall I address you, if I write?"

"I shall return to Castle Carew this evening; and in all probability remain there till I hear from you."

"That will do," was the dry answer; and MacNaghten took his leave, more than ever puzzled by the Grinder's manner, and wondering within himself in what shape and from what quarter might come the storm, which he convinced himself could not be distant.

Grief for my father's death, and anxiety for my poor mother's fate, were, however, the uppermost thoughts in his mind; and as he drew nigh Castle Carew, his heart was so much overpowered by the change which had fallen upon that once happy home, that he totally forgot all the dark hints and menacing intimations of his late interview.

It was truly a gloom-stricken mansion. The servants moved about sadly, conversing in low whispers; save in one quarter all the windows were closed, and the rooms locked up—not a voice nor a footstep was to be heard. Mourning and woe were imprinted on every face, and in every gesture. MacNaghten knew not where to go, nor where to stay. Every chamber he entered was full of its memories of the past, and he wandered on from room to room, seeking some spot which should not remind him of days whose happiness could never return. In this random search he suddenly entered the chamber where M. de Gabriac lay at full length upon a sofa, enjoying, in all the ease of a loose dressing-gown, the united pleasures of a French novel and a bottle of Bourdeaux. MacNaghten would willingly have re-

turned at once. Such a scene and such companionship were not to his taste, but the other quickly detected him, and called out—

“Ah! M. MacNaghten, how delighted am I to see you again. What days of misery and gloom have I been passing here!—no one to speak to—none to sit with.”

“It is, indeed, a sad mansion,” sighed MacNaghten, heavily.

“So, then, it is all true?” asked the other. Poor fellow, what a sensitive nature—how impressible. To die just for a matter of sentiment; for, after all, you know it was a sentiment, nothing else. Every man has had his affairs of this kind; few go through life without something unpleasant; but one does not die broken-hearted for all that. No, *par bleu*, that is a very poor philosophy. Tell me about the duel—I am greatly interested to hear the details.”

To escape as far as possible any further moralisings of his companion, Dan related all that he knew of the fatal rencontre, answering so well as he might all the Frenchman's questions, and, at the same time, avoiding all reference to the provocation which led to the meeting.

“It was a mistake, a great mistake, to fight in this fashion,” said Gabriac, coldly. “There is an etiquette to be observed in a duel as in a dinner; and you can no more hurry over one than the other, without suffering for it afterwards. Maybe these are, however, the habits of the country.”

MacNaghten calmly assured him that they were not.

“Then the offence must have been an outrage—what was it?”

“Some expression of gross insult; I forget the exact nature of it.”

“Poor fellow,” said the other, sipping his wine, “with so much to live for: a magnificent chateau, a pretty wife, and a good fortune. What folly, was it not?”

MacNaghten afterwards acknowledged that even the Grinder's sententious dryness was preferable to the heartless indifference of the Frenchman's manner; but a deferential regard for her whose relative he was, restrained him from all angry expression of feeling on the subject, and he suffered him to discuss the duel and all its consequences, without the slightest evidence of the suffering it cost him.

“Josephine will not be sorry to

leave it,” said Gabriac, after a short silence. “She told me that *they* never understood *her*, nor *she them*; and after all, you know,” said he, smiling, “there is but one France!”

“And but one Ireland!” said MacNaghten, haughtily.

“*Hereusement!*” muttered the Frenchman, but employing a word which, happily, the other did not understand.

“Her state is one of great danger still,” said Dan, alluding to my mother.

“They say so; but that is always the way with doctors. One may die of violent anger, rage, ungratified vengeance, jealousy, but not of mere grief. Sorrow is rather a soothing passion—don't you think so?”

Had MacNaghten been in the mood, he might have laughed at the remark, but now it only irritated and incensed him; and to such an extent did the heartless manner of the Frenchman grate upon his feelings, that he was in momentary danger of including my poor mother in the deprecatory estimate he conceived of France, and all that belonged to it. Nor was his temper improved by the inquiries of Gabriac concerning the property and estates of my father; in fact, unable any longer to continue a conversation, every portion of which was an outrage, he arose abruptly, and wishing him a good night, left the room.

“Poor Walter,” said he, as he slowly sauntered along towards his chamber, “is it to such as these your memory is to be entrusted, and your name and fortune bequeathed!” And with this gloomy reflection, he threw himself upon his bed, to pass a sad and a sleepless night.

It was in a curious reverie—a kind of inquiring within himself, “How came it, that qualities so calculated to make social intercourse delightful in days of happiness, should prove positively offensive in moments of trial and affliction?” for such he felt to be the case as regarded Gabriac—that MacNaghten lay, when a servant came to inform him that Mr. Crowther had just arrived at the Castle, and earnestly requested to see him.

“At once,” replied he, “show him up to me here; and in a few moments, that most bland and imperturbable of solicitors entered, and, drawing a chair to the bed-side, sat down.

“This is a sad occasion, Mr. Mac-

Naghten. I little thought when I last saw you here, that my next visit would have been on such an errand."

MacNaghten nodded sorrowfully, and **Crowther** went on—

"Sad in every sense, sir," sighed he, heavily. "The last of his name—one of our oldest gentry—the head of a princely fortune—with abilities, I am assured, of a very high order, and, certainly, most popular manners."

"You may spare me the eulogy," said **MacNaghten**, bluntly. "He was a better fellow than either you or I should be able to describe, if we spent an hour over it."

Crowther took the rebuke in good part, and assented to the remark with the best possible grace. Still he seemed as if he would like to dwell a little longer on the theme before he proceeded to other matters. Perhaps he thought by this to secure a more favourable acceptance for what he had to say; perhaps he was not fully made up in mind how to approach the subject before him. **MacNaghten**, who always acted through life as he would ride in a steeple-chase, straight onward, regardless of all in his way, stopped him short, by saying—

"Carew has left a will in your hands, I believe?"

"You can scarcely call it a will, sir. The document is very irregular—very informal."

"It was his act, however; he wrote or dictated it himself?"

"Not even that, sir. He suggested parts of it—made trifling corrections with his own pen—approved some portions, and left others for after consideration."

"It is, at all events, the only document of the kind in existence?"

"That would be too much to affirm, sir."

"I mean that *you*, at least, know of no other; in fact, I want to hear whether you conceive it to be sufficient for its object, as explaining Carew's wishes and intentions."

A dubious half-smile, and a still more dubious shake of the head, seemed to infer that this view of the subject was far too sweeping and comprehensive.

"Come, come," said **Dan**, good humouredly, "I'm not the Chancellor, nor even Master of the Rolls. Even a little indiscretion will never injure your reputation in talking with *me*. Just tell me frankly what you know and think about my poor friend's af-

fairs. His widow, if she ever recover, which is very doubtful, is but little suited to matters of business; and as it is not a case where any adverse litigation is to be apprehended—what do you mean by that shake of the head? You surely would not imply that the estate, or any part of it, could be contested at law?"

"Who could say as much for any property, sir?" said **Crowther**, sententially.

"I know that; I am well aware that there are fellows in your tribe, who are always on the look-out for a shipwrecked fortune, that they may earn the salvage for saving it; but here, if I mistake not very much, is an estate that stands in need of no such aids. Carew may have debts."

"Very large debts—debts of great amount, indeed!"

"Well, be it so; there ends the complication."

"You have a very concise and, I must say, a most straightforward mode of regarding a subject, sir," said **Crowther**, blandly. "There is an admirable clearness in your views, and a most business-like promptitude in your deductions; but we, poor moles of the law, are condemned to work in a very different fashion—and, to be brief, here is a case that requires the very nicest management. To enable **Madame Carew** to take out letters of administration to her late husband's property, we must prove her marriage. Now, so far as I can see, sir, this is a matter of considerable difficulty."

"Why, you would not dare to assert—to insinuate even —"

"Nothing of the kind, sir. Pray, be calm, **Mr. MacNaghten**. I am as incapable of such a thought as yourself. Of the fact, I entertain no more doubt than you do. The proof of it—the legal proof, however, I am most anxious to obtain."

"But, with search amongst his papers —"

"Very true, sir; it may be discovered. I have no doubt it will be discovered. I only mean to say that such a document is not to be met with amongst those in *my* hands, and I have very carefully gone over a large packet, labelled 'Papers and letters relating to France during my last residence there, in '80-'81,' which you may remember was the period of his marriage."

"But he alludes to that event?"

"Not once, sir; there is not a single passage that even bears upon it. There are adventures of various kinds, curious incidents, many of them in love, play, and gallantry; but of marriage, or even of any speculation on the subject, not the remotest mention."

"This is most singular!"

"Is it not so, sir? But I have thought, perhaps, that *you*, who were always his most attached friend—*you*, at least, possessed some letters which should throw light upon this matter, even to indicate the exact date of it, where it occurred, who the witnesses."

"Not a line, not a syllable," said MacNaghten, with a sigh.

"This is more unfortunate than I expected," said Crowther. "I always said to myself, 'Well, in his private correspondence, in the close relations of friendship, we shall come upon some clue to the mystery.' I always understood that with *you* he was frankness itself, sir?"

"So he was," rejoined MacNaghten.

"This reserve is therefore the more

remarkable still. Can you account for it in any way, sir?"

"Why should I account for it?" cried Dan, passionately. "My friend had his own reasons for whatever he did—good and sufficient ones, I'll be sworn."

"I feel assured of that, sir, don't mistake me for a moment, or suppose I am impugning them. I merely desired to learn if you could, from your intimate knowledge of your friend's character, trace this reserve on his part to any distinct cause."

"My knowledge of him goes this far," said MacNaghten, haughtily, "that he had an honourable motive for every act of his life."

It required some address on Crowther's part to bring back MacNaghten to that calm and deliberate tone of mind which the subject demanded. After a while, however, he perfectly succeeded; and Dan arose and accompanied him to the library, where they both proceeded to search among my father's papers, with which several boxes were filled.

MORE IMPROVEMENTS IN THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

"Must we for Shakspeare no compassion feel,
Almost eat up by commentating zeal?"

SHAKSPEARE has gone through one hundred collected editions at least, translations into foreign languages not included. He has also furnished a whole library of controversial annotation, which may be estimated, within bounds, at a thousand goodly volumes. Many lives have been occupied in transcribing his works; in explaining, elucidating, correcting, expounding, and confounding his meanings. But it appears we are still wandering in the dark, and the most practised guides have failed to put us on the true path. The author of the "Pursuits of Literature"* (a satire which had great popularity in its day) discharged a heavy battery against this army of commentators and their heavier labours. He compares Shakspeare to Actæon worried by his own hounds; terms his editors

black-letter dogs;† and, quoting five examples of insignificant absurdity, proceeds to cry down the united efforts of the host—an attempt to establish a rule from the exceptions, as unsound in logic, as would be the principle in architecture of subverting a pyramid, and changing the apex into a base. The satire was greatly cried up for a time, but now has shared the usual fate of such ephemera, and has sunk completely into oblivion. The chief merit lies in the notes, which are equally compounded between erudition and bitterness. To us the whole production always appeared to be overcharged with gall, unredeemed by remarkable wit, point, or brilliancy. Common abuse is as poor as it is easy. There are many Dennises, Gildons, and Anthony Pasquins, but very few Ju-

* T. J. Mathias. For divers reasons he never owned the authorship.

† "On Avon's banks I heard Actæon mourn,
By fell *black letter dogs* in pieces torn."

venals, Popes, or Byrons. The writer of the philippic in question says—

“Enough for me great Shakspeare’s words to hear,
Though but in common with the vulgar ear;
Without one note or hornbook in my head,
Bitson’s coarse trash, or lumber of the dead.”

By this he implies that because comment is sometimes erroneous it is always unnecessary; and that the earliest printed text of Shakspeare is so perfectly correct and divested of obscurity, that all attempts at improvement are works of supererogation on the part of the compilers, and penitential inflictions on the patience of the public. Is this a just statement of the case? We answer, no. The commentators blundered into many errors, but they swept away many difficulties, and have done good service in clearing a road which is yet far from being as level as a railway. Sixty years ago, Malone, in the preface to his own edition, said, rather ambitiously, “The text of the great author seems now to be finally settled.” Time has falsified the prediction. He was not nearer the mark than the finality men were in 1832, when they said the Reform Bill would cure everything; or than Mr Cobden is now, when he assures us, that because duelling has become unfashionable, wars must of necessity cease, as a natural corollary. Shakspearean commentary has been likened to a huge web of mingled yarn, or to a coat of many patches, or to a field of flowers choked by weeds, or to a sea of foggy conjecture, in which speculative navigators flounder about without rudder or compass. The entire mass may be distinguished by three degrees of comparison—as good, bad, and very bad indeed. The first portion consists of valuable pioneers; the writings of the next class include “an infinite deal of nothing”—as Bassanio says of the prattle of Gratiano. “Their reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.” The third, and not the least numerous section, refute the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that from

the most flimsy volumes something profitable may be extracted. It would exceed the powers of Lord Rosse’s telescope to discover a ray of light in their Cimmerian darkness. The list is long, exceeding in number the family titles of the French Empress. The style of the legion is usually that of panegyric, but there are scattered among them some invidious detractors; men who sought reputation by depreciating excellence, as Erostratus perpetuated his name by burning the temple of Diana, and Zoilus lives to posterity through his abuse of Homer.*

While, therefore, it must be admitted that with regard to what may be called a pure text of Shakspeare, we are still in a mist, it is certain that we know little of the great poet himself, beyond a few general facts. He wrote for subsistence. His plays brought him current fame and ready money. He lived at his ease, and died suddenly, in prosperous circumstances. There are some grounds for supposing that his death was hastened by conviviality.† We have no insight into his opinions, feelings, his estimate of his own works, or his aspirations after immortal fame. He has left nothing on record, and all we can deduce has no better foundation than ingenious hypothesis. He never corrected or revised the creations of his fancy, but left them at the mercy of others. He seems to have been unaccountably careless on a subject which, with most authors, is one of paramount importance. Ben Jonson in particular, his associate, friend, and contemporary, carefully edited the first impression of his own works. We have here a direct clue to the many imperfections and obscurities which disfigure the works of Shakspeare, and which have entailed such a deluge of emendation. The plays were printed from surreptitious originals, or taken orally from imperfect reciters, by careless copyists. We must go back to the source before we arrive at Mr. Collier’s late discovery, which we purpose to review.‡ To those readers who have neither time nor taste for long labo-

* See, for instances, tracts by Rymer and Dennis, and a strange pamphlet called “Cursor’s remarks on Tragedy, by E. Taylor, 1772.” The latter is a piece of absurdity, “*a triple etage*,” as the French phrase aptly expresses.

† See “Diary of the Rev. J. Ward,” Rector of Stratford-on-Avon.

‡ “Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare’s Plays, from Early Manuscript corrections in a copy of the Folio, 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. Forming a supplemental volume to the Works of Shakspeare by the same editor.” In 8 vols. 8vo. London: Whittaker, 1858.

rious reading, a condensed summary of information may not be unacceptable.

Twenty of Shakspeare's plays were originally published separately in 4to, during his life — dingy-looking little pamphlets, on execrable paper, full of typographical errors, and priced six-pence each. But these play-books raised the bile of Prynne, who complains in his "*Histriomastix*,"* that they are more numerous than Bibles, and printed in a costlier form. The early quartos are now very seldom met with, are much sought after by book-collectors, and bring ridiculous sums when they appear in a sale catalogue. A perfect copy of *Richard III.*, date 1594, sold at Evans's, in 1825, for sixty-six guineas. John Kemble gave Mr. Stace £30 for a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*, date, 1597. *Love's Labour Lost*, 1598, brought, at the sale of Rhodes's library, £53 11s.; and at Bindley's, £40 10s. *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600, has produced £52 10s.; *Henry V.*, 1600, £27 6s.; and *King Lear*, 1608, £28. These sums may startle the uninitiated in bibliomania, who will lift up their hands, and wonder at human enthusiasm or insanity. The twenty quartos revised by Stevens were published collectively, in 1766, in four volumes octavo. Garrick had a copy on fine paper (six only were so printed), which was sold after his death for twenty-four guineas. There are fine collections of the original quartos in the British Museum,† and the Bodleian Library.‡ The Duke of Devonshire has a rarity at Chatsworth surpassing them all. The only copy in existence of *Hamlet*, date, 1603, which contains several lines and other important variations not to be met with in any subsequent impression.§

The first collected edition of Shakspeare's plays appeared in Folio, in 1623, seven years after his death; printed from copies supplied by Heminge and Condell, two of his contemporary actors and partners in the theatre. Their editorial supervision appears to

have amounted to little beyond the name. They gave the usual play-house versions, and left the printer to his ignorance and his errors. But the quartos and first folio have always been referred to as the staple, or basis on which every subsequent edition is erected. We must take them with their imperfections for what they are worth, in the absence of more infallible guides. The first Folio is a *rara avis*—a very scarce book. Copies have frequently sold for more than £100. The original price was £1, according to Steevens; the number of the impression, 250. Of these, above fifty are traced as being now in existence, and in the possession of known collectors. Three are in the British Museum, bequeathed with the respective libraries of King George III., the Rev. Mordaunt Chacherode, and the Hon. Thomas Grenville. The volume has no pretensions to beauty, but the portrait engraved by Droeshout, annexed to the title-page, although coarsely executed, is, perhaps, the most authentic likeness of Shakspeare that has reached our days. At least so says Ben Johnson, in the well-known lines which have been so often quoted:—

"The figure that thou here seest put
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to out-do the life.
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But, since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book."

A reprint of this edition was published in 1808, by Verner and Hood. The work having been loudly cried up as a rigid and faithful fac-simile of the first folio, Professor Porson and Mr. Upcott, librarians of the London Institution, undertook the laborious task of collating the same with the original, which led to the discovery of three hundred and seven literal mistakes. The book was issued at five guineas, is now commonly offered for one, and may be considered a rash investment at a shilling.

* Published in 1633, but written many years before.

† King George III.'s, and Garrick's.

‡ Malone's.

§ This *unique* copy of *Hamlet* belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and was found by his descendant, Sir H. Bunbury, in a thick volume, closely cut, containing other first editions of Shakspeare's plays. Sir H. Bunbury disposed of it to Messrs. Payne and Foss, who sold it to the Duke of Devonshire in 1830. Dr. Farmer says, in his "*Unanswerable Essay*," that Shakspeare could not read "*Saxo Grammaticus*" in Latin, and that he must have taken his play from a tale in English, called "*The Tragicall historie of Hamblett*." But there is no copy of this tale earlier than 1608. Dates are stubborn evidences.

The utter carelessness of this assumed transcript is intolerable, while it will be conceded readily, that no instance exists of typography so perfect as to be without an erratum. The Foulises of Glasgow, hung up the proof-sheets of their beautiful Greek and Latin classics at their shop-door, as a public challenge, but several misprints were speedily pointed out. The "Baskerville Horace," of 1762, carefully revised by Livie, an elegant scholar, has been pronounced immaculate; but the curious may detect a slip at page 150 (Sat. I. lib. i.), where the sentence "*Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi doctores,*" is printed "*Et pueris,*" &c. In collating, editing, and transcribing, no human perseverance and ingenuity have ever been *entirely* free from error.

The second edition, Folio, followed in 1632. In this an ample allowance of mistakes is superadded to those of the first, and many clear, intelligible readings are gratuitously darkened. For these reasons the book has never been held in much esteem as an authority, but being old and tolerably rare, is sought after to complete sets, and brings a good marketable price. Mr. Steevens's copy, which had belonged to Charles I., with the royal arms, autograph, and motto, "*Dum spiro spero,*" produced eighteen guineas.* The Duke of Roxburghe's and Mr. Dent's sold for £15 each.

The third edition, Folio, bears two dates, 1663 and 1664. Here were included for the first time seven spurious plays, then and long afterwards attributed to Shakspeare, but now clearly ascertained not to have been his. Dr. Dibdin ("Library Companion") has fallen into a mistake in his description of this volume, which Dr. Drake corrects in a note, at page 6 of his "Memorials of Shakspeare." He says:—

"It is well known that there were two impressions of the third folio edition of Shakspeare's plays; one in 1663, and the other in 1664; the first with Droeshout's head of Shakspeare in the titlepage, and the second without any engraving. But both these copies have hitherto been referred to as containing the spurious plays, whereas the impression of 1663 does not include them, but ends with the play of *Cymbeline*, in the catalogue prefixed, and in the book itself. These two impressions, owing to the Great Fire of London occurring so soon

after their publication, are even more scarce than the first folio."

Lowndes, in his "Bibliographer's Manual," questions the accuracy of this opinion, which appears to rest on no evidence. It is even unsupported by probability, unless we are to suppose that the greater portion was lying unsold at the publisher's more than two years after it was ready. Shakspeare had certainly declined in popularity before the Civil Wars and after the Restoration, but a new edition of his plays would scarcely have been ventured on unless it had been demanded. But the edition is, at any rate, of little value as a text-book, whatever may be its pretensions on the score of rarity. Nevertheless it commands a high price. Copies have been sold for £20, £25, and £30; Dent's brought £65. It contained many manuscript emendations, chiefly in an ancient hand, supposed to be coeval with the date of the edition. The annotations consisted of stage directions, alterations in the punctuation, and substituted words, as in the case of the volume now discovered by Mr. Collier. The present possessor of Dent's copy would do well to compare them, if he feels an interest in the subject, and it happens to be brought under his notice. The spurious plays contained in the third edition had all been published in quarto in Shakspeare's lifetime, with his name at full length; but that is no proof that he was the author. It is well ascertained that he lent his name to plays he merely revised or retouched, and it is equally probable that his name was sometimes assumed without his permission. Of these pseudo children of his brain, the celebrated German critic, Schlegel, pronounces *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, as not only Shakspeare's, but entitled to rank among his best and maturest works. Steevens excepts only *Locrive*, but considers the rest as unworthy of Shakspeare's muse. Hazlitt rejects them all, and though coxcombical in his criticisms, he is generally clever and acute. If the question is to be decided by internal evidence, the worst is better than *Titus Andronicus*, which has found admittance into an illustrious brotherhood, without even the doubtful claim of family resemblance.

* Now in the British Museum, with the Library of George III.

The fourth collected edition in Folio appeared in 1685. It is neither rare, curious, nor unusually expensive, and is never appealed to as a dependable authority. By this time Shakspeare, who had gradually declined with changing taste, both before the Civil Wars and after the Restoration, had become almost obsolete. From the days of the "martyr Charles" down to those of "the hero William," his plays were seldom acted. When Quarles was pensioned and Blackmore knighted for poetical pre-eminence, Shakspeare and Milton were not likely to be in the ascendant. It is thus that true genius undergoes periodical eclipses, beneath the pressure of caprice or ignorance. William Cartwright, a clergyman, poet, and dramatist, who died in 1643, and who is styled by Anthony à Wood, "the most seraphical preacher of his age," in an adulatory poem, addressed to John Fletcher, the friend and colleague of Francis Beaumont, thus speaks of the immortal bard of Avon:—

"Shakspeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies,
I' the ladies' questions and the fool's replies;
Whose wit our *niceties* would obsceneness call,
Which made lewd language pass for comical.
Nature was all his art—thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurrility."

What an idea could this "seraphical preacher" entertain of *obscenity* and *scurrility* (which words seem to be here introduced as synonymous to *vulgarity*) in thus complimenting Fletcher on the nicety of the times? Shakspeare is not free from licentiousness, but, compared to Fletcher, he exhibits the purity of a vestal. Fletcher's violations of decency are too gross for quotation, almost for reference.* Of his superlative vulgarity one selected instance will suffice. It would be difficult to find in any other author an equal quantity in so small a space:—

Chilax, a veteran officer, is supposed to carry on an intrigue with a priestess of Venus, in whose temple he received a severe blow from a clap of thunder, which, as he expresses it—

"Gave him on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang."

"Had not my intentions been honest," he adds,

"——I had paid for't else too.
I'm *monstrous* holy now, and *cruel* fearful.
Oh! 'twas a *plaguy* thump, charged with a *vengeance*."†

If we are to judge from the congratulatory verses prefixed to Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, we must conclude that these dramatic bards began to supplant Shakspeare very soon after his death, in 1616. In the year 1642, Shirley, in his prologue to the *Sisters*, speaks with regret of the neglect shown to Shakspeare's dramas, and intimates that they were frequently acted to empty houses. Dryden, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," published in 1668, remarks, that Shakspeare's language was becoming obscure, and two of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were exhibited to one of his. Shadwell, in the prologue to a comedy that came out the following year, observes—

"That which the world called wit in Shakspeare's age,
Is laughed at, as improper for the stage."

In consequence of which, himself and other wits of the time kindly condescended to alter many of his plays, and accommodate them to the taste of an audience, grown, we may presume, rather nice and fastidious from attending the chaste humour and classic elegance of Mrs. Aphra Behn and Tom D'Urfey. In 1678, Shadwell purloined *Timon of Athens* from Shakspeare, and announced it as being now first made into a play. In 1707, Shakspeare was so little remembered, that Tate published a tragedy, called *Injured Love, or the Cruel Husband*; and mentioned in the titlepage, that it was written by the author (meaning himself) of *King Lear*. He had previously altered *King Lear* from Shakspeare, and speaks of the original, in his preface, as "an obscure performance commended to his notice by a friend." Steele, in the *Tatler*, which came out in 1709, gives two quotations, as he says, from Shakspeare's *Macbeth* (Nos. 68 and 167), but the passages there

* Take the *Custom of the Country*, *passim*, for an example.

† *Mad Lover*.—Act V. *Monstrous* and *cruel* are still in use synonymously, by the great and the small vulgar. Your affected exquisite designates the same woman as "*monstrous* handsome, *monstrous* kind, or *monstrous* good-natured," who would be called by the unlettered clown, *cruel* handsome, *cruel* kind, and *cruel* good-natured. The words have the same application in other languages. "*Cruellement laide*" is a common expression, in French, for "*monstrous ugly*." The synonym is not without classical authority. *Αἰσῆς* in Homer, is sometimes used as equivalent to *valde*.

quoted are only to be found in Sir W. Davenant's alteration of that play. He introduces, likewise, some striking incidents belonging to the *Taming of the Shrew*, as circumstances that occurred in a family with which he was particularly intimate (No. 231.) It seems equally strange that Steele should have been so ignorant of Shakspeare, as that he should have trusted so blindly to the ignorance of his readers. Where was his attic friend and well-read colleague, Addison, not to set him right in these awkward blunders? The accurate severity of modern criticism would detect such lapses of memory, and castigate heavily there-upon a writer of higher reputation than the author of the *Conscious Lovers* and the *Tender Husband*. Even as late as the year 1750, Dr. Hill, a man of reputed learning, and some time a theatrical critic by profession, introduces in "The Actor, or a Treatise on the Art of Playing," several lines from Otway's *Caius Marius*, an alteration of *Romeo and Juliet*, and calls them Shakspeare's. Other critics have been equally unfortunate, and have quoted as Otway's some beautiful passages which he had stolen from Shakspeare, with a very slight acknowledgment. It was time for restoration, and Garrick did good service, when, on the 7th of January, 1743, he revived *Macbeth*, as written by Shakspeare. Quin, the Leviathan, was startled, and growled out with indignant surprise, "What does little Davy mean? Don't I act Shakspeare's *Macbeth*? Didn't Booth and Betterton act Shakspeare's *Macbeth*?" No; they acted the alterations with all the absurd incongruities and unmeaning fustian interlarded by Davenant. Quin had evidently never studied the original; and Mrs. Pritchard, his Lady Macbeth, knew no more of even the acting version than her own part, as copied out and handed to her by the prompter. But Garrick's vanity as an actor, superseded his zeal as a restorer. He excelled in depicting expiring throes and agonies, and so he foisted in a dying speech, totally out of character, and almost a counterbalance to his improvements. We ought

to have mentioned Macklin before Garrick. In 1741 he drove from the stage Lord Lansdowne's mutilation, called the *Jew of Venice*, which had long supplanted the veritable "Shylock," and brought back "the Jew that Shakspeare drew."*

But we have wandered from the progressive order of editions. In 1709, appeared a new one by Rowe, in six volumes octavo. In the year following, Dr. Sewell added a seventh volume, containing the poems, and critical remarks by Gildon; also, an "Essay on the Art of Poetry." Rowe's edition is without notes, but he introduced some conjectural emendations of the text, and prefixed a life, containing many amusing anecdotes, which long received currency, but are now exploded. There is a plate to each play, very curious, as displaying the still more extraordinary costume of the time in the dressing of the characters. Next followed Pope's edition, in 1725, in six volumes quarto, with a portrait of James I. doing duty for that of Shakspeare. There were seven hundred and fifty copies printed, the original price to subscribers being six guineas—too large a sum, in those days, for a book, though a tolerably handsome one, without plates. Pope's edition is the first with notes, some of which are ingenious, some outrageously fanciful, and some have been verified by Mr. Collier's late discovery. In 1726, Theobald fell foul of Pope, and attacked him in a quarto, entitled, "Shakspeare Restored; or a Specimen of the many Errors, as well committed as unamended, by Mr. Pope, in his late Edition of this Poet." Whereupon Pope enthroned Theobald in the "Dunciad," but presently deposed him to make room for Colley Cibber, who had offended him even more deeply. But neither Theobald nor Cibber were justly entitled to the unenviable elevation. Pope was also attacked by John Roberts, who signed himself "A Strolling Player," and by John Dennis, the renowned critic, who had a fling at every one. But the little bard of Twickenham had venom enough in his quill to answer them all. In 1733, Theobald took the field on his own ac-

* The great theatrical event of the present season has been the revival of *Macbeth*, by Mr. C. Kean, at the Princess's Theatre, with which all London is ringing. In accuracy of detail, in soundness of authority, in all that can embellish or illustrate this noble conception of the poet, he has gone far beyond competition, and has stamped his career, both as manager and actor, by a great national triumph.

count, and published his own views of Shakspeare, in an edition of seven volumes octavo. Of Theobald's Shakspeare, 12,860 copies were printed, according to Steevens. He probably includes the two subsequent reprints of 1740 and 1752. There were five hundred subscribers to the first impression, of which one hundred were copies on royal paper. It must be admitted that some of Theobald's notes are valuable, and interpret truly the meaning of Shakspeare. Sir Thomas Hanmer (called the Oxford editor) followed in 1744, in six volumes quarto; reprinted again in 1771, under the superintendence of Hawkins, author of the "Origin of the English Drama." The original price of Hanmer's Shakspeare was three guineas. Each play has an engraving by Vandergucht, from designs by Hayman and Gravelot. The print and paper are superb. Sir H. Bunbury, already mentioned as a descendant of Hanmer, has (or lately had) his own copy, with the original designs. It was formerly an edition in considerable esteem, but now neglected. In 1747, appeared Bishop Warburton's edition, in eight volumes octavo. One thousand copies were printed—original price, £2 8s. Douse says—"Of all the commentators on Shakspeare, Warburton is surely the worst." We are not in the least disposed to dispute the sentence, but have often wondered that a man of such profound erudition should fall into so many extravagant conceits. Warburton was severely handled and ridiculed by Edwards, in the well-known "Canons of Criticism," which went through seven editions; and by the Rev. Dr. Grey, in sundry truculent pamphlets. When clerical opponents engage in controversy they fight with sharp weapons. "*Tantane animis celestibus ira?*" "Can heavenly minds such anger entertain?" Malone applied to Warburton what had been said of Salmasius, that he erected his throne on a heap of stones, to have them ready at hand to throw at the heads of all who passed by.

A great advance was made by Dr. Johnson, in 1765. His edition had long been looked for with high expectation. He laboured at it stoutly, grew tired of the work, for which he had been paid beforehand, and finished it hastily, under the pressure of a contract. It was, by a gigantic leap, the best which had yet appeared. Many

of his notes display the accuracy of his judgment, the soundness of his critical perceptions, and throw undoubted light on obscure passages. The preface is a masterly piece of composition, and would of itself establish the fame of an ordinary writer. On the subject of annotation, it contains a remarkable passage, which we transcribe, as pointedly applicable to our present purpose:—

"Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasures which the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let him not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald or Pope; let him read through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue, and his interest in the fable; and when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators."

Steevens, a great stickler for the pure preservation of Shakspeare's text, observes:—

"There are many passages unexplained and unintelligible, which may be reformed, at hazard of whatever license, for exhibitions on the stage, in which the pleasure of the audience is chiefly to be considered, but which must remain untouched by the critical editor."

Whether this is a sound opinion, admits of dispute; but the practice would be very soothing to easy readers, who would rather pass over a hard word or two than pause on them for a six hours' argumentation, generally ending where it began—in a conjecture.

While Johnson's edition was yet young, and in its first tide of popularity, Capell ventured another in 1767, in ten volumes, crown octavo. A handsome set of books, as regards the typographical execution; but of small value, as improving Shakspeare. Capell is a dry, heavy, commentator, delving with the patience of a mole, and with almost equal blindness. His notes are obscure, and his preface quite unreadable. It is recorded of him, that he spent twenty years over his task, and copied every play of Shakspeare ten times with his own hand. A frightful

waste of time and life, which, with all our veneration for Shakspeare, we think might have been better and more profitably employed. Capell, as early as 1759, had published a quarto volume, entitled, "Notes and Various Readings of Shakspeare;" afterwards expanded into three ponderous tomes, with a new and more high-sounding title, the "School of Shakspeare." They look well on the shelves of libraries, but are seldom opened. The long labours of the compiler reaped no reward in public encouragement; and if we are to believe a very doubtful authority, the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," who, for once, praises, and calls him the father of all *legitimate* commentary on Shakspeare, Capell admitted brother critics to his intimacy, who sneaked in like weasels, to suck the eggs belonging to another's nest. Johnson's edition was reprinted in 1773, and again in 1778, with a number of additional notes, and the associated name of Steevens, who henceforth assumed high rank in the phalanx of editors. Malone first challenged competition in 1790; but he had previously given to the world two thick volumes, containing many additional observations by former commentators, and his own suggestions included. Ritson attacked both the editions of Steevens and Malone, and some angry sparring passed on all sides. Steevens was supposed to be the author of a pamphlet in his own vindication, by "Thersites Literarius." Ritson retorted in another, called the "Quip Modest." They had already exchanged shots in the *St. James's Chronicle*, under the assumed names of "Alciphron" and "Justice." As a specimen of Ritson's controversial style, we select the following note on Steevens, which appeared in some copies of the "Quip Modest:"—

"This worthy gentleman is probably the infamous scoundrel who published 'An Address to the Curious in Ancient Poetry;' as, however little relation it may have to Shakspeare, the author has had interest enough to procure it a place in the list of 'Detached Pieces of Criticism,' prefixed to the revised edition, a congeniality of disposition in the critical reviewers, procured this fellow a different reception from those literary hangmen, from that which he may one day experience from a well known practical professor of the same mystery."

This was rather sharp practice, but,

VOL. XLI.—NO. CCXLIII.

by some means or other, peace was patched up between the belligerents; whereupon Ritson expunged his abuse, and substituted a ready compliment, as follows:—

"Impressed as I have been with this idea, I ought, in common justice, to acknowledge, that I suspect no one in particular to whom I am thus indebted. Above all, I wish to declare, that the candour, liberality, and politeness which distinguish Mr. Steevens, utterly exclude *him* from any imputation of this nature."

Both the black-letter warriors had studied the Shakspearian degrees of quarrel, and the value of the mediating "if." Ritson projected an edition of his own, a prospectus of which is appended to his first pamphlet of remarks. He never carried this intention into effect; but it appears also he never abandoned it. Two sheets of the *Comedy of Errors* were printed as a specimen in 1787. It is well known that he left behind him several volumes of manuscript notes, intended for this edition; but they were bought in "on account of the trade," at the sale of his library (8th Dec., 1803) and have not since appeared in any identified form. We need scarcely tell our readers Ritson was splenetic and ill-tempered; made up of alum and vinegar, full of prejudices and peculiarities, violent and extreme in his opinions. All these are bad qualities for a patient investigator, but his mind was vigorous and clear, well stored with knowledge, and he was an enthusiastic Shakspearian. Many of his published notes have been retained in the subsequent editions of Steevens and Malone, so carefully revised by those laborious critics. This is no slight admission of their pretensions (as he had affronted both his brother-commentators), and his unpublished notes should be "unearthed," if possible.

A fourth edition, with the joint names of Johnson and Steevens, although entirely superintended by the latter, was published in 1793. By this time it had swelled to fifteen thick volumes, with a mass of annotations and "prolegomena," far exceeding in bulk the original matter. This looked formidable, but more was "looming in the distance." The proof-sheets were revised by Steevens with untiring diligence and microscopic attention. The edition has been surnamed "The Immaculate,"

from the supposed purity of the imprint. Steevens loudly proclaimed its superiority, and defied the most searching inquiry to point out a single error arising from carelessness. He was, almost as confident in his printer, as the learned Lipsius in his memory; but we never heard that he challenged the same desperate test. Lipsius, it has been said, would undertake to recite any proposed passage from a given classic, with a dagger at his heart, to be plunged therein, in case he tripped. The "Johnson and Steevens' Shakspeare" of 1793, is still considered by some the most desirable to place on their shelves. It maintains a stiff price in catalogues, although overshadowed in bulk by the subsequent editions of Reed, in 1803 and 1813, and finally by that of Malone, *sub auspice* Boswell, in 1821, each in twenty-one octavo volumes. Of the "Immaculate Edition," there were twenty-five exemplars on large paper, which are very scarce, and very great guns indeed, when fired off to astound a gaping curiosity-hunter. Steevens's own copy, bequeathed to the late Lord Spencer, is now in the library at Althorp, bound in eighteen volumes, uncut, and teeming with illustrations, to the value of £1000, undoubtedly the most curious and costly Shakspeare in existence. The rage for illustration is a devouring mania to which many valuable books have often been sacrificed, or cruelly mutilated, for the purpose of enriching one. Fine portraits have been torn from rare volumes, to insert them in an ornamented "Grainger," which was long the most popular receptacle.

The year 1796 was remarkable for the most daring imposition ever practised on literary credulity. We allude to the celebrated "Ireland forgeries," which threw into the shade the earlier audacity of Chatterton and Macpherson. If *Vortigern* had succeeded, Ireland was prepared to multiply Shakspeares in a line as interminable as his own shadowy kings of Banquo's race. He had already planned a series of historical plays on every reign which had not been previously dramatised, from William the Conqueror down to Queen Elizabeth. The public spared us this inroad, and settled a question which had puzzled a host of erudite moonshees. It seems probable that Ireland, for once in his life, told the truth in his "Confessions." We find there with some surprise, that while

Sheridan believed in the genuineness of the papers, and treated the matter as a good commercial speculation, he spoke disparagingly of the mighty genius they were supposed to reflect. Lord Byron sometimes expressed similar opinions, but whether from eccentricity or conviction it is difficult to determine. Ireland's account of the adoration of James Boswell is amusing and characteristic. We see the bustling importance of the inimitable biographer in all his movements:—

"On the arrival of Mr. Boswell," he says, "the papers were as usual placed before him, when he commenced his examination of them; and being satisfied as to their antiquity, as far as the external appearance would attest, he proceeded to examine the style of the language from the fair transcripts made from the disguised handwriting. In this research Mr. Boswell continued for a considerable length of time, constantly speaking in favour of the internal as well as external proofs of the validity of the manuscripts. At length, finding himself rather thirsty, he requested a tumbler of warm brandy and water, which having nearly finished, he then redoubled his praises of the manuscripts, and at last, arising from his chair, he made use of the following expression:—'Well, I shall now die contented, since I have lived to witness the present day.' Mr. Boswell then, kneeling down before the volume containing a portion of the papers continued: 'I now kiss the invaluable relics of our bard, and return thanks to God that I have lived to see them.' Having kissed the volume with every token of reverence, Mr. Boswell shortly after quitted the house."

Poor Bozzy! This was almost his last public appearance, for he died soon after, suddenly and unexpectedly. Ireland has been abused more than he deserved. Half the blame rests with the learned wiseacres who sat in judgment, swallowed the bait eagerly, and writhed with savage disappointment when the hook was in their gills. On hearing the pretended "Confession of Faith," the solemn Parr thus addressed the elder Ireland:—

"SIR,—We have very fine passages in our Church Service, and our Litany abounds with beauties; but here, Sir, is a man who has distanced us all."

"When I heard these words pronounced," says Ireland, junior, "I could scarcely credit my own senses; and such was the effect they produced upon me that I knew not whether to smile or not."

Ireland's impostures grew and expanded by degrees with the praises and encouragement of his victims. He says (with fair show of reason), the gentlemen who came to inspect the papers have themselves to blame for the variety of productions which came forth after the fictitious deed between Shakspeare and Fraser. Is no plea of defence to be admitted for the errors of a stripling, when Parr, Warton, Sir Isaac Heard, Pinkerton, Laureat Pye, Boswell, and many more, signed a paper, on mature inspection, to the effect that they were convinced his fabrications were authentic relics? The elder Ireland was duped, as well as the rest, but he suffered the heavier penalty of imputed participation, which injured his character and shortened his days.

Boydell's splendid edition, with 100 engravings, in nine volumes, folio, came out in 1800. Great encouragement was here given to British art, and Shakspeare was glorified with all the external costliness that invention could supply, or lavish expenditure command. The most eminent painters and engravers were enlisted in the cause. The work remains, a liberal monument to genius, but the pages are seldom opened as a reading text-book. The object was embellishment rather than elucidation. In 1805, Alexander Chalmers edited a Shakspeare, in ten volumes imperial octavo, with plates from designs by Fuseli; wild and extravagant, as might be supposed, from the peculiar genius of the artist. In 1807, Stockdale put forth an ambitious impression, in six volumes, quarto, without notes, but in which, as Sir Benjamin Backbite says, "a beautiful rivulet of type meanders through a meadow of margin," and the attention is courted to a series of handsome engravings by Heath. There were others also by Manley Wood and Ballantyne, in which paper, plates, and printing, are marvellous to behold, and, as Dr. Dibdin observes, when writing *con amore*, "gladden the heart and delight the eye of the curious collector!" They glitter gorgeously on shelves, where they are seldom disturbed, and seem to announce, "we are here for ornament, and not for use." Burns once, when dancing attendance in the library of a patronising peer, took

down a volume of Shakspeare in a gilded coat, and turning over the pages, found the interior worm-eaten, damp, and mouldy with neglect. This drew from him a pungent reminiscence, which he left behind on a scrap of paper, when tired of waiting:—

"Through and through the inspired leaves
Ye worms pursue your windings;
But oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings."

What is to be said of the "Family Shakspeare," by T. Bowdler, in which "nothing is added to the original text, but those words and expressions omitted which cannot, with propriety, be read aloud?" The worthy editor strains at a gnat and swallows a camel, as may be seen by his purification of *Othello*, where broad words are retained, and ambiguous passages dismissed. The interest and object will be approved by the ultra-fastidious, whose notions of delicacy recommend an expurgated family Bible for the edification of the younger branches. For our own part, we think the proceeding comes fairly under Lord Ellenborough's Maiming Act. Arbitrary mutilations of great authors should be made *felony* by legislative decree. They almost call for a special revival of the old practice of *Lex Talionis*.

There is scarcely a conceivable shape or form in which Shakspeare has not been presented to the public. The "Diamond Edition," in nine volumes, 48mo, seems exclusively intended for sale in the kingdom of Lilliput, or for the benefit of opticians in general. To read this specimen of diminutive typography without impairing the sight, would require the thirty-five thousand facets which Professors Müller and Straus* have pointed out in the eyes of the butterfly, and the four hundred spherical lenses discoverable in the similar organ of the fossil trilobite. We do not presume to detain our readers with a list of all the printed Shakspeares, but merely to point attention to a few of the most remarkable. The enlarged edition of Malone, in 1821, superintended by James Boswell, the son of "Bozzy," was considered by many to have reached the point which called for a general exclamation of "Hold! enough!" It contains more matter

* See "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," vol. xii., Dr. Roget's "Bridgewater Treatise," vol. ii., and Dr. Buckland's "Bridgewater Treatise," vol. i.

than any of the preceding ones, and the text requires to be hunted out, so completely is it smothered over under ponderous layers of commentary. Malone devoted his life entirely to Shakspeare. He inherited a good fortune, which gave him the opportunity of indulging in learned ease, without the drudgery of a profession. He came in the rear file of a long army of expounding critics, with the advantage of all their earlier labours, to reject, adopt, amend, or augment, according as his judgment dictated. But he died before his task was completed to his own satisfaction, and left his papers and accumulated stores in the hands of Boswell, his literary trustee and executor. *He*, too, is dead; and how far he was fitted for the office confided to him, is a question open to much controversy. Octavius Gilchrist announced his intention of dissecting the editorial merits of Boswell with a sharp knife; but he was cut short by the same accident which prevented Captain Blifil from carrying out the great schemes he had in view when Mr. Allworthy's estate should fall to his succession. *He* also died, and his projected philippic was buried along with him. There remain only to notice, as works of first-rate value, "The Pictorial Shakspeare," of Mr. Charles Knight, and the "Library Edition" of Mr. John Payne Collier; each in eight octavo volumes. These two gentlemen may be classed together, as "*editorum facilè principes*." Opinion is nearly balanced on the acknowledged merits of both. They have been enabled to improve materially on all that has been done by their predecessors; but a perfect text of Shakspeare is still a desideratum. Much obscurity has been cleared into light, but much still remains to be dissipated. The volume which Mr. Collier has lately published is an extremely interesting and valuable supplement, proving the correctness of the concluding passage in his own preface, in which he says—"I have read and studied over the great dramatist for nearly half a century, and if I could read and study him for half a century more, I should yet be far from arriving at an accurate knowledge of his works, or an adequate appreciation of his worth."

Of the detached essays, treatises, in-

quiries, and controversial criticisms, relating to Shakspeare and his works, we may venture to suggest, in a short sentence, that "Douce's Illustrations" may be referred to as a specimen of the best; while the "Comments" of Laureat Pye and Becket will do to glance over, as samples of the worst. The late "Concordance," by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, is a book which ought to be in every library. Two pamphlets have been published under the title of "Shakspeareana,"* purporting to be complete lists of *all* the tracts that have ever appeared, connected with the immortal bard. Both are useful as references, but both abound in errors and omissions.

The volume we now proceed to notice and for which we are indebted to the indefatigable research of Mr. John Payne Collier, contains the essence of a corrected copy of the second Folio of 1632. Here are above eleven hundred important corrections of the text, some, entirely new, very curious and convincing; some, so obvious when pointed out, that we wonder how they have hitherto escaped discovery; and some which verify and corroborate the surmises of learned expounders. The number included in the volume is a selection only; but the selection retains all that Mr. Collier considers striking and valuable.

He says in a note, that he is by no means convinced that this copy of the Folio, 1632, is an entire novelty in the book world. It is quite possible that the stir occasioned by the present publication may bring to light other folios, with manuscript notes, which are surmised to be in existence. In the meantime it is most fortunate that the individual book in question fell by accident into judicious hands, instead of finding its way, as doubtless many of its brethren have done, to the cheesemonger, the grocer, or the trunk-maker. Mr. Collier's account of his acquisition is simple and satisfactory. He purchased it, in the spring of 1849, from the late Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport-street, for thirty shillings; damaged, dirty, and imperfect, which accounted for the trifling price. No book to a choice collector could present a more forbidding appearance; but the purchaser thought it might

* One, in 1827, compiled by Mr. John Wilson, a bookseller. The other in 1841, by Mr. J. O. Halliwell.

complete another poor copy he had possessed for several years. In this he was disappointed, the required leaves being unfit for the purpose; he therefore threw the book aside as a useless purchase, and saw no more of it until leaving London, when he thought it might be turned to account as a reference.

"It was while putting my books together for removal (says Mr. Collier), that I first observed some marks in the margin of this folio; but it was subsequently placed upon an upper shelf, and I did not take it down until I had occasion to consult it. It then struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of 'his book,' was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, on its revival shortly before 1633. At this time I fancied that the binding was of about that date, and the volume might have been his; but, in the first place, I found that his name was Richard Perkins, and in the next I became satisfied that the rough calf was not the original binding. Still, Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard; and this circumstance, and others, induced me to examine the volume more particularly. I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emendations in the pointing, or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many, numerous. Of course I now submitted the folio to a most careful scrutiny. The ink was of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, and I was once disposed to think, that two distinct hands had been employed upon them. This notion I have since abandoned, and I am now decidedly of opinion that the same writing prevails from beginning to end, but that the amendments must have been introduced, from time to time, during, perhaps, the course of several years; changes in punctuation alone, always made with nicety and patience, must have required a long period, considering their number.* Corrections only have been hitherto spoken of; but there are, at least, two other very peculiar features in the volume. Many passages, in nearly all the plays, are struck out with a pen, as if for the purpose of shortening the performance; and we need not feel much hesitation in coming to the conclusion, that these omissions had reference to the representation of the plays by some company about the date of the folio, 1632. To this fact we may add, that hundreds of stage directions have been inserted in manuscript, as if for the guidance and instruction of actors, in order that no mistake might be

made in what is usually denominated stage-business. The erasures of passages and scenes are quite inconsistent with the notion that a new edition of the folio, 1632, was contemplated;† and how are they, and the new stage directions, and 'asides' to be accounted for, excepting on the supposition that the volume once belonged to a person intrusted in, or connected with, one of our early theatres. The continuation of the corrections and emendations, in spite of, and through the erasures, may show that they were done at a different time, and by a different person; but who shall say which was done first, or whether both were not, in fact, the work of the same hand. Some expressions and lines of an irreligious or indelicate character are also struck out, evincing, perhaps, the advance of a better, or purer taste, about the period when the emendator went over the volume. Passing by matters upon which we can arrive at no certain result, we must briefly advert to another point upon which, however, we are quite as much in the dark;—we mean the authority upon which these changes, of greater or less importance, were introduced. How are we warranted in giving credit to any of them?"

Here we are left to conjecture, and must be governed by the intrinsic merit of the corrections, and the internal evidence they carry of their own value. Mr. Collier has told us all he knows of the book, and it is not likely that more will ever be discovered. The corrector may have known Shakspeare personally. He may have conversed with him on the mistakes of the first quartos printed during his life. He may have discussed with Heminge and Condell the errors of the first folio. He may have had authority for his amendments far beyond his own judgment; or he may have made them exclusively on his own responsibility. That by far the greater part are obvious and most judicious, will appear to all who peruse the volume. Almost every argument is based on a *postulatum*. Mr. Collier requires a very simple one, which has been before demanded by, and conceded to, Malone—namely, that the original transcripts of Shakspeare's plays, as prepared for the press, were taken down in a hurry by shorthand writers and mechanical copyists from imperfect recitations; and thus arose innumerable errors of the press, which have been perpetuated for more than two centu-

* About thirty thousand.

† It will be remembered that none appeared until 1663, thirty-one years later.

ries. To this it has been objected, that if we admit not only the hypothesis of typographic mistakes, but that of incorrect dictation, or transcribing from speech, there will be no end to speculative emendation. The plea in bar is not sufficiently sound to set aside the proceedings. The present corrections may be divided into separate classes—those which prove themselves, and those which are good, but not absolutely necessary, and others which appear superfluous. We do not feel the necessity of completing every imperfect line. The best poets have imperfect lines. Shakspeare's ear was undoubtedly musical, and his rhythm euphonious; but why should he not depart from general rule, and indulge in intentional irregularity? The vigour of a line is sometimes weakened by expansion. Mr. Collier lays great stress on the value and novelty of the stage directions, so profusely and minutely scattered through the volume. From this we are inclined to suppose he is not much in the habit of attending theatres, or of abstracting his attention from more important matters to fix it on the scene when he is there. These stage directions appear to us to be, with scarcely an exception, what we have seen put in practice from our earliest play-going days—the traditional business, as it is technically called, handed down from generation to generation of succeeding actors. We never saw any performer of Prospero who did not take off his magic garment, and put it on again, at certain portions of the scene with Miranda, in the first act of *The Tempest*, as indicated by the context—"Lend thy hand, and pluck my magic garment from me. So: lie there my art." This regulates the action so clearly, that the stage direction *lay it down* is uncalled for. The learned commentators have been sorely puzzled by the meaning of the simple words—"Now, I arise," and by the somnolency of Miranda; but neither has ever been a mystery to the actors. Mr. Young, Mr. Macready, Mr. Phelps, or Mr. Vandenhoff, would smile at the supposition. Prospero charms Miranda to sleep, because he requires the presence of Ariel, which she is not to witness, and the words, "I am ready now," which he uses when invoking the presence of his attendant spirit, convey that he has resumed his robe of office, without which he could not with

propriety summon him. The old corrector has inserted, "Put on robe again," because, as we imagine, he saw the actor of his day do what the actors of the present day have always followed. It is strange that Mr. Collier should say, Miranda has stood eagerly listening by the side of Prospero during his long narrative, and sits down in her turn, when he rises. A comparison of the context shows the direct contrary. Prospero at the commencement, soon after he has seated himself, desires his daughter to sit by him—"Sit down." When he rises, she rises too, which induces him to say, "Sit still." This he would certainly not say to a person who had been standing. The whole of Mr. Collier's note on this passage implies that Prospero's magic lay entirely in his robe. We find that it is not so. When he paralyzes Ferdinand, he says—"I can here disarm thee with this stick." Caliban particularly urges Stephano and Trinculo, before they knock his brains out, to seize his books, for without them he is nothing. And he himself declares, when abjuring his rough art, that he intends to break his staff, and drown his book.

A few examples will suffice to show the great value of the corrections in Mr. Collier's volume, as also how simple and natural they appear when pointed out. The majority will surely be adopted in future as the standard text of Shakspeare. Ariel, describing to Prospero the fate of the dispersed fleet, says—

"They all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote," &c.

The correction reads—

"And all upon the Mediterranean *foat*."

The host in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* says to the characters he is addressing, "Will you go *an-heires*?" No sense can be made out of this, but it becomes clear when altered to, "Will you go *on here*?" Ford, in his assumed character, says, of his intended suit to Mrs. Ford, "She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my *soul* dares not present itself." We are told to change *soul* for *suit*, which is evidently an improvement.

In *Measure for Measure* (act i. scene 4), the passage, wherein the Duke says,

"And yet my nature, never in the sight
To do in slander,"

which has occupied much erroneou

commentary, becomes perfectly clear when altered to—

“And yet my nature, never in the sight
To draw on slander.”

Further on in the same play, the Duke exclaims, in reference to Barnardine—

“Unfit to live or die, O gravel heart!”

For this we are now told to read—

“Unfit to live or die, O growelling beast!”

In the *Comedy of Errors*, a line in the speech of Ægeon—

“The place of depth and sorry execution,”
is amended to—

“The place of death and solemn execution.”

Such emendations carry their own evidence of being at the same time improvements. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, the Prince says to Claudio—

“What need the bridge much broader than the
flood,
The fairest grant is the necessity.”

“Grant” has no meaning here; but the corrected line stands—

“The fairest ground is the necessity.”

The greatest number of corrections occur in *Love's Labour's Lost*, but as the play is not among the most prominent or popular, we pass them over in our extracts. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Helena has been accustomed to call herself and Hermia—

“Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,”

we find it written—

“Two loving berries moulded on one stem,”

which is not only more consistent with the whole speech, but removes the apparent egotism of Helena calling herself lovely. In the *Merchant of Venice*, “a woollen bagpipe” is altered to a “bollen bagpipe”—bollen being put for swollen, from the Anglo-Saxon. In *As You Like It*, Orlando says—

“As those that fear they hope, and know they
fear.”

This is obscure—a simple misprint: the mere substitution of *to* for *they* clears the meaning—

“As those that fear *to* hope, and know they fear.”

The next correction we select is a very important one, and so obvious when shown, that it is more than marvellous how so many learned hands have never detected it. Tranio, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, says to his master, Lucretio, when arrived at Padua to study—

“Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.”

It is quite impossible to understand what is meant by “Aristotle's checks.” The old corrected folio, discovered by Mr. Collier, tells us to read “Aristotle's *ethics*,” which makes all as clear as the sun. In *Twelfth Night*, Sebastian, speaking of his reputed likeness to his sister, says—“A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not with such *estimable wonder overfar* believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,” &c. Few passages have occasioned greater trouble to the commentators. Warburton gave it up in despair, and proposed omissions, as the only mode of clearing the sense. We find it pointed out by the old corrector in the simplest manner. He reads—“But though I could not with *self-estimation wander so far* to believe that,” &c. Mr. Collier justly adds, that so acute an emendation could hardly be the result of mere guess-work, but confirms the idea that the old corrector had some better manuscript than the printer of the first folio could have possessed.

In the *Winter's Tale* occurs a very striking instance of a line restored, which looks decidedly Shakspearean. Leontes gazing on the supposed statue of Hermione, says to Paulina, who is about to draw the curtain—

“Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that methinks already—
What was he that did make it?” &c.

Something is evidently wanting here. The break is unnatural. The missing line, marked in italics, adds much to the force and clearness of the speech of Leontes:—

“Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that methinks already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.
What was he that did make it?” &c.

A similar restoration, of equal value, occurs in *Coriolanus* (act iii. scene 2), where Volumnia, in her entreaty to her son to be patient, says—

“Pray be counsell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better 'vantage.”

Mr. Collier naturally asks, to what was Volumnia's heart as “little apt” as that of Coriolanus? The insertion of an omitted line, from his corrected folio, gives the answer:—

I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better 'vantage.”

In *Coriolanus* also are two of the soundest corrections in the volume. Menenius says of himself, act ii. scene 2, "I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't: said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint." "First complaint," in connexion with Menenius's love for a cup of hot wine, is unintelligible. The copyist heard indistinctly, and wrote *first* for *thirst*. So says the old corrector, who gives the passage as follows: "One that loves a cup of hot wine, *without* a drop of allaying Tyber in't: said to be something imperfect in allaying the *thirst* complaint." The sense and humour are thus restored, both of which were lost in the word "first." In act ii. scene 3, *Coriolanus*, when soliciting votes for the consulship in the forum, and dressed in the garb of humility, says, in the first folio, 1623:—

"Why in this woolvish tongue should I stand here?"

In the second folio, 1632, "tongue" was altered to "gown." Much commentary has been exhausted in trying to explain this, but all in vain. How acceptable is the meaning supplied in the newly discovered copy:—

"Why in this *woolless toge* should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick?"

In *King John*, Constance has always said, in reference to the sudden friendship between France and England, that it

"Is cold in amity and painted peace."

For this we are told to read—

"Is cold in amity and *saint* in peace."

And for

"Which scorns a modern invocation,"

To substitute a *widow's* invocation, a word exactly suitable to the condition of the speaker.

In *Henry the Fourth*, part 1, where the king has always said—

"Shall we buy treason and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?"

We are now instructed to substitute—

"Shall we buy treason, and indent with *foes*," &c.

Nothing can well be plainer than that *foes*, not *fears*, was the true word of the poet.

In the second part of *Henry the Fourth*, where the king says, in his soliloquy on sleep:—

"Under the canopies of costly state,"

The true reading appears to be—

"Under *high* canopies of costly state."

In *Richard the Third*, act i. scene 3, Queen Margaret denounces Gloster as

"The slave of nature, and the son of hell."

How much more striking and satisfactory are the epithets in the corrected folio—

"The *stain* of nature, and the *scorn* of hell."

And, again, when Buckingham remarks of little York—

"With what a sharp, provided wit he reasons,"

The true reading appears to be

"With what a *sharply pointed* wit he reasons."

And, further on, Richmond, speaking of Richard, calls him, as the words have hitherto stood—

"The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar."

"Wretched" is a poor epithet applied to Richard, compared to *reckless*, which is now substituted.

In *Henry the Eighth*, Anna Bullen says of her advancement—

"Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot."

"Salute my blood" is scarcely intelligible; but the correction—

"If this *elate* my blood a jot,"

explains away an obscurity in the easiest manner. In the speech of Queen Catherine, she has been accustomed to say—

"Give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice."

The old corrector substitutes *knife* for "kind;" and reads—

"To the sharp'st *knife* of justice."

When, afterwards, Wolsey says—

"It shall be, therefore, bootless
That longer you desire the court."

He also changes "desire" to *defer*, which, manifestly, is more suited to the place—

"That longer you *defer* the court."

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the line of Juliet, "That runaways' eyes may wink," &c., is altered to, That *enemies'* eyes may wink. Further on, "The pale reflex of Cynthia's brow," is much improved by the omission of one letter, and becomes "Cynthia's *bow*."

In *Julius Cæsar*, act i. scene i., the following lines have hitherto been printed thus—

"When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man."

In the last line we are told to read *walls* for walks. We could name more than one actor of repute who, in the part of Cassius, has substituted *walls*, under a

conviction that it was the better word. In the quarrel-scene, when Brutus says, "I shall be glad to learn of noble men," noble is struck out, and *abler* inserted in the place. The improvement will scarcely be disputed.

There are twenty-seven very important corrections in *Macbeth*. The following undoubtedly prove themselves. When Lady Macbeth says—

"Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry Hold, hold!"

We find this alteration—

"Nor heaven peep through the *blankness* of the dark," &c.

And, afterwards, for

"What *beast* was't there,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

We find the mere change of the letter *o* for *e* elicits the true meaning of the poet, which has hitherto been obscure,

"What *boast* was't there,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

"If trembling I inhabit," in the speech of Macbeth to the Ghost of Banquo, is changed to, "If trembling I *exhibit*." In act v. scene 14, Macbeth's soliloquy is thus printed:—

"This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now,
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf," &c.

The old corrector reads the passage,

"This push
Will *chair* me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my *May* of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,"

confirming, in the first instance, the suggestion of Bishop Percy, and in the latter that of Dr. Johnson, which carries out the metaphor with elegance and analogy.

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff," is altered to

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous *grief*."

In *Hamlet*, a line in the King's soliloquy,

"And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law,"

becomes,

"And oft 'tis seen the wicked *purse* itself
Buys out the law."

"And what judgment would step from this to this?" is feeble, compared with the newly-discovered correction, "And what judgment would *stoop* from this to this."

The four lines, beginning "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay," are marked as a quotation, but from what author it is impossible to guess.

In *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4, where the old King says,

"To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch!"

The corrector reads,

"To be a comrade with the wolf, and *howl*
Necessity's sharp pinch."

In Edgar's speech, act iv. sc. 1, the common reading has been,

"Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd."

It now appears that it should be,

"*Yes*, better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd."

In *Othello*, act i. sc. 1, where Iago wishes Roderigo to awake and alarm Brabantio,

"Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell,"

is corrected to

"Do, with like *clamorous* accent and dire yell."

No one will doubt that "clamorous" is the preferable word.

In act ii. sc. 3, for,

"And passion having my best judgment collied,"

we find,

"And passion having my best judgment *quelled*."

Anthony and Cleopatra contains one of the most striking emendations in the whole volume. In act i. sc. 2, we find,

"The present pleasure
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself."

Such has always been the text, which has occasioned many surmises. None of them approach the change offered by the old annotator—

"The present pleasure,
By *repetition* souring, does become
The opposite of itself."

We could go on multiplying extracts, but enough are given to direct attention. We neither wish to infringe copyright, nor weary our readers. On emendations of a secondary class, which are not so self-evident, it is needless to dwell. We are by no means convinced that—

"Pick'd from the lazy finger of a *milk-maid*,"

in Mercutio's "Queen Mab" speech, is either necessary or an improvement on the line, as it has hitherto stood—

"Prick'd from the lazy finger of a *maid*."

Neither are we disposed to give up Dogberry's "losses," and substitute *leases*, as we are now required to do. "A rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had *leases*." To have been the owner of *leases*, as Mr. Collier observes might very well prove that Dogberry

was "a rich fellow enough." Granted; but he meant that his "losses" increased his importance, not that they testified to his riches, beyond this, that he had wealth enough to sustain losses without injury to his credit or station. The phrase has been quoted repeatedly, and is become almost familiar. Dr. Johnson says the reason why men are given to talk complacently of their misdeeds is, that they find something in the reminiscence not utterly disagreeable. Mr. Collier takes great care to point out wherever a proposed emendation in his old folio has been previously suggested, by the erudite researches of Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Hanmer, Tyrwhitt, Steevens, Monk Mason, or Malone. This is just and graceful; while it verifies many elaborate and deeply studied conjectures. We are sorry that he has passed over Zachariah Jackson, a worthy old commentator, who deserved notice for some ingenious discoveries, which are now confirmed, although his volume, entitled "Shakspeare's Genius Justified," is well sprinkled with the average quantum of absurdities. We cannot suppose the omission to be intentional, as Mr. Collier says, in a note to his preface, that if he has so erred, it has arisen from his ignorance of the fact, or from pure inadvertence. Here are five instances.

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff says of Mrs. Ford—"She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation." Carves, in the old folio, is corrected to *craves*. In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia says to Malvolio—

"It was she
First told me that thou wast mad; then cam'st in
smiling," &c.

"Then" is altered to *thou*. In *Measure for Measure*, act i. sc. 4, in the speech of Claudio relative to his marrying Juliet—

"Only for propagation of a dower,"
is corrected to—

"Only for *procuration* of a dower."

In *All's Well that Ends Well*, act ii. sc. 1, the line—

"That happiness and prime can happy call,"
has a slight alteration, which much improves the sense—

"That happiness *in* prime can happy call."

Happiness *in* prime, meaning youthful happiness; as prime is explained by Dr. Johnson.

In the *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3, Perdita remarks to Florizel—

"But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass."

"Sworn" here is unintelligible. The old corrector alters the word to *so worn*—

"I should blush
To see you so attired; *so worn*, I think,
To show myself a glass."

The words have nearly the same sound, which readily accounts for the error, if the copyist wrote by ear.

These emendations are all proposed in Zachariah Jackson's volume, published in 1819. We cannot find them anywhere else, except in Mr. Collier's old folio, by which they are confirmed. As far as Jackson is concerned, they are as original as they are judicious. Let fair dealing therefore be rendered where it is due. Jackson was one of the first who maintained that many obscurities in Shakspeare arose from misprints or typographical carelessness. He sought not to find recondite meanings where there were none, but to supply simple words, which contained a meaning. He had hit the right trail, but he wandered again, and lost it in tangled mazes. The high-sounding, not to say arrogant, title of his book, gave umbrage to the learned critics of acknowledged place, as savouring too much of the "fumum ex fulgore." They had scarcely recovered from Becket's "Shakspeare's himself again!" and hesitated to admit into their ranks an unknown candidate, not duly qualified. Men swelling with collegiate honours are jealous of intruders on what they consider their own sacred preserves. They view them as unlicensed poachers, and regard them with the same contemptuous feelings which regular soldiers extend to marauding Croats, Pandours, Cossacks, or Guerillas. Jackson had no scholastic pretensions. He neither wrote himself down an LL.D. nor an A.S.S. He was as insignificant as Piron—nothing, not even an academician. But he happened to be a printer, had been a compositor, and was deeply skilled in the mysteries of upper and lower letter-cases. During a captivity of eleven years in a French prison at Verdun, some good Samaritan lent him a Shakspeare to beguile the heavy hours. He conned over the pages again and again, his mind continually reverting to his trade,

until he cried *Eureka*, and thought he had found out the one essential key to all the disputed passages. He ran into extremes, as all enthusiasts do, when they get astride on a theory; but he was treated ill, laughed at, and neglected, because he made mistakes.

Mr. Collier's publication has been warmly welcomed, and cannot fail to be considered a great Shakspearean movement in the true direction. It will form henceforth an inseparable pendant to the received editions, and must undoubtedly take the lead over every other compilation of "Notes and Emendations." It is not going too far to pronounce, that in intrinsic value, it is fairly "worth all the rest." Shakspeare stands now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, two hundred and forty-seven years after his death, on a higher pinnacle than ever. He went down for a time, under the influence of exotic importations and corrupted taste; but he has sprung up again with the elastic rebound of undying genius. Power, patronage, rank, wealth, and fashion, may confer on slender merit temporary fame, but they cannot waft it into the haven of immortality. The poems of Nero, though lord of "the majestic world," perished with him. Those of Homer, an indigent itinerant bard, are transplanted into every polished language, and will live as long as ideas are by language communicated. The copious works of the British Solomon, who "trowed himself to be the oldest and the wisest king in Christendom," lie worm-eaten and neglected on the shelves of a few unvisited libraries. Many a time have the profane vulgar, ignorantly-flagitious, kindled their tobacco pipes with the very pages in which he fulminated against the use of the noxious weed, both as a man and a Christian. The heavy lucubrations of Frederick the Great are seldom opened. But Shakspeare, without birth, or station, or temporal grandeur, is in every hand, in every mouth, and impressed on every heart which feels and owns the kindred sympathy of nature. The fame acquired by literary talent, and above all, by sublime poetry, is not only excellent in itself, but the

only means of preserving every other species of excellence. The Pyramids of Memphis, and some almost equally stupendous edifices in India, exist after a vast succession of years. Nothing but an internal convulsion of the globe appears likely to overthrow such immense piles. Yet they have not transmitted to posterity the names of those monarchs, through whose vanity, superstition, or munificence, they were erected. The finest designs of ancient art are almost totally lost. The exquisite performances of the statuary and the painter are mouldered into dust; but Praxiteles and Zeuxis will always live to fame, for the pencil of literature paints to distant ages, and its colours fade not amidst the revolutions of time. Without the bard or the historian, the monarch builds, and the artist designs in vain. "Dark," says Ossian, "are the deeds of other times before the light of the song arose." And Horace to the same purport, remarks—

"Vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona,
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles,
Urgentur, ignotique longa,
Nocte: carent quia vate sacro."

Od. ix. 4. lib. 6, 4.

Heroes existed before the Trojan war, but no divine bard recorded their fame, and their deeds are concealed in night. We close our paper with a short extract from the *Edinburgh Review* of July, 1808, in which the remarks on general emendation are worthy of remembrance:—

"The real admirers of Shakspeare, we believe, care very little about his commentators; yet if we wish to understand every word of an author who wrote more than two hundred years ago, we must accept of the services of the antiquary and the verbal critic; but these helps become hindrances, and nuisances indeed of the first magnitude, when they swell to six times the bulk of the original author, and engage us, at every tenth line, in the paltry polemics of purblind annotators and grovelling transcribers of black letter. Out of twenty-one volumes, the most extended and voluminous edition, two-thirds at least are made up of long quotations, not always relevant to the subject; tedious dissertations on obsolete customs, and solemn, and sometimes very uncivil controversies on rival readings, or questions of punctuation."

J. W. C.

than any of the preceding ones, and the text requires to be hunted out, so completely is it smothered over under ponderous layers of commentary. Malone devoted his life entirely to Shakspeare. He inherited a good fortune, which gave him the opportunity of indulging in learned ease, without the drudgery of a profession. He came in the rear file of a long army of expounding critics, with the advantage of all their earlier labours, to reject, adopt, amend, or augment, according as his judgment dictated. But he died before his task was completed to his own satisfaction, and left his papers and accumulated stores in the hands of Boswell, his literary trustee and executor. *He*, too, is dead; and how far he was fitted for the office confided to him, is a question open to much controversy. Octavius Gilchrist announced his intention of dissecting the editorial merits of Boswell with a sharp knife; but he was cut short by the same accident which prevented Captain Blifil from carrying out the great schemes he had in view when Mr. Allworthy's estate should fall to his succession. *He* also died, and his projected philippic was buried along with him. There remain only to notice, as works of first-rate value, "The Pictorial Shakspeare," of Mr. Charles Knight, and the "Library Edition" of Mr. John Payne Collier; each in eight octavo volumes. These two gentlemen may be classed together, as "*editorum facilè principes*." Opinion is nearly balanced on the acknowledged merits of both. They have been enabled to improve materially on all that has been done by their predecessors; but a perfect text of Shakspeare is still a desideratum. Much obscurity has been cleared into light, but much still remains to be dissipated. The volume which Mr. Collier has lately published is an extremely interesting and valuable supplement, proving the correctness of the concluding passage in his own preface, in which he says—"I have read and studied over the great dramatist for nearly half a century, and if I could read and study him for half a century more, I should yet be far from arriving at an accurate knowledge of his works, or an adequate appreciation of his worth."

Of the detached essays, treatises, in-

quiries, and controversial criticisms, relating to Shakspeare and his works, we may venture to suggest, in a short sentence, that "Douce's Illustrations" may be referred to as a specimen of the best; while the "Comments" of Laureat Pye and Becket will do to glance over, as samples of the worst. The late "Concordance," by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, is a book which ought to be in every library. Two pamphlets have been published under the title of "Shakspeareana,"* purporting to be complete lists of *all* the tracts that have ever appeared, connected with the immortal bard. Both are useful as references, but both abound in errors and omissions.

The volume we now proceed to notice and for which we are indebted to the indefatigable research of Mr. John Payne Collier, contains the essence of a corrected copy of the second Folio of 1632. Here are above eleven hundred important corrections of the text, some, entirely new, very curious and convincing; some, so obvious when pointed out, that we wonder how they have hitherto escaped discovery; and some which verify and corroborate the surmises of learned expounders. The number included in the volume is a selection only; but the selection retains all that Mr. Collier considers striking and valuable.

He says in a note, that he is by no means convinced that this copy of the Folio, 1632, is an entire novelty in the book world. It is quite possible that the stir occasioned by the present publication may bring to light other folios, with manuscript notes, which are surmised to be in existence. In the meantime it is most fortunate that the individual book in question fell by accident into judicious hands, instead of finding its way, as doubtless many of its brethren have done, to the cheesemonger, the grocer, or the trunk-maker. Mr. Collier's account of his acquisition is simple and satisfactory. He purchased it, in the spring of 1849, from the late Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport-street, for thirty shillings; damaged, dirty, and imperfect, which accounted for the trifling price. No book to a choice collector could present a more forbidding appearance; but the purchaser thought it might

* One, in 1827, compiled by Mr. John Wilson, a bookseller. The other in 1841, by Mr. J. O. Halliwell.

complete another poor copy he had possessed for several years. In this he was disappointed, the required leaves being unfit for the purpose; he therefore threw the book aside as a useless purchase, and saw no more of it until leaving London, when he thought it might be turned to account as a reference.

"It was while putting my books together for removal (says Mr. Collier), that I first observed some marks in the margin of this folio; but it was subsequently placed upon an upper shelf, and I did not take it down until I had occasion to consult it. It then struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of 'his book,' was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, on its revival shortly before 1633. At this time I fancied that the binding was of about that date, and the volume might have been his; but, in the first place, I found that his name was Richard Perkins, and in the next I became satisfied that the rough calf was not the original binding. Still, Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard; and this circumstance, and others, induced me to examine the volume more particularly. I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emendations in the pointing, or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many, numerous. Of course I now submitted the folio to a most careful scrutiny. The ink was of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, and I was once disposed to think, that two distinct hands had been employed upon them. This notion I have since abandoned, and I am now decidedly of opinion that the same writing prevails from beginning to end, but that the amendments must have been introduced, from time to time, during, perhaps, the course of several years; changes in punctuation alone, always made with nicety and patience, must have required a long period, considering their number.* Corrections only have been hitherto spoken of; but there are, at least, two other very peculiar features in the volume. Many passages, in nearly all the plays, are struck out with a pen, as if for the purpose of shortening the performance; and we need not feel much hesitation in coming to the conclusion, that these omissions had reference to the representation of the plays by some company about the date of the folio, 1632. To this fact we may add, that hundreds of stage directions have been inserted in manuscript, as if for the guidance and instruction of actors, in order that no mistake might be

made in what is usually denominated stage-business. The erasures of passages and scenes are quite inconsistent with the notion that a new edition of the folio, 1632, was contemplated;† and how are they, and the new stage directions, and 'asides' to be accounted for, excepting on the supposition that the volume once belonged to a person intrusted in, or connected with, one of our early theatres. The continuation of the corrections and emendations, in spite of, and through the erasures, may show that they were done at a different time, and by a different person; but who shall say which was done first, or whether both were not, in fact, the work of the same hand. Some expressions and lines of an irreligious or indelicate character are also struck out, evincing, perhaps, the advance of a better, or purer taste, about the period when the emendator went over the volume. Passing by matters upon which we can arrive at no certain result, we must briefly advert to another point upon which, however, we are quite as much in the dark;—we mean the authority upon which these changes, of greater or less importance, were introduced. How are we warranted in giving credit to any of them?"

Here we are left to conjecture, and must be governed by the intrinsic merit of the corrections, and the internal evidence they carry of their own value. Mr. Collier has told us all he knows of the book, and it is not likely that more will ever be discovered. The corrector may have known Shakspeare personally. He may have conversed with him on the mistakes of the first quartos printed during his life. He may have discussed with Heminge and Condell the errors of the first folio. He may have had authority for his amendments far beyond his own judgment; or he may have made them exclusively on his own responsibility. That by far the greater part are obvious and most judicious, will appear to all who peruse the volume. Almost every argument is based on a *postulatum*. Mr. Collier requires a very simple one, which has been before demanded by, and conceded to, Malone—namely, that the original transcripts of Shakspeare's plays, as prepared for the press, were taken down in a hurry by shorthand writers and mechanical copyists from imperfect recitations; and thus arose innumerable errors of the press, which have been perpetuated for more than two centu-

* About thirty thousand.

† It will be remembered that none appeared until 1663, thirty-one years later.

TOM CLUGGINS'S TWO ANTIPATHIES.

BY ONE OF "THE MYSTICS."

THE most sheepish, nervous, timid little man I ever knew in my whole life was Tom Cluggins. He had very few opinions of his own, and scarcely ever attempted to contradict any one bigger than a schoolboy. He had as little gall as a pigeon, and (if the truth must be told) about as much courage as a tom-tit. He liked everybody who was at all likeable; and was, indeed, in return, very popular with the entire neighbourhood. And yet, Cluggins had two terrible antipathies, that, whenever they were called into action, changed his whole nature, and inspired his soft, good, loving little heart with fear, and hate, and horror, that for the time made quite a respectable, formidable sort of fellow of him. These two antipathies were not the natural growth of that heart, but were introduced there, and planted and nourished by circumstances which arose shortly after his birth, and over which, as it may be supposed, he had no control. To come to the point, his two antipathies were widows and attorneys. I put the widows first, chiefly in compliment to the sex, for it is hard to say which he disliked most, upon the whole—for while he hated widows more than attorneys, he certainly feared attorneys more than widows; and his horror of both was pretty equal.

It was in this wise that he acquired his prejudices. Old Doctor Cluggins, Tom's father, lost his wife shortly after she had given birth to her last child, and when Tom was about ten years of age. The old man (not that he was so old either, but he was older than his son Tom; and so people began to call him, old Tom Cluggins, because they began to call his son young Tom Cluggins. Fathers, by the way, are great fools to call a son by their own name, for it is sure to make them, in this way, old before their time)—well, the old man, after a short time, married again—why, I do not know, except that he was very happy in his first wife, and therefore thought that he might do as well in a second venture. The stepmother he brought over his three children was a widow—five-and-forty, or thereabouts—a buxom, stirring sort

of a woman, whose defunct husband had left her the sole dominion of all his earthly possessions—that is to say, a plantation in one of the West India Islands, and a boy of about the same age as Tom, or a little younger, their joint offspring. Whether the revenues of the plantation had anything to do in inflaming old Cluggins's heart, I will not say (West India preserves are certainly very hot, and the widow had a capital stock of them), but sure I am that the widow's son did not increase the attraction, for he was a big, lubberly, ill-conditioned, cantankerous, troublesome cub, that if thrown into the scales with Venus herself would have made her a dear bargain.

However, a year had scarce elapsed before the Widow Gopple was at the head of the doctor's establishment, as Mrs. Cluggins the second. Tom was old enough to feel the change sensibly. He remembered the gentle, affectionate mother, who loved him all the more tenderly that he had so much of her own nature about him; and the poor, timid, sensitive boy wept in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners, where he could escape the hawk's-eye of his stepdame, recalling to mind the blessed, happy days that were gone, and contrasting them with the life which he was now doomed to lead. A dog's life it was, for Bobby Gopple was eternally pitching into him, and bullying him, and lording it over him—in all of which he was abetted by his mother, who scolded Tom if he complained to her, and boxed his ears if he complained to his father. It was little wonder, then, that Tom hated his stepmother; and for her sake he contracted a hatred of all widows, whom he fancied to be a sort of monster, who went prowling about, with matrimonial designs against mankind in general.

In a few years after the marriage came the terrible depression in West India property, which reduced so many of the most affluent merchants to utter destitution. The widow's plantation revenues sank down to zero, and, what was worse, the liabilities of the estate had to be met in the meantime. Under these circumstances, old Clug-

gins betook himself to a certain attorney (one Scroodge, who lived hard by), for the purpose of making such arrangements in the way of composition with creditors, disposal of consignments of sugar and coffee, calling in debts, and so forth, as might enable them to save something out of the wreck. Attorney Scroodge went to work with a vengeance, and the result was, that in due course of law, not only the plantation itself disappeared as utterly as if it had gone in a landslip, but all the ready money that the doctor had put by for his children disappeared also. Old Cluggins struggled on for a time, but his heart was broken. He became careless in his profession, and lost his patients one after another, till at last he was left nobody to doctor but himself. This he did with so little success, that upon a raw, cold winter's morning, when Tom was about twenty-one years old, he found himself walking after a coffin in the capacity of chief mourner, watching in a state of stupefied grief the interment of his father, and returning, under the guidance of some kind friend, to his wretched home, with a bewildered impression on his mind that all his misfortunes were caused by a widow and an attorney.

The friends of the family now came forward in the hour of need. They contrived to scrape together the little remnant of property which was yet intact. The widow and the attorney combined in a desperate attempt to possess themselves of the assets, in which they were vigorously opposed, and ultimately defeated, by the friends of the family. They then both retired from the scene of action—the attorney to his office; the widow, accompanied by her son, to a distant part of the country, which had the honour of being the place of her nativity. But so much had Tom's mind been agitated by the conflict with the lady and her law adviser, in which the poor fellow had to take a prominent part as administrator of his father, that his antipathy to widows and attorneys was increased to an amount of intensity which seemed totally foreign to his nature. The straitened fortunes of Tom and his two sisters would not permit them to retain the house in which they had been born; accordingly, the interest in it was sold, and a very small tenement in the same street, but on the opposite side of it, was taken, in which

Tom forthwith set up as a doctor (for his father had brought him up to his own profession), committing the domestic management to his elder sister, the younger girl having been adopted by a maiden aunt.

Up to the time I speak of, there never had been more than one doctor in the town of Alton-le-Moors. (Now it can boast of a gin palace and two doctors, but that's neither here nor there.) You may, therefore, imagine that such a worthy fellow as Tom Cluggins had a fair chance of getting on. Everybody felt for him, and was ready to give him a lift in the way of his business—I mean when they were sick, for I won't take upon me to say that any one, when in health, took a pill or a black draught just to put a penny in Tom's pocket—and though his father's professional mantle, which was considered to have descended on his shoulders, was very much damaged during the latter years of the old man, still it *was* a mantle, and that was something after all, and Tom put it on reverently and hopefully, and he brushed it up delicately, and patched it carefully, and contrived by degrees to make it look quite respectable, until he was able to lay it aside for a new one; by which metaphorical observation I mean to convey that the old doctor's reputation was worth something to Tom; and his own diligence, and, I believe, skill (though I can only speak of that on hearsay, as I never had a cast of his office), before very long supplied him with a reputation of his own. Indeed it was a pleasant sight, after the first year of his struggle, to see Tom in a tolerably decent black coat and a white *choak*, both scrupulously clean, walking up the main-street to visit Ellwand, the mercer's, old mother—(she was a good annuity of £12 a-year to Tom, for she had half-a-dozen chronic disorders, which fortunately he was unable to cure to the day of her death, though he visited her weekly, and kept her alive a good many years, too)—or slipping up of an evening when the shop was shut, to the rectory, to take a glass of wine with Parson Gloat, and prescribe for his gout. But I think 'twas in his shop that Tom shone especially. 'Pon my word it was a grand spectacle to see him, of a fine summer's day, when the sun shone on the window where the big globular bottles,

filled with coloured waters, stood, and the rays, passing through them, flung around him a halo of all sorts of variegated lights, that made him look like a glorified Saint Galen, slipt down from an hospital window, as he thumped away with his pestle, with a galaxy of shining gallipots on the shelves about him, and ranges of gold-lettered drawers forming a gorgeous background to his figure.

One day Tom was thus occupied in his shop compounding some grand specific for old Mother Ellwand, with a great many drugs in it (there always are, I suppose, a great many compounds in a recipe, when the man that writes the prescription compounds it also), and as he thumped and thumped, he looked ever and anon through a space in the window, left between two globular bottles, which brought the old house where his father lived on the opposite side of the street just within the range of his vision. Somehow it had grown quite into a habit of late with Tom to look at the old house, and I don't think he could mind his business if he did not look at it—(those habits are very odd sometimes: I once knew an old woman that could never pray in church without fixing her eyes on the figure of Satan in the last judgment, which was painted in the chancel-window)—and the reason why Tom took to looking so much at the old house was this:—About six months before this time a strange family (I don't mean that there was anything eccentric or mysterious about them, but that they were strangers, unknown in that part of the world) took up their abode in the old house. This family consisted of four persons. A plump little lady of that time of life when, if a woman is unmarried, she is disposed to consider herself young enough; but if she have a husband he is disposed to pronounce her old enough. She had the complexion of a brunette, inclining to olive. Her hair was still black (by the way, those dyes are all humbug: a friend of mine had his hair turned a brilliant purple by them, and he was obliged to get his head and whiskers shaved as bare as the palm of my hand), and her eye was still bright. A keen, sharp, piercing eye it was, that seemed always to have a look out for the main chance, and, to give her her due, she was a ladylike person enough in appearance and de-

meanour, though she looked as if she had a little of the screw about her, and would see a bad shilling through a leather purse. Well, there was next, a young girl not much over seventeen, I should say (indeed she might not be that all out; 'tis impossible to tell some girls' ages, no matter how closely you look at them). She had a look of the other, though 'twould be hard to say where the resemblance lay, for she had a soft, sleepy, sentimental blue eye, light brown hair, and a face so pallid and colourless, that except from momentary excitement, you never saw a bit of red in it. The other two individuals were a maid-servant of all work, and a man of multiplex duties, doing all the indoor business as butler, besides driving the one-horse chaise, and caring the one horse that drew it.

As I said before, there was no mystery at all about the new comers. They came from the neighbourhood of Manchester, as the maid-of-all-work told Mrs. Blink, the post-mistress, when she was posting a letter to some of her mistress's relatives in that town. The name of the elder lady was Thornyfish, and that of the younger was the same, because she was her daughter, but the servants always called her Miss Rosar (by the way, the name didn't suit her over well; indeed I have remarked that Christian names, especially those of women, are often very inappropriate). If it is a hard matter, as I already observed, to say when a maiden lady ceases to be young, or a married one begins to be old, 'tis the very d—l to fix that delicate period of life in one who is neither maid nor wife. A widow, sir, a widow, is neither fish nor flesh, old nor young, as one counts age in other people. If a grey lock slips from under her cap, or her peruke turns awry, she is sure to make some observation about all that she went through upon a certain melancholy occasion, and how shockingly distress of mind makes the hair turn grey and fall out, and then she will introduce some incident which she tells you happened "just five years ago, when she was six-and-twenty."

Well, then, you will excuse me for not hazarding a guess at the Widow Thornyfish's age, farther than this, that she had attained the years of discretion; or, for not describing it with more accuracy than Mrs. Blink did to one

of her tea-table cronies, by the vague phrase of being "no chicken." But whatever doubt there might be about the Widow Thornyfish's age, there was one thing that admitted of no doubt at all—the widow was in easy circumstances, and no mistake. She bought whatever she wanted, and paid ready money down for it (by the way, that's a habit some people can never acquire—they spend too much, I suppose, at first, and so never get a fair start of the world, but go on "pulling the devil by the tail," as the saying is, to the end of the chapter). She furnished her house respectably; was a good customer to the grocer, and looked in pretty often at Ellwand's; and, upon the whole, the family had the appearance of being decidedly comfortable. All this Tom Cluggins saw, as he noticed, from day to day, something good go into the house: a hamper from the grocer's, or a tray of some appetising pastry, smoking hot, from the confectioner's; or a delicate fowl, or a quarter of lamb, or a sweetbread, till his mouth well nigh watered, as the saying is, and he could not help fancying that it might be a very nice thing to make one of the family party in the dining-room, if it were not for that horrible drawback—the widow.

As it turned out, it was not long till Tom had an opportunity of seeing how far the reality within doors accorded with the pictures which his fancy drew while he thumped his pestle. Upon the day to which I alluded just now, Tom was thumping with his pestle and gazing with his eyes, as I told you, when he saw the door of the Widow Thornyfish's house open, and the maid-of-all-work run hurriedly out, without her bonnet. Tom watched her as she crossed the street, and came—ay, sir, where do you think she came?—straight into Tom's shop, and bolt up to the counter before he had time to bless himself.

"Doctor Cluggins, sir," said the woman, in a precious flurry—"oh, please sir, step across—missus sent me for you in all haste."

"Yes, yes, surely," said Tom, almost as much flurried as the maid-of-all-work; for he felt a vague, childish sort of fear, now that his expectations of seeing the inside economy of the Widow Thornyfish were about to be realised. "Just wait a moment, till I call Pluggs" (that was the little chap

that he hired to watch the shop and carry the medicines to his patients). "What's wrong, my good girl?" asked Tom, as he stepped outside the counter, and proceeded with her.

"Oh, please sir, we don't know; but missus hopes *you* will—she's very bad."

"Mrs. Thornyfish?"

"Lor! no. Miss Rosar."

"No?" says Tom.

"Ees, sure," says the maid. She's a been and gone hof in 'isterics all on a sudden, and we can't no ways bring her about; first we tried 'artshorn to her nose, and then we tried 'ot happli-cations; and then we tried cold uns—but 'twas all the same think. So, says missus, 'Step across for the doctor, maybe he'll know summat as will bring her round.'"

By this time Tom and the maid of-all-work had fairly crossed the street, and in bolted the girl (the hall-door had been left ajar—bad practice that) and Tom after her. It was with a strange feeling, half of sadness and half of curiosity, that Tom looked around him—there, behind the door, was the rack upon which his father used to hang up his hat and great coat, and the clock, at the foot of the staircase, just as of old; only that it had a marvellously clean face, and went about its work with a cheery click, as if the Widow Thornyfish had got a clock-doctor to overlook its intestines an operation which had been sadly neglected by its former owner.

At the stairfoot Tom's eye took a hurried, furtive glance through the glass door of a little pantry, or larder, but it was sufficient to show how much it was changed since his day. There were on the shelves rows of white, fat, shining little crocks, doubtless filled with jams, and jellies, and marmalade, and all sorts of good things in the way of preserves. A noble-looking turkey, deplumed and undressed in every sense of the word, lay sprawling on its back upon the shelf beneath, pinned wing and leg like a felon; and beside it, laid upon a capacious dish, and surmounted by a dome of wire-work to protect it from the rakish flies that went singing and gadding about it, like young springalds about the grating of a convent, reposed, in the odour of cookery, a delicate breast of veal. Poor Cluggins, in spite of himself, sighed gently as he thought of the bare

bones and make-shifts, the dry crusts and sorry fare that garrisoned this little chamber under the administration of his stepdame. Well, I can't stop to tell you all the changes Tom noted, for if I did, I should never get him up to the Widow Thornyfish's drawing-room. Up Tom went, however, following close on the heels of the maid-of-all-work, up the neatly-carpetted stair-case, past the window, now filled with fragrant and bright geraniums, and into the room. He had no sooner opened the door than the widow sprang towards him with an eagerness that made him start back. But the widow did not notice his alarm, for she knew nothing in the world about his antipathies—how could she? So she said to Tom, with as much freedom as she would have used towards an old nursetender—

“I'm so glad you're come, Doctor Cluggins. This poor child is very ill, I'm afraid.”

The widow preceded the little doctor to the sofa, where poor “Miss Rosar” lay pale as death, languid, and quite exhausted. Her eyes were closed, but the tears now and then swelled out from under the lids, and rolled upon her wan cheeks; and a fluttering sob occasionally broke from her, making her lips quiver—the last struggles of the violent emotion which it was plain had shaken the young girl's heart.

Tom's heart was as tender as a chicken's, so he leaned gently over the girl and felt her pulse, which was low and fluttering, and he chafed her temples with some nostrum or other, which he brought in a little phial, and in a short time she opened her eyes with a deep, long sigh, and then wept silently and plentifully till her heart seemed to be quite relieved (weeping, I've always heard, does women good, though a man must be smashed outright, when he takes to crying); then he ordered her to be put to bed, and prescribed a composing draught, which he went away to compound without delay, promising to see her again in the evening. The widow saw him to the door, and pressed his hand kindly (by the way, when he got back to his shop, he found there was a half sovereign in it), and hoped he would not fail to come at the appointed time. In the evening Tom was punctual in returning to his patient, whom he found booked for a pretty smart fever, and after he had

given a thousand directions to the maid-of-all-work, who was to sit up with the young lady through the night, he was slipping away quietly home, when the widow begged him to wait and take a cup of tea. Cluggins didn't know how to refuse, although he had some fears about trusting himself alone with a widow, so he turned in to the drawing-room with her. 'Twas wonderfully changed since last he passed an evening in it. The curtains were drawn cosily across the windows, there was a cheerful fire in the grate, and an urn was singing on the table, with a bubbling, steamy song, that set the lid dancing up and down. The widow was monstrously polite to Tom, called him “Doctor” every moment, and thanked him for his attention to “her little Rosa.” By degrees he felt himself quite easy, and wonderfully little frightened, taking everything into consideration. Indeed he was never so much surprised in his life as when, on looking at his watch, he found that he had been a full hour and a-half chatting *tête-à-tête* with a lady who had buried her husband. He took his leave at length, and, in so doing, absolutely detected himself giving the widow a very friendly shake of the hand. For many days Tom visited his fair patient, who, in due time (a good doctor is never in too great a hurry), came round under his treatment, and was at length able to come down in the evening. Cluggins became extremely interested in his young patient, and indeed it was not to be wondered at, for I have often heard him say that she was a very nice, gentle young person, and never refused to take his doctor's stuff to any amount. Well, by degrees Tom began to think that so tractable a patient would make a very comfortable, bidable wife; and he felt the idea growing stronger and stronger upon him the more he was in her company. He was now on quite an intimate footing with the family; came more as a friend than as a doctor (he refused to take any more fees), and now and then spent an evening with the mother and daughter. I don't know whether I told you that he was a good-looking fellow, but he really was so, and all the house, including the man and maid-of-all-work, grew quite fond of him, Miss Rosa was apparently a melancholy, sentimental young lady, and this was just what Tom

liked of all things, for he had a dash of sentiment himself; and insensibly, but quite naturally, he fell into a habit of talking in a very pretty romantic way about the affections and all that sort of thing, yet in such a guarded manner, that it would not be very easy to discover to whom he addressed his observations, but his heart often fluttered when he found some soft sentiment, or even a passage of poetry (he had an old volume of the "Elegant Extracts" that he used to read continually), gently responded to by a sigh from pretty Miss Rosa.

One evening after Tom had sat later than usual, lapped in an elysium of sweet thoughts, having actually detected a tear in the girl's eye at a passage of poetry which he quoted with significant tenderness, about the joys of wedded love or something of that sort, he sought his lonely bed-chamber, not knowing exactly whether he had crossed the street upon his head or his feet. As he undressed himself, and lay down in his bed, very pleasant visions took possession of his noddle. He was now getting on swimmingly in the doctoring line. People seemed almost to get sick for the purpose of throwing business into him; and he had just ventured to buy a cab, nearly as good as new (it belonged to a doctor in a neighbouring town, who had smashed and gone to the bad), and turned out quite creditably in it, when he went to visit any of his patients in the country. So he thought, and I think naturally enough, that he might now venture to look out for a wife, more especially as his sister, who had kept house for him, had lately married, and gone off to live with her husband (a very proper thing to do, when a husband has got a house to take his wife to, but not otherwise). Then the image of pretty little Rosa slipped into his mind's eye, and he thought what a pleasant thing it would be to shift his quarters once again into the old home of his childhood, with Rosa as his wife, and such a clever, thrifty, managing woman for a mother-in-law as the Widow Thornyfish — somehow he didn't feel much horror at the notion of having a widow filling that relationship, for it was no fault of Rosa's that Alderman Thornyfish left her mother when he went to his grave. Tom turned all these agreeable thoughts in his mind, as he turned from side to side in his bed, and he

looked at the thing first one way, and then another, and no matter how he looked at it, he liked it uncommonly; and so he fell asleep, having almost screwed up his courage to pop the question the very next day; and, in the meantime, he spent the remainder of the night most agreeably dreaming of Rosa, and a thousand pleasant ideas connected with her. For all that, he didn't pop the question next day, for he didn't feel himself just so courageous in the daylight; but he went on a little longer in the old way, playing his game with the same cautious generality, and, as he fancied, making his position surer at every visit.

I don't know how long Tom Cluggins might have gone on shilly-shallying in this fashion—for, as I told you, he was not a fellow that had very much pluck in him—had not an event taken place that, by exciting his fears, quickened him to action. One fine evening, it might have been about a fortnight after he first determined upon popping the question to Miss Rosa, he was standing at the shop-door, as the 'buss from the railway station came up the street. The 'buss drove two or three times every day up the street, for that matter; and, as Tom told me himself, he never paid the slightest attention to it. But on this day, somehow, he was attracted to it, as if by a secret impulse. There was a rakish, smart-looking young fellow sitting beside the driver, smoking a cigar, and looking up at the houses, as the 'buss passed on. As his eye fell upon Tom, he leaned over to the driver and addressed some observations to him, and then burst out laughing at the answer. Tom felt himself blushing to the roots of his hair, and his heart throbbed with some indefinable alarm, for he felt assured the rakish young fellow was laughing at him, though why or wherefore Tom could no more divine than the man in the moon. But Tom's alarm and confusion were complete, when he saw the 'buss pull up suddenly at the Widow Thornyfish's house, and the rakish young man step down, and knock with a self-assured loud knock at the Widow Thornyfish's door. The young man seemed quite at ease about his reception, for he had got out his valise and black bag before the door was opened. The door was opened, before long, by the maid-of-all-work; and Tom saw

her eyes brightening up, and her face look quite joyful, when she saw the new comer, and then he went in with his baggage, and the door was shut after him, leaving the poor little doctor to his meditations. He could not have been left to less agreeable companions. Who was this rakish young fellow? What brought him to the Widow Thornyfish's. Why was he so much at home as it would appear? Did he come to see the widow or Rosa? Ah! that was the momentous question which he wished to have solved, yet knew not how to come to the solution. Over and over again poor Tom proposed all these several queries to his own mind, but without coming to any satisfactory conclusion; and as he tossed and turned in his bed at night, he came to the firm resolution that he would no longer delay putting the final question, which would decide his fate.

The next morning, after he had breakfasted, Tom arranged himself with peculiar care; and as he knew, by sad experience, that he could not depend over long upon his courage, he told Pluggs to have a sharp eye to the shop; took down his hat from off an old bust of Æsculapius, on which he had got the habit of placing it, and prepared to sally forth to the Widow Thornyfish's, and decide his fate and that of the fair Rosa incontinently.

Now it so happened, that just as he was stepping over the threshold, who should step out from the widow's but Miss Rosa herself, and with her—oh, agony and despair!—the very individual, rakish young fellow who had excited all Tom's fears. Yes, there he was, looking full of fun and spirits, and with an air of confident familiarity, as if he were an accepted lover. He took the girl's arm lovingly under his own, and looked up into her face with a bright pleasant look, and said something that made the pale, sorrowful features of the girl brighten up; and in this manner they passed away up the street, before Tom could recover from his distress and amazement. Tom's heart sank within him at this sight. His jealous fancy at once set this young fellow down as the favoured suitor of Rosa; and yet, when he thought of all the soft sweet things which he had himself spoken to her, and the way in which she had received them; how often she had smiled kindly upon him,

and even, as he thought, returned the gentle pressure of his hand, when parting at evening, he could not help feeling, although he was one of the humblest of human beings, that the fair Rosa had given him to understand his suit was not unacceptable; and he set her down as one of the most deceitful of women, if it were indeed the case that she had another lover lying all this time *perdue*.

At all events, whatever might be the real state of the case, the suspense which he now endured was less tolerable than even the certainty that his hopes were all delusions; and, with a desperate effort, he set forward, to resolve all his doubts at once and for ever. For this purpose, as soon as the happy couple had passed up the street, and turned off to the right, under the trees along the Mall leading to the country, Tom walked straight across to the widow's door. "Perhaps," said he to himself, "it is all the better that I should first sound the mother on the subject, as, if I find Rosa's heart is already engaged, I shall be spared the pain of a rejection by her."

Up Tom went to the drawing-room, which he found empty; but the servant said that "Missus" would be upstairs immediately. The little doctor sat down on the sofa, and employed the interval in arranging his thoughts, and planning the mode in which he should open the subject. He had not made up his mind upon this perplexing point, when in stepped the widow. Tom rose to salute her.

"Ah! my dear Doctor Cluggins, how glad I am to see you. You never looked in upon us, even for a moment, all yesterday, you naughty man—sit down, pray."

Tom sat down, and the widow sat down beside him quite close. The poor fellow never felt so embarrassed in the whole course of his life. It was quite terrible, he afterwards assured me in confidence, to find himself in such close quarters with a widow, considering his antipathy—though at this time it was very much abated—entirely by themselves, and quite out of the reach of any assistance, in case he should want it. The widow saw his embarrassment, and determined at once to relieve him.

"Now, tell me why you didn't come to tea last evening; Rosa and I missed you so much?"

"Why," says Tom, "I saw you had

a friend with you, and thought you might prefer not to have strangers."

"Strangers! Doctor Cluggins," said the widow, looking tenderly reproachful at Tom. "How can you call yourself a stranger when you know we look upon you as a valued friend."

Tom plucked up some courage at this kind speech. He felt he would have the mother his ally in his suit with the daughter, and Tom knew enough of the widow to feel convinced that would be half the battle.

"Indeed, Mrs. Thornyfish, you are very kind to say so; very kind, indeed, very ——" and there the poor fellow stuck as mute as a fish.

"Oh, no!" says the widow.

"Yes, indeed, but you *are*," says Tom.

"Are *what*, dear doctor?" asked she, looking straight into his eyes till he dropt them down on the floor (I don't mean that his eyes literally fell out of his head, but he looked down at the carpet as if looking for an answer). 'Twas a critical moment. Tom felt that he should now, if possible, secure the widow's aid in his favour, but his natural timidity prevented him going straight forward to the point, so he said—

"Why, you are a kind, good friend, who can understand one's feelings and sympathise with them, too."

"Indeed, oh! indeed I can," said the widow, sighing gently, and looking a little modest.

"Well, then," continued Tom, after a moment's pause to collect his thoughts and arrange the mode in which he should open the attack, "well, then, do you know, I feel very lonely for some time past, especially since my sister Winifred left me. She got married not long since, and she tells me that matrimony is *so* happy a state, my dear Mrs. Thornyfish."

The widow sighed deeply—whether it was a tribute to memory or to hope—to the happiness that was gone for ever with the alderman, or that was to come with his successor—God knows; I'm sure I don't, nor did Tom either—but sigh she did, and that most touchingly, and then she remarked—

"Oh, yes! a happy state, indeed, dear Doctor Cluggins, when hearts that are congenial are united. *I*, indeed, have good reason to say that matrimony is a blessed and a happy state."

"You can't think — no, you can't indeed," resumed Tom, "how solitary I feel myself in my house *now*; and I feel it all the more since you came to live so near me."

"How strange!" said the widow. "Why, I should hope since you have known us you would have felt less solitary. You know how glad we are always to see you. Indeed, you are as welcome in this house as if it was your own."

"Oh! it is so kind of you to say so," cried Tom, in high delight. "Do you know, I have often thought of late, particularly when after spending a charming evening here, I lay upon my solitary couch ——" Here the widow blushed, and made a little timid, startled movement as if she was afraid of Tom, poor fellow, which she wasn't though, and needn't to — 'twas quite the other way, for 'twas *she* frightened Tom when she started, for he fancied he had said something wrong, and it was a full minute before he recovered his composure. At last he got all straight again, and continued—

"What I mean to say, my dear Mrs. Thornyfish is, that I have in *such* moments felt that it was quite ridiculous for me to keep a house all for myself; and then I have gone on fancying, in a sort of a sweet dream, how delightful I should feel if I were once again dwelling in the dear old house where I was born. This very house, dear Mrs. Thornyfish!"

"La!" cried the widow, "how funny! And pray how did you propose to realise this dream, you dear romantic creature?"

"How, ah! can you ask me such a question. I would realise it by investing myself, could I dare hope to do so, with the proudest, the dearest title, dear Mrs. Thornyfish, the title of—of—husband to one of its fair inmates."

The widow said not a word, but looked down most becomingly. Tom prepared now for the last decisive charge. He took the widow's hand and said passionately, though the poor fellow trembled like an aspen leaf all the while—

"Surely, surely, you cannot mistake me? You cannot have failed to notice how deeply my affections were engaged? You could not have misunderstood what drew me hither so often? Oh! no, you did not, and I

felt that your kindness encouraged my suit, and that you would consent to our becoming one happy family."

Tom ceased. He had done wonders, and astonished himself. The widow, after a respectable delay, looked up kindly upon Tom, and said with a charming frankness—

"Well, then, dear Tom! I consent."

"Bless you! bless you!" ejaculated Tom, in a rapture. Indeed he was so beside himself that he absolutely mumbled a kiss upon the hand that lay all this time in his (there was a time that he would not believe it possible he could do such a thing as kiss the hand of a widow, but now he looked upon her in the light of a mother, and lost all his antipathy). When his raptures had subsided, he proceeded to make his attack upon the citadel, now that he had carried the outposts. In other words, feeling that he was sure in the mother's concurrence, he wished to ascertain upon what footing he stood with the daughter. And here his constitutional timidity again impeded him, so he went beating about the bush.

"Well, then, dear Mrs. Thornyfish, now that I am so happy as to have your consent towards realising my dreams, there seems but one thing more wanting to complete my felicity."

"What is that, Tom?" asked the widow.

"Why, I should like to know how Rosa will feel disposed towards the arrangements. I assure you, I have not breathed a word to her on the subject."

"Of course you did not, Tom. It would indeed have been highly improper to have done so, till you had first spoken to me."

"That's exactly what I thought. Still, I hope the matter will be agreeable to her. I have ventured to think that she is rather partial to me."

"For that matter, I think she is," said the widow; "but at all events Rosa is too dutiful a daughter not to acquiesce in any arrangements which I approve of. Make yourself quite easy on that head."

"Ah! my dear Mrs. Thornyfish, now indeed you make me the happiest of men. You then will open the matter for me yourself to Rosa, and obtain her consent?"

"Pooh! pooh! my dear Tom, I shall do no such thing. I don't see how her consent is of the least importance in the matter."

Tom stared at the widow with a bewildered air, and slowly repeated her last words, as if he were not sure that he had rightly taken them in.

"Her consent not of the least importance!"

"None in the world," said the widow. "What voice can she have in the matter?"

"Bless me! you ain't serious, surely!" cried Tom, quite puzzled. "A young lady not to have a voice in the choosing of a husband for —"

"For herself? Certainly, when the time comes; but as yet she is too young for me to consent to her doing that."

"Well, but didn't you say you'd consent, my dear Mrs. Thornyfish?"

"Yes; indeed I did, Tom: nor shall I retract now."

"Well, then, as you do consent, why shouldn't she be asked at once?"

"Asked!" said the widow; "asked what?"

Why, to marry me, to be sure—what else?"

The widow sprang from the sofa as if she were beside a boa constrictor, instead of a little fidgetty, timid doctor, and stood bolt upright, glaring at him. In a moment, however, she recollected herself, and, uttering a wailing cry, she sank down motionless on the floor.

Here was a scene for poor Tom. He knelt down beside the widow, and commenced to chafe her temples, and use such other means of restoring her as occurred to him. After a time, the widow opened her eyes, and, fixing them upon Tom, cried—

"Oh! cruel deceitful! begone, and leave me to my affliction!"

Tom was about entering upon some explanation, when chancing to look into the mirror opposite, he beheld, to his dismay, his beloved Rosa leaning on the arm of the rakish young man, both apparently most absorbed spectators of the scene. They had, in their return from walking, slipped quietly into the room, and finding how Tom and the widow were engaged, they stepped behind a screen, where they would have remained concealed, had not the mirror treacherously reflected them. There they stood, unconscious that they were

discovered, the rakish young man purple in the face with suppressed laughter, and making all sorts of strange faces to restrain an explosion, while the features of Rosa expressed feelings of distress, and shame, and pity. Tom could endure no more; he rushed from the room, took the steps by four at a time down stairs, passed through the door, traversed the street (he knew not how), and, gaining his own domicile, buried himself in the remotest corner of his bed-room.

There's nothing in the world, as they say (I can't speak from my own experience, never having met any accident of the kind), there's nothing in the world makes a man feel so small as a false move in a matrimonial speculation. To propose for a lady and get a refusal is bad enough; but to be accepted, where one has not even popped the question, must be the very deuce. A fellow in such a state must feel very like a fly caught in a spider's web, when he is buzzing gaily by with quite different thoughts in his head. 'Twas just so with poor Tom Cluggins. He had gone forth in the sunshine of the morning, gay and sprightly, full of the hope of catching that fair young fly, Miss Rosa, in his own toils, and, lo! he had fallen incontinently into the spider meshes of her widow mother. He was in a pitiable state of feeling: not only had he lost all hope of Rosa—that he was sure of, from the expression of her face, which he caught in the mirror—but he had addressed the widow in language which, upon review of it, he found to be so very equivocal, that she was not unjustified in attributing and accepting it as a declaration of love to, and proposal for, herself. In fine, he felt overwhelmed with shame, disappointment, humiliation, and perplexity. He dreaded, of all things, the affair getting wind; an occurrence which he had a horrible presentiment was sure to happen, considering the manner in which the rakish young gentleman seemed to have enjoyed what he had witnessed; and, at times, a vague intention crossed Tom's mind of decamping, at the dead of night, from the town, with all his effects. Long before night came, however, all possibility of executing such a plan, even if he could have screwed up his courage to it, was cut off. About three o'clock, as he sat in the little parlour off the shop, still turning the

matter over in his head, and like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme," he heard a strange voice in the shop demanding of Pluggs if Doctor Cluggins was at home? Pluggs answered that he was; and as Tom looked over the muslin blind of the glass door, he beheld a sight that made his heart sick with a presentiment of something terrible—'twas no other than the figure of the rakish young man marching after Pluggs right up to the door of the parlour. Before Tom could effect a retreat to the upper regions of his house the door was opened, and the unwelcome visitant stood right before him, intercepting his exit.

"Doctor Cluggins, if I mistake not?" asked the young man, looking with a grave and stern air at Tom.

"Yes, sir; I am Doctor Cluggins. May I ask to what I am indebted for the favour of your company?"

"Certainly; my name, sir, is Pidgeon; Charles Pidgeon."

"Well, sir," said Tom, "I make no doubt of what you say; but I don't think I ever heard of you before."

"That's strange," said the other, "considering your intimacy with my friends over the way. However, sir, as one to whom the interest of that family is very dear, I have waited upon you, without delay, in the double capacity of the natural protector and the attorney of Mrs. Thornyfish."

Poor Tom stared with open mouth at this terrible announcement, and he felt the cold perspiration upon his forehead. Here he was by himself, within arm's length of his greatest antipathy. The lawyer continued, meantime, to regard him with a fixed and stern look that mesmerised the unhappy doctor. When he had sufficiently indulged in this torture, he resumed—

"Mrs. Thornyfish, sir, has stated her case to me in the fullest manner, and placed herself entirely in my hands. I am bound to say, upon a most impartial, and business-like consideration of the whole, I am clearly of opinion that your conduct has amounted, especially in your interview of yesterday, to the most unequivocal '*assumpsit*' in the eye of the law. I was casually a witness, sir, of some very important communications by you, and have no doubt that an action for breach of promise will decidedly lie. There are, moreover, some letters of yours to Mrs. Thornyfish, which strongly cor-

roborate this opinion, and will be powerful evidence with a jury."

Tom grew absolutely sick at this announcement. He had, indeed, once or twice written a note to excuse his absence to tea, and put in a sentiment or aspiration about the happiness of wedlock and the miseries of his bachelor's life, intended for the fair Rosa; and he now felt, in the dismay and confusion of his intellect, that they would be damning witnesses against him, if brought to light.

"Such being the state of the case, sir," continued the lawyer, "I have done myself the pleasure of calling on you, to ascertain what you propose doing."

Tom felt that the best thing for him to do, would be to do nothing at all; and so he made no answer. But it was no part of Mr. Pidgeon's design that Tom should escape him.

"What I wish to know, Dr. Cluggins," said the lawyer, peremptorily, "is simply whether you are disposed to carry out towards my client your proposal of this morning."

"I protest," said Tom, "my proposals were entirely meant for the younger lady, and I am quite ready to abide by them."

"Gammon!" said Pidgeon; "she's engaged already. Sure you must have known it."

"Indeed, sir, I suspected you were—"

"Me!" interrupted Pidgeon, with a burst of laughter. "'Tis against the law, sir, to marry one's niece. But that's beside our present business. I now request to know whether it is your intention to marry my sister, as a man of honour, or to abide the consequences. I shall give you five minutes, sir, for consideration."

The lawyer seated himself with the utmost coolness in Tom's arm-chair, and, drawing forth his cigar-case, struck a light, and commenced smoking. There was something deliberate, and, as one might say, cold-blooded, in this proceeding, which showed Tom the sort of a man he had to deal with. He revolved hastily in his mind the terrible alternative. An action of such a nature as threatened would ruin his character and his professional position for ever, even if she, the widow, were unsuccessful; but how could she fail? There were the letters and his constant visits; and *tête-à-têtes* often with the widow alone; and then the language and

the scene which the attorney witnessed, and could prove on the trial, while he had no witness and no defence; and then he should have to put himself in the hands of an attorney to defend him—a dreadful alternative for one of his way of thinking—and to pay no end of a bill of costs. So Tom came to the conclusion that the law-suit was not to be thought of under any circumstances. Then he thought of the widow—with fear and trembling, no doubt; but still he did bring himself to look at her from this new point of view; and he thought of a thousand little kindnesses and comfortable ways about her, and the dear old house, and the good larder; and he involuntarily gave utterance to his thoughts, as he pleaded with himself, setting up one antipathy against another.

"A very excellent person, no doubt," he muttered.

"Well, I should say she is, though I am her brother," said Pidgeon, at once understanding his ruminations, and replying to them.

"A good housekeeper?"

"Capital."

"And, I am sure, would make any one in her house very comfortable."

"Wouldn't she, though," said Pidgeon; "I should say, he that gets her will be a happy man; besides, she has lots of cash."

By this time the parties insensibly fell into a regular discussion on the merits of the widow, which ended by Tom's consenting to renew his proposal to Mrs. Thornyfish, which Pidgeon took care he should do in a less equivocal and very formal manner—namely, by addressing to the lady a note, of which her brother was then the bearer; and in the evening Tom waited on the fair one in person, and, having once made the leap, he got on wonderfully well; and was surprised to find his old—and he now felt ill-founded—aversion rapidly disappearing. And so energetically were preliminaries forwarded, that, in about a week after that memorable morning, the whole village of Alton-le-Moors was agog, and the church-bells ringing out a lusty peal, and the boys and girls huzzaing, and running after a chaise that drove rapidly away from the church-door, bearing within it "the happy couple," Tom Cluggins and his blushing bride. Tom was scarcely settled in his new abode, or rather his old one, when his brother-in-law, the

attorney, commenced to patronise him. It so happened, that their neighbour Wickham, the tallow-chandler, had just then taken it into his head to erect certain vats, and chaldrons, and God knows what sort of utensils, for boiling down fat, and making soap; and the consequence was, that Tom's new house was now filled with all kinds of abominable odours, which were as numerous, if they were not as "well defined and several," as those counted by Coleridge in Cologne. The widow—I mean Mrs. Cluggins—declared that there was no enduring the nuisance. The attorney said, that Wickham should be compelled to *abate* it; while Tom, who dreaded the very name of law, and was, moreover, tolerably well accustomed to queer smells in his own way, was entirely in favour of putting up with the lesser grievance of the chaldrons, than the greater one of the Common Pleas. Tom, however, was out-voted. Wickham refused to abate his pans and coppers, and so to law Pidgeon went, as a duck takes to water. Poor Tom was in an agony for full six months, while Pidgeon was in high delight, and finally triumphed over Wickham and Scroodge, by getting a verdict with damages at the assizes, and compelling the removal of the noxious boilers. Strange to say, Tom was not yet done with law. It so happened, that Tom's stepmother, and her son, Bobby Gopple, had, some time before this, sailed for the West Indies, and were drowned in the passage. Upon this, the acute and restless mind of Pidgeon, who had now settled at Alton-le-Moors, took a fancy to overhaul all the affairs of Tom's father, to the great dismay of poor Tom.

The result, however, was, that Pidgeon soon discovered that Scroodge had wofully mismanaged the West India property, save in the matter of making costs for himself. Pidgeon was now

in his element, and poor Tom was undergoing a slow process of having his nervous system torn asunder. Nevertheless, before a year was over, Pidgeon did contrive, by means of the mysterious machinery of the law—by orders, and fiats, and re-hearings, and I know not what—to turn the whole proceedings inside out, and at length to recover for Tom a very pretty little sum, and thereby to triumph signally over Scroodge.

All this time you will be curious to know how Tom and his bride got on. Well, I can assure you, nothing could be better. She made him a kind, comfortable, prudent wife, as he often gratefully acknowledged as they sat together of an evening, after Miss Rosa had attained her heart's desire, and was married, after all sorts of crosses, to her own cousin. In truth, what originally appeared to promise nothing but disasters to Tom Cluggins, turned out in the long run to be the very making of the man. He grew fat and self-possessed, under the genial manipulation of the widow—as you see horses get into good condition when well groomed and rubbed down; and 'twas a pleasant thing to sit with him over a glass of something hot, after dinner, and hear him confess, as I have done, that he was one of the happiest men living.

"After all," said he to me, one evening, when he was particularly mellow, and had just given me the details of his adventures, "after all, my dear friend, widows and attorneys are, I believe, just like everything else in the world—there are good and bad of them. I have chanced to happen upon extreme specimens of both; and I must admit that, upon the whole, I have more reason to rejoice at than to regret my intercourse with widows and attorneys."

PHILALETHES.

BURKE'S FAME AND COBDEN'S FOLLY.

WE once asked a bluff, hearty specimen of the old English Radical, "What do you think of Mr. Cobden?" We shall never forget his reply. His answer was terse and emphatic, and the sequel has shown it to be *true*—"You may rely upon it, Cobden is *sharp and shallow*."

The pamphlet called "1793 and 1853," like all the writings and speeches of Mr. Cobden, furnishes abundant evidence of the truth of the "sharp and shallow" brand affixed to "the Manchester manufacturer" by the Radical reformer we have quoted. There is in all that comes from the tongue or pen of Mr. Cobden, what we may call a *systematic superficiality*—the form of elementary philosophy without any of the substance of profound politics—the flimsy views of what lawyers call "the first impression of a case," to the neglect of science, precedent, and enlarged sense—so constantly and perseveringly exhibited, that we can only attribute his want of depth and breadth of thinking to the vices of clap-trap philanthropy, and the pernicious habits of platform declamation. Before we advert to the last literary effusion from this incessant agitator, let us briefly characterise its author.

To a clear head and an active temper, Richard Cobden united a fluent tongue and a vulgarly ambitious nature. Bred in Manchester life, he possessed the flippant and ever ready adroitness, the familiarity with current facts, and proficiency in the skin-deep political economy, which is ever found in the half-read sciolists of the saucy and sectarian school of Manchester politics. He came upon English political life at a time when there was a want of an effective tribune and active popular speaker. Cobbett, in talent worth a thousand Cobdens, had died in 1835. Henry Hunt was, in all senses of the term, no more. Mr. Joseph Hume had no talents for stirring popular assemblies or exciting the multitude; and the only exaggerations in which he was proficient were of the arithmetical kind. Mr. George Grote, with all the convictions, had none of the capacities specially required for an English

Radical reformer, and, greatly to the advantage of historical literature, abandoned the impulses of progressive Liberalism for the interests of permanent literature. Mr. Henry Warburton was a mere superannuated encyclopædia in breeches, full of facts that had lost their significance, sometimes consulted, but generally neglected. Mr. Thomas Duncombe was a mere dandy demagogue, a pleasing declaimer of platform platitudes—a well-bred, good-natured, political humbug, that laughed at himself and all mankind. Mr. Thomas Wakley, his colleague, had more talent than truth, more cleverness than character; a man whose tongue was often listened to, but rarely trusted. In those days, 1834 to 1841, there was only first-class democratic genius, one far-famed popular speaker, but a host of influences, which, over his recent grave, it would be invidious to characterise, interfered with O'Connell's influence over democracy in England.

It was at such a time that Mr. Cobden entered into public life, the parliamentary spokesman of the factory interest, the guide and tribune of the Manchester party. The Whigs could not estimate the results of their own Reform bill. The scions of their vaunted families were more skilled in figures of rhetoric than arithmetic—their boasted Russells, Normanbys, Morpeths, *et hoc genus*, had far more talent for similes than statistics, for composing declamations, than for calculating budgets. With some fifty members to his back in the interest of the factory lords, with the want of a good popular "cry" at the time, with a substantial monied interest behind him, and the showy clap-traps of an *ad captandum* question at his command, full of practical details, and flushed with antagonism to a "proud aristocracy," Mr. Richard Cobden, a third-rate tribune, who could not have lived for an hour in rivalry with the Girondist chiefs of the French Revolution—a man without genius of intellect, or greatness of heart—sharp, quick, but superficial—was enabled, by the blunders of one party, the bullying of another—by trimming here, and tergiversation there—to aid in carrying

a much disputed question. Nothing contributed to this overrated man's notoriety more than the artful compliment of Sir Robert Peel, who, foreseeing that Lord John Russell would *more suo* endeavour to appropriate to himself the settlement of the question, by his allusion to "the unadorned eloquence of Richard Cobden," at once advertised the success of the Manchester agitator, and balked the monopolising ambition of the baffled and outstripped Whig leader.

Fired by his triumph, and yet perhaps having an uneasy sensation at heart that his success was felt to be more accidental than deserved, Mr. Cobden has now aimed at a higher mark, and aspires to inaugurate a new popular party with dubious designs in politics. The Quixotic quietism which this un-English demagogue now professes must not induce us to treat his machinations with contemptuous ridicule or listless apathy. In the times in which we live there is a propensity to inflammatory folly, as if mankind were "drunk with words;" as if the phrenetic flatulence of popular declaimers had a more than customary spell in disorganising and debauching those many-headed masses—"semper avidi novarum rerum." Let vigilance be maintained, and we do not despair in the least of the democratic designs of this Manchester agitator being overcome.

In asking our readers for their attention now, we can promise them not to go over the ground occupied already by the public journals. The London and provincial press of the empire has dealt out severe justice to the shallow fallacies of this angry agitator for peace, whose "Liberalism" means levelling, whose precedents are American, whose principles are democratic in a plebeian sense, whose sympathies are more cosmopolitan than British. The flimsy views of Mr. Cobden upon the question of "national defences" have been too signally demolished in debate by Lord Palmerston, and in controversy by the whole press, for us to engage with exploded fallacies. But a most important part of Mr. Cobden's "1793 and 1853" has been neglected—we mean his elaborate detraction from the signal merits of Burke in his "Reflections upon the French Revolution." Observing, that Mr. Cobden and the Manchester party

have now taken up a new position, and that they have avowed *ulterior designs*, it becomes of the first importance to fix attention on the grave nature of the questions they have raised, and it is therefore that we deem it to be most useful to expose the fatuity of Mr. Cobden's estimate of the famous "Reflections" of Burke. It will be well for us here to mark the degree of importance which we attach to Mr. Cobden's opinions upon Burke.

It is in politics as in literature or the fine arts; the estimation in which great classical writers are held marks the degree of culture and knowledge prevailing amongst admirers or detractors. When Voltaire ridiculed Shakspeare, his criticism exposed only the false views of "nature" held by the Frenchman. The old formal modes of gardening—cutting hedges into batteries, and clipping shrubs into human form, attested the deformed ideas of beauty amongst the mechanical landscape-gardeners of the time. The neglect of Milton's "Paradise Lost," in an age when the rants of Nat Lee, and the rhyming plays of Dryden were deemed sublime, proved the debased state of public taste in the days of the second Charles. The popularity of Minerva Press novels amongst readers who deemed Jane Austen insipid and uninteresting, showed the want of fine feeling and true sense in the sentimental milliners' girls, who preferred romantic slip-slop to pictures of life as faithful to nature as the best landscapes of Constable or Collins. There were readers of Irish eloquence at one time who thought Mr. Charles Phillips almost equal to Grattan or Curran. There were to be found playgoers in the English and Irish theatres who applauded Mrs. Pritchard to the neglect of Mrs. Siddons, who cheered Miss Walstein and carped at Miss O'Neil. A portion of the low London Whigs in 1812-15 followed Mr. Whitbread—"that Demosthenes of bad taste"—as if he were a second Charles Fox—and abused Mr. Canning as an empty declaimer. There were Irish politicians who decided that the Catholic claims should be entrusted to the advocacy of Sir Francis Burdett in preference to Grattan or Lord Plunket. In all these cases—the things admired and the things not approved of—marking with damning accuracy and scientific precision the gradations in

ignorance of the tasteless and thoughtless Vandal herd. If a man told us that Mr. Hume was a better popular speaker than Mr. Cobden, and that Mr. Cobden was a greater orator than Lord Derby, we all know what estimate to put upon the taste of so sapient a judge.

It is thus in the case of Mr. Cobden's disparagement of the prophetic wisdom and comprehensive science of Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution." That great work is the great masterpiece of British constitutional politics. We can allow for its occasional exaggeration, and we do not subscribe to some of its opinions. But to its great leading views upon Christianity, upon the Church in these countries, the British monarchy, and the legislature, we cordially subscribe. In doing so we only echo the sentiments of all Conservative thinkers; but what, on the present occasion, is of more importance, we carry with us the convictions of all that is sound and loyal in the Whig party. No species of writing grows so rapidly stale as political dissertation on passing events; but "The Reflections" differed from every other political work in our literature. It is read now by every one who pretends to a good education. At the universities and in the inns of court, it is mastered by all who wish for proficiency in moral reasoning. The public press of the Empire attests its place amongst the political statutes of journalism. As a wit once exclaimed—"Our very sign-boards show that there was once a Titian in the world, and all our leading articles remind us of the existence of a Burke!"

That great work produced, on its appearance, a sensation without parallel before or since in political writings. It was not an age of shilling editions, but eighteen thousand copies of it were sold at once in England, and not less than sixteen thousand found their way over the Continent. It was the first trumpet-call to Christendom, to "rouse itself from the harlot-lap of apathy," and gird itself against the dangers and seductions of the French philosophy. We owe it to the memory and genius of our illustrious countryman, to guard his fame against the calumniating disparagement of the Manchester levellers; and however feeble may be the hands that undertake his defence, we may say that nowhere

could Burke's character be more appropriately vindicated than in the pages of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE," because *our* national University was the first public body in the empire to confer upon him honorary distinction for that great work. His affecting letter to the Provost on the receipt of the degree of "D. C. L.," cannot be read without emotion by every son of *Alma Mater*—that benignant parent who was the first also to confer literary reward on Burke's great friend, Johnson.

We do not, of course, pretend to think that the fame of Burke, any more than the glory of the Great Duke, can be disparaged by the words of Mr. Cobden. Our wish is rather to expose the shallowness and unconstitutional character of the Manchester school, its democratic tendency, and its dangerous principles. When a great classical manual of English politics is scouted as "a philippic" and "declamation," and when we are told of its author's "reason and judgment being overborne," and of "the monomania" of its writer, it is worth while setting against the writer of "1853 and 1793" the views of persons that he must himself admit to have been as "liberal" almost as he himself could desire. In upholding, by the authority of great names, the wisdom and philosophy of Burke's "Reflections," we will not quote from Tory writers, though we could cite profound and brilliant testimonies to Burke's great masterpiece from the pens of Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Mr. Canning, Chief Justice Bushe, Mr. Croker, and a host of other eloquent recorders of the power of that classical production. We will prefer to bring the testimonies of "Whigs and something more" to bear against Mr. Cobden's shallow opinion; and for that purpose we can do nothing better than take the names of several noted Liberals, who are incidentally alluded to by the writer of "1793 and 1851." We will see the recorded opinions, in their mature years, of the celebrated Dumont (the friend, ally, and biographer of Mirabeau), of Sir James Mackintosh, of Charles James Fox, of Sir Philip Francis, each and all of whom were sympathisers with the French Revolution, and of course opposed to the declaration of war in 1793; and to these authorities we will add the names of other zealous Foxite Whigs,

both of them also opposed to the war of 1793—the celebrated Dr. Parr, and the late eminent Professor Smyth, of Cambridge.

But before contrasting the opinions of those noted and most accomplished Whig orators and writers with the flippant ignorance of the Manchesterian leader, we wish to mark emphatically the important fact, upon which sufficient stress has not been laid by former writers, that the “*Reflections*” of Burke were not written upon a hasty survey of French affairs. He had ever, from the time of the American war, and previous to it, studied the affairs of France with great attention, of which we find some proof, amongst others, in the very remarkable allusion to the financial state of France, in his celebrated reply to Mr. Grenville’s “*State of the Nation*,” wherein Burke observes—

“Under such extreme straitness and distraction labours the whole body of the French finances; so far does their charge outrun their supply in every particular, that no man, I believe, has considered their affairs with any degree of attention or information, but must hourly look for some extraordinary convulsion in the whole system, the effects of which on France, and even all over Europe, it is difficult to conjecture.”

In the foregoing passage, the “*mens præsaga futuri*” looks to the effects on “all Europe,” of French affairs. But let us turn to Prior’s Biography, and see how Burke’s mind was affected by a visit to France, many years before 1789:—

“In 1778, Mr. Burke visited France. In the following sessions of parliament, ‘he pointed out,’ says his biographer, ‘the conspiracy of atheism to the watchful jealousy of government. He said that, though not fond of calling in the aid of the secular arm to suppress doctrines and opinions, yet, if ever it was raised, it should be against those enemies of their kind who would take from man the noblest prerogative of his nature, that of being a religious animal. Already, under the systematic attacks of those men, I see, said Mr. Burke, many of the props of good government and religion beginning to fall; I see propagated principles which will not leave to religion even a toleration, and make virtue herself less than a name. Memorable words, indeed,’ says the biographer, ‘when we consider their literal fulfilment.’”

We will now cite the most remark-

able political prophecy that any statesman ever made; and blind must be the prejudice, and besotted the understanding, which will not admire the extraordinary powers of divining future events, as shown in the following letter from Burke to Lord Charlemont. It is valuable also, as being the earliest recorded proof of his opinions on the affairs of 1789. We specially request the attention of the reader to it:—

“As to us here, our thoughts of every thing at home are suspended by our astonishment at the wonderful spectacle which is exhibited in a neighbouring and rival country. What spectators and what actors! England gazing with astonishment at a French struggle for liberty, and not knowing whether to blame or to applaud.

“The thing, indeed, though I thought I saw something like it in progress for several years, has still something in it paradoxical and mysterious. The spirit it is impossible not to admire, but the old Parisian ferocity has broken out in a shocking manner. It is true that this may be no more than a sudden explosion: if so, no indication can be taken from it; but if it should be character rather than accident, then that people are not fit for liberty, and must have a strong hand, like that of their former masters, to coerce them.

“Men must have a certain fund of natural moderation to qualify them for freedom, else it becomes noxious to themselves, and a perfect nuisance to everybody else. What will be the result it is hard I think still to say. To form a solid constitution requires wisdom as well as spirit; and whether the French possess wise heads amongst them—or, if they possess such, whether they possess authority equal to their wisdom—is yet to be seen. In the meantime, the progress of this whole affair is one of the most curious matters of speculation that ever was exhibited.”—*Burke to Lord Charlemont, 9th August, 1789, three weeks after taking the Bastille. Prior’s Life, vol. ii. pp. 41-42; and vide Hardy’s Life of Charlemont.*

The foregoing letter is certainly an astonishing manifestation of political foresight; and yet the tone of it is in perfect consistency with the whole of Burke’s philosophy. Politicians of the Cobden class have often asserted that Burke changed his principles. He did not do so. The American Revolution and the French Revolution were changes in human affairs proceeding on totally different principles, and worked upon by different causes; and there cannot be the least analogy in

the political reasoning applied to those two great changes. But let us proceed to confront Mr. Cobden with our promised testimony from Liberal writers, as to the sound principles of Burke's "Reflections." The first that we shall appeal to is Dumont:—

"This work, beaming with genius and eloquence, though composed at an age when imagination is on the decline, created two parties in England. Events have but too much justified it; but it remains to be determined whether the war cry, which it raised against France, has not contributed to the violence which characterised that period. It is possible that, in calling the attention of governments and people of property to the dangers which were connected with this new political religion, Mr. Burke may have been the saviour of Europe."—*Dumont, quoted by Professor Smyth, p. 291, vol. iii.**

The reader will recollect that Dumont was an Ultra-Liberal of the most determined school—the secretary and advocate of Mirabeau, and the proselyte of Bentham's views of morality, of which the Genevese publicist was the ablest propagandist. Yet Dumont, writing in the calmness of his study, after the frenzy of the Revolution had passed away, speaks, as in the foregoing passage, of Burke, as being "the saviour of Europe." The next testimony that we will offer is that of Sir James Mackintosh, of whose "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," Mr. Cobden (p. 33) says: "It was the most masterly of the replies to Burke;" and he talks of its "far closer logic." He appears not to be aware that Sir J. Mackintosh became a convert to Burke's views, as the following confession of Sir James sufficiently proves:—

"Since that time a melancholy experience has undeceived me on many subjects, on which I was then the dupe of my own enthusiasm. . . . I can with truth affirm that I subscribe to your general principles, and am prepared to shed my blood in defence of the laws and constitution of my country."—*Mackintosh to Burke, in December, 1796; Memoirs, vol. i., p. 88.*

And when Mackintosh afterwards visited Paris, and his health was d runk, as the defender of the Revolu-

tion, he had the courage to say that the French had themselves refuted his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ." We will next adduce the testimony of Dr. Parr. He was a steady opponent of the French war, and on that and other questions was a zealous Foxite Whig. Here is his sober and critical testimony to the permanent and abiding value of "The Reflections":—

"He (Mr. Burke) has spread before the world many adamantine and imperishable truths, which unfold the secret springs of human actions, and their effects upon human happiness; many in which he unites the ready discernment of a statesman with the profound views of a philosopher; many which, at all times and in all countries, must deserve the consideration of all governments and all subjects; many which the principles of the British constitution amply justified, and in which the good morals and the good order of society were interested deeply and permanently."

So speaks Dr. Parr, in *Philopatris Varvicensis*. Sir Philip Francis is another of the names cited in support, by Mr. Cobden. Well, let us see what was the opinion of Francis upon Burke. In his "Letter Missive to Lord Holland," p. 17, Francis writes:—

"In my long intimacy with Edmund Burke, to me a great and venerable name, it could not escape me, nor did he wish to conceal it, that Cicero was the model on which he laboured to form his own character, in eloquence, in policy, in ethica, and philosophy. With this view, he acted on a principle of general imitation only, and, in my opinion, infinitely surpassed the original."

Gentlemen who think that a copy of the *Times* is "more valuable than all (!) the works of Thucydides," will not perhaps care for a genius being held superior to Cicero in the opinion of the brilliant Francis; but it is a rule in law that a party cannot impeach his own witness, and Francis is one of those called by Mr. Cobden. But now we must recal the most ignorant and impudent passage that ever came from Mr. Cobden's tongue or pen:—

"You ask me to direct you to the best sources of information for those particulars

* Compare Mr. Macaulay's remarks on this expression of Dumont *quoad* Burke (*Edinburgh Review*, Vol. LV., p. 356).

of the origin of the French war to which I briefly alluded in my last letter. What an illustration does this afford of our habitual neglect of the most important part of history, namely, that which refers to our own country, and more immediately affects the destinies of the generation to which we belong! If you feel at a loss for the facts necessary for forming a judgment upon the events of the last century, how much more inaccessible must that knowledge be to the mass of the people. In truth, modern English history is a tabooed study in our common schools, and the young men of our universities acquire a far more accurate knowledge of the origin and progress of the Punic and Peloponnesian wars, than of the wars of the French Revolution."

At Manchester it would seem that they have not yet heard of such men as the late Dr. Arnold, Professor Smyth of Cambridge, or Sir James Stephen. When His Royal Highness Prince Albert visited Cambridge publicly, he paid only one private visit, and that was to the late estimable and candid Professor Smyth, the author of five elaborate and learned volumes on modern history, three of them being devoted to the French Revolution. Professor Smyth was a Foxite Whig in opinions, and was not an advocate of the war of '93, but here is his testimony to those "Reflections" disparaged by Mr. Cobden:—

"Never was there such a mirror of instruction held up to all men of popular feelings, of whatever country and age. The great maxims, the fundamental truths it contains, are not only invaluable but immeasurable. I must beg to observe, that I read it over and over again, and as the events of the world come crowding and changing upon every year, with more and more admiration at the profound philosophy which it contains, at the extraordinary powers that produced it."—*Professor Smyth's Lectures*, vol. iii. p. 290.

And in noticing Mackintosh's reply to Burke, the Professor says:—

"Mr. Burke, whose inspiration was of a diviner nature, and rose superior to the giddy passions of the hour."

Mr. Cobden says that he is fond of reading Hansard. We will treat him to a scrap from it, in which the Speaker alludes to Burke:—

"Everything that I know in politics I owe to him."—*Parl. Deb.*, vol. xxix, p. 392.

Who was the speaker? It was none other than Charles Fox, who also uttered the following sentiment, which we commend to the Manchester levelers:—

"No government would be a fit one for British subjects to live under which did not contain its due weight of aristocracy, because I consider that to be the proper poise of the constitution."—*Debate on Canada Bill*, 1791.

And as Mr. Cobden prefers the *Times* so much as a historian to Thucydides and "all his works," we refer him to the *Times* of February 27, 1828, in which he will find, in speaking on the Test and Corporation Acts, that Mr. Brougham declared his "veneration for the character of Mr. Burke"—and Lord Brougham is another witness cited against Burke by Cobden; and we may add that the character of Burke by Brougham, alluded to by Mr. Cobden, was deemed unjust to his fame by such excellent judges as Mackintosh and the late learned Charles Butler.

We will close this list of Whig tributes to Burke's character and fame by referring to Green's "Diary of a Lover of a Literature," where that writer gives his testimony to the consistency of Burke's general views throughout his illustrious life:—

"The conversation then turned on Burke, against whom, for his late conduct, his lordship bears an enmity approaching to rancour. I ventured, notwithstanding, to remark that I saw so distinctly the principles of his present opinions scattered through his former works, that, COULD THE CASE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION HAVE BEEN HYPOTHETICALLY PUT TO ME EIGHT YEARS AGO, I SHOULD HAVE PREDICTED THAT HE WOULD TAKE PRECISELY THE COURSE HE HAS PURSUED. The care, indeed, with which this wonderful man, during a long series of strenuous opposition to the measures of government, uniformly occupied his ground, and the caution with which he qualified his reasonings—a care and caution which really seemed superfluous on the occasion—might almost indicate that he foresaw the time would come, when he should be glad to urge a very different strain of argument; as we can scarcely, however, give him credit for such foresight, it unquestionably affords a most extraordinary example, in a mind so vehement and impassioned, of the predominance of philosophical over party-spirit."

Mr. Cobden tells us to "mind dates;"

the date of the foregoing passage is October 9th, 1796, and the nobleman referred to is Lord Chedworth.

Like others of his "sharp and shallow" school, Mr. Cobden is misled about Burke, by the seeming contrariety between that great man's actions in relation to the American and French revolutions. As we have previously intimated, they were revolutions of the most opposite kind. His *principles* were the same, but his *deductions* were opposite, as Coleridge has truly explained in his "Biographia Literaria :"—

"Let the scholar, who doubts this assertion, refer only to the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke at the commencement of the American war, and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French Revolution. He will find the *principles* exactly the same and the deductions the same; but the practical inferences almost opposite, in the one case, from those drawn in the other; yet in both equally legitimate, and in both equally confirmed, by the results. Whence gained he this superiority of foresight? Whence arose the striking *difference*, and in most instances even the discrepancy between the grounds assigned by *him*, and by those who voted *with* him, on the same questions? How are we to explain the notorious fact, that the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke are more interesting at the present day, than they were found at the time of their first publication, while those of his illustrious confederates are either forgotten, or exist only to furnish proofs that the same conclusion, which one man had deduced scientifically, *may* be brought out by another in consequence of errors, that luckily chanced to neutralise each other? It would be unhandsome as a conjecture, even were it not, as it actually is, false in point of fact, to attribute this difference to deficiency of talent on the part of Burke's friends, or of experience, or of historical knowledge. The satisfactory solution is, that Edmund Burke possessed, and had sedulously sharpened that eye, which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the *laws* that determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to *principles*. He was a *scientific* statesman, and therefore a *seer*. For every principle contains in itself the germ of a prophecy; and, as the prophetic power is the essential privilege of science, so the fulfilment of its oracles supplies the outward, and (to men in general) the *only* test of its claim to the title."

But, perhaps, the character of the American Revolution has never been better stated than by Mr. Disraeli, in

his "Vindication of the British Constitution :"—

"He is a short-sighted politician who dates the constitution of the United States from 1780. It was established by the pilgrim fathers a century and a half before, and influenced a people practised from their cradles in the duties of self-government. The pilgrim fathers brought to their land of promise the laws of England, and a republican religion; and, blended together, these formed the old colonial constitution of Anglo-America. The transition from such a government to the polity of Washington, was certainly not greater in degree, than the difference between Great Britain of 1829, and our country at this hour. The Anglo-Americans did not struggle for liberty; they struggled for independence; and the freedom and the free institutions they had long enjoyed, secured for them the great object of their severe exertions. He who looks upon the citizens of the United States as a new people, commits a moral, if not an historical anachronism."

It is one of the merits of Bancroft's history, that it illustrates in detail the foregoing view, and reproduces the past life of America.

Like all levellers, Mr. Cobden has a humour for "equality." Hear how the "Great Un-Englishman" (a name that will stick to him) disserts upon "equality :"—

"When told that the present emperor possesses absolute and irresponsible power, I answer by citing three things which he could not, if he would, accomplish: he could not endow with lands and tithes one religion as the exclusively paid religion of the state, although he selected for the privilege the Roman Catholic Church, which comprises more than nine-tenths of the French people: he could not create an hereditary peerage, with estates entailed by a law of primogeniture: and he could not impose a tax on successions, which should apply to personal property only, and leave real estate free. Public opinion in France is an insuperable obstacle to any of these measures becoming law; because they outrage that spirit of *equality*, which is the sacred and inviolable principle of 1789. Now, if Louis Napoleon were to declare his determination to carry these three measures, *which are all in full force in England*, as a part of his imperial regime, his throne would not be worth twenty-four hours' purchase; and nobody knows this better than he and they who surround him. I am penning these pages in a maritime county. Stretching from the sea, right across to the verge of the next county, and embracing great part of the pa-

rish in which I sit, are the estates of three proprietors, which extend in almost unbroken masses for upwards of twenty miles. The residence of one of them is surrounded with a walled park ten miles in circumference. Not only could not Louis Napoleon create three such entailed estates in a province of France, but were he to declare himself favourable to such a state of things, it would be fatal to his popularity. Public opinion, by which alone he reigns, would instantly abandon him. Yet this landed system flourishes in all our counties, without opposition or question."

"Equality," like "liberty," is a term compound and relative. There is true and false equality, and we prefer an equality of rights and aspirations, like the English system, to an equality of privation like the French one. Most admirably has Mr. Disraeli said, in his "*Vindication of the English Constitution*," in a passage of which the concluding sentence reads with strange effect at the present time:—

"The basis of English society is equality. But here let us distinguish: there are two kinds of equality; there is the equality that levels and destroys, and the equality that elevates and creates. It is this last, this sublime, this celestial equality, that animates the laws of England. The principle of the first equality, base, terrestrial, Gallic, and grovelling, is that no one should be privileged; the principle of English equality is, that every one should be privileged. Thus the meanest subject of our King is born to great and important privileges; an Englishman, however humble may be his birth, whether he be doomed to the plough or destined to the loom, is born to the noblest of all inheritances, the equality of civil rights; he is born to freedom, he is born to justice, and he is born to property. There is no station to which he may not aspire; there is no master whom he is obliged to serve; there is no magistrate who dares imprison him against the law; and the soil on which he labours must supply him with an honest and decorous maintenance. These are rights and privileges as valuable as King, Lords, and Commons; and it is only a nation thus schooled and cradled in the principles and practices of freedom, which, indeed, could maintain such institutions. Thus the English in politics are as the old Hebrews in religion, 'a favoured and peculiar people.' As equality is the basis, so gradation is the superstructure; and the English nation is essentially a nation of classes, but not of castes. Hence that admirable order, which is the characteristic of our society; for in England every man knows or finds his place;

the law has supplied every man with a position, and nature has a liberal charter to amend the arrangement of the law. Our equality is the safety-valve of tumultuous spirits; our gradation the security of the humble and the meek. The latter take refuge in their order; the former seek relief in emancipating themselves from its rank. English equality calls upon the subject to aspire; French equality summons him to abase himself. In England the subject is invited to become an object of admiration or respect; in France he is warned lest he become an object of envy or of ridicule. The law of England has invested the subject with equality, in order that if entitled to eminence, he should rise superior to the mass. The law of France has invested the subject with equality, on condition that he prevent the elevation of his fellow. English equality blends every man's ambition with the perpetuity of the state; French equality, which has reduced the subject into a mere individual, has degraded the state into a mere society. English equality governs the subject by the united and mingled influences of reason and imagination; French equality having rejected imagination, and aspiring to reason, has, in reality, only resolved itself into a barren fantasy. The constitution of England is founded not only on a profound knowledge of human nature, but of human nature in England: the political scheme of France originates not only in a profound ignorance of human nature in general, but of French human nature in particular: thus, in England, however vast and violent may be our revolutions, the constitution ever becomes more firm and vigorous, while in France a riot oversets the government, and after half a century of political experiments, one of the most intellectual of human races has succeeded in losing every attribute of a nation, AND HAS SOUGHT REFUGE FROM ANARCHY IN A DESPOTISM WITHOUT LUSTRE, WHICH CONTRADICTS ALL ITS THEORIES, AND VIOLATES ALL THE PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH IT HAS EVER AFFECTED TO STRUGGLE."

But while these pages are passing through the press, our attention has been directed to a work just published, "*The Courts and Cabinets of George III.*," being the second division of "*The Grenville Papers*." Here we have the private letters written by Lord Grenville, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and addressed to his brother, the Marquis of Buckingham. Never did any letters breathe a more peace-loving spirit. On the 17th of August, 1791, Lord Grenville writes:—

"You can scarcely form an idea of the labour I have gone through. But I am repaid by the maintenance of peace, which is all this

country has to desire. We shall now, I hope, for a very long period indeed, enjoy this blessing, and cultivate a situation of prosperity, unexampled in our history."

And still more important, under the date of November 7th, 1792 ("mind dates," says Mr. Cobden), Lord Grenville writes confidentially to his brother:—

"All my ambition is, that at some time hereafter, when I am freed from all active concern in such a scene as this is, I may have the inexpressible satisfaction of being able to look back upon it, and to tell myself that I have contributed to keep my own country, at least, a little longer from sharing in all the evils of every sort that surround us."

That is plain enough, and emphatic; but let Mr. Cobden mark what follows, and digest the hint about "raising wages":—

"I am more and more convinced that this can only be done by keeping wholly and entirely aloof, and by watching much at home, but doing very little indeed; endeavouring to nurse up in the country a real determination to stand by the constitution when it is attacked, as it infallibly will be, if these things go on; and above all, trying to make the condition of the lower orders amongst us as good as can be made. To this view I have seen with the greatest satisfaction the steps taken in various parts of the country for increasing wages," &c. &c.

In the face of such decisive testimony, it would be useless to appeal to further evidence against the wild and ignorant

assertions of Mr. Cobden, about the English ministers of 1792, being "the authors of the war." Lord Grenville uses the phrases, "If these things are suffered to go on;" and as Mr. Cobden is ignorant of the transactions of these days, we will, for his advantage, elucidate that passage, by informing him that it refers to those seditious sympathisers with anarchy and revolution, who attempted to debauch from their loyalty the masses of England by their "Corresponding Society," "Revolution Society," "Society for Constitutional Information," and other mischievous *leagues*, baptised with mild appellations. "Boys!" cried an Irish rebel chief, "when ye grasp the pikes, be sure to say you want no more than amelioration." Mr. Thomas Paine, a great lover of peace and true religion, was then foremost amongst the popular misleaders; but Mr. Cobden, in his review of these times, never mentions even his name, and would fain have the reader forget Mr. Paine's projects and appeals to the democrats. We had intended to have exposed in detail the utter ignorance of the affairs of 1792, shown by Mr. Cobden, but we need not do so. We have preferred to do justice to the memory of our illustrious countryman, Burke, by vindicating his "Reflections" from the aspersions of his "sharp and shallow" assailant, by collecting the testimonies even of Whigs and Liberals to the permanently abiding value of the greatest masterpiece of political philosophy to be found in literature.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
APRIL FANCIES.—BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY. DOLORES—THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD—THE FIRST OF THE ANGELS—THE AWAKING—SPIRIT VOICES—ALL FOOLS' DAY	395
SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT. CHAPTER XVIII.—DISAPPOINTMENTS. CHAPTER XIX.—FUM'S-ALLEY, NEAR THE PODDLE	405
HEROES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—No. IV. CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, AND CHARLES DUKE OF BOURBON, CONSTABLE OF FRANCE	418
SPANISH POETS GARROTED	436
NEW SOUTH WALES AND TASMANIA	453
GETTING ON IN IRELAND	472
PARALLELS. BY A PILGRIM	479
"THE TAKING OF JERUSALEM"	488
CLONMACNOISE, CLARE, AND ARRAN.—PART II. CONCLUSION	492
A FLYING SHOT AT THE UNITED STATES.—BY FITZGUNNE. SIXTH ROUND, AND LAST	507

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VOL. XLI

APRIL FANCIES.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

THE revival of nature in Spring is one of those rare phenomena of the exterior world, which never presents itself to our observation or imagination, without perpetually renewing feelings of wonder and delight. Nothing can state the infinite variety of its attractions—not even the changes in our own mental and physical organisation, which so materially affect most other things. The wonderful terrestrial and celestial phenomena that occur every day of our lives—the rising and the setting of the sun, so astonishing for their regularity and importance, the ebb and flow of the tides, and the perpetually-supplying and never-exhausted abundance of the rivers, fail to awaken those sensible feelings of enjoyment and gratitude which the conception or the realisation of Spring produces. No age, no sex, no condition of life, is insensible to the approach of this beautiful season, or disappointed when it arrives. To the child emerging out of babyhood, it promises the paradise of the meadow or the lawn; and the only floral games which yet survive in the world, from which, by the aid of a few bunches of buttercups and daisies, innocence and health, and the quick fancy of young life, can extract more enjoyment, than at a later period could be derived from all the roses of the East. To the boy, and to the girl too, it unfolds in prospect the wider world of the fields, and the winding green roads of the remoter country, which are longed for with an eagerness which seems prophetic of that stronger impulse, which, in a few years later, will send them forth to the still more extensive regions of active life. To the lover of nature

itself, it presents the beautiful object of his affections, in the most charming period of her existence, arrayed in all the freshness and the purity of youth; while, to the practical naturalist, it unfolds the minuter phenomena of her existence, which, hived up in such delightful books as that of White's "Selborne," shed such a delicious savour of the country around the winter's fire. Need we speak of the prospect of freedom and vigour which it holds out to the feeble and the invalid, and the hope of exchanging the monotony of the sick room for the infinite variety of the hill-side, the valley, or the shore? It is the longed-for studio of the artist—the silent academe of the student—the trysting-time of the lover—the chosen school for meditation—and the most abundant source of inspiration to the poet, and of instruction, as well as of illustration, to the moralist. It is thus that the sacred books of the Old Testament, written by men who, in an immeasurably high degree, united in their own persons the grave vocation of the teacher, and the melodious organisation of the minstrel, abound with such exquisite and touching allusions to the outward beauty of this season, and the inward lessons which it inculcates. Take, for instance, the celebrated mystical and allegorical invitation in the second chapter of the Song of Solomon, which, as it were, contains within itself the essence of all that has ever been said or sung upon the same subject, and which, by the transcendent beauty of its language and allusions, shares in the perpetual welcome which the season it so exquisitely describes receives, and makes the descrip-

tion be read with the same delight upon its last repetition as at its first:—

"Behold, my beloved speaketh to me: arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come, for winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come; the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come."

But it is the Christian religion that, in an especial manner, has availed itself of the wonderful working of Nature at this season, for the illustration of one of its most peculiar doctrines and consolatory truths—namely, the resurrection of the dead. Analogies seldom square at every side with the thing compared; but few copies so nearly

resemble their prototypes as the one under consideration. We have here, life out of death; we have order out of confusion; we have animation out of corruption; and organisation out of apparent annihilation. The seed rots before it revives, and the flower passes from before our eyes, and lies buried for a while beneath the ground, before it re-appears at the call of Spring—

"Another, yet the same."

Before we proceed to describe to the best of our humble ability, the revival of Nature, under this consoling aspect, let us devote a few simple lines to one of the most ordinary sorrows of our lives—a sorrow that instinctively clings to the doctrine of the resurrection as its especial recompense, and which is its best protection against the mutterings of rebellion, and the temptation of despair.

DOLORES.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

The moon of my soul is dark, Dolores,
Dead and dark in my breast it lies,
For I miss the heaven of thy smile, Dolores,
And the light of thy brown bright eyes.

The rose of my heart is gone, Dolores,
Bud or blossom, in vain I seek;
For I miss the breath of thy lip, Dolores,
And the blush of thy pearl-pale cheek.

The pulse of my heart is still, Dolores—
Still and chill is its glowing tide;
For I miss the beating of thine, Dolores,
In the vacant space by my side.

But the moon shall revisit my soul, Dolores,
And the rose shall refresh my heart,
When I meet thee again in heaven, Dolores,
Never again to part.

The revival of the plant has been frequently used to typify the resurrection of the body, but the greater analogy has never been applied, as far as we can recollect, as an illustration of the lesser. It is this inversion of the

idea that has suggested to us the following lines, which might easily be expressed with more felicity, and expanded to a much greater length, at the risk, however, of changing a congenial and apt comparison into a frigid conceit:

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.

The day of wintry wrath is o'er,
The whirlwind and the storm have pass'd,
The whiten'd ashes of the snow
Enwrap the ruined world no more;
Nor keenly from the orient blow,
The venom'd hissings of the blast.

II.

The frozen tear-drops of despair,
Have melted from the trembling thorn,
Hope plumes unseen her radiant wing,
And lo, amid the expectant air,
The trumpet of the Angel Spring,
Proclaims the Resurrection morn.

III.

Oh! what a wave of gladsome sound,
Runs rippling round the shores of space,
As the requicken'd earth upheaves
The swelling bosom of the ground,
And Death's cold pallor, startled, leaves
The deepening roses of her face.

IV.

Up from their graves the dead arise,
The dead and buried flowers of Spring;
Up from their graves in glad amaze,
Once more to view the long-lost skies,
Resplendent with the dazzling rays
Of their great coming Lord and King.

V.

And, lo! even like that mightiest one,
In the world's last and awful hour,
Surrounded by the starry seven,
So comes God's greatest work, the Sun,
Upborne upon the clouds of Heaven,
In pomp, and majesty, and power.

VI.

The virgin snowdrop bends its head,
Above its grave in grateful prayer,
The daisy lifts its radiant brow,
With a saint's glory round it shed,
The violet's worth, unhidden now,
Is wafted wide by every air;

VII.

The parent stem reclasps once more,
Its long-lost severed buds and leaves;
Once more the tender tendrils twine
Around the forms they clasped of yore:
The very rain is now a sign
Great Nature's heart no longer grieves.

VIII.

And now the judgment hour arrives,
And now their final doom they know;
No dreadful doom is theirs, whose birth
Was not more stainless than their lives;
'Tis goodness calls them from the earth,
And mercy tells them where to go.

IX.

Some of them fly with glad accord,
Obedient to the high behest,
To worship with their fragrant breath,
Around the altars of the Lord;
And some, from nothingness and death,
Pass to the heaven of beauty's breast.

X.

Oh ! let the simple fancy be,
 Prophetic of our final doom ;
 Grant us, O Lord ! when from the sod,
 Thou deignest to call us too, that we
 Pass to the bosom of our God,
 From the dark nothing of the tomb.

But the Angel of the Spring, whom we have here made the Angel of the Resurrection, is not the only celestial bearer of good tidings that it pleases the Almighty ruler of the world to send to it during its annual course. He is but one of four—three of whom ever stand before the throne of God, ready to replace in turn their absent brother as he ascends and gives in his report of his stewardship for the three months that the earth has been confided to his charge. These are, of course, the Seasons. The ancients, with their beautiful and plastic imaginations, idealised and moulded them into divinities, as indeed they did most things that contributed to the harmony and beauty of the world, and even human nature itself, notwithstanding its weakness and its deformities, because of the inherent heroism and loveliness that lay within it. Thus, there were spirits of the winds and of the waters—the sun and the planets had their protecting gods, or were deified themselves, and the vintage and the harvest-time were ushered in by their tutelary divinities. Even abstract ideas took a substantial shape before their eyes, and STRENGTH struggled bodily with the Nemean lion, while BEAUTY rose with the Venus of the ocean, from that foam that merely hardened and became durable in the marble of Phidias. This imaginative mythology has long since disappeared, and been replaced by truer and no less beautiful notions of the extent of invisible spiritual influences affecting our-

selves at least. The pious belief entertained by so vast a portion of the Christian world, that each human soul at its entrance into this life is specially entrusted to the care of a *Guardian Angel*, presents such a touching picture of solicitude on the part of our common Father, and connects the visible and invisible worlds together by such an affecting link, that, leaving aside altogether the grounds on which it is built, and looking at it merely in its abstract beauty, surpasses anything that poetry has ever conceived, or Paganism adored. The old spiritual machinery of the universe, as we see it in the Greek poets, and in the kindred English pages of the Greek-souled Shelley (in his "Prometheus") was, however, extremely beautiful, and, notwithstanding all its errors, was orthodoxy itself compared with the unspiritual tendencies of modern materialism, which gives intelligence and prescience to the very sod under our feet, which is either courageously denied or niggardly allowed to the great First Cause himself.

Returning then to our notions of the four angels, we beg to present to our readers a little song or hymn in honour of the first. As he is the youngest and fairest of his brethren, and, as according to our present idea, he is the actual dispenser of life and joy, without any reference to bygone suffering and death, we shall adopt a lighter and more lyrical measure than would be appropriate for the solemn considerations of the preceding poem:—

THE FIRST OF THE ANGELS.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.

Hush ! hush ! through the azure expanse of the sky,
 Comes a low, gentle sound, 'twixt a laugh and a sigh ;
 And I rise from my writing, and look up on high,
 And I kneel—for the first of God's angels is nigh !

II.

Oh ! how to describe what my rapt eyes descry !—
 For the blue of the sky is the blue of his eye ;
 And the white clouds, whose whiteness the snow-flakes outvie,
 Are the luminous pinions on which he doth fly !

III.

And his garments of gold gleam at times like the pyre
Of the west, when the sun in a blaze doth expire ;—
Now tinged like the orange—now flaming with fire !—
Half the crimson of roses and purple of Tyre.

IV.

And his voice, on whose accents the angels have hung—
He himself a bright angel, immortal and young—
Scatters melody sweeter the green buds among,
Than the poet e'er wrote, or the nightingale sung.

V.

It comes on the balm-bearing breath of the breeze,
And the odours, that later will gladden the bees,
With a life and a freshness united to these,
From the rippling of waters, and rustling of trees.

VI.

Like a swan to its young o'er the glass of a pond,
So to earth comes the angel, as graceful and fond ;
While a bright beam of sunshine—his magical wand—
Strikes the fields at my feet, and the mountains beyond.

VII.

They waken—they start into life at a bound—
Flowers climb the tall hillocks, and cover the ground ;
With a nimbus of glory the mountains are crown'd,
As their rivulets rush to the ocean profound.

VIII.

There is life on the earth—there is calm on the sea,
And the rough waves are smoothed, and the frozen are free ;
And they gambol and ramble like boys, in their glee,
Round the shell-shining strand or the grass-bearing lee.

IX.

There is love for the young—there is life for the old,
And wealth for the needy, and heat for the cold ;
For the dew scatters, nightly, its diamonds untold,
And the snowdrop its silver—the crocus its gold !

X.

God !—whose goodness and greatness we bless and adore—
Be Thou praised for this angel—the first of the four—
To whose charge Thou hast given the world's uttermost shore,
To guide it, and guard it, till time is no more !

For a subject so frequently described as the Spring has been, it is singular in what a variety of new forms it can still present itself to the imagination of the poet, and thus lure his footsteps into hitherto unoccupied regions, which, by right of discovery, he may fairly claim as his own. Few of these ideal lands,

“ Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,”

are utterly valdeless ; but their pro-

ductiveness and beauty vary, of course, in proportion to the skill and capacity with which they are cultivated. Some voyagers over the enchanted sea, indeed, merely enter the new idea on their charts, and content, perhaps, with but giving it a name which may typify its beauty and attract more energetic followers, they resign to them the harvest of glory and of gain that it may yield. Thus, in many instances, a more fortunate poetical Vespuccio connects

his name for ever with a conception which, in reality, owed its discovery to a less lucky Columbus. Though, as we have said,

"Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep, wide sea of poesy,"

which still remain undiscovered and unappropriated; yet, as far as our humble selves are concerned, from an intimate knowledge of the *craft* to which we must trust, we fear we have but little chance of reaching the remoter and profounder archipelago of song, and thus add a new unit to the already clustering islets on its bosom. We shall be content if, in passing along the shallow but safer waters to which we are confined, we shall happen to meet with a few ideas resembling those floating rafts of verdure which are occasionally seen on the loughs and ocean creeks of Kerry, which, first formed of the loose grass blown from the neighbouring mountains, gradually collect a sufficiency of soil for the protection of such "winged seeds" as the summer wind may bring them, and thus, for a short time, present the surface without the solidity of islands. If we shall be able to plant a little flower occasionally in the midst of the commoner herbage — as mariners set up a staff on shores that they do not think of sufficient importance to colonise — we shall be well pleased.

The familiar fairy tale of the "Sleeping Beauty," or, as Tennyson prefers

to call it, "The Sleeping Palace," presents to us a very pleasing allegory of the earth, locked, as it were, in the enchanted sleep of Winter, and waiting for the approach of

"The fated fairy prince" —

the Spring — at whose kiss the spell would be broken, and all things would start into life and beauty as before. To develop this idea with all the minuteness and variety of which it is capable, and to express it in verse whose harmony might correspond with the mystic beauty of the conception, would require no small portion of the careful and elaborate melody of the poet of "The Day Dream," who, in its literal meaning, has made the story of the "Sleeping Palace" so peculiarly his own. Time would also be necessary, even if the other requisites were not wanting; so that, for every reason, we are compelled to forego the pursuit of this fleeting Hy-Brasil, resigning to some future explorer to ascertain whether the shadowy idea we have indicated is a substantial reality, or merely a tempting illusion.

We must not, however, lose all advantage from the thought. We shall, therefore, discard the entire machinery of the fable, and, by merely changing the position of the parties — making the magic kiss be more appropriately given by female lips, and extending the action a little — adapt it to our simpler purpose: —

THE AWAKING.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.

A lady came to a snow-white bier,
Where a youth lay pale and dead,
And she took the veil from her widow'd head,
And, bending low, in his ear she said —
Awaken! for I am here.

II.

She pass'd, with a smile, to a wild wood near,
Where the boughs were barren and bare,
And she tapp'd on the bark with her fingers fair,
And she call'd to the leaves that were buried there —
Awaken! for I am here.

III.

The birds beheld her without a fear,
As she walk'd through the deep'ning dells;
And she breath'd on their downy citadels,
And she said to the young, in their ivory shells —
Awaken! for I am here.

IV.

On the graves of the flowers she dropp'd a tear,
 But with hope and with joy, like us ;
 And even as the Lord to Lazarus,
 She called to the slumb'ring, sweet flowers thus—
 Awaken ! for I am here.

V.

To the lilies that lay in the silver mere,
 To the reeds by the golden pond,
 To the moss that rounded the marge beyond,
 She spoke, in her voice so soft and fond—
 Awaken ! for I am here.

VI.

The violet peep'd, with its blue eye clear,
 From under its own grave-stone ;
 For the blessed tidings around had flown,
 And before she spoke, the mandate was known—
 Awaken ! for I am here.

VII.

The pale grass lay with its long locks sere,
 On the breast of the open plain ;
 She loosened the matted hair of the slain,
 And cried, as she filled each juicy vein—
 Awaken ! for I am here.

VIII.

The rush rose up, with its pointed spear ;
 The flag, with its falchion broad ;
 The dock uplifted its shield unaw'd,
 As her voice ran clear through the quickening sod—
 Awaken ! for I am here.

IX.

The red blood ran through the clover near,
 And the heath on the hills o'erhead ;
 The daisy's fingers were tipp'd with red,
 As she started to life, as the lady said—
 Awaken ! for I am here.

X.

And the young year rose from his snow-white bier,
 And the flowers from their green retreat ;
 And they came and knelt at the lady's feet,
 Saying all with their mingled voices sweet—
 O Lady ! behold us here.

The gradual softening of the season, the almost imperceptible gradations by which, towards the end of March, the rigours of the earlier Spring melt away in the mildness of approaching April, constitute, perhaps, the most pleasing characteristic of our northern Spring. It is the morning twilight of the year, as Autumn is its evening, ere it brightens into the noon of May, or

darkens into the midnight of December. The wild burst of sorrow with which the earth first bewails the loss of all her floral and cereal children ; her shrieks, which are borne upon the winter winds ; the torrents of tears which flow in a continual stream from the heavy rain-clouds ; the bursting veins that throb and twine in the swollen and discoloured streams that cross

her pale forehead; the rigid stare of surprise, and the icy calmness of despair—all undergo this slow, soft, gentle mitigation, more healthy and more permanent than a sudden and an astonishing revolution. The loud and agonising shriek, instead of being convulsively stifled, gradually diminishes into the compass of a sigh—that uncertain expression of the feelings, which as often indicates a revived hope or an unutterable longing, as of an inconsolable sorrow; and the big tears that at first deluged the face of Nature form in the end but a sparkling mist, in whose shining atoms the nascent smiles of love and hope become reflected and redoubled. How beautifully has Wordsworth expressed this gradual transformation, in the well-known lines:—

*"It is the first mild day of March,
Each minute sweeter than before."*

And how delightful it is to throw open our long closed windows, and to

fancy, as these wingéd visitors from the south come smilingly in to salute us as we still sit by the diminished fire-heap, that we may reckon, as it were, by the more rapid beating of our hearts, the momentarily increasing warmth of their greeting. The very air becomes vocal, whispering not only to our own bosoms, needful consolation and instruction, but giving a direction and a duty to the white cloud over our head, and to the streamlet at our feet. Surely it is no blind instinct or merely material attraction that calls the floating vapour from afar to the summit of the mountain, and sends the busy stream cheerful or chafing to its daily toil; our hymns of praise must not be limited altogether to—

"The green earth with fresh leaves drest,"
beautiful as she is—the visible and invisible agencies on her atmosphere or upon her bosom must not be without some humble tribute to their honour:—

SPIRIT VOICES.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.

There are voices, spirit voices, sweetly sounding everywhere,
At whose coming earth rejoices, and the echoing realms of air,
And their joy and jubilation pierce the near and reach the far—
From the rapid world's gyration to the twinkling of the star.

II.

One, a potent voice uplifting, stops the white cloud on its way,
As it drives with driftless drifting o'er the vacant vault of day,
And in sounds of soft upbraiding calls it down the void inane
To the gilding and the shading of the mountain and the plain.

III.

Airy offspring of the fountains, to thy destined duty sail—
Seek it on the proudest mountains, seek it in the humblest vale;
Howsoever high thou flyest, how so deep it bids thee go,
Be a beacon to the highest and a blessing to the low.

IV.

When the sad earth, broken-hearted, hath not even a tear to shed,
And her very soul seems parted for her children lying dead,
Send the streams, with warmer pulses, through that frozen fount of fears,
And the sorrow that convulses, soothe and soften down to tears.

V.

Bear the sunshine and the shadow, bear the rain-drop and the snow,
Bear the night-dew to the meadow, and to hope the promised bow,
Bear the moon, a moving mirror for her angel face and form,
And to guilt and wilful error bear the lightning and the storm.

VI.

When thou thus hast done thy duty on the earth and o'er the sea,
 Bearing many a beam of beauty, ever bettering what must be,
 Thus reflecting Heaven's pure splendour and concealing ruined clay,
 Up to God thy spirit render, and dissolving pass away.

VII.

And with fond solicitation, speaks another to the streams—
 Leave your airy isolation, quit the cloudy land of dreams,
 Break the lonely peak's attraction, burst the solemn silent glen,
 Seek the living world of action and the busy haunts of men.

VIII.

Turn the mill-wheel with thy fingers, turn the steam-wheel with thy breath,
 With thy tide that never lingers save the dying fields from death;
 Let the swiftness of thy currents bear to man the freight-fill'd ship,
 And the crystal of thy torrents bring refreshment to his lip.

IX.

And when thou, O rapid river, thy eternal home dost seek—
 When no more the willows quiver but to touch thy passing cheek—
 When the groves no longer greet thee and the shores no longer kiss—
 Let infinitude come meet thee on the verge of the abyss.

X.

Other voices seek to win us—low, suggestive, like the rest—
 But the sweetest is within us in the stillness of the breast;
 Be it ours, with fond desiring, the same harvest to produce
 As the cloud in its aspiring and the river in its use.

And now, dear reader, that we have led thee along in fancy, we trust not unpleasantly, from the wildest and most remote entrance into the enchanted land of Spring, up even to the very porch of April, gladdened by the early snow-drop and the crocus, as well as by the later daffodils,

“That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty,”

let us see whether we have any offering to present on that gay festival, sacred to Momus and to Mischief, with which the month opens—namely, “All Fool's Day.” We have heard various explanations of the custom still observed on the first of April—that one day in all the year, when the mere theoretical and verbal joker adopts the industrial tendencies of the age, and becomes *practical*. The only one of these which we remember at present, is of too sacred a character to be introduced here, and as we are rather pressed for time (being engaged in writing this article, of course at twelve o'clock, on the night of the 31st of March), and unable to put the omniscient editor of

“Notes and Queries” to the *question*, we are compelled to draw upon our own invention for a solution. We doubt not that most of our readers have acted like ourselves, on former anniversaries of a similar kind, in the double capacities of *jokers* and *jokees*, and have been alternately the victims as well as the victimisers; and that the mirthful torture was endured with the same gaiety with which it was inflicted. Perhaps, after the serious considerations that have occupied us so long, a specimen of the more emphatic “gay science” may be pardoned, particularly as the following attempt endeavours to unite the pleasantries of this day with the apparently eccentric movements of the sunbeams which now commence, as well as with the beautiful but unsettled fickleness of the month which it so appropriately introduces. And so, dear reader, praying for this, as well as for all our other fancies, that you will

“Be to their faults a *little* blind,
 And to their merits *very* kind,”

we bid thee for the present farewell:—

ALL FOOL'S DAY.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.

The sun called a beautiful beam, that was playing
 At the door of his golden-wall'd palace on high;
 And he bade him be off, without any delaying,
 To a fast-fleeting cloud on the verge of the sky.
 "You will give him this letter," said roguish Apollo
 (While a sly little twinkle contracted his eye),
 "With my royal regards; and be sure that you follow
 Whatsoever his *Highness* may send in reply."

II.

The beam heard the order, but being no novice,
 Took it coolly, of course—nor in this was he wrong—
 But was forced (being a clerk in Apollo's post-office)
 To declare (what a bounce!) that he wouldn't be long;*
 So he went home and dress'd—gave his beard an elision—
 Put his scarlet coat on, nicely edged with gold lace;
 And thus being equipped, with a postman's precision,
 He prepared to set out on his nebulous race.

III.

Off he posted at last, but just outside the portals
 He lit on earth's high-soaring bird in the dark;†
 So he tarried a little, like many frail mortals,
 Who, when sent on an errand, first *go on a lark*;
 But he broke from the bird—reach'd the cloud in a minute—
 Gave the letter, and all, as Apollo ordained,
 But the sun's correspondent on looking within it,
 Found "send the fool farther" was all it contained.

IV.

The cloud, who was up to all *mystification*,
 Quite a *humourist*, saw the intent of the sun,
 And was ever too *airy*—though lofty his station—
 To spoil the least taste of the prospect of fun;
 So he hemm'd, and he haw'd—took a roll of pure vapour,
 Which the light from the beam made as bright as could be,
 (Like a sheet of the whitest cream golden-edg'd paper),
 And wrote a few words, superscribed, "To the Sea."

V.

"My dear Beam," or "dear Ray" ('twas thus coolly he *hailed* him)
 "Pray, take down to Neptune this letter from me,
 For the person you seek—though I lately *re-galed* him—
 Now tries a new airing, and dwells by the sea."
 So our Mercury hastened away through the ether,
 The bright face of Thetis to gladden and greet;
 And he plunged in the water a few feet beneath her,
 Just to get a sly peep at her beautiful feet.

VI.

To Neptune the letter was brought for inspection—
 But the god, though a *deep one*, was still rather *green*;
 So he took a few moments of *steady reflection*,
 Ere he wholly made out what the missive could mean;

* Query "Long?"—*Printer's Devil*.

† "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."—*Cymbeline*.

But the date (it was "April the first") came to save it
 From all fear of mistakes ; so he took pen in hand,
 And transcribing the cruel entreaty, he gave it
 To our travelled-tired friend, and said, "Bring it to Land."

VII.

To land went the sunbeam, which scarcely received it,
 When it sent it, post-haste, back again to the sea ;
 The sea's hypocritical calmness deceived it,
 And sent it once more to the land on the lee ;—
 From the land to the lake—from the lakes to the fountains—
 From the fountains and streams to the hills' azure crest,
 'Till, at last, a tall peak on the top of the mountains,
 Sent it back to the cloud in the now golden west.

VIII.

He saw the whole trick, by the way he was greeted
 By the sun's laughing face, which all purple appears ;
 Then, amused, yet annoyed at the way he was treated,
He first laughed at the joke, and then burst into tears.
 It is thus that this day of mistakes and surprises,
 When fools write on foolscap, and wear it the while,
 This gay saturnalia for ever arises
 'Mid the shower and the sunshine, the tear and the smile.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND
 SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

THE search for any document that could authenticate my father's marriage proved totally unsuccessful, and, although poor MacNaghten's zeal was untiring and unwearied, all his efforts were fruitless.

Guided by the clue afforded in some of my father's letters, Dan proceeded to Wales, ascertained the cottage where they had passed their first month of married life, and found out many who had known them by sight ; but could chance upon nothing which should lead him to the important fact, where, and by whom, the marriage ceremony was solemnised.

The state of my mother's health was so precarious for a long time, as to render all inquiry from her impracticable ; while there was also a very natural fear of the consequences that might ensue, were she to suspect the object of any investigation, and learn

the perilous position in which she stood. Her condition was, indeed, a pitiable one — a young and widowed mother ; a stranger in a foreign land, of whose language she knew scarcely anything ; without one friend of her own sex, separated by what, in those days, seemed an immense distance from all belonging to her. It was a weary load of misfortune to be borne by one who, till that moment, had never known a sorrow.

Nor was MacNaghten's lot more enviable, as, day by day, he received packets of letters detailing the slow but steady march of those legal proceedings, which were to end in the ruin of those whom he felt to have been bequeathed to his friendship. Already two claimants for the estate had appeared in the field—one, a distant relation of my father, a very rich southern baronet, a certain Carew O'Moore ;

the other, an unknown, obscure person, whose pretensions, it was said, were favoured by Fagan, and at whose cost the suit was said to be maintained. With the former, MacNaghten at once proceeded to open relations personally, by a letter, describing in simple but touching terms the sad state in which my poor mother yet lay, and appealing to his feelings as a gentleman, and a man of humanity, to stay the course of proceedings for a while, at least, and give time to enable her to meet them by such information as she might possess.

A very polite reply was, at once, returned to this, assuring MacNaghten that whatever delays could be accorded to the law proceedings — short of defeating the object altogether — should certainly be accorded; that nothing was farther from Sir Carew's desire than to increase, in the slightest, the sorrows of one so heavily visited; and expressing, in conclusion, a regret that his precarious health should preclude him paying his personal visit of condolence at the castle, where, he trusted, the lady would continue to reside so long as her health or convenience made it desirable. If the expressions of the letter were not as hearty and generous as honest Dan might have wished them, they were more gratifying than the note he received from Fagan, written with all the caution and reserve of the Grinder's manner; for, while not going so far as to admit that he was personally interested and concerned for the new claimant, he guardedly avoided giving any denial to the fact.

For three weeks did MacNaghten continue to search through immense masses of papers and documents; he ransacked musty drawers of mustier cabinets; he waded through piles of correspondence, in the hope of some faint flickering of light, some chance phrase that might lead him to the right track, but without success! He employed trusty and sharp-witted agents to trace back, through England, the journey my father and mother had come by, but so secretly had every step of that wedding tour been conducted, that no clue remained.

Amidst the disappointments of this ineffectual pursuit, there came, besides, the disheartening reflection, that from those who were most intimately acquainted with my father's affairs, he met neither counsel nor co-operation.

On the contrary, Crowther's manner was close and secret on every matter of detail, and as to the chances of a suit, avowed how little ground they had for resistance. Fagan even went further, and spoke with an assumed regret, that my father should have made no provision for those belonging to him.

All these were, however, as nothing to the misery of that day in which MacNaghten was obliged to break the disclosure to my mother, and explain to her the position of ruin and humiliation in which she was placed! She was still weak and debilitated from her illness, her bodily strength impaired, and her mind broken by suffering, when this new shock came upon her; nor could she at first be made to understand the full measure of her misfortune, nor to what it exactly tended. That the home of her husband was no longer to be hers was a severe blow. It was endeared to her by so many of the tenderest recollections. It was all that really remained associated with him she had lost. "But, perhaps," thought she, "this is the law of the country; such are the inevitable necessities of the land." Her boy would, if he lived, one day possess it for his own, and upon this thought she fell back for consolation.

MacNaghten did not venture in his first interview to undeceive her; a second, and even a third passed over without his being equal to the task; but the inexorable course of law gave, at last, no time for further delay. The tenants of the estate had received formal notice to pay the amount of their several holdings into court pending the litigation of the property. A peremptory order to surrender the house and demesne was also issued. The servants talked openly of the approaching break-up of the household, and already vague and shadowy rumours ran, that my father had died intestate, and that my mother was left without a shilling.

From early morning till late at night MacNaghten had toiled without ceasing. He had visited lawyers—attended consultations—instituted fresh searches through Crowther's papers, but all with the same result! The most hopeful counsels only promised a barren resistance, the less sanguine advisers recommended any compromise that might secure to my mother some moderate competence to live on. So much had the course of events preyed upon his mind, and so

dispirited had he grown, that, as he afterwards owned, he found himself listening to arguments, and willing to entertain projects which, had they been presented but a few weeks before, he had rejected with scorn and indignation. It was then, too, and for the first time, that the possibility struck him that my father's marriage might have been solemnised without that formality which should make it good in law. He remembered the reserve with which, in all their frank friendship, the subject was ever treated. He bethought him of the reluctance with which my father suffered himself to be drawn into any allusion to that event; and that, in fact, it was the only theme on which they never conversed in perfect frankness and sincerity.

"After all," thought he, "the matter may be difficult of proof. There may have been reasons, real or imaginary, for secrecy; there may have been certain peculiar circumstances requiring unusual caution or mystery; but Watty was quite incapable of presenting to his friends and to the world as his wife, one who had not every title to the name, while she, who held that place, gave the best guarantee, by her manner and conduct, that it was hers by right." To this consolation he was obliged to fall back at each new moment of discomfiture; but, although it served to supply him with fresh energy and courage, it also oppressed him with the sad reflection, that conviction and belief in his friend's honour would have no weight in the legal discussion of the case, and that one scrawled fragment of paper would be better in evidence than all the trustfulness that was ever inspired by friendship.

If gifted with a far more than common amount of resolution and energy, MacNaghten was by nature impulsive to rashness, and consequently not well suited to deal with those who, more cautious by temperament, and less given to exhibit their feelings, find their profit in trading upon the warmer and less suspicious natures of others, in proportion as his daily disappointment preyed upon him, he displayed the effect in his manner and appearance, and at length, between mental agitation and bodily fatigue, became the mere wreck of what he had been. It was thus, that after a long day passed in toil and excitement, he strolled into

one of the Squares after nightfall, to seek in the solitude of the spot some calm and tranquillity for his harassed spirit.

It was the autumn—that season when Dublin is almost deserted by its residents, and scarcely any of those who constitute what is called society were in the capital. MacNaghten, therefore, was not likely to find any to interfere with the loneliness he sought for, and loitered unmolested for hours through the lanes and alleys of the silent Square. There was a certain freshness in the night air that served to rally his jaded frame; and he felt, in the clear and half-frosty atmosphere, a sense of invigoration that made him unwilling to leave the spot. While thus gathering strength for the coming day, he thought he heard footsteps in the walk behind him; he listened, and now distinctly heard the sound of a voice talking in loud tones, and the shuffling sounds of feet on the gravel. Stepping aside into the copse, he waited to see who and for what purpose might they be, who came there at this unfrequented hour.

To his astonishment, a solitary figure moved past, walking with short, hasty steps, while he talked and gesticulated to himself with every appearance of intense excitement. MacNaghten had but to hear a word or two, at once to recognise the speaker as Curtis—that strange, half-misanthropic creature, who, partly from fault, and in part from misfortune, now lived in a state of friendless isolation.

It was rumoured that, although his bearing and manner before the Court displayed consummate coolness and self-possession, that the effect of the recent trial had been to shake his intellect seriously, and, while impressing upon him more strongly the notion of his being selected and marked out for persecution by the Government, to impart to him a kind of martyr's determination to perish in the cause. At no time were he and Dan congenial spirits. Their natures and their temperaments were widely different; and, from the great disparity in their ages, as well as in all their associations, there was scarcely one point of friendly contact in common to them.

There is a companionable element in misfortune, however, stronger than what we discover in prosperity; and partly from this cause, and partly from a sense

of compassion, MacNaghten followed him quickly, and hailed him by his name.

"Joe Curtis!" repeated the old man, stopping suddenly. "I submit, my lord, that this is an insufficient designation. I am Joseph Curtis, Esquire, of Meagh-valley House."

"With all my heart," said MacNaghten, cordially taking his hand and shaking it warmly, "though I think you'll suffer an old friend to be less ceremonious with you."

"Ah! you here, Dan MacNaghten—why, what in the name of all mischief has led you to this place? I thought I was the only maniac in this ward;" and he gave a harsh, grating laugh of irony at his own jesting allusion.

"I came here partly by accident, and have loitered from choice."

"We must take care that no gentlemen have fixed this evening for a meeting here," said Curtis, in a low, guarded whisper. "You and I, MacNaghten, would fare badly—depend upon it. What! with our known reputations, and the nails in our boots—eh! the nails in our boots—they'll make what's called a strong case against us! *You'd* get off—they've nothing against *you*; but they'll not let *me* slip through, like last time. Did you ever know such a close thing? The foreman, old Andrews, told me since 'we had quite made up our minds, sir. We'd have said guilty without leaving the box.' Just think of their dilemma if they had hanged me! My papers, for I took care to leave all in writing, would have shown up the whole conspiracy. I set forth the game they have been playing since the year '42. I detailed all their machinations, and showed the secret orders they had given to each successive Viceroy. There were three men—only three men—in all Ireland that they dreaded! And that blundering fool, Carew, must rush in with his rashness and absurdity! Who ever heard or saw the like?"

"Poor fellow!" muttered MacNaghten.

"'Poor fellow,' as much as you wish, sir; but remember that some degree of consideration is due to *me* also! I was a prisoner seven weeks in Newgate; I stood in the dock, arraigned for a murder; I was on the eve of a false conviction and a false sentence, and there is no man living can say what results might not have followed on my

being falsely executed! Your friend's stupid interference has spoiled everything, and you needn't ask *me*, at least, to feel grateful to him."

"There are men who, in *your* situation that day, would not hesitate to acknowledge their gratitude, notwithstanding," said MacNaghten.

"There are poor-spirited, contemptible curs in every country, sir, if you mean that!" said Curtis. "As for Carew, he was a gentleman by birth. He had the fortune and the education of one. He might, if he had wished it, have been one of the first, if not the very first, men in this country. He thought it a fine thing to be a horse-racer and a gambler. He saw greater distinction in being the dangler at the court of a foreign debauchee, to being the leading character in his own land. Don't interrupt me, sir," cried he, haughtily, waving his hand, while he went on with increased vehemence. "I tell you again, that Walter Carew might now have been a great living patriot—instead of——"

"If you utter one syllable of insult to his memory," broke in MacNaghten, boldly, "neither your age nor your folly shall save you—for, by Heaven——"

He stopped—for the aspect of the broken-down, white-haired figure in front of him, suddenly overcame him with shame for his own violence.

"Well, and what then?" said Curtis, calmly. "Shall I finish your threat for you; for, in truth, you seem quite unable to do so yourself. No, I'll not—Dan MacNaghten—never fear me. *I'm* just as incapable of defaming him who has left us, as are *you* of offering insult to an old, decrepid, half-crazed man, whose only use in life is, to cast obloquy upon those that have made him the thing he is."

"Forgive me, Curtis. I am heartily sorry for my rude speech," cried MacNaghten.

"Forgive you, sir!" said he, already following out another and a very different train of thought. "I have nothing to forgive. You were only doing what all the world does; what your Government and its authorities give the example of—insulting one whom it is safe to outrage! You treat me as you treat Ireland, that's all! Give me your hand, MacNaghten; I think, indeed I always said, you were the best of those fellows about Carew. If he

hadn't been away from you, probably he'd not have fallen into that stupid mistake—that French connexion."

"His marriage, do you mean?" cried Dan, eagerly.

"Marriage, if you like to call it so!" rejoined the other.

"Have you a single doubt that it was such?"

"Have I a single reason to believe it?" said Curtis, doggedly. "If a man of fifteen thousand a-year takes a wife, he selects a woman whose rank and station are at least equal to his own, and he takes care besides that the world knows it. If she brings him no fortune, he makes the more fuss about her family, and parades her high relations. He doesn't wed in secret, and keep the day, the place, the witnesses, a mystery; he doesn't avoid even a chance mention of the event to his dearest friends; he doesn't settle down to live in an obscure retreat, when he owns a princely residence in the midst of his friends. When he does come back amongst them he does not shrink from presenting her to the world; to be driven at last by necessity to the bold course—to fill his house with company, and sees them drop off—fritter away one by one, distrustful, dissatisfied, and suspecting. Don't tell me, sir, that if he had a good cause and a safe cause behind him, that Water Carew wouldn't have asked explanations, ay, and enforced them, too, from some of those guests who rewarded his hospitality so scurvily. You knew him well; and I ask you, was he the man to suffer the insolent attacks of the public journals, if it were not that he dreaded even worse exposures by provocation? You are a shrewd and a clever fellow, MacNaghten; and if you don't see this matter as all the world sees it——"

"And is this the common belief? Do you tell me that such is the impression abroad in society?"

"Consult Matt Fosbroke. Ask Harvey Hepton what his wife says. Go to George Tisdall and get his account of their departure from Castle Carew, and the answer they sent when invited there a second time."

"Why, all this is new to me!" cried MacNaghten, in amazement.

"To be sure, it's only circumstantial evidence," broke in Curtis, with a bitter laugh; "but that is precisely what the courts of law tell

you is the most unimpeachable of all testimony. It may fail to convince *you*, but it would be quite sufficient to hang me!"

The bare recurrence, for a second, to this theme at once brought back the old man to his own case, into which he launched with all the fervour of a full mind; now, sneering at the capacity of those before whom he was arraigned—now detailing with delight the insolent remarks he had taken occasion to make on the administration of justice generally. It was in vain that MacNaghten tried to lead him away from the subject. It constituted his world to him, and he would not quit it. A chance mention of Fagan's name in the proceedings of the trial gave occasion at last for interruption, and MacNaghten said—

"By the way, Fagan is a difficult fellow to deal with. You know him well I believe?"

"Know him. Ay, that I do, sir. I have known that den of his since it was an apple-stall. My first post-obit was cashed by his worthy father. My last bill"—here he laughed heartily—"My last bill was protested by the son! And yet the fellow is afraid of me. Ay, there is no man that walks this city he dreads so much as me!"

Curtis was so much in the habit of exaggerating his own importance, and particularly as it affected others, that MacNaghten paid but little attention to this remark, when the other quickly rejoined—

"If you want to manage Fagan, take *me* with you. He'll not give you money on my bond, nor will he discount a bill for my name sake, but he'll do what costs him to the full as much—he'll tell you the truth, sir. Mark that—he'll tell you the truth."

"Will you accompany me to his house to-morrow?" asked Dan, eagerly.

"Ay, whenever you will."

"I'll call upon you at ten o'clock, then, if not too early, and talk over the business for which I want your assistance. Where are you stopping?"

"My town residence is let to Lord Belview, and to avoid the noise and turmoil of a hotel, I live in lodgings," said Curtis, slowly, and with a certain pomposity of air and manner; suddenly changing which to his ordinary jocular tone, he said—"You have maybe heard of a place called Fum's-Alley.

It lies in the Liberty, and opens upon that classic precinct called "the Poddle." There, sir, at a door over which a straw chair is suspended—it's the manufacture of the house—there, sir, lives Joe Curtis."

"I'll be with you at ten," said Dan, and with some passing allusion to the lateness of the hour, he led the way back into the town, where they parted.

CHAPTER XIX.

"FUM'S-ABEEY, NEAR THE PODDLE."

MACNAGHTEN'S object in seeking an interview with Fagan, was to ascertain, in the first place, who that claimant to the estate was, whose views he advocated; and secondly, what prospect there might be of effecting some species of compromise, which should secure to my mother a reasonable competence. Although, in his isolation, he had grasped eagerly even at such co-operation as that of Curtis, the more he thought over the matter, the less reason did he see to rejoice in the alliance. Even before misfortune had affected his intellect, his temper was violent, and his nature impracticable. Always yielding to impulse far more than to mature judgment, he rushed madly on, scrambling from difficulty to difficulty, and barely extricated from one mishap till involved in another.

Such aid as he could proffer, therefore, promised little; and Dan felt more than half disposed to relinquish it. This, however, should be done with all respect to the feelings of Curtis, and, reflecting in what way the object could best be compassed, MacNaghten slowly sauntered onwards to the appointed place. It was not without some difficulty that he at last discovered the miserable lane, at the entrance to which a jaunting-car was now waiting—a mark of aristocratic intercourse which seemed, by the degree of notice it attracted, to show that such equipages rarely visited this secluded region. MacNaghten's appearance, however, soon divided public curiosity with the vehicle, and he was followed by a ragged gathering of every age and sex, who very unceremoniously canvassed the object of his coming, and, with a most laudable candour, criticised his look and appearance. Although poor and wretched in the extreme, none of them asked alms, nor seemed in the slightest degree desirous of attracting attention to their own destitution.

"Is it a lodgin' yer honer wants?"

whispered an old fellow on crutches, sidling close up to MacNaghten, and speaking in a confidential tone. "I've a back room looks out on the Poddle, for two shillings a-week, furnished."

"I've the elegant place Mary Murdock lived in for ten months, yer honer, in spite of all the polis', and might be livin' there yet, if she didn't take into her head to go to Fishamble-street play-house one night, and get arrested," cried a one-eyed old hag, with a drummer's coat on.

"He doesn't want a room—the gentleman isn't the likes of them that comes here," growled out a cripple, who, with the sagacity that often belongs to the maimed, seemed better to divine Dan's motives.

"You're right, my lad; I was trying to find out where a friend of mine lived—Mr. Curtis."

"Faix, ould Joe has company this mornin'," said the first speaker. "It was to see *him* the fat man came on the jaunting-car."

"Are yiz goin' to try him agen?" said a red-eyed, fierce-looking woman, whose face was a mass of bruises.

"Sure the gentleman isn't a bailiff nor a polisman," broke in the cripple, rebukingly.

"There's not a man in the Poddle won't stand up for Joe Curtis, if he needs it," cried a powerfully-built man, whose energy of manner showed that he was the leader of a party.

"Yer honer's looking for Kitty Nelligan, but she's gone," whispered a young creature, with a baby at her breast, and her eyes overran with tears as she spoke. "She died o' Friday last," added she, in a still fainter voice.

"Didnt ye hear him say it was Mister Joe he wanted? and there's the house he lives in," said another.

"Yis, but he can't go up to him now;" said the man who affected to assume rule amongst them, "the one that came on the car said he wasn't to be disturbed on any account."

"Begorra," chimed in the cripple, "if it's a levee, yer honer must wait yer turn!"

"I'm quite willing," said Dan, good-humouredly, "a man has no right to be impatient in the midst of such pleasant company;" and as he spoke, he seated himself on a low stone bench beside the house-door, with all the ease of one bent on being companionable.

Had MacNaghten assumed airs of haughty superiority or insolent contempt for that motley assembly, he never could have attained to the position to which the last words, carelessly uttered as they were, at once raised him. They not only pronounced him a gentleman, but a man of the world besides—the two qualities in the very highest repute in that class by which he was surrounded. Instead, therefore, of the familiar tone they had previously used towards him, they now stood silently awaiting him to speak.

"Do the people hereabouts follow any particular trade?" asked Dan.

"'Tis straw chairs principally, your honer," replied the cripple, "is the manufacture of the place; but most of us are on the streets."

"On the streets—how do you mean?"

"There's Billy Glory, there yonder, he sings ballads; that man with the bit of crape round his hat hawks the papers; more of us cries things lost or stolen; and a few more lives by rows and rucktions at elections, and the like."

"Faix! and," sighed the strong man, "the trade isn't worth the following now. I remember when Barry O'Hara wouldn't walk the streets without a body-guard—five in front and five behind him—and well paid they were; and I remember Hamilton Brown payin' fifty of us to keep College-green against the Government, on a great Parliament night. Ay, and we did it too!"

"They wor good times for more than you," broke in the woman in the uniform coat; "I made seven and sixpence on Essex-bridge in one night by the 'Shan van voght.'"

"The grandest ballad that ever was written," chimed in an old man with one eye; "does your honer know it?"

"I'm ashamed to say not perfectly," said Dan, with an air of humility.

"Molly Daly's the one can sing it

well, then," cried he; a sentiment re-echoed with enthusiasm by all.

"I'm low and down-hearted of a mornin'," said Molly, bashfully; "but maybe after a naggin and a pint I'll be better."

"Let me have the honour to treat the company," said Dan, handing a crown piece to one near him.

"If your honour wants to hear Molly, right, make her sing Tom Molloy's ballad for the Volunteers," whispered the cripple; and he struck up in a hoarse voice—

"Was she not a fool,
When she took off our wool,
To leave us so much of the
Leather—the leather!"

"It ne'er entered her pate
That a sheepskin well 'bata,'
Will drive a whole nation
Together—together."

"I'd rather she'd sing Mosy Casan's new song on Barry Rutledge," growled out a bystander.

"A song on Rutledge?" cried Dan.

"Yes, sir. It was describin' how Watty Carew enticed him down stairs, to kill him. Faix, but there's murder now goin' on up stairs; do ye hear ould Joe, how he's cursin' and swearin'?"

The uproar was assuredly enough to attract attention; for Curtis was heard screaming something at the top of his voice, and as if in high altercation with his visitor. MacNaghten accordingly sprang from his seat, and hurried up the stairs at once; followed by the powerful-looking fellow I have already mentioned. As he came near Curtis's chamber, however, the sounds died away, and nothing could be heard but the low voices of persons conversing in ordinary tones together.

"Step in here, sir," said the fellow to Dan, unlocking a door at the back of the house; "step in here, and I'll tell you when Mister Joe is ready to see you."

MacNaghten accepted the offer, and now found himself in a mean-looking chamber, scantily furnished, and looking out upon some of those miserable lanes and alleys with which the place abounded. The man retired, locking the door after him, and leaving Dan to his own meditations in solitude.

He was not destined to follow these thoughts long undisturbed, for again

he could hear Curtis's voice, which, at first from a distant room, was now to be heard quite close, as he came into the very chamber adjoining that where Dan was.

"Come this way, come this way, I say," cried the old man, in a voice tremulous with passion. "If you want to seize, you shall see the chattels at once—no need to trouble yourself about an inventory! There is my bed; I got fresh straw into the sacking on Saturday. The blanket is a borrowed one; that horseman's cloak is my own. There's not much in that portmanteau," cried he, kicking it with his foot against the wall. "Two ragged shirts and a lambskin waistcoat, and the title deeds of estates, that not even *your* chicanery could get back for me. Take them all, take that old blunderbuss, and tell the Grinder that if I'd have put it to my head twenty years ago, it would have been mercy compared to the slow torture of his persecution!"

"My dear Mr. Curtis, my dear sir," interposed a bland, soft voice, that Dan at once recognised as belonging to Mr. Crowther, the attorney, "you must allow me once more to protest against this misunderstanding. There is nothing further from my thoughts at this moment than any measure of rigour or severity towards you."

"What do you mean, then, by that long catalogue of my debts? Why have you hunted me out, to show me bills I can never pay, and bonds I can never release?"

"Pray be calm, sir; bear with me patiently, and you will see that my business here this morning is the very reverse of what you suspect it to be. It is perfectly true that Mr. Fagan possesses large, very large claims upon you."

"How incurred, sir?—answer me that. Who can stand forty, fifty, ay, sixty per cent.? Has he not succeeded to every acre of my estate? Have I anything, except that settlebed, that isn't his?"

"You cannot expect me to go at length into these matters, sir," said Crowther, mildly; "they are now by-gones, and it is of the future I wish to speak."

"If the past be bad, the future promises to be worse," cried Curtis, bitterly. "It is but sorry mercy to ask me to look forward!"

"I think I can convince you to the contrary, sir, if you vouchsafe me a hearing. I hope to show you that there are in all probability many happy years before you—years of ease and affluence. Yes, sir, in spite of that gesture of incredulity, I repeat it, of ease and affluence."

"So, then, they think to buy me at last!" broke in the old man. "The scoundrels must have met with few honest men, or they had never dared to make such a proposal. What do the rascals think to bribe me with—eh, tell me that?"

"You persist in misunderstanding me, sir. I do not come from the Government—I would not presume to wait on you in such a cause!"

"What's the peerage to me? I have no descendants to profit by my infamy. I cannot barter my honour for my children's greatness! I'm prouder with that old hat on my head than with the coronet, tell them that. Tell them that Joe Curtis was the only man in all Ireland they never could purchase; tell them that when I had an estate I swore to prosecute for a poacher their ducal Viceroy, if he shot a snipe over my lands, and that I'm the same man now I was then!"

Crowther sighed heavily, like one who has a wearisome task before him, but must go through with it.

"If I could but persuade you, sir, to believe that my business here has no connexion with politics whatever—that the Castle has nothing to do with it——"

"Ay, I see," cried Curtis, "it's Lord Charlemont sent you. It's no use; I'll have nothing to say to any of them. He's too fond of Castle dinners and Castle company for *me*! I never knew any good come of the patriotism that found its way up Cork-hill at six o'clock of an evening!"

"Once for all, Mr. Curtis, I say that what brought me here this morning was to show you that Mr. Fagan would be willing to surrender all claim against you for outstanding liabilities, and besides to settle on you a very handsome annuity, in consideration of some concessions on your part, with respect to a property against which he has very large claims."

"What's the annuity—how much?" cried Curtis, hastily.

"What sum would you yourself feel sufficient, sir? He empowered me to

consult your own wishes and expectations on the subject."

"If I was to say a thousand a-year, for instance?" said Curtis, slowly,

"I'm certain he would not object, sir."

"Perhaps if I said two, he'd comply?"

"Two thousand pounds a-year is a large income for a single man," replied Crowther, sententiously.

"So it is, but I could spend it. I spent eight thousand a-year once in my life, and when my estate was short of three! and that's what comes of it;" and he gave the settlebed a rude kick as he spoke. "Would he give two? that's the question, Crowther; would he give two?"

"I do not feel myself competent to close with that offer, Mr. Curtis; but if you really think that such a sum is necessary —"

"I do—I know it; I couldn't do with a shilling less; in fact, I'd find myself restricted enough with that. Whenever I had to think about money it was hateful to me. Tell him two is the lowest, the very lowest I'd accept of, and if he wishes to treat me handsomely he may exceed it. You're not to judge of my habits, sir, from what you see here," added he, fiercely; "this is not what I have been accustomed to. You don't know the number of people who look up to *me* for bread. My father's table was laid for thirty every day, and it had been well for us, if as many more were not fed at our cost elsewhere."

"I have often heard tell of Meagh-valley House and its hospitalities," said Crowther, blandly.

"'Come over and drink a pipe of port' was the invitation when I was a boy. A servant was sent round to the neighbourhood to say, that a hogshead of claret was to be broached on such a day, and to beg that the gentlemen around would come over and help to drink it—ay, to drink it out! Your piperly hounds, with their two bottle magnum, think themselves magnificent now-a-days; why, in my time, they'd have been laughed to scorn!"

"They were glorious times, indeed," cried Crowther, with mad enthusiasm.

"Glorious times to beggar a nation, to prostitute public honour and private virtue," broke in Curtis, passionately; "to make men heartless debauchees, first, that they might become shameless scoundrels, after; to teach them a youth of excess and an old age of ve-

nality. These were your Glorious Times! But *you*, sir, may be forgiven for praising them; to *you*, and others like you, they have been, indeed, 'glorious times!' Out of them grew those lawsuits and litigations that have enriched *you*, while they ruined *us*. Out of that blessed era of orgie and debauch came beggared families and houseless gentry; men whose fathers lay upon down couches, and whose selves sleep upon the like of that," and the rude settle rocked as his hand shook it. "Out upon your Glorious Times, say I; you might as well call the drunken scene of a dinner party a picture of domestic comfort and happiness! It was a long night of debauchery, and this, that we now see, is the sad morning afterwards! Do you know, besides, sir," continued he in a still fiercer tone, "that in those same 'Glorious Times,' you, and others of your stamp, would have been baited like badgers if found within the precincts of a gentleman's house? ay, faith, and if my memory does not betray me, I can call to mind one or two such instances."

The violence of the old man's passion seemed to have exhausted him, and he sat down on the bed, breathing heavily, and panting.

"Where were we?" cried he at last. What was it that we were arguing? Yes—ay—to be sure—these bills—these confounded bills. I can't pay them. I wouldn't if I could. That scoundrel Fagan has made enough of me without *that*! What was it you said of an annuity—there was some talk of an annuity, eh?"

Crowther bent down and spoke some words in a low, murmuring voice.

"Well, and for that what am I to do?" cried Curtis suddenly. "*My* share of the compact is heavy enough, I'll be sworn. What is it?"

"I think I can show you that it is not much of a sacrifice, sir. I know you hate long explanations, and I'll make mine very brief. Mr. Fagan has very heavy charges against an estate which is not unlikely to be the subject of a disputed ownership. It may be a long suit, with all the delays and difficulties of Chancery; and in looking over the various persons who may prefer claims here and there, we find your name amongst the rest, for it is a long list, sir. There may be forty, or forty-five in all! The prin-

cial one, however, is a wealthy baronet who has ample means to prosecute his claim, and with fair hopes of succeeding. *My* notion, however, was, that if Mr. Fagan could arrange with the several persons in the cause to waive their demands for a certain consideration, that it would not be difficult then to arrange some compromise with the baronet himself—he surrendering the property to Fagan for a certain amount, on taking it with all its liabilities. You understand?”

“And who’s the owner?” asked Curtis shortly.

“He is dead, sir.”

“Who was he when alive?”

“An old friend, or rather the son of an old friend of yours, Mr. Curtis!”

“Ah, Brinsley Morgan! I guess him at once; but you are wrong, quite wrong there, my good fellow. I haven’t the shadow of a lien on his estate. We talked it over together one day, and Hackett, the Attorney-General, who was in the house, said, that my claim wasn’t worth five shillings; but I’ll tell you where I *have* a claim, at least Hackett said so, I have a very strong claim—no, no; I was forgetting again—my memory is quite gone. It is so hard when one grows old to bear the last ten or fifteen years in mind. I can remember my boyhood and my school days like yesterday. It is late events that confuse me! You’ll scarce believe me when I tell you, I often find myself going to dine with some old friend, and only discover when I reach his door that he is dead and gone this many a day! There was something in my mind to tell you, and it has escaped me already. Oh! I have it. There are some curious old family papers in that musty-looking portmanteau. I should like to find out some clever fellow that would look them over without rushing me into a lawsuit, mind ye, for I have no heart for that now! My brother Harry’s boy is dead. India finished him, poor fellow! That’s the key of it—see if it will open the lock.”

“If you like I’ll take them back with me, sir, and examine them myself at home.”

“Do so, Crowther; only understand me well, no bills of costs, my worthy friend; no searches after *this*, or true copies of *that*; I’ll have none of them. As Dick Parsons said, I’d rather

spend my estate at the ‘Fives’ than the ‘Four’ Courts.”

Crowther gave one of his complacent laughs, and having induced Curtis to accept an invitation for the following day at dinner, he took the portmanteau under his arm and withdrew.

He had scarcely descended the stairs when Dan found the door unlocked, and proceeded to pay his visit to Curtis, his mind full of all that he had just overheard, and wondering at the many strange things he had been a listener to.

When MacNaghten entered, he found Curtis sitting at a table, with his head resting on his hand, and looking like one deeply engaged in thought. Dan saluted him twice, without obtaining a reply, and at last said—

“They said that you had a visitor this morning, and so I have been waiting for some time to see you.”

The other nodded assentingly, but did not speak.

“You are, perhaps, too much tired now,” said Dan, in a kind voice, “for much talking. Come and have a turn in the open air. It will refresh you.”

Curtis arose, and took his hat, without uttering a word.

“You are a good walker, Curtis,” said MacNaghten, as they reached the street. “What say you, if we stroll down to Harold’s-cross, and eat our breakfast at the little inn they call ‘the Friar?’”

“Agreed,” muttered the other, and walked along at his side without another word; while Dan, to amuse his companion, and arouse him from the dreary stupor that oppressed him, exerted himself in various ways, recounting the popular anecdotes of the day, and endeavouring, so far as might be, to entertain him.

It was soon, however, evident that Curtis neither heard, nor heeded the efforts the other was making, for he continued to move along with his head down, mumbling, at intervals, to himself certain broken and incoherent words. At first, MacNaghten hoped that this moody dejection would pass away, and his mind recover its wonted sharpness; but now he saw that the impression under which he laboured, was no passing or momentary burden, but a heavy load that weighed wearily on his spirits.

“I am afraid you are scarcely so well as usual to-day?” asked Dan, after a long interval of silence between them.

"I have a pain hereabouts—it is not a pain either, but I feel uneasy," said Curtis, pushing his hat back from his forehead, and touching his temple with his finger.

"It will pass away with the fresh air and a hearty breakfast, I hope. If not, I will see some one at our return. Who is your doctor?"

"My doctor! You ask a man who has lived eighty-four years, who is his doctor! The nature that gave him a good stout frame; the spirit that told him what it could, and what it could not bear—these, and a hearty contempt for physic, and all that live by it, have guided me so far, and you may call them my doctors if you wish."

Rather pleased to have recalled the old man to his habitual energy, Dan affected to contest his opinions, by way of inducing him to support them; but he quickly saw his error, for Curtis, as though wearied by even this momentary effort seemed more downcast and depressed than before.

MacNaghten, therefore, contented himself with some common-place remarks about the country around, and the road they were walking, when Curtis came to a sudden halt, and said—

"You wouldn't take the offer, I'll be sworn. You'd say at once,— 'Show me what rights I'm surrendering?—let me know the terms of the agreement.' But what signifies all that at my age?—the last of the stock, besides! If I lay by what will pay the undertaker, it's all the world has a right to demand at my hands."

"Here's 'the Friar'—this is our inn," said MacNaghten; "shall I be the caterer—eh? What say you to some fried fish and a glass of Madeira, to begin with?"

"I'll have a breakfast, sir, that suits my condition," said Curtis, haughtily. "Send the landlord here for my orders."

"Here's our man, then," said MacNaghten, humouring the whim, as he pushed the inn-keeper towards him.

"What's your name, my good fellow?" asked Curtis, with a supercilious look at the short, but well-conditioned figure before him.

"Billy Mathews, sir," said the other, with difficulty restraining a smile at the dilapidated look of his interrogator.

"Well, Mathews, keep the Billy for your equals, my good friend. Mathews,

I say, let us have the best your house affords, served in your best room, and in your best manner. If I ate prison fare for nine weeks, sir, it is no reason that I am not accustomed to something different. My name is Joseph Curtis, of Meaghvalley House. I sat in parliament for eight-and-twenty years, for the borough of Killternon; and I was tried for a murder at the last commission. There, sir! it's not every day you have a guest who can say as much.

As the landlord was moving away to give his orders, Curtis called out once more—

"Stay, sir; hear me out. There are spies of the Castle wherever I go. Who have you here just now? Who's in this house?"

"There's but one gentleman here at present, sir. I've known him these twenty years; and I'll vouch for it, he's neither a Government spy, nor an informer."

"And who will be satisfied with *your* guarantee, sir?" cried Curtis, insolently. "It's not a fellow in *your* position that can assure the scruples of a man in *mine*! Who is he? what's his name?"

"He's a respectable man, sir, well known in Dublin, and the son of one that held a good position once."

"His name—his name?" cried Curtis, imperiously.

"It's no matter about his name," replied the host, sulkily. "He has come to eat his breakfast here, as he does once or twice a-week, and that's all that I have to say to him."

"But I'll have his name—I'll insist upon it," shouted out Curtis, in a voice of high excitement; "persecuted and hunted down as I am, I'll defend myself. Your Castle blood-hounds shall see that Joe Curtis will not run from them. This gentleman here is the son of MacNaghten of Greenan. What signifies it to *you* if he be ruined! What affair is it of *yours*, I ask, if he hasn't sixpence in the world?—I'll pay for what he takes here. I'm responsible for everything. I have two thousand a-year, secured on my life"—he stopped and seemed to reflect for a moment, then added—"that is, I may have it if I please."

MacNaghten made a signal for the inn-keeper to serve the breakfast, and not notice any of the extravagances of his strange companion. Mathews was

about to obey, when Curtis, recurring to his former thought, cried out—

“Well, sir, this fellow’s name?”

“Tell him who it is,” whispered Dan, secretly; and the host said—

“The gentleman is one Mr. Raper, sir, head clerk to Mr. Fagan, of Mary’s-abbey.”

“Leave the room—close the door,” said Curtis, with an air of caution. “I saw the signal you gave the inn-keeper a moment ago, MacNaghten,” said he, in the same low and guarded tone. “I read its meaning perfectly. You would imply—The old fellow is not right—a crack in the upper story—humour him a bit. Don’t deny it man, you acted for the best; you thought as many think, that my misfortunes had affected my intellect and sapped my understanding; and so they had done this many a day,” added he, fiercely, “but for one thing. I had one grand security against madness, Dan; one great barrier, my boy—shall I tell it you? It was this, then—that if my *head* wandered sometimes, my *heart* never did—never! I hated the English and their party in this country with a hate that never slept, never relaxed! I knew well that I was the only man in Ireland that they could not put down. Some they bought—some they ruined—some they intimidated—some they destroyed by calumny. They tried all these with *me*, and at last were driven to a false accusation, and had me up for a murder! and that failed them, too! Here I stand their opponent, just as I did, fifty-two years ago, and the only man in all Ireland that dares to brave and defy them. They’d make me a peer to-morrow, Dan; they’d give me a colonial government; they’d take me into the cabinet; there is not a demand of mine they’d say ‘no’ to, if I’d join them; but my answer is ‘never! never!’ Go down to your grave, Joe Curtis, ruined, ragged, half-famished, mayhap. Let men call you a fool, and worse! but the time will come, and the people will say—There was once a man in Ireland that never truckled to the Castle, nor fawned on the viceroy; and that when he stood in the dock, with his life on the venture, I told them that he despised their vengeance, though he knew that they were covering it with all the solemnity of a law court; and that man his contemporaries—ay, even his friends—were pleased to call mad!”

“Come, come, Curtis, you know well this is not my impression of you; you only say so jestingly.”

“It’s a sorry theme to crack jokes upon,” said the other, sadly. He paused, and seemed to reflect deeply for some minutes, and then, in a voice of peculiar meaning, and with a look of intense cunning in his small grey eyes, said—“We heard the name he mentioned—Raper, Fagan’s man of business. Let us have him in, MacNaghten; the fellow is a half simpleton in many things. Let’s talk to him.”

“Would you ask Mr. Raper to join our breakfast?” asked Dan of the inn-keeper.

“He has just finished his own, sir—some bread and watercresses, with a cup of milk, are all that he takes.”

“Poor fellow!” said Dan, “I see him yonder in the summer-house; he appears to be in hard study, for he has not raised his head since we entered the room. I’ll go and ask him how he is.”

MacNaghten had not only time to approach the little table where Raper was seated unobserved, but even to look over the object of his study, before his presence was recognised.

“German, Mr. Raper; reading German,” cried MacNaghten, “I know the characters at least.”

“Yes, sir, it is German; an odd volume of Richter that I picked up a few days ago. A difficult author at first, somewhat involved and intricate in construction; here, for instance, is a passage —”

“My dear friend, it is all a Greek chorus to *me*, or anything else you can fancy, equally unintelligible.”

“It is a story of an humble man, a village cobbler, who becomes by an accident of fortune suddenly rich. Now, the author, instead of describing the incidents of life and the vicissitudes that encounter him, leaves us only to guess, or rather to supply them for ourselves, by simply dwelling upon all the ‘Gedänk Krieze,’ or mental conflicts, that are the consequences of his altered position. The notion is ingenious, and if not overlayed with a certain dreamy mysticism, would be very interesting.”

“I,” said Dan, “would far rather hear of his acts than his reflections. What he did would amuse me more to know than to learn why.”

"But how easy to imagine the one," exclaimed Raper. "Wealth has its habits all stereotyped; from Dives to our own days the catalogue has been ever the same, 'purple and fine linen.' And if some have added to the mere sensual pleasures the higher enjoyments derivable from objects of art and the cultivation of letters, has it not been because their own natures were more elevated, and required such refinements as daily necessities? The humble man suddenly enriched, lives no longer in the sphere of his former associates, but ascends into one of whose habits he knows nothing; and Jean Paul condemns him for this, and reminds him, that when a river is swollen by autumn rains, it does not desert its ancient channel, but enlarges the sphere of its utility, by spreading fertilisation on each side of it, seeming to think—I may, by the accidents of life, grow small and humble again; it is as well that I should not quit the tiny course I have followed in my humble fortunes."

"And do you agree with him?" asked Dan, more amazed by the enthusiasm of his companion, than by the theme that suggested it.

"I do so in everything; I speak, of course, as one who knows nothing of those ambitions by which wealthy men are encompassed; I am not in the position of one who has seen and felt these fascinations, and who emerges from his poverty, to reassume a former station. Take the case of Mr. Curtis, for instance."

"What! old Curtis—Joe Curtis?" asked Dan eagerly.

"Yes, Curtis, formerly of Meagh-valley. Well, if his claim be as good as they suppose, he'll not only inherit the great Wicklow estates, but the western property so long in Chancery."

MacNaghten saw that Raper was pouring forth this knowledge without being conscious that he was making an important revelation, and gave a dry commonplace assent.

"Who can say what may not be his income?" exclaimed Raper, thoughtfully; "twenty thousand a-year, at the least."

"And his prospects are good, you say—his chances of success?"

"The marriage certificate of Noah

Curtis and Eleanor Carew has been discovered, sir, and if the will of Fownes Carew be authentic, the case, I believe, is clear."

"What Carews were these?"

"The ancestors of Walter Carew, sir, whose estates now descend to the heirs of the female branch."

"And Curtis will inherit these?"

The tone in which Dan uttered these words so startled Raper, that he suddenly recovered his self-possession, and remembered how unguardedly he had related this mysterious piece of intelligence.

"When was this discovery made?—who chanced to trace this relationship between Curtis and the Carew family?" cried MacNaghten, in intense anxiety.

A signal from Raper suddenly suggested caution and reserve; but Dan, too much excited to attend to it, went on—

"Sir, never believe it! It is some infernal scheme concocted between Fagan and the lawyers. They have put forward this wretched old man, half witted as he is——"

A hand grasped Dan's arm as he said this—he turned, and there stood Curtis beside him!

"I've heard you both!" said the old man, drily. "To *you*, sir," said he to Raper, "I owe my thanks for a piece of welcome news; to *you*, MacNaghten, I feel grateful for all your candour!"

"Come, come, Curtis—be angry with me, if you will; but, for heaven's sake, do not lend yourself to these base plots and schemes. If there be a conspiracy to rob poor Walter's widow and her child, let not one of his oldest, best friends have any share in it."

"I'll maintain my rights, sir—be assured of that!" said Curtis, with a degree of resolution strangely different from his former manner. "Mr. MacNaghten's impression of my competence to conduct my own affairs may possibly be disparaging, but, happily, there is another tribunal which shall decide on that question. Raper, I'm going into town—will you accompany me? Mr. MacNaghten, I wish you a good morning." And with these words, he took Raper's arm, and retired, leaving Dan still standing, mute, overwhelmed, and thunderstruck.

HEROES, ANCIENT AND MODERN—NO. IV.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, AND CHARLES DUKE OF BOURBON, CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

"Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods."

"Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon."

—SHAKESPEARE—*Coriol.*, Act I. sc. 1.

"And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style,
Than on the name a person leaves behind."

—LORD BYRON.

As remarkable instances of haughtiness of temper and ungovernable pride, leading to perilous and unjustifiable extremes, Coriolanus and the Constable Bourbon appear to stand in close relationship. Two thousand years intervened between them. They existed under forms and institutions of social and political government exceedingly dissimilar; and yet they may be classed as historic brothers, closely resembling each other in moral and physical attributes, in the leading incident of their lives, the extent of their provocation, the nature of their revenge, and the violence of their deaths. Each, under the impulse of grievous wrong, renounced allegiance to his own country, cast aside the ties of kindred, friendship, and loyalty, and took up arms as leaders in the ranks of foreign enemies. The indelible stamp of renege thus attaches to two names otherwise noble, and distinguished by heroic actions beyond the compass of ordinary mortals. On abstract principles of right and wrong, they must be condemned; in a comparative estimate of strong temptation, they may be pitied and excused. Who can affirm that he would not have yielded under the same trying circumstances? Man cannot read the heart of man, and is incompetent to pronounce sentence on defective proof—

"Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."*

The life of Coriolanus is familiar to all classical readers in the pages of Plutarch, who derived his materials from Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, authors preceding the Greek biographer by more than a century. Their information came from Fabius Pictor. He lived and wrote two hundred years before they were born, and is the first Roman who composed an historical account of his own country. His work is known to have been lost. That which still remains and bears his name, has been proved by Gerard Vossius† to be a spurious composition.

Shakspeare transfused the essence of Plutarch into his own glowing scenes, with accuracy enriched by genius; and those who are old enough to remember John Kemble in Shakspeare's magnificent paraphrase, have seen the lofty Roman move before their eyes in living identity. According to the nearest computation, Coriolanus lived about six hundred years before the Christian era. The period refers back to a remote date, but there are no conclusive grounds for supposing that these early annals are to be rejected as unauthentic, however they may have reached us through oral tradition, or transmitted documents. All writers are agreed on their leading features, and this unanimity of opinion in essential points is reasonable evidence of veracity. Written memorials are sometimes less to be depended on than tra-

* Burns's "Address to the unco guid, or the rigidly righteous."

† See his treatise, "De Historicis Latinis." Gerard Vossius must not be confounded with his son Isaac, also an eminent scholar, and Canon of Windsor in Charles II.'s time. He was sceptical in matters of religion, but very credulous on all other subjects. This made his Majesty remark—"Vossius is a strange fellow for a parson: he believes everything except the Bible."

ditions. They are more likely to be distorted by prejudice, biassed judgment, or wilful misinterpretation. Traditionary lore is usually founded on fact. It may amplify, but rarely invents. Discrepancies in particular details exist in the most unquestionable authorities. Such may be traced even in the inspired writings of the Evangelists; but no candid arguer attempts, on this showing, to depreciate the currency or throw doubt on the sterling value of the works in which they appear. Neither would the argument be received by clear logicians, if it was put forward. Antiquity is not in itself a necessary bar to correct information. Truth is still accessible, although it may be distant, fenced round with obscurities, and the avenue of approach a winding path, instead of a direct and open road. Where positive evidence is wanting, we must rely on circumstantial testimony; and if both are deficient, there is still a retreat on probable inference. The course is admissible in reasoning, if not in law.

We can speculate with more certainty on the causes and effects of many ancient revolutions of the world than on some that have occurred within recent times. We are more familiar with the siege of Troy than with the siege of Paris by Henri Quatre. We know more of Horace and Cicero than we do of Shakspeare, and possess more undisputed details on the campaigns of Alexander and Cæsar, than we can produce of the wars of Turenne, Marlborough, or Napoleon. The present age inquires deeply, and demands substantial proof. There is a disposition in the spirit of the day to question reputed learning, early discoveries, and statements hallowed by time. Our ancestors were easily satisfied, and believed everything they saw in print. We reject positively one half of what has been handed down as history, and are much inclined to throw doubt on the remainder. Everything is now put to the question, and being subjected to the torture of analysis, generally turns out to be something else. Established opinions are thrown aside

as exploded fallacies to such an extent, that we hourly expect to hear the Newtonian philosophy repudiated as a mistake, and to find Euclid ostracised as an unsound mathematician. In a comparison with modern genius, the "wisdom of the ancients" is descending to a very humble level. Does it ever occur to any of the competitors in this headlong race that they may gallop too fast, and that Shakspeare once said something about "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side?" There can be no doubt that, with the progressive march of education, every succeeding race of man is, as it ought to be, wiser and more enlightened than that which went before; but it is surely no token of wisdom to deny all that has been said or done by our progenitors, or to ignore their existence altogether. Between extreme credulity and utter disbelief, the balance of evil vibrates as a pendulum, in regular time and equal proportions—

"And so great names are nothing more than nominal,
And love of glory's but an airy lust,
Too often in its fury overcoming all
Who would, as 'twere, identify their dust
From out the wide destruction which, entombing
all,
Leaves nothing till 'the coming of the just,'
Save change: I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of
Rome."*

Let us, in the interim, turn over once again the leaves which afforded us such delight in our boyhood, and endeavour to extract from them a summary of what we find in connexion with the present subject. Caius Marcius derived the surname of Coriolanus from his supereminent valour and conduct at the capture of Corioli—a distinction not easily won where all were brave, and courage was synonymous with virtue. Scipio Africanus the Elder has been mentioned by several historians† as the first Roman who bore the name of a conquered state, as a trophy of renown achieved in war, thus carelessly passing over Coriolanus and the exploit immortalized by his honorary cognomen.‡

The family of Marcius was one

* Lord Byron's "Don Juan," canto iv.

† Amongst others, by the usually accurate Abbe Seran de la Tour, in his *Life of Scipio*.

‡ Livy and Horace mention a Roman general about this time, called Posthumius Regillensis. If this was the same dictator (Aulus Posthumius) who commanded at the victory of Lake Regillus, which is not clearly indicated, his honorary surname preceded that of Coriolanus by several years.

of the noblest in the commonwealth. He descended in direct lineage from Ancus Marcius, the fourth King of Rome, and grandson of Numa, by his daughter Pompilia. His father dying while he was yet an infant, he was brought up by his mother, Volumnia,* who, knowing that military prowess was all in all at Rome, trained his body to active exercise, and his mind to daring resolution. Nature had gifted him with great strength, activity, and fearlessness of danger. The frame and constitutional temperance of Hercules, joined to a mind of towering aspiration — qualities indispensable in the composition of a successful warrior, at a time when, to decide the event of battles, the arm of the private soldier was nearly as important as the head of the commanding general. But the stern check of paternal influence was wanting in his education; and thus the temper of Marcius, always domineering and aristocratic to a painful extent, was suffered to grow with his growth, and expand with his years, until it entirely overshadowed his more generous qualities, and became (as the wayward history of the human heart illustrates in a thousand other instances) the bane of his existence, the stumbling-block of his fortunes, and the source of the only stain that tarnishes his memory. When Caius Marcius lived, the Romans had not matured or ripened into national dissoluteness: their habits were still primitive, their manners simple. They carried on little intercourse with other nations, and held in equal esteem domestic propriety and public patriotism. They were incessantly engaged in wars with surrounding states, as restless and semi-barbarous as themselves, and had no time to cultivate the vices of indolence. Twenty years before, and thirty after the time of which we are now writing, the individual profligacy of Sextus Tarquin and Appius Claudius occasioned two revolutions.

Coriolanus regarded his mother with love approaching to adoration. He pursued and coveted glory, because it delighted her to see him honoured and

applauded. He married, rather in compliance with her wishes than from any personal preference or taste for conjugal retirement; and though uniformly kind and attached to his family, continued to dwell in his mother's house, even after his wife had borne him children. Plutarch draws a comparison between Coriolanus and Alcibiades. We can trace but little similarity beyond the one important characteristic of each abandoning the cause of his native land, and going over to the enemy. In military capacity, and in the importance of his victories by sea and on shore, while yet the soldier and champion of his own country, the Athenian, perhaps, excelled the Roman; while he left him, at an immeasurable distance, in the suavity of manner, the subtle eloquence, and the self-command, which win all hearts, and sway the listeners according to the views and wishes of the speaker. But again, the Roman towers above the brilliant and unsteady pupil of Socrates, in the manly consistency and unbending firmness of his character, in the unblemished purity of his private life, his temperate habits, his lofty contempt of riches, his disregard of self-interest, and his ingenuous openness, which scorned dissimulation. Alcibiades was accomplished in all the arts and chicanery of politics; capable, by studied sophistry, of turning the tide of a debate even in a modern senate-house — a practised trimmer, withal, who could shuffle in or out of a leading question, as adroitly as any disciple of expediency in our own House of Commons. Coriolanus, on the other hand, presented a magnificent specimen of a high, unflinching tory, an absolute protectionist, who lost his consulship by losing his temper, and who would really have died on the floor (instead of threatening to do so) rather than compromise his opinions; a man to vote with his party to any extreme, no matter how palpably they might be in the wrong; who thought the people totally unfit for self-government, and not sufficiently grateful for permission to live and breathe the common air.†

* So named by Plutarch, who is followed by Shakspeare. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Livy, and Valerius Maximus, call her Veturia, and give the name of Volumnia to the wife of Coriolanus.

† Pope's estimate of senatorial virtue, its impulses and convictions, may stand as an average specimen for all ages and countries—

“ And here and there a stern, high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.”

His military practice began while he was a mere stripling. In the great fight at Lake Regillus, where Tarquinius Superbus (then in extreme old age) made his last effort to recover the regal power, young Marcius distinguished himself by saving the life of a fellow-soldier, for which he was rewarded by the general with an oaken crown—a decoration of nobler order than the laurel garland; as preserving a citizen was deemed an act of more valuable service than destroying an enemy. The Romans at that time were engaged in other wars, and fought numerous battles, in all of which he participated, and never returned home without some additional token of honour. Early reputation gave him a preponderance beyond his years, which ministered to his inherent pride, and encouraged rather than softened his unbending manners.

The common people were generally oppressed by the senate and the richer classes. Those proceedings drove them at last to abandon the city in a body, and retire to the Mons Sacer, from whence they were won back by the address of Menenius Agrippa, who availed himself of the celebrated apologue of the belly and the members, and by the conceded privilege of appointing tribunes* to defend their rights on all occasions. The persons of the new functionaries were held sacred. Their chief power consisted in a *veto*, or prohibition against the passing of any law which displeased them; a power nearly absolute, which, while it produced some good, created greater evil, and engendered a race of restless, dissatisfied demagogues, who perpetually impeded legislation, and then as now, were ever on the alert for turmoil and sedition. It was not so much the abolition of undue rights, as the transfer of despotism from bad hands into worse. Government of every kind and degree, in all ages and countries of the ancient world, appears to have been an unmitigated choice of evils; an unremitting, selfish struggle for place and power, aptly designated by Sir W. Napier “a scourge with a double thong,” whether vested in prince or people, the peer or the plebeian; equally unjust and tyrannical under the open name of a monarchy, or the specious delusion of a republic.

The newly-created tribunes were not long in selecting a victim from the ranks of the aristocracy. Their choice fell upon Caius Marcius, who, in truth, had rendered himself obnoxious by many overt acts and expressions of contempt against the sovereign majesty of the people. In the meantime he pursued his military career with increasing success and renown, and had gained the surname by which he is best known to posterity. After the taking of Corioli, and the subsequent battle—in both of which his courage and conduct were conspicuous above all the other Roman officers—the Consul, Cominius, who impartially attributed these great successes to his individual prowess, awarded him a tenth of the entire booty taken, including horses and prisoners, before any distribution was made to the army in general. Coriolanus nobly rejected all pecuniary recompense, accepting only a charger fully caparisoned, and the exemption from slavery of one amongst the captives, with whom he was bound in ties of reciprocal hospitality. He fought for glory alone, and thought not of prize-money or reward—unlike the French republican generals in the early wars of the Revolution, who combated with a sword in one hand, and a poker in the other, to ferret out and stir up the treasures of the vanquished. “*Il n’a pas trouvé le fourgon d’Augereau*” (“He has not found the poker of Augereau”) passed into a proverbial expression with the French soldiers, when either a scruple of conscience, or the absence of opportunity, prevented any one of their generals from enriching himself by plunder. Augereau was distinguished for rapacity above all the rest. While in command at Milan, in 1796, he levied a contribution of one million of francs (£50,000) on the city. The authorities complained to Napoleon, as general-in-chief. He indignantly reprimanded his lieutenant, ordered him to disgorge the money, and sent him the amount from his personal funds. Augereau, according to Bourienne, contrived to pocket both the robbery and the compensation. History records but few examples of disinterestedness and contempt for money, similar to that of Coriolanus, on

* The tribunes were at first five in number, but in a few years afterwards were increased to ten.

the part of victorious commanders, who usually consider lawful spoil as part and parcel of their vocation. A remarkable modern exception deserves to be recorded to the honour of the late Marquis Wellesley, whose private fortune was insignificant. When governor-general of India, he gave up his prize-money for Seringapatam, to swell the shares of the army who achieved the conquest.

Coriolanus now being at the height of his fame, stood for the consulship. The law required the candidates for this high office to solicit votes publicly in the Forum. It was no slight penance for a haughty spirit like his, to lay aside his ordinary habiliments, with the symbols of patrician dignity, to put on the gown of humility, and prate of his claims and services to parties he so thoroughly despised. He got through the degrading ordeal with tolerable grace, exhibited the scars of seventeen battles, and told his gentle constituents that he received the greater part of them while they ran away and roared for mercy. His speech sounded strangely in their ears; some hesitated, others wished to recall their votes which they had given in a hurry; but the influence of his great reputation prevailed, and they chose him consul. When, shortly after, the day of election arrived, he was conducted by the senators with great pomp into the Campus Martius, for the ceremony of installation. It was then found that the fickle populace, instigated by the tribunes, had changed their minds. Coriolanus was rejected, and another of far less consideration proposed in his place. The offence proved indelible, and the wound too deep to be forgotten. His resentment as yet extended only to the people and their representatives, and embraced no thought of treason against his country. Open war was declared between conflicting parties, but peace and reconciliation were still within the circle of probable events. About this time, a scarcity prevailed. To meet the general want, grain was bought up in other parts of Italy out of the state coffers, and a present of a large quantity reached Rome, from Gelon, King of Syracuse. Then ensued in the senate a warm discussion as to the disposal of these supplies; the first corn-

law debate of which we have any authentic records. The people demanded through their tribunes that the purchased corn should be sold at a reduced rate, and that the gift should be distributed gratis. There was nothing very outrageous in the expectation. More unreasonable demands have often been conceded by popularity-hunters and expedientists. Coriolanus vehemently opposed this measure, using strong and opprobrious language. He recommended that all should be sold at a high price, to teach the commonalty submission to their superiors, and concluded by moving the abolition of the tribuneship. This excited an immediate tumult. The tribunes ran out among the people, called on them to stand by their own magistrates, to surround the senate-house, and demand the life of Coriolanus as a just expiation. He came forth attended by his friends and supporters, including all the fiery young patricians who had been trained to war and victory under his commanding genius, and who sympathised with his detestation of democracy. The tribunes, acting by the influence of Sicinius Vellutus, the most turbulent and boldest of their order, proclaimed aloud that he had incurred the penalty of death, and attempted to seize him by force to hurl him from the Tarpeian Rock. He was rescued by his partisans, who conducted him safely home, and formed a guard for his future protection. Coriolanus seeing the senate considerably embarrassed and divided in their opinions by these untoward proceedings, demanded a fair trial and a specific charge, declaring that he would submit to any kind of punishment, if found guilty in due course of law. He was told that he was to be impeached for treason against the commonwealth, in designing to set himself up as a tyrant: "Bring no other charge against me," said he, "and I will abide by the issue." The tribunes agreed to these conditions, and the cause was to turn upon this single point.*

But the first infraction of the treaty originated with the tribunes. They compelled the people to give their votes by tribes and not by centuries — an innovation of the established law; which opened the rights of suffrage, to igno-

* Plutarch in Vit. Coriolan.

rance and numbers, and thereby neutralised rank, wealth, and education. In the next place they passed over the charge of attempting sovereignty, which they knew could not be proved, and substituted in its place the proposal of Coriolanus in the senate, to raise the price of corn, and to do away with the tribunitian office. Finally, they added to the impeachment, as a supplemental article, his not having brought into the public treasury the spoils he had taken in the country of the Antiates, but which he had divided on the spot amongst his soldiers, who had done the work and gained the victory. The principal of supplemental charges as make-weights, in case the leading accusation should break down, has been sanctioned by practice in modern military jurisprudence. We could point to more than one court-martial, in which the party arraigned has been acquitted on the point that led to trial, and found guilty on some minor allegation which never would have been brought forward had the more important one been considered tenable. The principle of civil law, which condenses all in one specific charge, is more in character with equitable judgment.

Coriolanus disdained to appear before a prejudiced tribunal; or to answer charges not contained in the original indictment. He was then condemned without trial or hearing by a majority of three tribes; the penalty pronounced was perpetual banishment from the city and territories of Rome. Such is the correct substance of these transactions, as preserved by the historians who have written of them, and who differ only in unimportant particulars. From this it may be gathered, that if Coriolanus was mistaken and intemperate in the first instance, the tribunes and the people were more so in the second, and blinder still in the sequel, by which they drove from the national service their most incorruptible senator, their ablest general, and their bravest soldier against the foreign enemy.

Coriolanus at this time was in the enjoyment of more blessings than usually fall to the lot of man. In the prime of his days, at the zenith of his fame, happy in his domestic circumstances, and placed beyond public competition by the number and importance of his victories, a single dark speck obscured his bright horizon, which, like

the small distant cloud in a tropical sky, gathered rapidly until it exploded into a hurricane. He was a warrior of impulsive action, and not a thinking philosopher, subdued by mental discipline, and trained in the habit of calculating causes and effects. Had he really wished to seize supreme power, according to the idle asseveration of his enemies, he might have resisted the illegal decree of banishment, perhaps with success. Another course already suggested itself, acting on which, he submitted in sullen indignation, not the less deep because it found no vent in words. He took an affectionate leave of his family, consigning his two children, both of tender age, to the care of his wife and mother, and, attended by the patricians in a body to one of the gates, left the city, which he never entered again. He spent a few days in solitude at a farm of his own in the neighbourhood, pondering over many schemes which involved no thought of advantage to himself beyond the gratification of revenge for the injuries he had received. In the meantime the people of Rome and their tribunes gave way to the most tumultuous joy, as if a great national triumph had been achieved. The nobles and senators remained silent and depressed, as if in anticipation of a coming evil.

After a short interval, during which he arranged his plans in his own mind, Coriolanus passed over to Antium, an important city of the Volscians, placed himself on the hearthstone of Tullus Aufidius their leader, whom he had often encountered in personal conflict in the field of battle, demanded the rights of hospitality, and offered to serve against his ungrateful countrymen. His offer was gladly accepted; he was joined with his former adversary in the chief command; a pretext was easily sought and found for breaking the truce existing with the Romans, and the Volscians soon discovered the value of their new ally, in the altered aspect of their affairs, produced by the rapidity and success of his enterprises. He took many of the principal towns in the territories of Rome and Latium, sweeping resistance before him; and while the senate and people were wasting precious time in mutual recrimination, instead of attending to the national defence, he encamped with his victorious army, at the Fossæ Cluiliæ, within five miles of the eternal

city. "His name and valour," says Plutarch, "resounded through Italy, and all were astonished that one person's changing sides could effect so prodigious a revolution." It was in truth a signal instance. History presents few so strikingly illustrative of the might which dwells in individual superiority. No better evidence of the great military talents of Coriolanus could be produced than the simple fact, that the Volscians who had never beaten the Romans before, now became, under his leadership, irresistible. At a vast distance of time, and in the absence of minute details, we have still the certainty of these great leading results on which to form opinions. It is also equally certain that soon after the death of Coriolanus, the Volscians relapsed back again into their inferior position, from which they never emerged, and were gradually swept away in the growing extension of the rival republic.

The Roman populace, astounded at the rapid progress of the enemy, and the near approach of danger, as usual cowered before the storm they had raised. Taken by surprise, unable or unwilling to fight, they appealed for protection to the senate and the higher orders, with whom, in the absence of external pressure, they waged perpetual war. The senate despatched a chosen embassy from their body to propitiate the invader, and endeavour to obtain terms. The ambassadors included his dearest friends and relatives. He received them with cold solemnity, in council, surrounded by the Volscian officers; and proposed such humiliating conditions of submission and surrender, as would have kept Rome for a long series of years in a secondary state, and might have clipped for ever the lofty wings with which she soared in after ages to universal dominion. The Romans next had recourse to the influence of religion, and ordered the priests and flamens, the ministers and guardians of the mysteries, in their sacred vestments, bearing the symbols of office, to proceed to the hostile camp, as humble suppliants. They, too, were dismissed without effect. The heart of Coriolanus appeared to be converted to steel. Finally, as a last hope, the women came forward and offered their intervention in this urgent necessity. Headed by Volumnia, the mother, and Virgilia, the wife of Corio-

lanus, accompanied by her two young children, they proceeded in mourning robes to the tent of the victorious general, threw themselves at his feet, and embraced his knees with tears and lamentations. Volumnia was the principal speaker. Plutarch has condensed the substance of her speech (as handed down by the earlier historians) with his own peculiar eloquence, and Shakespeare has embodied this in immortal verse, which none but himself could have composed. Coriolanus was unable to resist this conclusive appeal. The soldiery yielded to the man. Natural affection triumphed over assumed severity and the desire of vengeance. Raising Volumnia tenderly from the ground, he uttered these memorable words—"Mother, you have saved your country, but have lost your son!" He already foresaw the fate that awaited him at the hands of the Volscians, who would never forgive clemency to Rome when prostrate at their feet. It was scarcely within reason that they should. Rome had ever been merciless in conquest, and unsparing to vanquished enemies. The general dread and dislike in which she was held, is well conveyed in the speech which Thompson, in his alteration of Shakespeare, puts into the mouth of Tullus Aufidius, in answer to Coriolanus, who demands what he would desire for his nation, beyond perfect equality with Rome, in rights and privileges:—

"What would I more, proud Roman? This I would—

Fire the cursed forest where those Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round
them;

Extirpate from the bosom of the land,
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberties of all mankind—
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers."

Charitable sentiments and benevolent feelings like these have been plainly indicated, and loudly expressed towards modern England, by more than one continental nation, who fall into the common error of fancying they are just when they are only jealous. We can afford to smile while we reject the application, and retort with the old Latin proverb, "*Qui capit ille facit.*" Coriolanus drew off his army, promising to obtain for the Romans honourable terms of peace. His orders were implicitly submitted to, although opinions were divided on his conduct. Reasonable men thought he was to be excused. The lovers of peace were silent and sa-

tified. The restless spirits, who traded in war and rapine, loudly expressed their discontent, and threatened while they obeyed. Tullus Aufidius on his return to Antium, charged him in full assembly with treason to the state, and assisted by prepared conspirators, surrounded, rushed on him in a body, and killed him on the spot; an act of private pique and personal enmity rather than public indignation. As soon as the event was known, the inhabitants assembled from many cities, and honoured him with a public funeral, attended by every possible token of esteem and admiration.

Such was the brilliant but short career of a very remarkable man, to whose name much interest attaches, and of whom it might be said, with more truth than in the case of Moolraj of Moulton, "he was the victim of circumstances." * Take away one questionable act, to which he was goaded by injustice, and his life appears to have been perfectly heroic and virtuous. There can be little doubt that Coriolanus died at the time and in the manner we have related, although the authorities differ even on this important point. Livy, following Fabius Pictor (the earliest writer), says that he lived to extreme age; and in the decline of life was wont to say, "a state of exile is more intolerable to an old man than to any other." We search in vain for some reasonable foundation for this. Had Coriolanus grown old amongst the Volsci, his counsels would have saved them from the ruin, and dependence on Rome as a tributary state, into which they fell soon after the death of Tullus Aufidius, and the destruction of the army he commanded. Historians, in all ages, delight in raising doubts on questions which are not proved to the certainty of mathematic demonstration. It has been often said and written that Harold escaped from the disastrous field of Hastings, and was still alive, a secluded hermit, in the reign of Henry I.; that Don Sebastian of Portugal did not fall at Alcazar; and that James IV. of Scotland survived the slaughter of Flodden. These wild theories have given rise to much ingenious disquisi-

tion, in which more time has been lost than information gained. The sober inquirer must admit that they rest on a very sandy basis.

The family of Coriolanus appears to have fallen into oblivion with the misfortunes and death of their head. We hear no more of his children, or of that branch of the Marcian line in the long annals of Rome. The name survived, but its representatives seldom mounted beyond secondary fame. An exception may be named in the person of Lucius Marcius, who, though only of the equestrian order, commanded the Roman armies in Spain after the death of the two elder Scipios, and whose skilful conduct was well contrasted with the incompetence of his successor, the Proconsul Claudius Nero.

The noble ladies who had rescued their country from the Volscians, were received and gratulated by senate and people, on their return to Rome, with affectionate regard and honour. It was decreed that they should name their own reward. They desired only that a temple should be built to the "Fortune of Women," the expense of which they offered to defray themselves. The senate ordered the temple to be erected at the public charge, but the women provided an image of the goddess, which, on being set up in its place, was said, like Orson, to become suddenly endowed with reason, and to have uttered these words, "O, women! acceptable to the gods is this your gift." The prodigy is gravely related by Dionysius, but Plutarch comments on it as absurd and fabulous. Ungenerous poets and romancists have much stigmatised the softer sex for the mischief they have wrought on man, while they have passed over, without sufficient praise, the public benefits produced through their agency. In this signal instance, Rome was saved by the patriotism of her female citizens, when all other resources had failed. The act and the sequel were equally glorious. Where would have been the subsequent deeds of the Fabii, the Decii, the Metelli, the Scipios, and the Cæsars? where the pens which have recorded their transactions? where the influence of Roman energy and civilis-

* It will be remembered that the Court which sat on this criminal, found him guilty of the murder of the two English officers, Messrs. Anderson and Agnew, but recommended him to mercy as "the victim of circumstances." Many were astonished at the recommendation, and many more when they found it was acted on.

ation? where the vestiges of Roman greatness with which the world is filled? where the poems by which we are delighted, the volumes of philosophy by which we are soothed and made wise, if Volumnia and Virgilia had returned from the camp of Coriolanus as unsuccessful suitors? Our chronological tables would have contained a different series of events, and would have reached us through other channels. Otway, in the "Orphan," puts into the mouth of his hero, Castalio, an overcharged invective, when under the impulse of an imaginary wrong, he makes him burst forth as follows:—

"Woman! the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman!
Who was't betrayed the Capitol? a woman!
Who lost Marc Antony the world? a woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman."

And so he goes on, up to the weakness of Eve inclusive. We retrace the lines with reluctance, for although they flow easily, and carry an imposing sound, they contain only imperfect illustrations, and are not more to be depended on than the accounts of the merchant who, in summing up his balance-sheet, should offer but one side of the page, omitting the per contra. It is assuredly not difficult to cull from the weeds which choke up the fairer flowers of humanity, more than one Tullia, Tarpeia, Cleopatra, Helen, or Messalina; but turn the same mirror in which these are reflected, and a corresponding surface will exhibit multiplied and graceful portraiture of Volumnia, Virgilia, Cornelia, and Agrippina; or ascending into the higher regions of sacred history, our attention will be arrested and our respect demanded by the domestic virtues and public services of Jael, Deborah, Abigail, Ruth, the regal Esther, and the devoted widow of Bethulia.

"The eyes are glazing that o'erlook'd the world,
And saw no equal."

—*Deformed Transformed*—LORD BYRON.

"His only blot was this; that, much provok'd,
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country."
—THOMSON.

Charles de Montpensier, Duke of Bourbon, and Constable of France, was the second son of Gilbert Count de Montpensier, and was born in 1489. He was nearly connected by blood with the reigning house of Valois, and five years older than the King, Francis I. From boyhood his character bore

the distinguishing marks of pride, self-concentration, and reserve. His general abilities were great, and his mind highly cultivated. His military skill, and knowledge of the science of war, placed him in the foremost list of eminent generals in an age which produced such names as Gonsalvo di Cordova, Gaston de Foix, Prosper, and Marc-Antonio Colonna, Pescara, Trivulzio, D'Alviano, Da Leyva, La Tremouille, and Bayard. Selected in early youth as one of the King's chosen companions at the castle of Amboise, they never cordially liked each other; this mutual distaste had almost broken into a single combat, arising from a quarrel in the tennis-court, which was with difficulty compromised by the authority of the Maréchal Rohan, governor of Francis, at that time heir presumptive to the throne. The quarrel rankled in the breasts of both for years. In mature manhood, as sovereign, and first subject of the crown, there was the outward semblance of friendship, but little internal cordiality. Bourbon was as remarkable for the beauty of his person as for his intellectual accomplishments. A mutual attachment existed between him and Marguerite de Valois, the sister of Francis. The princess was compelled to marry, much against her inclination, the Duke D'Alençon, a man every way her inferior, and a painful contrast to the object of her choice. Bourbon soon after this united himself to his cousin Suzanne, daughter and sole heiress of Madame Anne de France, and the Sire de Beaujèu, by which prudential alliance he obtained the title of Duke, and undisputed possession of the largest estate in France. Although both parties were amiable, this marriage was not likely to produce domestic happiness; there might be esteem and regard where there was mutual good-breeding, but affection was impossible, as their hearts were otherwise engaged. The young king, on ascending to the throne, yielded to the earnest request of his sister Marguerite, and still farther advanced the fortunes of Bourbon, by bestowing on him the vacant office of Constable of France—an act to which he was exclusively prompted by fraternal love, as the early quarrel at Amboise had never faded from his recollection.

The life and actions of the Duke of Bourbon have been amply detailed by Guicciardini, Brantôme, De Bellay,

Ruscelli, Alloa, and other writers of established name. Modern historians have compiled many interesting narratives from these authentic sources. The stirring events of an age abounding in great men, have come down to us through pens well able to describe them.

The innate pride and haughtiness, which, as in Coriolanus, formed the prominent feature in the character of the Constable, had shown itself long before he appeared in arms against his sovereign, in his general demeanour and familiar conversation. It was easy to perceive that he was a man who might be roused to extreme measures by extreme provocation; one who would forgive an injury more readily than a personal offence. He was fond of repeating, with strong expressions of approval, the answer made to Charles VII. of France by a Gascon officer, who, on being asked by that monarch, whether anything in the world could detach him from his service, replied, "Not even the offer, sire, of three kingdoms like to that of France, would have any effect on my loyalty, but I should be staggered by the slightest insult." The distinction between the effects of wrongs and affronts, on certain temperaments, is well explained by Junius, in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton:—"Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults admit of no compensation; they degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge."

Soon after the accession of Francis I., he determined to recover the Milanese, a project which had been suspended only, but not abandoned, on the death of Louis XII. This led to the first great feat in war which illustrated his busy reign—the battle of Marignano. The Swiss here sustained a total defeat, after combating with an obstinacy which has few parallels. Bourbon, as constable, commanded the French army, and displayed the most consummate generalship. It was no easy matter to beat the hardy mountaineers who had scattered the Burgundian chivalry at Morat and Granson, who had trampled under foot the disciplined armies of Charles the Bold, and had since obtained the reputation of being the best and bravest infantry in Europe.

Francis, who had before fought at Novara, distinguished himself by personal bravery, equal to that of the fabulous paladins of Ariosto, and after the battle received knighthood at the hands of Bayard, the good knight, without fear and without reproach. It was a bright day in the history of France, and the result carried the reputation of Bourbon to the highest point. The entire conquest of the Milanese followed rapidly, and when peace was concluded, he remained as governor of the new territory, with the title of Lieutenant-General of the King: a tribute to his acknowledged services, and no token of personal regard, as the sequel soon evinced. His administration, as might be expected from his known abilities, was vigorous and statesmanlike; honourable to the monarch he represented, just and satisfactory to the people he controlled. But clouds were gathering where least expected, to overcast the splendour of a public career, which hitherto seemed to set at defiance the ordinary chances of fortune. His private affections had been checked by an early blight, but, saving in this one instance, his life had been all sunshine.

Relieved for a time from the employment of war, King Francis began to indulge in another ruling passion, which possessed him through life as completely as inordinate ambition or love of glory. His mistresses became more numerous and more pernicious in their influence than were, in a subsequent age, those of his successor, Louis XIV. He had lately added to the list the beautiful Françoise de Foix, Countess of Chateaubriant, who reigned over his volatile heart for the moment with unbounded sway. From a blinded desire to promote her brother Lautrec, and from personal enmity to Bourbon, she instilled into the King's mind the first seeds of doubt as to the loyalty of his powerful subject. The fair favourite represented that Bourbon was courting popularity in his government with the object of erecting himself into an independent sovereign, and succeeded in persuading the King to recall an adequate representative, to be replaced by an incompetent one. Bourbon obeyed the royal mandate, and returned to Paris, in a state of excited

* Letter xxxvi., February 14, 1770.

disgust, of which he made no secret. He had also another active enemy, seldom absent from the court, the Admiral de Bonnivet, whose name was linked with that of the reigning sultana in a manner which rendered the King contemptible, and his mistress utterly depraved. When suspected by her royal paramour, she directed his suspicions on a wrong scent, and went so far as to insinuate that it was Bourbon, and not Bonnivet, who was endeavouring to supplant him in her affections. In a few years war broke out again. The command of an army, which, in his capacity of constable, Bourbon had a right to claim, was taken from him and given to the Duke D'Alençon, a soldier without a name, and no pretensions beyond the accident of being married to the King's sister. It is difficult to trace the progressive effect of these repeated insults on a man of so fiery a temperament as Bourbon, nor can we calculate exactly when and how the first thought of withdrawing his allegiance from France dawned upon his mind; but it is quite certain that he endured many heavy wrongs before he adopted the course which darkened his reputation, and has sullied the fair page of his history.

Soon after the commencement of the new war with the Emperor and the Pope (1522), the Milanese was invaded by the confederate army, and wrested from France more speedily than it had been conquered. The utter incapacity of Lautrec, either in military or legislative affairs, led directly to this disaster. Had Bourbon still commanded, the result might have been very different. He would have been something more than man not to have rejoiced at the failure of his successor. He was now a widower. The King's mother, Louise of Savoy, Duchess D'Angoulême, under the pretext of a family claim, had instituted legal proceedings against him to obtain restitution of the large property he had received as the dowry of his late wife. The attempt, if successful, would reduce him from being the richest to one of the poorest noblemen in France. But this abandoned woman had long secretly loved the Constable, and thought by these means to mould him to her wishes. She summoned him to Amboise, and in the course of their conference, offered him

her hand, to compromise the law-suit pending between them. Bourbon at this time was thirty-two, and Louise in her forty-seventh year; her beauty unimpaired, her taste for gallantry as unrestrained as ever. The Constable rejected her offer with haughty contempt. He had never ceased to remember the Princess Marguerite. He still loved the daughter; the passion of the mother inspired him with disgust. From that moment he added another and most implacable auxiliary to the ranks of his enemies. The Duchess determined on his ruin, and instigated the chancellor, Du Prat, who was entirely subservient to her authority, to press on the law-suit with unrelenting acrimony. It was easy to foresee the result. A great portion of his property was wrested from him by an unjust award, and the remainder was threatened, although the parliament refused to ratify, *in extenso*, the decree of the inferior court. An impetuous temper, such as that of Bourbon, was not likely to remain quiescent under these reiterated injuries—this unprovoked system of persecution. He expressed his feelings loudly and in the most unguarded language, sparing neither the King's mother, nor the King himself, who entirely submitted to the arbitrary caprice of a bad and violent woman. As he began to waver in his thoughts of allegiance to France, the tempter appeared in the person of an envoy from the Emperor, with direct proposals to transfer his services on stipulated terms. Bourbon listened, temporised, and yielded. His indignation triumphed over his loyalty. The terms, to which Henry VIII. became an assenting party, included the partition of France between Charles and Henry, and the erection of Provence and Dauphiny into an independent kingdom for Bourbon himself. He was also to receive the hand of the Emperor's sister, Eleonora, the widowed Queen of Portugal, with the province of Beaujolois, as her dower. Had these schemes been carried out, the state of Europe would have been very different from what it is at present. Bourbon was, if possible, worse treated than Coriolanus, but in his contemplated revenge, he thought much more of his own personal interest.*

* See Brantôme, Thuanus, De Bellay.

The plot, in all its complicated machinery, was revealed to the King of France, who lost the opportunity of arresting his dangerous subject on the spot, and suffered him to retire from the court to his country residence at Moulins. Many of the dearest friends and relations of Bourbon crowded round him, admitted his wrongs, reminded him that they sprang from the "love to hatred turned" of a vindictive woman; that the King, if left to his own impulses, was still well disposed towards him; and that it was no time to desert his native land when the kingdom was threatened with invasion. Bourbon listened without conviction, and remained firm in his determination to forswear allegiance to France. "I have not shaped my own destiny," said he, "it has been hewn out for me, and I will follow it to the end." From this time he assumed for his motto the Latin sentence, indicating his position and future fortune, "*Spes omnis in ferro sita est.*" A fine portrait of him was painted by Titian, in which he is represented pointing to these words inscribed on his helmet.†

Francis now determined to possess himself of the person of Bourbon, but he feared to make the attempt in the Duke's own province, where his influence was paramount. He therefore determined to visit him privately, and sound, if possible, his real intentions. The Constable, pretending severe illness, received the King in his bed-chamber. The interview that followed was a mere fencing match of reserve and duplicity. Each stood on his guard, waiting for a favourable opening. They parted as they met, with mutual distrust. Bourbon removed from Moulins to his Castle of Chantelle, for better security against the surprise of a sudden attack. He knew not at what moment the blow might fall. Soon after this Lautrec forwarded to the King unanswerable evidences of the intended treason of Bourbon. Francis immediately despatched an expedition to seize him in his fortress, proclaimed him guilty of *leze-majesté*, confiscated his possessions to the last acre, and arrested many of his confidential friends. Bourbon seeing that resistance against the superior forces of the King would

end in his capture, disguised himself as the valet of his own governor, M. de Pomperant, and sought refuge in flight. He encountered many difficulties and obstructions, but with the assistance of a small body of gentlemen devoted to his cause, raised a troop of horsemen, and after a delay of nearly two months, escaped through Germany to Mantua, where he found himself in safety.

The friends of Bourbon, who had been arrested as his accomplices, were tried for treason before the high parliament of Paris. The court rejected the charges, regarding Bourbon as the victim of private malice, proceeding from the King's mother. Nineteen of the accused effected their escape. Two only were condemned to death, the aged Count de St. Vallier and M. de Vauguiron. Neither of the two were executed. The latter, first reprieved, and finally pardoned, was saved by the intercession of powerful friends. The life of the former was granted to the prayers of his daughter, the beautiful Diane de Poitiers, who, it was currently believed, had sacrificed her honour to prolong the days of her parent. Be this as it may, she soon became another of the King's avowed mistresses. The great and chivalrous Francis I., the accomplished knight, the liberal patron of learning, the enlightened monarch, stripped of his outward tinsel, appears, in reality, a constitutional libertine, devoid of feeling, consideration, or remorse, entirely governed by his capricious tastes, and a slave to his sensual appetites.

In an interval of sound judgment, when not biassed by the presence of his mother, whose influence was generally exerted for evil purposes — looking steadily on the dangers by which France was surrounded, the King repented that he had driven from his side the strongest bulwark of his throne, the most popular and wealthiest noble in the land, and the ablest soldier in his numerous ranks. He privately despatched a confidential gentleman of his household, to offer Bourbon a free pardon, and the restitution of his estates, pensions, and honours, if he would return to his allegiance. Bourbon demanded immunity for all his

* See Miss Pardoe's "Court and Reign of Francis I.," vol. i.

† An engraving from this portrait is in the first volume of Miss Pardoe's work, referred to above.

friends. "I am only authorised to treat with yourself," was the reply. "In that case," rejoined the Constable, "our interview need not be prolonged;" and thus was severed the last tie which bound him to his own country.*

The cold and calculating Emperor, finding the influence of his new adherent less than he expected, and that, instead of a powerful prince, with half France at his back, he had gained only an impoverished exile, with nothing but his sword and his name, sought now to draw back from the splendid promises by which he had seduced him. He withheld the hand of his sister, and even hesitated to give him employment until impelled to do so by the want of his abilities. Expediency rather than inclination obtained for Bourbon, after some delay, the command of the Imperial army in Italy. Pescara, a general of first-rate talents, was associated with him; but he was jealous of the Constable, and their combinations, from this cause, lacked the perfect unanimity which conducts the great operations of war to great results. Nevertheless, their campaign was successful on every point. The French army was led by the Admiral Bonnivet, the bitter personal enemy, and formerly the vassal of Bourbon. He had nothing to recommend him for this high post, but the favour of the Duchess Louise de Savoie, a remarkably handsome person, and reckless courage—the lowest qualification of a general-in-chief. It soon became apparent that he was no match for his opponents, although seconded by the long-trying experience, the skill, and valour of Bayard. The defeat of Romagnano deprived France of the matchless chevalier. While covering the retreat, he received a mortal wound by a stone-shot, discharged from an arquebuss, which struck him across the loins, and broke the vertebræ of his back. He felt that he was dying, caused himself to be helped off his horse, and placed at the foot of a tree, "that at least," said he, "I may die with my face toward the enemy." Bourbon and Pescara, leading the pursuit, rode up at this moment. The Duke dismounted, removed his helmet, and bent bareheaded over his old friend and companion in many desperate conflicts. "Alas! Bayard," cried he, in

tones of unfeigned grief, "how shocked and confounded I am to see you, whom I have always loved and honoured, expiring in such agony before my eyes." Bayard, making an effort to recover strength, raised himself, leaned forward to the Constable, and said, in a firm tone of voice, "My Lord of Bourbon, I desire no pity at your hands; keep it for yourself, who are fighting against your faith, your allegiance, and your sovereign, while I am dying for my sovereign, my allegiance, and my faith."† Bourbon replied no more, but turned away in silence. However conscience-stricken may have been his thoughts, they found no utterance at his lips. Perhaps he would then and there gladly have exchanged conditions with the unsullied warrior and patriot who lay before him. History can find no speck on the character of Bayard. He presents a perfect specimen of modern chivalry; a noble soldier, who may be set forward as a selected exemplar, a true type of the military profession in its most exalted grade. It was said of him by his contemporaries, that he assaulted like a greyhound, defended himself like a lion, and retreated like a wolf, who always retires from his pursuers with his face towards them. His device was a porcupine, with the motto, "*Vires agminis unus habet*" ("One man may concentrate in himself the force of a whole troop"). This was given to him in commemoration of an exploit in which he singly defended a bridge against two hundred Spaniards—a feat of prowess rivalling that of Horatius Coclès against the army of Porsenna.

The continence and generosity of Bayard have been immortalised in the *Spectator*. They are the favourite themes of every historian of his time. Being asked one day, what was the best legacy a father could leave to his children, he replied, "*La vertu et la sagesse, qui ne craignent ni pluie, ni vent, ni tempête, ni force d'homme*" ("Valour and virtue, which fear neither rain, nor storm, nor tempest, nor the strength of man"). Bayard was taken prisoner at Guinegate, and very courteously treated by Henry VIII., who, struck by admiration of his character, proposed to him to enter his service. "Sire," answered he, "I have already

* See Guicciardini, Brantôme, and De Bellay.

† See "Histoire du Chev. de Bayard."

two masters, God and my own prince; I will never serve any other." His loyalty to king and country was more interwoven with his nature than that of Bourbon; but let it be remembered that he had never received the same bitter wrongs in the same exalted rank.

Bonnivet evacuated Italy, and retreated in confusion across the frontiers, closely pursued by the Imperial generals. Bourbon pressed urgently a vigorous invasion of France, and proposed a bold march into the centre of the kingdom. Pescara refused to co-operate, alleging that their means were inadequate to so great an undertaking; but when he found that Provence submitted almost without resistance to the name and influence of the Constable, he consented to assist in the siege of Marseilles. The defence proving more obstinate than was expected, Pescara drew off his army, and Bourbon was compelled to abandon an enterprise which certainly would have succeeded, had they persevered and acted with mutual cordiality. The troops of the Emperor, always badly paid, and worse supplied, began to murmur at their arrears, became mutinous, and left their ranks to plunder. The French king, roused by the frowning aspect of his affairs, levied a large army, took the field in person, and determined to make a gigantic effort for the recovery of the Milanese. Bourbon pawned his jewels to pay his men, and hastening into Germany, levied a corps of twelve thousand lansquenets, with whom he speedily returned, and disciplined them into efficient soldiers. Francis laid siege to Pavia, which fortress was most gallantly defended by Antonio da Leyva, a brave and skilful officer; but being at last reduced to great extremity, Bourbon and Pescara, joined by Lannoy, Viceroy of Naples, resolved to attempt its relief, although their combined forces were much inferior in number and quality to the gallant armament of the French, which comprised all that was noble, knightly, and distinguished in the kingdom, fighting under the eye of their monarch, and burning to achieve another victory to parallel with that of Marignano. But they were still commanded by the incapable

Bonnivet, whose fatal measures foreboded nothing but disaster. The Imperial army, as usual, were without pay or provisions, and a battle had become necessary to their very existence. But when they approached the enemy's position, and saw how formidably he was intrenched, they hesitated to attack under such disadvantageous circumstances. Every prudential motive called on the French to delay a battle, and wait the certain result of time and famine. But Francis had rashly sworn that he would take Pavia, or perish in the attempt. Yielding to his mistaken sense of honour, his impetuous courage, and the advice of evil counsellors, he came forth from his lines, and offered his adversaries the chance they could scarcely have compelled—a fair combat in the open field. The two armies engaged with a desperate determination to win on either side. But the superior skill of Bourbon and Pescara prevailed over the most heroic efforts of ill-directed French valour, and obtained for them one of the most signal victories recorded in the annals of history. The success was materially indebted to a charge by the Spanish cavalry of Pescara, mingled with chosen companies of heavy armed musketeers—a mode of attack hitherto unpractised in modern warfare, but afterwards adopted as a general principle, and always with irresistible result, by the Admiral Coligni, the Marquess of Montrose, Henry IV. of France, Gustavus Adolphus, and Turenne.* Da Leyva, too, seizing the critical moment, sallied with his garrison from Pavia, made a furious assault upon the rear of the French, and completed their confusion. Mere courage could effect nothing against such well concerted manœuvres.

Ten thousand gallant Frenchmen fell on that fatal day, while the loss of the Imperialists was trifling in comparison. Francis, after performing prodigies of valour, and killing seven men with his own hand, was compelled to surrender himself a prisoner. Severely wounded, unhorsed, surrounded, and on the point of being cut down by numbers, he was rescued by Monsieur de Pomperant, the friend and confidant

* Some historians say that to Antonio da Leyva, and not Pescara, is due the merit of intermingling the infantry with cavalry at Pavia. It is, perhaps, needless to remind our readers that the formation was invented by Epaminondas, at Mantinea. See a dissertation on this subject in Folard's Commentaries, vol. iv.

of the ex-constable, who galloped up, and throwing himself at his feet, entreated him not to sacrifice his life by a fruitless resistance. "To whom can I resign my sword?" said the unfortunate monarch. "The Duke de Bourbon is close at hand, sire," murmured Pomperant, with some reluctance. "Never," replied the King. "This sword is that of Francis of France. I would die a thousand deaths rather than surrender it to a traitor. Conduct me to the Viceroy of Naples—to him I may deliver it without shame." Around the person of the King lay, stiff in death, many of the highest nobility, the bravest warriors of France, while many more were made captives with him. The Duke d'Alençon, the contemptible husband of Marguerite de Valois, alone disgraced himself, by seeking safety in flight. He might have retrieved the day, or at least have rescued the King, by a timely and vigorous charge with the reserve, but he turned his face in an opposite direction, and lost alike his character and his opportunity. His high-souled wife spurned him from her presence, and demanded her brother at his hands. In a month D'Alençon was dead, and slept in a dishonoured grave, when he might have chosen a glorious one. Bonnivet had fallen at his post, a brave soldier, although a defective general. Bourbon sought him through the field, burning for a personal encounter with his mortal enemy. When he gazed on his lifeless body, covered with wounds, he exclaimed, with mingled feelings of bitterness and compassion, "Miserable man! it is to you that both France and myself are indebted for our ruin."

This decisive victory, and the captivity of Francis, spread dismay throughout Europe. The power of Charles V. had no longer an opposing check. The French army was annihilated; Milan was immediately abandoned, and in a few weeks not a Frenchman remained in Italy.

By the success of Pavia and its important consequences, fortune seemed to make more than full atonement to Bourbon for her former fickleness. Had he then asked himself, with Zanga, "How stands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?" he would have found the scale inclining in his favour beyond all reasonable calculation, and might have dedicated a temple to Ne-

mesis in token of gratitude. To all outward appearance his star was high in the ascendant. He had gained a great battle, which placed him in the first rank of first-rate generals; he had broken the power of France, and seemed to hold her destiny in his hands; the King who had wronged him was a vanquished prisoner; the minion who had supplanted him was cold in death; the only woman he had ever truly loved was a widow, and within two months the impatience of the captive monarch submitted to the reluctant conditions, that he should receive her hand, with the restitution of his forfeited honours and estates. Successful treason was never before so perfectly triumphant. But even then the worm that never dies was gnawing at his heart; the despotic influence of opinion was withering his laurels while they clustered most thickly on his brow, and within the flowing plumes of his helmet the grim skeleton sat, dart in hand, already preparing the blow which, within the short space of two years, prostrated his ambitious hopes, and closed for ever his stormy career. The moral is profound, the application salutary, and the lesson invaluable. De Lannoy, the Viceroy of Naples, more cunning in diplomacy than effective in battle, conducted Francis to Madrid, with the view of making his own advantage with the Emperor, to the exclusion of the superior claims of Bourbon and Pescara. Bourbon hastened after him to look after his own interests, and in the presence of Charles loudly taxed De Lannoy with treachery and cowardice. Pescara did the same by letter, and offered to prove his allegations in personal combat. The Emperor received Bourbon with the external show of deference, but with inward dislike. The proud Spanish nobles shrank from his contact, and extended to him no hands of fellowship. They stood aloof, and made no secret of their personal contempt. Robertson, following Guicciardini, says:—

"Notwithstanding his great and important services, they shunned all intercourse with him to such a degree, that Charles having desired the Marquis de Villana to permit Bourbon to reside in his palace while the court remained at Toledo, he politely replied, 'that he could not refuse gratifying his sovereign in that request,' but added, with a Castilian dignity of mind, 'that the Emperor must not be surprised, if the moment

the Constable departed, he should burn to the ground a house which, having been polluted by the presence of a traitor, became an unfit habitation for a man of honour."^{*}

This speech appears to have suggested to Sir Walter Scott the answer of the stern lord of Tantallon to the double-dealing Marmion, when, under something like similar circumstances, he offered him his hand at parting, having been his imposed guest by the king's command—

"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."[†]

A noble and sensitive nature, like that of Bourbon, notwithstanding his fall, must have felt keenly the taunts he was compelled to endure; and still more acutely the overacted courtesy of King Francis, to whose presence he was occasionally admitted, and the studied reserve of the Princess Marguerite, then at Madrid, with whom he had a confidential communication on political points, but in which old memories and associations were neither revived nor alluded to. Time rolled on. Francis obtained his liberty by submitting to terms which he repudiated, as wrung from him by compulsion, the moment he set foot on his own soil. Pescara, having been tempted into wavering allegiance, died suddenly, not without suspicion of being poisoned. Bourbon thus became more necessary than ever to the Emperor, who, glad to get rid of his presence, and to retain his services, sent him back to Italy in supreme command, with a promise of the investiture of Milan as the reward of success. But he supplied no funds either to feed or pay the army, who were authorised to plunder the unfortunate Italians, and to live at free quarters wherever they could obtain them. Bourbon felt that he was thus reduced to a captain of banditti on a large scale, but he had no alternative. When he entered Milan the magistrates and principal citizens loudly entreated his mercy, and assured him that their resources were exhausted. The situation of Bourbon imposed on

him acts of violence extremely repulsive to his natural character, which was generous and humane. He promised to withdraw and encamp beyond the walls, if the inhabitants would raise among themselves a sum sufficient to defray the arrears of pay due to his troops. They had already suffered from bad faith, and placed no confidence in his assurances. Some authorities have stated, that he then voluntarily called Heaven to witness that if he broke his pledged word, he wished that the first shot fired at the next battle in which he was engaged might end his life. He falsified his promise, and his death before the walls of Rome has been quoted as a judgment. But it appears more likely that the anecdote was the child of the catastrophe, and may be classed with the popular traditions which tell us that the cunning Athenian artist, Perillus, was the first victim of the brazen bull he presented to Phalaris; that Dr. Joseph Ignatius Guillotin, who died in peaceful retirement in 1814, was the first victim of the humane invention which bears his name; and that Dean Swift was the first inmate of the lunatic hospital he endowed with his fortune, but which was not erected until several years after his death. How many, or rather how few, of these ingenious coincidences are founded in fact is a puzzling question, to be decided as the organ of credulity or unbelief predominates in the development of the reader.

The army of Bourbon, driven to extremity by want of everything, and seeing no prospect of pay or further plunder, mutinied. By great address, and the influence of their attachment to his person, he restored them to discipline and obedience, and feeling the necessity of striking a blow while there was yet time, resolved on an enterprise which has few parallels, either for the boldness with which it was conceived, or the unscrupulous disregard of all the laws of civilised war, with which it was carried into execution. He announced to his soldiers that he would lead them to the attack and pillage of Rome, and place at their disposal the treasures of the richest city in the world. They followed him with alacrity. In the depth of winter he began his march with a large and motley force, but with-

^{*} See Robertson's Charles V., v. ii. b. 4.

[†] Marmion, Canto vi.

out money, magazines, artillery, or field equipage. The inhabitants of northern Italy gazed in terror as he passed along. The garrisons of the different fortresses manned their ramparts, and watched anxiously his onward progress, marked by a track of desolation, portentous as the tail of a comet, on the line he had taken. Bourbon accompanied his men on foot, sharing their coarse food; enduring all their privations, and even joining in the camp ballads, in which they jeered his poverty, eulogized his valour, and expressed their confidence in his fortunes. The burden of their favourite song consisted of two Spanish lines, which may be thus translated—

"We are as good gentlemen as you,
And quite as rich, without a sou."

On the evening of the 5th of May, 1527, he encamped on the plains in the neighbourhood of Rome, and having inflamed the passions of his soldiers, by pointing out to them the palaces and churches into which the riches of Europe had flowed for many centuries, early on the following morning he led them to the attack of the Eternal City. To render himself more conspicuous, both to friends and enemies, he wore a surcoat of white tissue over his armour, and, well knowing the force of example, planted the first ladder with his own hands. He was determined to distinguish that day either by his death, or by a success which should resound through the nations of the world. His foot had scarcely reached the third round of the ladder, when he was struck mortally by the ball of a retreating sentinel (who fired at random), and fell to the ground. He called on one of his attendant squires, Louis Combal, to cover his body with a cloak, that the soldiers might not be discouraged by the news of his death, and expired in a few moments, with their shouts of victory ringing in his ears. No time was granted him for repentance, even if his thoughts turned that way; no friendly hand proffered the offices of religion, even if his agony of mind and body permitted him to require them. He fell with courage worthy of a better cause, and in the exercise of military abilities which would have placed him high in the temple of fame, had they been employed in the service of his country, and not at the head of her enemies.

Take him for all in all he was a mighty, though an erring spirit; perverted from the true course of honour by circumstances he neither sought nor created, and driven into a career which carried its own punishment at the moment of the greatest apparent triumph.

Benvenuto Cellini, in his eccentric autobiography, claims the merit of having shot the Duke de Bourbon with his own hand, but nobody believes him. He says:—

"Levelling my arquebuss, I discharged it with deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest, but the mist prevented me distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then, turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bid them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke de Bourbon. He was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest."—Vol. i. p. 120.

The memoirs of Cellini are full of marvels; a tissue of improbable adventures, in the style of those of the renowned Baron Munchausen. He was skilful with chisel and graver, unequalled in the moulding of silver and gold, almost as cunning in his art as Tubal-cain, the first instructor of every one who wrought in brass and iron; but he dreamed strange fantasies, and wrote them down as truth.

Many pens have described with harrowing eloquence the horrors which ensued on the capture of Rome by the army of Bourbon. Men of various nations, mercenary traders in human life, who sold their services for hire, unrestrained by discipline, infuriated by the loss of their commander, and prompted by the thirst of rapine, were let loose on the devoted city; nor did their outrages cease, as is commonly the case, when the first fury of the storm was over, and temporary excitement was glutted to satiety. For many months the helpless inhabitants, without distinction of age, rank, or sex, were plundered, outraged, and murdered. Pope Clement VII., who had taken refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo, was obliged to surrender at discretion, and was treated little better

than a common malefactor. Priests were torn from the altar, and virgins suffered violation in the arms of their mothers. The booty in ready money exceeded one million of ducats, and that large sum was more than doubled by ransoms and confiscations. The systematic, organised barbarism exceeded all that had been inflicted in earlier ages by the hordes of Alaric, Genseric, or Odoacer. The excesses of an army professing Christianity; subjects of a Catholic monarch, in the sixteenth century, and in the acknowledged capital of the Christian world, have left in the shade the cruelties perpetrated in the ages of ignorance by heathen Huns, Goths, and Vandals. To match their unbridled license, to equal their proceedings in atrocity, we must trace down the pages of modern history, until we arrive, a hundred years later, at the dark chapter which describes the sacking of Magdeburg by the remorseless Tilly. War, the great safety-valve, but at the same time the heaviest scourge of society, has never been exercised in all its gloomy terrors without a redeeming ray of heroism, so completely as in these two memorable instances. A thirst for plunder, the worst of all human passions—the cupidity or exigence of the brigand, and not the martial spirit of the soldier—was in either case the exciting cause.

Bourbon had only attained his thirty-eighth year, when he fell, as described, before the walls of Rome. At the same age died Gustavus of Sweden, on the plains of Lutzen. But the latter perished in a bright field of glory, in a just cause, and with an unblemished reputation.

We have endeavoured to bring under one view all that credible authority has disclosed with regard to two eminent personages, whose lives and characters suggest points of strong comparison. The modern presents a duplicate of the ancient, under very similar circumstances. Whatever may be the influence of times and manners in moulding the actions of men, the general features of human nature will always be found to be the same. In one respect, Coriolanus stands above

Bourbon. He almost redeemed his disloyalty to his country, by pausing in the hour of triumph, and yielding up public resentment to natural affection. Bourbon suffered no touch of feeling to interfere with his steady march of vengeance, on which he was permitted for a time to advance with destructive power. The wrongs of Coriolanus were more exclusively public wrongs. He was driven into banishment by the voice of the majority. His countrymen repudiated him; he was disfranchised, and became, by their own act, a free citizen of the world. The wrongs of Bourbon were private wrongs, the more stinging, perhaps, inasmuch as they arose from personal enmity, jealousy, and ingratitude. Rome was the enemy of Coriolanus. The King, his mother, and Bonnivet, not France, were the enemies of Bourbon. Coriolanus relented under abject supplications. It does not appear that Bourbon was ever *cordially* invited to return, that the offers of the King to reinstate him were sincere, or that he ever wavered in his schemes of retaliation. On the whole, the conduct of Coriolanus was more defensible, on broad grounds, and the close of his life more consistent with the elevation of his character. Coriolanus sought to punish Rome, rather than to exalt himself. Bourbon hoped to find a throne in the dismemberment of the French monarchy. The vengeance of Coriolanus was lofty and unselfish. That of Bourbon was never separated from personal ambition. We can justify neither entirely, while we may pity and palliate the conduct of both. It is more easy to find excuses for Bourbon than for either Bernadotte or Moreau, who, in our own days, appeared in arms against their native country, and assisted to strangle her when already gasping beneath the pressure of confederated Europe. They sought to overthrow an ancient rival who had gone beyond them, without caring much by what means the object was accomplished; and the chances are, that neither would have objected to fill his seat had the opportunity presented itself.

J. W. C.

SPANISH POETS GARROTED.*

WE hardly know any term sufficiently expressive of the fearful rhythmical strangulation to which this terrible Judge at the Havana has doomed a number of inoffensive Spanish poets, than the one we have prefixed to this article. Any milder term would only mislead the public as to the awful and irrevocable fate that has overtaken these unfortunate bards. If we are too late to move in arrest of judgment, and to suspend, even for a little while, the execution of a sentence, which the more humane sympathies of the age must pronounce unreasonably severe, we, at least, may be able to forewarn such of the surviving Spanish writers as are yet untried (and, thank God! untranslated) to protest, with all their might, against being "done to death" by the merciless hands of Mr. Kennedy.

As is usual in all courts of criminal jurisdiction, the judge, before pronouncing, in definite terms, the precise nature of the sentence which he has pre-determined to inflict, looks benignly on the unfortunate culprit in the dock, and reads him a gentle homily on his transgressions, frequently reminding him of the respectable and honest parents whom his delinquencies have now disgraced, and of his own opportunities of improvement and success which are for ever lost. Thus it is with our rhyming Rhadamanthus: before assuming the black cap of the translator, he adopts the bland accents of the preacher, but with a refined cruelty, scarcely to be equalled in the real courts to which we have alluded—while incorrectly praising the modern poets, he unjustly assails their literary progenitors, thus *traducing* them both in that double sense, which the French language is alone capable of expressing, and which, until we saw Mr. Kennedy's book, we thought only French translated literature, in its most decrepid moments, could possibly produce.

In the premonitory and pre-penal homily which our judicial, but not judicious, translator addresses to his vic-

tims, he commences with a misstatement with respect to the older and better literature of Spain, that seems intended as an adroit apology for the tameness of the modern portion that he has undertaken to illustrate—if, indeed, it be not a courageous enunciation—that commonplace and insipidity are more valuable attributes of a literature, than originality, and exuberant spirit and vivacity. He says:—

"Those writers are very much mistaken who suppose, that consequent upon the long domination of the Moors in Spain, there are to be found in Spanish literature *any* of the exuberances of style which are considered the principal characteristics of Eastern poetry."

This certainly will be news to those persons who, like ourselves, have been drawn to the study of this rich and gorgeous literature by the very oriental character, the existence of which is here denied, and which, by the teeming fancy and splendid exaggeration of its illustrations, has rendered the drama of Spain one of the most fascinating in the world, notwithstanding the absence of individual characterisation that would be fatal to any other. This judicial blindness as to what is really beautiful and characteristic in Spanish literature, that has fallen on our learned friend, is, perhaps, a key to his entire work, and certainly makes us wonder the less at the complacency with which he puts forth his own miserable rendering of much, that even in competent hands would fail in being highly or permanently attractive.

Our translator proceeds in his introduction, with a comparison between the early literatures of Spain and England, and claims a superiority for them over those of the other European nations; just enough, no doubt, to both, but which, as far as the English is concerned, he seems to forget in a few lines after:—

"While the popular poetry of other nations at that period," he says, "was almost

* "Modern Poetry and Poets of Spain." By James Kennedy, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Judge in the Mixed Court of Justice at the Havana. London: 1852.

entirely occupied with childish stories of giants and supernatural beings, or in magnifying the outrages of their heroes, and even of their outlaws, the Spanish bards were engaged in celebrating the patriotism and prowess of their Christian warriors, in strains not unworthy of the deeds they commemorated."

We would, by no means, detract from this well-merited tribute to the morality and patriotism of the early Spanish ballads; but we must enter our protest against the sweeping denunciation of giants and supernatural beings, the big people and the little people of fiction and poetry; and, above all, this onslaught on the green-clad foresters of merry Sherwood, and their famous chief, who has ever been—

"The English ballad-singer's joy."

We fear "Bold Robin" would have had but poor chance if brought up before the judgment-seat of Mr. Justice Kennedy; and that he would have met the same fate at his hands that eventually overtook his favourite lieutenant, "Little John," who, as our readers will remember, was hanged on Essex-bridge, in this our good city of Dublin.

The elevated position and active pursuits of the majority of the Spanish poets, compared with the sedentary habits and social obscurity of those in other countries, is well pointed out by Mr. Kennedy; and the same difference continues down to the present day, as abundantly proved by the interesting memoirs which our author prefixes to his separate specimens. Speaking of the Spanish poets, he says—

"Some were of royal rank, others were eminent as statesmen, and others, if not of the same high station, were yet equally engaged in military service or the active business of life. Three of their most favourite poets, Garcillasso de la Vega, Manrique, and Cadahalso, died the death of soldiers, from wounds received in warfare. Ercilla, author of the chief poem in the Spanish language, which may be considered an epic, was a participant in the wars he so graphically describes. Cervantes received three wounds at the battle of Lepanto, by one of which he lost an arm. Calderon de la Barca passed many years of his life in the campaigns in the Low Countries, where he gained great military reputation; and Lope de Vega was one of the few adventurers in the 'Invincible Armada,' who were fortunate enough to return to their native country."—*Introduction*, p. xiii.

Somewhat further on in his preface

Mr. Kennedy lays down some general principles on the subject of translation, to which it is scarcely necessary to allude, as few will be attracted by a theory which is so indifferently supported by examples. He has, however, such an amusing facility of discovering a peculiar merit in what most persons feel to be a striking defect, that a portion of his observations on this subject must be given. After informing us that "it may be a matter of surprise,"—which it certainly is—that the Spanish, "though a very sonorous language, cannot be termed a rich one," he continues—

"Abounding in long words (*sesquipedalia verba*) it loses in precision and strength what is gained in sound, and thus the ideas are incumbered where simplification was required. *The comparatively monosyllabic character of the English language has in this respect an immense advantage for the translator (!)* as it enables him to give the sentiments of the original more concisely than one from it into another."

We shall presently see some specimens of this boasted conciseness:—

"Having also more synonyms with different shades of meaning, a greater precision *may be lost* or gained, according to the circumstances and the judgment applied to them."

Getting courageous as he proceeds in his clear and satisfactory theory, and with an irrepressible feeling of pride in his own successful working of it out, he says:—

"Thus a translation may sometimes be superior to the original, from its giving the ideas more distinctly; and as it is the test of good writing to find how it reads in another language, so with really superior authors it may be a matter of little importance in what version their thoughts are expressed."

We are somewhat puzzled by this perplexing and amusing apothegm, and can make nothing of it but that good writing may be translated into bad writing, with a very considerable advantage to the former. Since the days when the magician, in Aladdin, exchanged new lamps for old, no such disinterested exchange has been known to the world of commerce or of letters.

After this flourish of trumpets, our author seems to be somewhat

"Scared at the sound himself had made," and adds, with a *naïveté* and modesty

more amusing than his preliminary boldness—

"It is not presumed hereby that the following translations *all* come under this consideration" (that is in being superior to the original), "but with the advantages above expressed, it may be hoped, that as exotics in a green-house, these flowers of Spanish poetry may be found pleasing representations of what they were in their native soil, even if they cannot be made entirely denizens of our own."—p. xiv.

The paradoxes of our learned translator are amusing enough, but the facility with which he forgets them, and the singular authorities he adduces in support of them, are still more so. Thus, after informing us that translations (meaning his own) may be superior to the originals, and that the monosyllabic character of the English language gives the translator "an immense" advantage in rendering poetry, the melody and harmony of which in the original arise from the very opposite cause, he says—"With the disadvantage of rhyme, in a foreign language, no apology is requisite for the ruggedness of any lines which the critic may point out. I differ totally from those writers, Coleridge and others, who affect a contempt for finished versification, and rely entirely on the brilliancy of their ideas." This, taken altogether, strikes us as being exquisitely amusing. The courage that ventures to suggest a comparison of such "finished" verses as we shall presently adduce, with those of Coleridge, can only be equalled by the discrimination that selects the author of "*Khubla Khan*," "*Genevieve*," "*Christabel*," or "*The Ancient Mariner*," as the apostle and producer of "unfinished versification." Why, if ever there was an ear attuned to the most perfect melody of versification, and a pen capable of noting down the ravishing harmonies as they arose, they were pre-eminently those of Coleridge. But our translator proceeds—"Those who have had to write 'nonsense verses' at school or college, have no right to excuse themselves from labouring to make their lines run smoothly." Why those persons who persevere in writing "nonsense verses" after they have left school or college, cannot, with all their labour, "make their lines run smooth," must for ever remain a mystery, seeing that their readers supply them with "*sleepers*" in abundance.

"In sequence of the remark before made," as Mr. Kennedy says, of the stirring and active lives led by the earlier Spanish poets, of the bracing and healthy influences their public duties had upon their literary labours, he points out how the same causes have led to the same results with respect to their successors. Referring to the authors selected for translation, he says—

"From the memoirs hereafter detailed it may be seen that no fewer than six out of the twelve had to suffer the evils of exile for public or private opinions, of whom three so died, unhappily, in foreign countries. Three others, though not actually exiled, were subjected to long and cruel imprisonment for the same causes, while two out of the remaining three had to take their share of burdens in the public service during the troubled state of the country"—p. xxii.

If to these misfortunes we recal the fact, that the entire twelve have had their poems translated by Mr. Kennedy, we think that the martyrology of genius can scarcely adduce any destiny more relentless.

The public services, the private virtues and the great talents of Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos (born 1744, died 1811), as well as the accidental circumstance of the priority of his birth, entitle him to the first place in Mr. Kennedy's collection, to which, perhaps, if judged by his poetical writings alone, he would not have the same claim. Compared by his own countrymen to Cicero, by English critics to Montesquieu, and, not inappropriately, by Mr. Kennedy to Edmund Burke, he has left a reputation for probity and active intelligence that both Spaniards and foreigners delight to honour, and which statesmen of all countries would do well to imitate. Even when moving in the more limited sphere of official duty at Seville, where he presided over the criminal courts, his mind was ever active in the acquisition of new knowledge, and his personal exertions ever ready to forward the well-being of the society amid which he was placed. Notwithstanding the occupation of his time by public duties, he found leisure for the acquisition of the English language, mainly for the purpose of studying the great masters of the then new science of political economy.

The change of parties, however, which in Spain are almost always attended by some of the tragic dis-

asters of a revolution, overwhelmed this great and good man with repeated misfortunes. A banishment of seven years from the scene of his triumphs and his labours followed, after a brief interval of prosperity, by an imprisonment of the same duration, and finally, shipwreck and death, are rather serious consequences of what is known in these countries as a change of ministry—that constitutional euthanasia, in which the most robust parties expire without a groan. The poetical specimens selected from the writings of this eminent man are three in number—the principal one being a didactic poem of some length, in the shape of an epistle to a friend. As might be expected, it abounds with just and sensible observations, elevated by moral dignity and a sincere religious conviction highly creditable to the writer, but presenting little to the English reader but what he has been long familiar with from the poems of Young, and Cowper, and many others, and wanting (at least in Mr. Kennedy's version) those graces of style which throw such a charm over the meditations of the English poets.

The epistle is written "On the vain desires and studies of men." After describing a few of the more intellectual aberrations, the poet descends to some of the grosser pleasures and pursuits of life, and we must here present for the first time a specimen of Mr. Kennedy's "finished" versification with its exquisite conciseness of expression of which he has told us so much :—

"But if to Bacchus and to Ceres given,
Before his table laid, from morn to even,
At ease he fills himself, as held in stall:
See him his stomach make his god, his all!
Nor earth nor sea suffice his appetite;
Ill-tongued and gluttonous the like
unite: (?)
With such he passes his vain days along,
In drunken routs obscene, with toast and
song,
And jests and dissolute delights; his aim
To gorge unmeasured, riot without shame,
But soon with these begins to blunt and
lose (?)
Stomach and appetite: *he finds refuse*
Offended Nature, as insipid food
The savours others delicacies viewed (?)
Vainly from either India he seeks
For stimulants; in vain from art *bespeaks*
Fresh sauces, which his palate will reject;
His longings heighten'd, but life's vigour
wrecked,

And thus worn out in mid career the
cost (?)

Before life ends he finds his senses lost."

—pp. 22, 23.

We confess that, though not over
much

"To Bacchus and to Ceres given,"

our "senses" must also be "lost." if any precise meaning can be drawn from the greater portion of this mysterious paragraph—grammar and connexion, noun and verb, substantive and adjective, are so jumbled together, that the only distinct idea we can extract from the entire is the foresight of that epicurean gentleman, who, not content with buying his "sauces" ready prepared from Harvey, or some other terrestrial concocter, "bespeaks" them from "Art" itself, who, we suppose, has set up in business, and opened shop.

Perhaps the best passage in the poem (if we can use so strong a phrase, when it would be difficult to select even one perfectly correct couplet) is that description of the *soi disant* philosopher, who attempts

"—— with his dim eyes

The Great Inscrutable to scrutinize."

But this is introduced and terminated by such extraordinary lines, where words seem either to have no meaning at all, or what at least is incomprehensible to our poor understanding, that it would only suggest ludicrous images where the most sacred were intended, if we gave it in its integrity.

The opening couplet or triplet is as follows :—

"Perhaps, thence stepping more disorder'd
yet,

He rushes his presumptuous flight to set
Ev'p to the throne of God!"—p. 28.

What may be the precise meaning of a man "*setting his flight*" (except the latter word means a flight of stairs), we are utterly at a loss to conceive. When Moore recommends his willing listeners to undertake a similar aerial excursion, he writes his invitation in intelligible English—

"We'll take a flight

To heaven to-night,

And leave dull earth behind us!"

But this we presume would be far too simple a phrase for our learned friend. The use of the word "*stepping*" in the

first line, however, helps us to a more poetical meaning of the word "*set*." We fancy some figure taken from the graceful exercise of dancing is here intended, and that the philosopher, who is represented as being somewhat "disorder'd" (what that means in Mr. Kennedy's fine vocabulary we leave our readers to guess), commences his flight by *stepping* and *setting*, and, we suppose, turning his partner to "the music of the spheres!"

The paragraph ends nearly as badly as it begins. The poet, after putting the philosopher on the right road, and pointing to the bright and distant goal, addresses him thus:—

"There is high wisdom's fountain found
alone;
There thou thy origin wilt find thee shown."

We think it would be difficult to equal this line for graceful alliteration and lucid arrangement; but he continues—

"There thou mayest trace
Thy lofty destiny, the crown *declared*,
Of endless life, *for virtue that's prepared.*"
—p. 29.

A crown of the particular sort of paper on which this astounding couplet is printed, should instantly be "prepared" for the laureate head that could alone produce it.

A graceful little lyric, "To Galatea's Bird," which we had marked for quotation, but which want of space precludes our giving, follows this laboured effort of Mr. Kennedy's imitative muse. It is succeeded by another poem, also intended to be lyrical, which is divided into two parts. Some stanzas in the first portion seem so like a rational colloquy between the late judge at the Havana and his reviewers, that we would be inclined to believe that our learned translator ingeniously introduced it here, if he had not given (as if to disarm suspicion) the original Spanish in the notes. The unpalatable truths are narrated in a little address

TO ENARDA.

"Lovely Enarda! young and old
All quarrel with me daily;
Because I write to thee, they scold,
Perhaps, sweet verses gaily."

This stanza is so far satisfactory, that it declares the universal opinion which our critical brethren have or

ought to have expressed of our poet's performances. "Old and young," he says, "*los mozos y los viejos*," as it is in the original—"*tender juveniles*" and "*tough seniors*," as Shakspeare has it—all quarrel with Mr. Kennedy *daily* about his book. Now, as there is not a word in the original about this angry diurnal disputation, we think it is introduced here (not for the purpose of rhyming with "*gaily*," as the simple-minded might suppose but) to fix the quarrel on the critics of the daily press—the monthlies and quarterlies, fortunately for us, not being included. Having quarrelled however, of course they must "*scold*," and this they do it "*appears*;" but this is said doubtfully, perhaps, in "*sweet verses*." This method of reviewing is new to us, but the grammatical construction of the sentence scarcely admits of any other meaning. It is gratifying, however, to find that, notwithstanding the quarrelling and the scolding, they do their spiriting, if not "*gently*," at least "*gaily*." The second stanza is still more direct:—

"A judge should be more grave, they say!
As each my song accuses;
From such pursuits should turn away,
As trifling with the Muses."

We do not think that levity of any kind is the besetting sin of our learned functionary, so that we must slightly differ from our critical brethren in this respect. We suspect that, like a former ponderous occupant of our own bench, Mr. Kennedy reversed the laws of matter rising by the force of his "*gravity*," when other men were kept down by their levity. This plain-spoken lyric proceeds:—

"How wofully you waste your time!
Preach others; but, all slighting,
The more they scold the more I rhyme—
Still I must keep on writing."—p. 32.

Now, though we must say, as Talleyrand said on another occasion, that we "do not see the necessity" for such unpromising perseverance, yet, if our translator will not receive the unequivocal assurance contained in the first line of this stanza, and if he is determined to "*rhyme the more*," the more his critics find fault with his efforts, it becomes a question of policy, whether it would not be better for us and our brethren, on some general "*Review*" day, to

throw the shields of our praise and protection over this incurable rhymatic, and so for ever to bury him beneath the unexpected favours, like the maiden in the Roman story.

The next poet who is called up to receive his sentence from our inexorable judge, is Iriarte (born, 1750, died 1791); whose "literary fables" have rendered his name extensively and popularly known, not only in Spain, but throughout Europe, and in America. This graceful and witty writer also experienced much personal misfortune, having undergone a strict imprisonment of three years, which he survived but a short period.

In addition to his "fables," Iriarte was the author of some successful dramas, a long didactic poem on the art of music, which he himself considered the best of his works, a collection of poetical epistles, and various translations from the Latin and the French.

"Horace," says Mr. Kennedy, "seems to have been his favourite author; but he had not learned from him his philosophical equanimity, wherewith to pass over in silent endurance the minor miseries of life. Thus he allowed himself, throughout his short career, to be too much affected by those ungenerous attacks, which *mediocrity is so apt to make on superior merit*. The names of those censurers are now principally remembered by his notices of their writings—an honour which *men of genius, in their hours of irritation, too often confer on unworthy opponents*."

We trust, as far as our humble selves are concerned, that our translator will imitate the philosophical indifference of the Roman poet, rather than the irritable vengeance of the Spanish. We fancy Mr. Kennedy must have a peculiar fondness for the epistolatory form of verse, as the first specimen of Iriarte's muse, as it was of that of Jovellanos, is one of this description. It is addressed to the poet's brother, who had set out like Burns's hero—

"To make a tour, and take a whirl,
To learn bon-ton, and see the war!"

Or, as Mr. Kennedy more elegantly expresses it towards the end of this epistle—

"A rapid course to take,
And tour political around to make."—p. 50.

The poem opens with a prelude descriptive of other preludes.

VOL. XL.—NO. CCXLIV.

After a few lines, we have one of those unconscious confessions, the candour and truthfulness of which are so felicitously expressed and exemplified, by the verses in which they are conveyed:

"It seems to me, dear brother, that Apollo
A course divine now does not always follow."

Now, this, we maintain, is one of the most artful and ingenious lines in the book. Superficial critics might imagine, that the elaborate inelegance and imperfection that are miraculously compressed into so small a space, were simply the effect of the author's incapacity to write better. This is very far from our opinion. We think Mr. Kennedy must have taxed his energies to the utmost to produce so bad a line, a line so truly and lamentably corroborative of the sentiment to be expressed. But we must not break the connexion of this admirable passage:—

"It seems to me, dear brother, that Apollo
A course divine now does not always follow.

Nor *please* to dictate verses of a tone,
Worthy a sponsor such as he to own:
But rather would be *human* (*qu. diabolical*?) and prefer
To prose in rhymes of warmthless character:

Without the *enthusiasm sublime* of old,
And down the wings of Pegasus would fold,
Not to be borne on flight, but gently stroll'd."—p. 47.

This last couplet is as incomprehensible to us as the Ogham. It must henceforward take its place beside the lines of Milton, which have ever been a puzzle to the critics—

"—— Smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled."

After envying his brother the various interesting sights he will enjoy at Rome, he consoles himself by the reflection, that he himself, though absent, can draw perpetual delight from the immortal writings which, after all, are the principal glory of the eternal city:—

"But still the immortal writings 'tis for me,
Of Livy, Tacitus, Cicero, to see;
I see Lucretius, Pliny, Juvenal,
Augustus, Maro, and Mæcenas, all;
With their names is the soul exalted high,
Heroic worth and honour to descry."

Since the days or nights when, in imitation of the mummy in the British Museum, we "dropped a halfpenny" in the hat of the defunct Homer of the Liberty, "Zozimus," as we loitered on Carlisle-bridge, listening to the sacred epic, descriptive of the finding of Moses by the "Lovely Vargin," who was daughter to Pharoah, no such couplet as this last has blest our ears. But we must not lose sight of our traveller. The poet tells his brother, that after leaving the Tiber he will immediately proceed to the Danube, where, he says—

"———'Tis for you
The Austrian Vienna there to view:
To admire the monarch, warlike, good, and
wise,
With the magnanimous Prussian king who
vies.
An army, brave and numerous to sway;
Chosen and hardy, forward to obey,
Whom as companions honour'd he rewards,
And not as slaves abused a lord regards.
There agriculture flourish you will see;
&c.—p. 49.

He gives a commission to his brother when in Vienna—

"When near you may applaud the loftiness,
The harmony, and the consonance sublime,
All that in varied symphonies to express
Has power, the greatest master of our time,
Haydn the great, and merited his fame—
Whom to embrace I beg you in my name."

The last couplet reminds us of the modest improvement on Dryden's famous epigram, "Three poets in three different countries born," made by a recent Irish bard, the author of the "Doneraile Litany," and addressed to George IV., when in Dublin:—

"Byron for England, Scott for Scotia stood,
And Ireland boasts O'Kelly great and
good!"

London is, of course, the next place which the traveller is to visit, and here the muse rises with the subject:—

"There, in the populous court, whose walls
long side
Bathes the deep Thames, in current vast
and wide,
A nation's image will before your eyes
In all things most extraordinary rise."

"There," he continues—

"——— With inevitably great surprise.
What in no other country we may see,
You will behold, to exert their energies,
Men act and speak with perfect liberty."

Paris is to be visited on his return:—

"Midst others my reflections I would fain,
In some description worthy of the theme
(If it were not beyond my powers) explain
The various scenes, enchantments, all that
seem,
Which the Parisian court on your return
Prepares and offers you, surprised to learn,
Polish'd emporium of Europe's courts,
The which with noble spectacles invites," &c.

These two concluding lines refer generally, we should imagine, to Paris, so celebrated for its manufacture of optical glasses. If we are correct in this we must suppose that Mr. Kennedy's mania for transposing words out of their natural order has made him misplace the adjectives "polish'd" and "noble." We suggest this reading—

Noble emporium of Europe's courts
The which with polish'd spectacles invites,
&c.

We must now tear ourselves away from this fascinating epistle, which we have read in Mr. Kennedy's version, to use his own inimitable language—

"With inevitably great surprise."

Of the "Fables" we shall give the following. It is one of our translator's least provoking efforts. The moral of the fable itself may suggest the cause of the comparative success of our author on this occasion:—

"THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.

"This little fable heard,
It good or ill may be;
But it has just occurred,
Thus accidentally.

"Passing my abode,
Some fields adjoining me,
A big ass on his road
Came accidentally;

"And laid upon the spot
A flute he chanced to see,
Some shepherd had forgot,
There accidentally.

"The animal in front,
To scan it nigh came he,
And snuffing loud as wont,
Blew accidentally.

"The air it chanced around,
The pipe went passing free,
And thus the flute a sound
Gave accidentally.

" 'O then,' exclaimed the Ass,
 'I know to play it fine,
 And who for bad shall class
 The music asinine.'

" Without the rules of art
 Ev'n asses, we agree,
 May once succeed in part
 Thus accidentally."

This lively little fable merited a better translation, and it has fortunately received it from the pen of Mr. Roscoe, the translator of "*Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe*" (vol. ii. p. 441), to which we refer the reader.

Juan Melendez Valdes (born 1754, died 1817) is the next poet who comes under our notice in the present collection. The peculiar charm of his poetry, arising in a great degree from the exquisite sweetness and harmony of his versification, would render a satisfactory translation of his pastorals and lyrics an object of considerable difficulty, even to a writer whose style possessed some portion of those indispensable attributes. How he fares in the hands of his present translator, the reader shall presently see. We may promise him something pre-eminently excellent in Mr. Kennedy's strikingly original style of composition.

The memoir of Melendez, prefixed to those specimens of his poetical works, as is usual throughout Mr. Kennedy's entire book, is much more interesting and valuable than the laboured and less successful efforts to which it forms an introduction. On looking into Mr. Ticknor's great work, to be sure, it is apparent, that both the historian and the translator copied almost verbatim from the same authorities. But, nevertheless, it is only just to Mr. Kennedy to say, that his memoir is more complete, and that it presents few of those astounding inversions of style, so apparent when he attempts to write verse.

The life of Melendez is another melancholy example of the insecurity which has attended the successes and the triumphs of most of the modern literary men of Spain, not indeed owing to their devotion to letters, but rather to their endeavour to turn this tranquil worship of a pure divinity to the doubtful service of political ambition. Had Melendez been content with his peaceful professorship at Salamanca, instead of being lured to Madrid by the splen-

did cares and dangers of official dignity, how happier for himself personally, and how fortunate for the literature of his country, which he was so competent to elevate and to enrich. No doubt the society of his great friend and patron, Jovellanos, was an attraction difficult to be resisted. But in a country where the political caution of this eminent character, as we have seen, could not save him from the disasters that overwhelmed him, what chance of escape could that man have, who rashly committed himself to parties whose intrusion was considered a national insult, and whose success would be felt as a national disgrace. Joining the French under Joseph Buonaparte, he shared in their momentary triumph as well as their final defeat. Narrowly escaping a violent death from the populace of Oviedo, whither he had been sent as a commissioner (the delay arising from a mere question of etiquette, as to whether he was to be shot in front or behind, either as an enemy or a traitor), he was reserved for the more lingering death of an exile in the south of France. He died at Montpellier, on the 24th of May, 1817, after a wretched residence there of four years; and there is too much reason to believe that his death was hastened, if not occasioned, by an absolute want of the common necessities of life. Thus perished, miserably, a man who, notwithstanding the distractions of his life, not only restored the grace and freshness of the elder school of Spanish lyrists, but was influential enough to establish a new one himself. The school of Salamanca—so called from Melendez's residence in that university—was one of the most hopeful revivals of the old spirit in the literature of the last century. Many writers of great promise ranked themselves under the banners of Melendez—the works of whom would doubtless be more numerous and more widely known, but for the political distractions of their country.

The most valuable of Melendez's writings are his lyrical and pastoral poems, published in a small volume, in 1785. "Most of it," says Mr. Ticknor, "is in the short national verse; and nearly all is marked with a great gentleness of spirit, and a truly poetical sensibility. The anacreontics which

it contains remind us of Villegas, but have more philosophy and tenderness than his. The ballads, for which his talent was no less happily fitted, if they lack the abrupt vigour of the elder times, have a grace, a lightness, and a finish which belong to that more advanced period of a nation's poetry, when the popular lyre has ceased to give forth new and original tones. But, everywhere this little volume shows traces of an active fancy and powers of nice observation, which break forth in rich and faithful descriptions of natural scenery, and in glimpses of what is tenderest and truest in the human heart. It was, in fact, a volume of poetry more worthy of the country than any that had been produced in Spain since the disappearance of the great lights of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and it was received in consequence with general enthusiasm, not only for its own sake, but as the long-looked-for dawn of a brighter day."

We share in the disappointment of our readers, in not being able to produce a single poem so translated as to corroborate the warm, yet just criticism of the historian. Mr. Kennedy does not help us out of the difficulty; and we have not leisure to look elsewhere. In fact, his transformation of the golden verses is so opposed to the polish and brilliancy of the original, that we are reminded of the roguery of the German fairies, who substitute withered leaves for the genuine metal. We think, since the days when the hero of Apuleius' romance was turned into an ass, no such grotesque metamorphosis as the following has been known to the world. It is the greater part of a poem called "Of the Sciences":—

"I stand by smiling Bacchus,
In joys us wont to wrap he;
The wise Dorila lack us
The knowledge to be happy.

"What matter it, if even
In fair as diamond splendour,
The sun is fix'd in heaven?
Me light he's born to render.

"The moon is, so me tell they (!)
With living beings swarmy;
'There may be thousands,' well, they
Can never come to harm me!

"From Danube to the Ganges,
History tells *how did he*,
The Macedonian, launch his
Proud banner firm and giddy!

"If not, leave all to justice;
Give me some drink, *o'erpower'd*
With but to name this goddess,*
I feel myself a coward.

"They much who study ever,
Have thousand plagues annoy them,
Which, in their best endeavour,
Their peace and joy destroy them.

"And then what do they gather?
A thousand doubts upspringing,
Which other puzzlings farther
Them other doubts are bringing.

"And so through life they haste on,
One enviable truly! (?)
Disputes and hates to waste on,
And ne'er agreeing *thoroughly*.

"My shepherd girl! but bring me
Then wine *abundant very*;
And fear not songs I'll sing thee,
As endlessly and merry."

—pp. 88, 89.

Unhappy shepherd girl, to be so repaid for her kindness in bringing the poet—

"Wine abundant *very*."

The introduction of this expletive brings dear old Pickwick to our recollection. Mr. Kennedy unites the poetic power of Snodgrass with the favourite terminating ejaculation of Alfred Jingle. If our translator recollected the wine of the country, he need not have been driven by stress of rhyme, to attempt, by such a very extraordinary manœuvre, to escape the impending rhythmical difficulty. If he would not *cross the line*, and put into *port*, sherry, at least, was to his hand, and then the stanza might convey the following, undoubted truth:—

My shepherd girl, but bring me
Two or three bottles of sherry,
And better songs I'll sing thee,
Than on tame teetotaller's perry.

We make Mr. Kennedy a present of this amended verse for his second edition.

The younger Moratin (born 1760, died 1828), comes next in our

* Qu. "Justice" or "Drink."

gallery of poets; but his life and writings are so intimately connected with the revival of the drama in Spain, that we postpone any lengthened notice of him for the present, with the hope hereafter of devoting a special article to his honour. It is enough to say in this place that his good and evil fortunes, both in literature and through life, singularly agreed with those of the three other poets whose works have occupied us so long. Extricating himself by his own energy and talents from the humble occupation of a working jeweller, he became one of the subtlest critics of his country, and, as a dramatist, surpassed the great masters of the older theatre in correct delineation of character, if he did not equal them in the richness of their fancy and the splendour of their poetry. Like Melendez, he obtained the friendship of Jovellanos, and the protection of the great enemy of that minister, Godoy, Prince of the Peace; and yet he died in a solitary, but almost unavoidable exile at Paris, on the 21st of June, 1828. He suffered the loss of his property and his direct means of support, but it is consoling to think, that the kindness of an old friend saved him from the dreadful privations under which Melendez sank. Mr. Kennedy's specimens of this poet's occasional verses are translated into blank verse — *how* blank, the reader may imagine from the samples he has already had of his rhyme.

Juan Bautista de Arriaza (born 1770, died 1837), a writer of dashing political and national songs, principally on cotemporary subjects, follows next in order. He held a commission in the Spanish navy for some years, and is, with the exception of the English Falconer, the only poet whom the hardy and adventurous profession of the sailor has produced—Dibden, Captain Norris, and our countryman, the author of the "*Arethusa*," rather idealising naval incidents than sharing in them. In this respect, Apollo, like the Prince Regent, seems to have been more partial "to the land service" than to the maritime. The present is not the place to investigate the causes why the same calling that has either directly or indirectly influenced the minds of so many masters of prose narrative, from Marco Polo to Marryat, and from Smollet to Sue, should have been so barren in poetical results; but

the difference is, perhaps, worth remarking. Arriaza, from his residence in London, and from the enthusiastic part which he took, both personally and by his writings, in favour of British intervention in the affairs of the Peninsula, was better known in England than some of his brother poets of equal merit, and, indeed, has been given by foreigners a higher position in the world of Spanish letters than his own countrymen have been willing to assign him. It is probably for this reason that, though his poems have been frequently reprinted, little curiosity has been felt in Spain as to his private history. In the work of Juan Maria Maury, "*Espagne Poetique*," published at Paris, in 1826, the style of Arriaza is praised for its elegance of diction and for the clearness of its meaning—the latter a merit which the writer states is not common among the writers of his country. On this criticism, Mr. Kennedy makes the following remark:—

"It is true that his style is exceedingly easy, and the expression generally very clear; but it must also be acknowledged, on the part of the translator, that obscurities are frequently to be found in his lines, when he must discover a meaning for himself."

On this observation we shall merely remark, that Mr. Kennedy has been more fortunate with his author than we have been with his translator, our utmost ingenuity failing to elicit a meaning from some of the passages we shall presently adduce. Take, for instance, the third stanza of the "*Ode on the Battle of Trafalgar*." *Œdipus* himself would not unravel the mystery:—

"There are to whom has fate bestow'd
The lot, that always on the road
Of docile laurels borne,
Success should fly their steps before,
And in their hands events in store
Should lose each cruel thorn."

—p. 124.

We stand aghast at the impenetrable profundity of this stanza; but what must the obscurity have been in the original? this being, we presume, one of the passages where the translator had to discover a meaning for himself, which he has illiberally kept to himself also. The following, though perhaps somewhat less obscure, has a beauty pe-

cularly its own—it is descriptive of a more advanced period of the battle:—

“With iron clogg’d the air, the breath
Is drawn each with a dart of Death,
Whose skeleton immense
Rises exulting o’er the scene,
To see such fury rage, and glean
His devastation thence.”

This is in a very high and imaginative style of poetry, it must be admitted. In the first place, the air, which is here personified, is represented as so indifferent to the mighty battle raging below, as to think merely of its own personal comfort, and is described as going out “clogg’d with iron”—we suppose owing to the dampness of the evening. Then comes the sublime figure of Death, operating with his “dart,” as if he were a dentist, and “drawing” the breath of each victim as if it was a tooth! The conclusion of the stanza is weaker and more obscure. Why “Fury” should “rage” and “glean his devastation” at the same time, is not easy to understand.

A tremendous cannonade is then described:—

“Struck by the sound groans Trafalgar;
Olympus shakes as in the war
The savage Titans waged,
When through the waves their forges roll’d,
Ætna, Vesuvius, and untold
Volcanoes burning raged.”

With this striking and playful figure of the Titans “rolling” their forges before them like hoops, we shall pass on to the second specimen of Arriaza’s muse, as interpreted to us by Mr. Kennedy. This poem is called “The Parting,” and is said to be extremely popular in Spain. It is too long for minute analysis, but we shall give two or three stanzas which clearly convict the Poet Bunn of plagiarism, along with the many other literary crimes laid to his charge. The famous lyric,

“When other lips and other hearts,”

must yield the palm of originality and felicity of expression to the following:—

“At lonely hours across my thought
Gulf’d in the ocean vast,
The scenes to memory will be brought
With thee I saw and pass’d.
Then will my sorrows make me feel,
My lot more dark to be,
And thou, more cruel, than the steel,
Wilt ne’er ev’n think of me!”

What particular “steel,” or kind of steel it is to which the power and privilege of remembering the author is here given, we are at a loss to conceive. We hope the poet did not write *ironically*.

“There first her matchless form I saw;
There first my faith I swore;
And from her flattering lips could draw
The happy ‘Yes’ they wore!
As these reflections by me *file*,
Rise grief in like degree;
And thou, who knows, if thou the while
Wilt e’er ev’n think of me?”

The repetition of these graceful elisions has a charming effect, not to speak of the appropriate use of the word “file,” in the fifth line, which so well agrees with the “steel” of the preceding stanza.

The venerable form of Manuel Jose Quintana, born 1772, rises next before us, firm and erect, though bearing the weight of more than eighty years. He still lives, we believe, but whether he will long survive this last blow that destiny has aimed at him in the shape of Mr. Kennedy’s translation of some of his poems, before he himself is *translated* to a happier sphere, is a question too painful and too uncertain for us to decide. Quintana was another of the friends of Jovellanos, and went through the same trials and sufferings that we have related as pursuing and overwhelming both his patron and his companions. Though, for a time, his own share in those scenes was severer than some of the others, they were not eventually so fatal, and he has long enjoyed an exemption from misfortunes which he bore with resignation, and passed out of without resentment. Nothing can be nobler and truer than the manner in which he alludes to those circumstances in the preface to the third volume of his “Lives of Celebrated Spaniards.” After alluding with dignity to some of his sufferings on behalf of constitutional liberty—one of them being an imprisonment of six years, during which he was deprived of the use of his pen—he says,

“Let it not be supposed from this that he puts it forth here as a merit, and less, that he presents it as a complaint. For of whom should I complain? Of men? These in the midst of my greatest calamities, with very few exceptions, have shown themselves constantly regardful, benevolent, and even

respectful towards me. Of fortune? And what pledges had she given me to moderate for me the rigour with which she treated the rest? Were they not of as much, or more value than I? *Political and moral turbulences are the same as the great physical disorders, in which the elements becoming excited, no one is sheltered from their fury.*—p. 148.

This is a striking analogy, except that physical convulsions are inevitable and unforeseen, while the social or political are too often affected by the agencies of men whose means are sometimes as questionable as their motives. Those who are principally exposed to the shock; those whose numbers and position, so far from allowing them

“To rule the whirlwind, and direct the storm,”

make them the first victims of its desolating violence, would do well to ponder upon this apothegm of the Spaniard, whose own experiences made him an unquestionable authority.

Quintana is better known to foreigners as a judicious collector of the writings of others, and as a charming biographer, than as a poet; though his patriotic odes are said to have had a powerful effect in keeping up the national enthusiasm of his countrymen during perilous times. Two of his odes—one of them of the kind alluded to, and written after the battle of Trafalgar; the other on the Spanish expedition for the promotion of vaccination in America, under Don Francisco Balmis—are selected by Mr. Kennedy. The latter is gracefully conceived and pleasingly written, and is represented as an atonement made to America by the Spain of a humaner age, for the crimes and atrocities which followed the discovery of the New World, and which, at the time they were committed, were, as he truly says, “the crimes of the age and not of Spain.” We shall pass over Mr. Kennedy’s version of it, out of respect for the charitable and generous spirit in which the original poem is conceived and written. With reference to the ode on the battle of Trafalgar, we were more than usually alarmed at an admission which our translator makes, in his introductory remarks. He says:—

“The reader will, *perhaps*, observe a *constrained style* in it, *even beyond that of translation (!)*—*sentiments forced*, as if the subject had not been taken voluntary.”

We thought, so far as a “constrained

style” was concerned, we had reached the lowest depths to which the heaviest leaden plummet, ever dropped in the ocean of literature, could descend, but it seems that there is “in the lowest deep a deeper still”—a constrained style, “even beyond that of (our author’s) translation.” How it is that this truth only begins to dawn upon him at the 149th page of his work, when it was plain to any one who opened it at the first, though it awaken our

“Inevitably great surprise,”

must for ever remained unexplained. We have looked with great curiosity, mingled with fear, into this poem about which the translator has such salutary misgivings; but we confess we see no difference between it and those that preceded it. It could not be worse, and it is no better. Our space is becoming limited, and we can offer but few specimens. The first that strikes us is an inaccurate description of Nelson’s person. The statue on the pillar in Sackville-street must be very unlike him if the epithet “round” can be applied to him. It may, however, arise from the traditional notion on the Continent, that John Bull is a very stout, burly gentleman, and it has become a generic title for all Englishmen.

“From the proud castled poops that crown
his high
Indomitable ships, the *Briton round*
Look’d on his power and glory to rely,
And boastful cried,” &c.

In another part of the poem he places the trumpet of Fame in a singular position. Speaking of those who fell in the battle he says:—

“Hid from the sun
By smoke, Fame’s trumpet shall their
praises swell.”

This is an artful contrivance to get rid of a difficulty which modern scepticism throws in the way of the poet. The fondly and firmly-believing bards of an earlier day would have boldly introduced Fame as presiding personally over the combat, and awarding the deathless notes to the deserving warriors as they fell. But our author or translator, knowing well that the tendency of the age is decidedly opposed to supernatural appearances, and that the introduction of Fame would only

be laughed at as "a pretty piece of paganism," ingeniously places her behind the smoke, where it is for the critics to disprove her presence if they can. This shows what admirable use may be made of the modern peculiarities of warfare by a competent writer. We think, however, that more could be made of the present idea, and that it ought to have been heralded by some such lines as these :—

Fame flies the fume that hide's the hero's
doom,
Nor lets the envious smoke
The brazen trumpet choke,
But blows unseen their requiem to the tomb.

There, Mr. Kennedy, is another stanza for your next edition.

Farther on is another ingenious figure. Heaven is represented as commanding the north winds to rise and part the combatants :—

"———'Tis order'd, and athwart
They *throw themselves the miserable barks,*
Lashing the waves on high with cruel wings."

In the line we have italicised the winds and barks become so incorporated that it is not easy to distinguish exactly which is "their miserable selves." It was thus the beautiful fable of the Centaur arose from the close junction of man and horse.

The well-known name of Martinez de la Rosa (born 1789), is the one that next greets us. A detailed biography of this distinguished writer and statesman would necessarily include much of the general history of Spain for the last forty years. But within our rapidly narrowing limits little more than the merest allusion to him is possible. It is enough to say in this place, that he was at all times the advocate of moderate and constitutional liberty, and that he suffered for those opinions, and for his efforts, when in power, to carry them out after the usual Spanish fashion. A sentence of ten years' imprisonment (of which he underwent six) in a penal settlement in Africa, and repeated exiles—one of them of eight years' duration in Paris—quite come up to our notion of the requirements of political justice in the Peninsula. His years of exile were, however, the most fruitful in those poetical and literary works which have extended his name beyond the diplomatic

circles of his own country; and the evening of his life has begun to close in an interesting and congenial locality, namely, at Rome, where he has (or had lately) the honour of representing his sovereign at the court of Pio Nono.

The translated specimens are better than usual. There is a good deal to find fault with in the "Remembrance of Spain," but we heartily wish that the preceding portions of the book equalled even it in merit.

There are some pleasing lines in the "Return to Granada," but the entire poem is too long and diffuse for quotation. There are several other translations, the last of which is a bacchanalian song in favour of wine; and here, to show that Martinez de la Rosa must suffer equally with his brethren, our translator puts him to the torture, and makes him *render* up the *spirit* of his verse in the following painful way :—

"With thee the fair maiden
Shows herself fairer,
With thee has the matron
New beauty to glare her;
Ev'n the sad widow
Finds love an ensnarer."—p. 200.

And again :—

"Oblivion thou givest
To troubles and sorrow,
Joys fleeting a show
Of eternal to borrow,
And robb'st of its horrors
The fate of to-morrow."—p. 201.

We suppose that as there is no *Rose* without a thorn, our translator was intended by nature to form that repelling adjunct to this *Rosa de Espana*.

One of the most interesting and varied memoirs in the collection is that of the Duke de Rivas (born 1791), distinguished as a soldier as well as a painter and a poet, and pre-eminent among his literary brethren for the vicissitudes of his life, and the number and singularity of his adventures. On one occasion, having received eleven dangerous wounds, he was left for dead upon the field of battle, and on regaining his senses he found he had been robbed of his clothes during his insensibility. Rescued from this deplorable situation, he was sent to a neighbouring village with seven wounded companions, all of whom died, one by one, by his side, in the cart in which they

were conveyed. At one moment we find him compelled, by his necessities, to open a drawing-school in the city of Orleans, in France; not being permitted on that occasion to visit Paris. At another, by the unexpected death of his brother, in possession of the extensive estates and ancient title by which he is known. Now, the chosen representative of the people, and again, in danger of assassination at their hands; and eventually sent to Naples as an ambassador from the same court, by which, on a previous occasion, he was sentenced to death. Becoming familiar with the writings of our great modern poets, from repeated visits to London and Gibraltar, and from a residence of five years in Malta, his later poetry proves how admirably he availed himself of those advantages. His tragedy of "Don Alvaro" is one of the most successful dramas ever presented on the Spanish stage; while in his poetical romance of the "Moro Esposito," or "Cordova and Burgos in the Fifteenth Century," he gave to his countrymen a specimen of that charming class of compositions of which the rhythmical narratives of Sir Walter Scott were the earliest and the most famous. His most popular work, however, was his collection of "Historical Romances," published at Madrid in 1841. They are written in the ancient ballad metre, and, while partaking largely of the spirit and harmony that characterised the older poems of their class, are remarkable for the minute painting of costume, and the minor but picturesque accessories of the story, in which, perhaps, the influence of Scott may again be discovered. The poem selected for translation by Mr. Kennedy, from this collection, is a long and tragic ballad, entitled, "The Alcazar of Seville." It narrates the murder of Fadrique by his brother, Don Pedro the Cruel. The catastrophe is told with a spirit and truthfulness that make a lasting impression on the memory, while the introductory portions abound in beautiful descriptions of the famous palace, with its painted and enamelled halls and delicious gardens. We are bound to say that Mr. Kennedy's muse improves wonderfully while interpreting these wonders to us, and we make this admission, we assure him, with as much pleasure, as the necessity of our previous strictures gave us pain. It is difficult to select a passage for quota-

tion that will not be too long for our space, and yet complete in itself; perhaps the picture of Don Pedro will be the most satisfactory:—

"The cavalier was slightly form'd
And of the middle size,
With reddish beard, a restless mouth,
And most unquiet eyes.
His visage pale and dry appeared,
Nose sharp and of a crook;
Noble his port, but sinister
And terrible his look.
In a red mantle he was wrapp'd,
With golden plates o'erspread,
And gracefully his cap was placed
On one side on his head.
With measured steps, from end to end,
He paced along the room,
And different passions o'er his face,
Though silent, seemed to come.
At times he reddens, darting round
Fierce looks, that seem'd to tell
As flames cast forth from eyes of fire,
The very deeds of hell.
And now a fierce and bitter smile
The extended lip displays,
As on the gilded roof he fix'd
A darkly lowering gaze.
Now hastening on his course, from head
To foot he trembles o'er,
And now proceeds his noble mien
Of calmness to restore."—p. 233.

Our next author is Manuel Breton de los Herreros (born 1796), a dramatic writer whose fertility promises to rival that of Lope de Vega or Calderon, having already produced upwards of sixty successful dramas besides a great number that were unsuccessful. A singular proof of his popularity is mentioned by his biographer. One of his pieces, it appears, was so much relished by the audience, that at its termination they insisted on its being repeated all over a second time, with which extraordinary demand the actors had to comply. Breton was of humble birth, and entered, when a boy of fourteen years of age, a regiment of infantry as a volunteer. He saw a good deal of military service in Valencia and Catalonia, and we agree heartily with the observation of our author, that, "as on reading the life of the Duke de Rivas we feel it a subject of congratulation, that the lance of a French marauder did not cut off one who was destined to be the ornament of his country's literature; so we rejoice again equally that the chance passed away favourably, when a stray ball might have deprived the world of

the works of Breton de los Herreros." In addition to his dramatic writings he has published a number of lyrical and satirical poems, and it is from these our translator makes his selections, but they do not present anything sufficiently attractive for quotation.

The next wretch

"Condemned to die"

(To use the refrain of a subsequent poem in this volume) is José Maria Heredia (born 1803, died 1839), a native of Cuba. The events of the greater portion of his short life are succinctly related by himself in the preface to the second edition of his poems, published in Mexico. In referring to the political troubles that had disturbed his native island as well as the mother country, he says that "the revolutionary whirlwind had made him traverse over a vast course in a short time, and that, with better or worse fortune, he had been an advocate, a soldier, a traveller, a teacher of languages, a diplomatist, a journalist, a judge, a writer of history, and a poet, at twenty-five years of age." "All my writings," he adds, "must partake of the variableness of my lot. The new generation will enjoy serener days, and those who then dedicate themselves to the Muses, will be much more happy." He had been banished from Cuba for engaging in an alleged conspiracy to declare the independence of that island. His first place of residence was New York, where he acquired an accurate knowledge of the English language, but finding little to encourage him to settle permanently there, he proceeded to Mexico, where, having some family connexions who were influential in that country, he was immediately appointed a judge of the Supreme Court as well as a member of the Senate. In 1833, after the death of Ferdinand VII., the regent, Queen Christina, extended a general amnesty to all expatriated Spaniards, whether from the mother country or the colonies. An exception however was made by the Captain-General of Cuba in the case of Heredia, no further privilege being allowed him than to pay a hasty visit of two months to his mother, now advanced in life, and to his other relatives. He did not long survive this event, having died of consumption on the 6th of May, 1839. Mr. Kennedy institutes a com-

parison between Heredia and Keats, not only in their early deaths by the same fatal disease, but also between the character of their writings. This latter resemblance may be true for aught we know, but, certainly, we can detect but little trace of it in our translator's mode of interpreting the utterances of the Cuban poet. That little consists in an occasional peculiarity of pronunciation which we thought confined to the genuine natives of the great metropolis, and which we certainly did not expect to meet with in a judge at the Havana (or *Hawana* as it certainly would be if the exigencies of rhyme required it). We all recollect the unjust and cruel ridicule heaped upon poor Keats, for one unfortunate rhyme of this kind:—

"O, Goddess, hear!
Divine Citherear!"

We suppose our translator, being unable to rival the innumerable redeeming beauties of the English poet, was determined to resemble him at least in his defects; and, accordingly, we have the following stanza, which, along with the characteristic smoothness and lucidity of the translator, has the additional charm we have alluded to. It is addressed by the poet "to his horse"—who, we need scarcely say, was *not* Pegasus:—

"The fond illusions of my love are gone,
Fled, never to return! and with them
borne,
Peace, happiness, and hope: the veil is
drawn,
And the barred chest shows frenzy's aid
alone."

The terrible screw of the *garrote* must have been turned with redoubled force by our judge to produce this singular rhyme. We can imagine the translator fixing his poet in the chair of death. The unfortunate bard is allowed to make his last speech and dying declaration undisturbed, until he reaches the last word of the third line. The defect of the rhyme is then perceived for the first time, when suddenly the fatal wrench is given, and the intended utterance of "*drawn*" is twisted into a shriek of agony, and becomes "*drown*!" The mere galvanic imitation of sense which the last line exhibits is, of course, only natural under the circumstances.

Of "Poesy—an Ode," we shall give the opening stanza. Let the reader mark the exquisite cadence of the fourth line:—

"Soul of the universe, bright poesy!
Thy spirit vivifies, and, like the blast
That's burning in the desert, swiftly free
In its course, all inflames when it has past.
Happy the man who feels within his breast
The fire celestial, purely is possessed!"
—p. 280.

There are abundant lines of this kind; but we prefer to give a few stanzas from a little poem, more characteristic of the author, and *less* of his translator, than we have yet been favoured with. We take the terminating stanzas, as, in all cases of strangulation, the *extremities* generally present less traces of discoloration and deformity than those more elevated portions that the executioner selects for his operations. The poem is called "The Season of the Norther," and describes the difference between the climate of Cuba and that of less favourably situated countries:—

"How sweet it is to hear the rain,
My love! so softly falling thus
On the low roof that shelters us!
And the winds whistling o'er the plain,
And bellowings of the distant main.

"Fill high my cup with golden wine;
Let cares and griefs be driven away,
That proved by thee, my thirst to stay,
Will, my adored! more precious shine,
So touch'd by those sweet lips of thine.

"By thee on easy seat reclined,
My lyre how happy will I string,
My love and country's praise to sing;
My blissful lot, thy face and mind,
And love ineffable and kind!"

—p. 279.

We have now to introduce to our readers the name of, perhaps, the most brilliant and melodious lyrist that Spain has ever produced—namely, that of Jose de Espronceda (born 1810), who, dying at the early age of thirty-two years, has left behind him a literary reputation second to none in the difficult but most delightful department of song we have particularised. We had intended, and we may yet carry our intention into effect, to devote a special article to an examination of the few but valuable works which this undoubtedly eminent genius has bequeath-

ed to the world. Various causes of a personal nature have as yet prevented our appropriating sufficient time to a satisfactory analysis and translation not only of his lyrics, but of his principal poem, "El Diablo Mundo," seven cantos of which he had completed when his premature death took place. We confess, however, that the strong interest which we felt on first becoming acquainted with the *poet*, has been sadly diminished on a more thorough knowledge of the *man*—the personal and literary reputation of Espronceda being of a very different kind indeed. Enough of this disenchanting information may be drawn from the unavoidable admissions even of his most friendly panegyrists—but we have received much more from less partial and more conscientious private sources. If "not all the blood of all the Howards" can ennoble the worthless characters enumerated by the pen of our great poet-moralist, so the highest attributes of genius cannot invest vice with a single charm, or profligacy with an excuse. The world pardons easily, perhaps too easily, the occasional and even repeated frailties of its favourite children; but never, when vice seems to be rather the carrying out of a diabolical principle, than an unwilling but irresistible yielding to the passions that beset human nature from within and from without. If ever there was a truly great poet, who was also a thoroughly bad man, he is not one of those whom we take into our heart of hearts, and whose inspiration, next to that of revelation, is our teacher and consoler through life. Had Espronceda lived, he might, perhaps, have redeemed the errors of his youth; but we are not very sanguine even of this. The spirit of Mephistopheles and the example of Don Juan exercise a very protracted influence over those who adopt them.

It was in the year 1840 that the small volume on which his lyrical fame is built, was published. It contains but fifteen poems altogether, most of them having previously appeared in the newspapers and periodicals of Madrid. They are remarkable, not only for the exquisite melody of the versification, but for the number and variety of the metres, of which he was the originator. True poets, generally speaking, are not satisfied merely to adapt their words to the old established rhythmical melodies of their

language; they are often driven, by the same impulse, to create new harmonies as to originate new thoughts. If, occasionally, the musical improvisation ends in little better than a wild fantasia, or a grotesque extravaganza, more frequently some simple chord is struck that not only touches the heart, but vibrates on the ear of an entire generation.

Mr. Kennedy's translations from Espronceda are by no means the worst in his book. But the commonplace metres he has selected, even if more felicitously executed, would present no accurate idea of the varied harmony of the original, and we therefore postpone putting our eulogy to the proof by examples, until "other men and other times" may do justice to the literary character of Espronceda.

The author, to whom time and our translator have awarded the privilege of Ulysses, that of being "devoured the last," is José Zorilla, born 1817, and still living. This distinguished poet was pre-eminently that phenomenon described by Pope as being so perplexing to parents, namely:—

"A youth foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross."

In fact the laudable efforts of the elder Zorilla (a successful lawyer, full of years, business, and fees), to confine the steps of his erratic son to the lucrative labyrinth of law, and the persevering efforts of the youth to escape from the tortuous, though golden windings, of the temple of Themis, are sufficient materials in themselves for an excellent comedy. The incipient comedy, however, promised to end rather prematurely in a tragedy, for the angry parent thinking it was vain to expect any good of a young man to whom detainers and consultation fees did not constitute the *summum bonum* of human felicity and exertion, determined if he would not hold detainers that detainers should hold him. He accordingly directed the rebellious lawstudent to be removed to one of his distant estates, to be there dressed as a farm labourer, and to be employed in pruning his vines and other agricultural pursuits. This was rather too much for our young poet. He determined to escape the threatened degradation,

and accordingly, without consulting the owner, *borrowed* a horse from a friend—"convey, the wise it call"—and indeed it was the only act of conveyance ever executed by our unwilling lawyer. He thus managed to reach a distant town, turned his friend's horse into more friendly piasters, and thus provided, made his way to Madrid. He remained concealed from his friends for about twelve months, writing anonymously for the newspapers and periodicals of the capital, until an accidental circumstance drew the public attention upon him, and he awoke one morning, like Byron, and found himself famous. He has been a very prolific author, even the indirect announcement in the dedication of his eighth volume to his wife, that with that his poetical labours would close, has, we are happy to say, not been at all acted on. From this dedication we are proud to perceive that the wife of the poet is an Irishwoman. It runs thus:—

"Dedicated to the Señora Matilda O'Reilly de Zorilla. I began the publication of my poems with our acquaintance, and I conclude them with thy name. Madrid, 10th October, 1840."

This may console us for our recent loss of an empress.

As has been intimated, the most popular of Zorilla's poems are ballads or romances, founded on the legends of his country, particularly those of a Moorish character and complexion, showing in these a strongly poetic, if not patriotic, sympathy with the ancient enemies and rulers of the "old Christians" of Spain. We would give some stanzas from a ballad of this class, but for the perverse inversions of our translator's verse, which prevent us from selecting a few specimens, tolerably free from the ludicrous objects which we have already pointed out.

We have now come to the termination of our somewhat painful though amusing task. We regret that our opinion is not more favourable to a work, the announcement of which we read with much pleasurable anticipation. Should our readers come to a different conclusion as to the merits of the translations from the specimens we have given, we shall rejoice for our author's sake if not for theirs. We need scarcely say that our verdict, whether right or wrong, is given ho-

nestly and to the best of our judgment ; and that we know nothing of the author but what can be gleaned from the title-page and dedication of his book. That he is a person of taste, the selection of the subject indicates ; that he is possessed of scholastic attainments, the abundant quotations in Greek put, of course, beyond all doubt ; that he is gentlemanly in his tone and moderate in his opinions is undoubtedly true,

and that he has every requisite for a good translator, but the capacity for writing intelligible English in tolerable verse may safely be admitted. Should he be dissatisfied with this partial praise we shall not be obstinate ; we shall change our finding altogether and acknowledge in one word, that our author has *executed* his task admirably, and *finished* his work in the most complete manner.

NEW SOUTH WALES AND TASMANIA.*

“ Now be a good boy, and take the physic, my dear, and then you shall have the sugar afterwards.” Does the reader ever recollect having this promise held out to him ? We venture, with all respect, to offer it him once more, and if he will read the first part of this article which, though useful, we fear may be rather distasteful, we can promise him some tit-bits from a livelier and more graphic pen than our own towards the close of it. Had we been in search of a good contrast to Dr. Lang, indeed, we do not know that we could have found a more complete one than chance has offered us in Mrs. Meredith. The first is verbose, serious, ponderous, and bitter ; the latter, nervous, gay, lively, and good tempered. They are alike in sincerity, and in a certain warmth of feeling, and decisiveness of expression ; but this in the lady only results in a positiveness that circumstances or farther knowledge might change or convert, while, in the divine, it takes the shape of a dogged obstinacy that sometimes borders on malignity.

The first work of Dr. Lang’s is founded on his previously published history ; but it has been almost entirely re-written, and is brought down to the present time. He commences it with a blunder, as he says that Australia was discovered simultaneously by the Spaniards and the Dutch, in 1606. Now, the Spaniard, Don Pedro Fernando de

Quiros, discovered and named a land which he called Australia del Espiritu Santo, since identified with the larger island of the New Hebrides, and which could not possibly have been part of the Louisiade, as Dr. Lang supposes. Australia del Espiritu Santo is 1,000 geographical miles from our Australia, and 600 from the Louisiade. Neither is there any evidence that Quiros’s lieutenant, Luiz Vaez de Torres, when he passed through Torres’ Straits saw, or, at all events, took notice of the mainland of Cape York. He describes all the land as islands, and may have passed through Bligh’s Entrance, and by the Mulgrave Islands. The honour then of the first discovery of Australia is clearly due to the Dutch commander, who, in the yacht *Duyfen*, ran along the coast of New Guinea, and down the eastern side of the Gulf of Cententaria, missing the opening of Torres’ Straits, which he probably avoided in consequence of the shoaling of the water in that direction. Dr. Lang afterwards truly says, that—

“ The northern and western coasts of Australia, from the peninsula of Cape York to the south-western extremity of the land, together with a portion of the southern coast and the neighbouring island of Van Diemen’s Land were discovered during the next forty years by a succession of Dutch navigators.”

Tasman was the most distinguished of these Dutch navigators, and he im-

* “ An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales.” By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., A.M. Third edition. 2 vols. London : Longmans.

“ Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia.” By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., A.M. 1 vol. London : Longmans.

“ My Home in Tasmania.” By Mrs. Charles Meredith. 2 vols. London : Murray.

mortalised not only himself, but Van Diemen, the then Governor of the Netherlands' East Indies; and his daughter, Maria Van Diemen, with whom he was in love. One of the discoveries which he dedicated to her, was Maria Island, on the east coast of Van Diemen's Land, as it has hitherto been called, but which is now more justly, as well as euphoniously, named Tasmania.

Every one knows that our own great navigator Cook, in 1770, discovered and surveyed the whole eastern coast of Australia, from Cape Howe to Cape York, visited Botany Bay, gave names to all the more prominent objects along the coast, struck on a coral reef, and repaired his ship in Endeavour River, re-discovered Torres Straits (Torres's discovery not being known), and gave the name of New South Wales to the whole of the eastern side of the great island which was then known as New Holland.

It having been afterwards decided, on the suggestion of Viscount Sydney, then Secretary for the Colonies, to form a convict settlement on this coast, a fleet under the command of Captain John Hunter, with Captain Arthur Phillip, as governor and commander-in-chief, arrived in January, 1788, in Botany Bay, with 600 male and 250 female convicts, and their guard. Sir Joseph Banks, and the botanists who accompanied Cook, were so enraptured at the many new and beautiful shrubs and plants they discovered, that they not only called the place Botany Bay, but gave the most glowing accounts of its richness and fertility. The Bay is, in fact, a very shoal harbour, with but little shelter, surrounded by a dreary waste of sand and swamp, which, however covered with shrubs and bushes, is utterly unfertile, and remains to this day uninhabited, and very nearly in the condition in which Cook found it.

Captain Phillip after reaching Botany Bay was obliged to go in search of a better position, and cruising along the coast to the northward, luckily resolved to examine Port Jackson. The coast hereabouts is composed of vertical cliffs of pale-coloured horizontal sandstone, rather broken and indented. One of these indentations looking rather larger than ordinary was set down as a boat harbour by Captain Cook, and called Port Jackson, from the name of the man at the mast-head

who reported it. The indentation was in fact broken through by a passage, both to the north and to the south, giving an entrance behind the headlands, but another cliff beyond these openings appears from the sea to be continuous with the outer cliff, and thus prevents the entrances from being observed from a distance.

On the 26th of January the whole fleet removed into what is now known as Port Jackson, which is entered by the southern one of these two openings, and is one of the finest, safest, and most capacious harbours in the world, with a vast number of coves, and bays, and long indented arms running in various directions. To one of these coves, about seven miles up the port, where a stream of fresh water ran through a thick wood, the name of Sydney Cove was given. Here the expedition landed, and the wood was soon felled to make room for the tents.

To those who have seen the present city of Sydney, this account of the founding of the colony must always, in spite of themselves, wear an air of antiquity and of dim romance as if it were a story a thousand years old. Yet it was but ten years ago that there died in the colony a lady who was present on this occasion, and who slept in a hammock slung between two trees, somewhere between Sydney Cove and George-street. She was the daughter, if we recollect rightly, of Captain Hunter. It is even now only sixty-five years ago. We can hardly reconcile ourselves to the fact while we write it. We must not, however, linger any longer on the remote archæology of Australia, but, under the guidance of Dr. Lang, will just throw together the outline of its history from that time down to the present day.

The first five years of the colony were marked by great hardship. From the wreck of store-ships and other accidents the whole of the inhabitants, from the governor downwards, were obliged to be put on very short allowance of provisions. It was due solely to the energy and force of character of Governor Phillip, joined with his great humanity and good sense, that the colony was not abandoned. In the end of June, 1790, what is called the *second fleet* arrived. In December, 1792, Governor Phillip left the colony in consequence of declining health. He subsequently became vice-

admiral, had a pension of £500 per annum, and died in 1814. In June, 1793, the total population was 3,959, including 889 persons on the distant settlement of Norfolk Island.

After Captain Phillip left there was an interval of three years, during which the government of the colony was administered by the commanding officers of the New South Wales Corps, afterwards the 102nd Regiment.

Captain Hunter, R.N., then came out as Governor, in September, 1795, and remained till September, 1800. During his governorship agriculture was much improved, and some progress was made towards producing a sufficient supply of food for the use of the colony. Still about this time a cow cost £80, a horse £90, and a Cape sheep £7 10s. Mutton was 2s. and green tea 16s. a pound. A common cup and saucer were known to have fetched 22s. In Governor Hunter's time Mr. George Bass, surgeon of H.M.S. *Reliance*, and a kindred spirit, Matthew Flinders, then a midshipman in the navy, set out to explore the coast to the southward, in a small boat only eight feet long, called the *Tom Thumb*. They discovered Tom Thumb's Lagoon in the fertile district of Illawarra, fifty miles south of Sydney. In December, 1797, Bass, in a whale-boat, with six men and six weeks' provisions, which he managed to make last for eleven weeks, discovered Shoal Haven and Twofold Bay, and passed through Bass's Straits, discovering Western Port, thus proving the insularity of Van Diemen's Land, and examining about 500 miles of coast, making altogether a voyage of about 1,000 miles. Flinders and he subsequently went round Van Diemen's Land in a small vessel, discovering Port Dalrymple, into which flows the Tamar, the second river of the island.*

The third governor of New South Wales was Captain Philip Gidley King, R.N., who assumed the government on

the departure of Captain Hunter in 1800. He has the character of being a rather rough-spoken but good natured man, who probably would not have done for first or second governor, but who was quite competent to carry out what they had begun. In 1808 the first newspaper was established, called the *Sydney Gazette*. In 1804 settlements were formed at Hobarton, on the south side of Van Diemen's Land, on the river Derwent, and at Launceston, on the north side, on the river Tamar.

In December, 1801, Flinders came out from England in H.M.S. *Investigator*, and traced the whole of the south coast, from Cape Leeuwin to Encounter Bay, so named from his there meeting the French expedition, under Captain Baudin, who had come from the eastward. They both discovered and examined Port Philip, but had been anticipated a few weeks by Lieutenant Murray, R.N. Flinders afterwards surveyed the whole eastern coast and the Gulf of Copen-taria, when his ship being found to be rotten, he was compelled to return to Sydney. He and his crew then embarked for home in the *Porpoise* and *Cato*, which were both wrecked on the Cato coral reef. They managed to build a small vessel from the wreck, in which Flinders went to Sydney and brought assistance to his companions. After that he sailed for England in the cutter *Cumberland*, twenty-nine tons burthen, but being obliged to put into the Mauritius, he was there detained a prisoner for six years and a-half by the governor, Du Caen, notwithstanding he had a passport from the French government, as was usual in time of war with discovery ships. This conduct was in striking contrast with that which Captain Baudin had just previously met with in Sydney, where he was treated with the utmost hospitality.

Flinders was accompanied by Robert Brown, as naturalist,† now so well

* Bass was subsequently seized by the Spaniards in Valparaiso for endeavouring to trade there, and probably perished as a criminal in the mines.

† We remember to have heard an anecdote showing how little our rulers are acquainted with men whose names are known all over the world to men of science. When the King of Prussia and Humboldt were over in London some years ago, there was some occasion of festivity, on which all the most eminent scientific men were supposed to be invited to meet the illustrious German philosopher, and the King who honours himself by being his friend. Humboldt inquired eagerly for Robert Brown. "Robert Brown," said Sir R. Peel, to whom the question was addressed, "who is Robert Brown?" In hardly any other civilised country could a man so distinguished have been unknown to the prime minister, or unhonoured by the sovereign whose reign he contributes to make memorable.

known, as the most eminent of European botanists, whose reputation first arose from his dissertation on the plants of Australia, collected and observed during this voyage.

In 1806, great floods on the Hawkesbury River, the borders of which were then the granary of the colony, produced the greatest distress, and for a time almost paralysed its energies.

The fourth Governor of New South Wales was Captain William Bligh, R.N. His name is better known as connected with the mutiny of the *Bounty*. He seems to have been one of those men, whose irascibility of temper made him intolerable to all those who came in immediate contact with his authority. His officers and crew mutinied against him, and turned him out of the *Bounty*. The officers of the New South Wales Corps, and some of the principal people of the colony, mutinied against him, and turned him out of his government.

The New South Wales Corps was, doubtless, anything but a "crack" regiment. The officers of it had, from the first, become spirit-dealers, purchasing rum at cost price from the "King's Stores," and disposing of it at a very large profit, through the medium of the sergeants and other persons. At this early period of the colony, indeed, it appears that all the officers, military and civil, from the Governor downwards, monopolised the supply of all spirits arriving in the colony, whether public or private, and disposed of them for their own advantage, either for money, goods, or services performed.

Governor Bligh had orders from home to put a stop to this pernicious system, and proceeded to execute them probably in as exasperating a manner as he possibly could. Ill-blood was thus generated between the Governor and those to whom he should have looked for support. A trifling circumstance gave rise to an open quarrel between them, and, finally, Major Johnstone, at the head of the regiment, arrested the Governor, imprisoned him, and assumed the government. This was in the end of the year 1807. In December, 1809, Colonel Macquarrie came out as Governor, with orders to

re-instate* Bligh for twenty-four hours, as an *amende honorable*, and to send Major Johnstone home under arrest, when he was shortly after cashiered. The New South Wales Corps also was replaced by the 73rd Regiment.

Colonel, afterwards General Lachlan Macquarrie was Governor of New South Wales for twelve years. He was an able and energetic man, although rather crotchety occasionally. Under his rule the colony, having got over its first difficulties, started into active and vigorous existence. He caused roads to be made to the west and south-west, especially one across the Blue Mountains, concentrating, for a time, the whole convict labour upon these needful works. He made altogether 276 miles of road, with wooden bridges across the many gullies and water-courses. He also had numerous public buildings erected, from barracks down to police-stations. In New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, together, 250 public buildings were completed in his time. It appears, from one of his despatches, that the settlers could at that time employ only one-eighth of the convicts that were then poured into the colony, the other seven-eighths being thus necessarily maintained and employed by Government.

Governor Macquarrie tried with more or less success to bring forward the *Emancipists*, as convicts were called, who had served their time and become free. From him originated the "môt" so well remembered in New South Wales, that "the colonists consisted of those who had been transported, and those who ought to have been so."

Credit is especially due to him for the way in which he urged on inland discovery. When he took the government, the colony consisted only of the country within forty or fifty miles of Sydney. At that distance from the coast it was bounded by the Blue Mountains, a range whose highest peaks do not much exceed 3,000 feet, but which rises gently from the plains through the space of twenty or twenty-five miles, the whole surface of that slope being traversed by innumerable gullies and ravines, with perfectly vertical cliffs, winding and branching one out of another, so as to form an inextricable maze. The brooks

* This re-instatement was necessarily omitted, as Bligh had been allowed to resume command of H.M.S. *Porpoise*, and was then on the coast of Van Diemen's Land.

in the beds of these ravines, though often dry for months together, of course collected vast quantities of water in the occasional heavy rains, all combining to pour them rapidly into the one or two central rivers, from the narrow and precipitous gorges of which they rushed into the valley of the Hawkesbury, that ran along the foot of the slope, and thus caused the dreadful floods that once or twice endangered the early existence of the colony. Many attempts to find a practicable track over these Blue Mountains had been unsuccessful. Even the energetic Bass had failed in 1796, and several others since. In 1813, however, Messrs. W. C. Wentworth, Gregory Blaxland, and W. Lawson succeeded in tracing through all its windings the dividing ridge between the lateral gullies and tributaries of the rivers Grose and Warragumby, and reached its termination in Mount York, whence they looked down into what was called the Vale of Cewyd, a fertile-looking valley stretching far to the westward. The Governor sent Mr. G. W. Evans to prosecute this discovery, and that gentleman discovered the Bathurst Plains, and the upper parts of the rivers Lachlan and Macquarrie flowing into the interior.

In 1817, Mr. Oxley, surveyor-general, traced the Lachlan down for 400 miles, through a country gradually getting poorer as he advanced; and also traced the Macquarrie for a nearly similar distance. Both these rivers appeared to end in marshes, or morasses, in a flat country, which marshes were supposed to be the borders of some great inland lake or sea. Mr. Oxley then struck to the north, and discovered Liverpool Plains and the adjacent districts. Nearly at the same time, Mr. Hamilton Hume penetrated into the country to the south-west of Sydney, around Lake Bathurst and Lake George; and, in 1819, the banks of the Murrumbidgee had been reached. By these discoveries, the known area of the colony had been increased twenty-fold.

In 1817, Captain Philip Parker King, R.N.* (son of the former Gover-

nor of that name), came out to survey the coasts. He was, at first, obliged to put up with a small vessel of only eighty-four tons, but afterwards procured one a little larger. In spite of all disadvantages, he made a most accurate survey of the "inner route," through the barrier reefs of the north-east coast, as also of the north and north-west coasts, discovering Port Essington and many other harbours, that have never been used, and which, from the sterility of the land around them, will probably never be worth using. Captain King, however, showed himself a worthy successor to his great predecessors, Flinders and Cook, and his surveys were of the greatest importance, both to geography and to commerce.

In 1821, the population was 29,783. On December 1st, 1821, the government of the colony was assumed by Major-General Sir T. Brisbane, K.C.B., the sixth governor of New South Wales. He was an eminent astronomer, and founded the Parramatta observatory; but he seems to have been deficient in practical energy and habits of business. Under his rule, however, free emigration greatly increased. Trial by jury, and the freedom of the press, were both established.

Further discoveries were made, both inland and on the coast. In the Moreton Bay district, the rivers Brisbane and Bremer were discovered. In the south, Messrs. Hovell and Hume crossed the Murrumbidgee, the Murray, and other rivers, and struck out on Port Philip, which, however, they took to be Western Port.

During Sir T. Brisbane's government, Dr. Lang himself came out to the colony—a fact which that gentleman seems to consider of far higher interest and importance than the arrival of any other person, however eminent in station or merit. From this point his history becomes utterly untrustworthy, except for dates and matters of public notoriety; it becomes, in fact, a history of Dr. Lang, his actions, his enmities, his prejudices, his

* Dr. Lang, who never hesitates to use his history as a vehicle for his own personal spite against those to whom he may have been opposed, detains his readers to relate a trumpery anecdote of a retort he once used in public to some remarks made by this estimable gentleman, whose friendship is an honour to all who know him, and whose name is respected in both the literary and scientific world. The anecdote is utterly without point, and only exhibits the bad taste and bad temper of the relator.

speeches, and his pointless *jeux d'esprits*, extracted from old newspapers, with a back-ground of colonial history, on which all these may be displayed to advantage. There is, indeed, worse even than this. Scandalous stories are told, and petty tittle-tattle retailed, that might be expected from a tea-table of laundresses in a back parlour, rather than from a doctor of divinity, and a man who aspires to political eminence in his country.

Lieut.-General Sir R. Darling, the seventh governor, came out in December, 1825. He appears to have been somewhat of a martinet, which was, perhaps, necessary, after the laxity of Sir T. Brisbane. During this year the Australian Agricultural Company was established, and had a grant made to it of a million of acres in the colony. In the year 1825, Van Diemen's Land, having now a population of 14,192 persons, was made a separate colony, under a lieutenant-governor. The year 1825 is well known as one of those years of speculation, which seem now to occur once, at least, in every decade, followed by a period of privation and distress. A sheep and cattle mania arose in New South Wales; the prices of stock doubled, people imagined their value would still increase, and mortgaged their property to purchase them. A sudden check came—a panic ensued—prices of stock fell below their former value, and hundreds of people were irretrievably ruined. This ruin was consummated by a three years' drought which then set in, during which not a drop of rain fell in many parts of the colony, and but little anywhere. Grassy plains became mere wastes of dust, and rivers and water-holes were dried up, that had never failed before.

Still, so great had now become the resources of the country, that it is stated that, six months after the termination of the drought, butchers' meat could be bought by the carcass at three farthings the pound.

General Darling thought this drought would be a good time for a further examination of the marshes of the Macquarrie; and, accordingly, despatched an expedition there, under Captain Sturt, accompanied by Mr. Hume. They found the marshes to be not more than fifty miles across, beyond which they recovered the river, and traced it towards the north, till it fell into a

much larger river, which Sturt called the Darling. In 1827, Mr. Allan Cunningham made another journey to the north, and discovered the fine table-land of Darling Downs, 150 miles long by twenty or thirty wide, and 2000 feet above the sea. In 1829, Sturt went down the Murrumbidgee in a boat, discovered the Murray, and pursued it into what is now the colony of South Australia. He found it received the waters of the Darling, and the whole drainage of the western waters of New South Wales, and emptied itself into Lake Alexandrina, a shallow expanse of water, which is, unfortunately, separated from the sea by a line of sand-hills, through which the surplus water oozes rather than flows. A shallow channel does, indeed, cut through the sand-hills; but the shoalness of the water, and the terrific surf on that exposed coast, precludes the entrance even of a boat, except under very favourable circumstances.

Thus was cut off the last hope of sea-going vessels ever being able to penetrate into the interior of the colony by a great navigable river like one of those of America.

Governor Darling left in October, 1831, and was succeeded in December by Major-General Sir R. Bourke, K.C.B., the eighth governor. Under his rule great improvements were made in some of the regulations of the colony. The system of making grants of land was put an end to; and henceforward all Crown lands were sold at public auction, the minimum price being five shillings per acre. Regulations were also made as to the assignment of convict servants, and the unlimited power of the lash was taken away from the magistrates, who were in future *limited to fifty lashes*. These and other reforms gave great offence to some of those who were used to the old system; and it is supposed, that in consequence of their machinations, Governor Bourke resigned earlier than he otherwise would have done—namely, in December, 1837.

The land fund which he created brought, in 1836, a revenue of £130,000. In 1831, the population was 60,861; in 1836, it had increased to 77,096. In 1831, 1835, and 1836, Major (now Sir T.) Mitchell made his three well-known journeys into the interior, when, among other discoveries, he traced the Darling from where Sturt left it down

to the Murray, discovered and traced the Glenelg River (now the boundary between the colonies of Victoria and South Australia), and traversed what he called Australia Felix, but which was afterwards called the Port Philip district, and is now known as Victoria.

In 1834, Port Philip had been colonised by settlers from Van Diemen's Land, who were rapidly spreading their flocks and herds over that fertile district. In 1836 it was taken possession of as a dependency of New South Wales, a sub-government established, and Melbourne founded.

Sir George Gipps, the ninth governor, arrived February 24th, 1838. Hitherto the colony had been considered as entirely a penal one—a place of transportation. The free emigrants had been looked on as useful, rather as superintendents of convicts and employers of convict labour, than in any other light. Any free emigrant had almost, as a matter of course, his grant of so many thousand acres, and his assignment of so many convict-labourers (prisoners, or government men, as they were always called), whom he was bound to furnish with an allowance of rations, and a certain quantity of clothing; but who were otherwise his slaves, and whom he might take before a magistrate, and have flogged for any real or imputed fault. Under Governor Bourke the system of free granting of land ceased. Under Sir George Gipps, the assignment of convicts first, and shortly after, in 1840, the transportation of criminals to New South Wales was altogether put an end to.

No convicts had ever been transported to any part of the Port Philip district. The discovery of the fine district of Port Philip, and other circumstances, caused a steady and increasing stream of emigration to set in from the mother country into New South Wales. One or two large additional banking companies were established, one of which, at all events, the Bank of Australia, was most lavish in its advancement of money on the security of land in the colony. The consequence of this combination of circumstances was, that a *land mania* arose. Not only did new emigrants purchase land at a considerable advance on the old prices, but all the old colonists began to buy land in all directions, frequently mortgaging all their previous possessions in order

to pay for their new acquisitions. The common rate of interest for money on mortgage was £10 per cent., and often more. Wool was then high in price, and many of the old colonists had incomes of several thousands a-year from their flocks. In addition to their estates, they began to build spacious mansions, to keep costly equipages, and to live in a grand style. Champagne bottles were said to strew the roads; and we recollect to have been told by an old settler, that about this time, in riding about the country, you were often asked at a shepherd's or stock-keeper's hut, not if you would take some tea, but, "won't you come in and take a glass of champagne, sir?"

To pay for their mansions and equipages, their foreign wines and costly furniture, the settlers drew upon their merchants, in anticipation of their next year's clip of wool, and mortgaged their properties to the banks to purchase more land. The years 1841 and 1842 were marked by a general pressure on the money-market throughout the world, and at the same time wool fell in price. Mercantile houses at home were compelled to press their agents and customers in the colony for payment; and, in many cases, to send warrants of attorney to compel it. The merchants of the colony were, in consequence, obliged to compel immediate payment from the settlers; but these having anticipated their year's income, had not the means for the immediate settlement of their accounts; and the falling off in the price of wool made even the next year's income insufficient to pay their merchant, to defray the interest on their mortgages, and to keep up the expensive establishments and extensive enterprises in which they had embarked. A panic ensued; and it was then found impossible for them to sell any part of their estates, because every settler was in the same condition—every one wanted to sell—no one was able to buy.

Legal proceedings had accordingly to be taken on all sides. Now, a short time previously, a law or regulation had been passed, which facilitated the act of insolvency, but which obliged the whole property and effects of an insolvent to be sold and distributed within six months. The result was, that every one became insolvent, and that a great part of the property in the colony was in the market at once—all sellers, and no buyers, and no power to

wait till capital could be brought from home for investment. Valuable properties were consequently sold for less than their annual income, to any one who had a few pounds to purchase them. Estates, formerly worth thirty thousand pounds, sold for two or three hundred. Flocks of sheep, worth ten thousand, sold for £250—a sum more than realised by the wool of the next year. Sheep were sold for sixpence a piece; horses, previously worth £60, sold for a few shillings. The many handsome private carriages in Sydney and the neighbourhood, were all sold at once—frequently were bought by the coachman, and were all turned into hackney-carriages—a convenience which before had no existence. The Bank of Australia failed, some persons owing it £50,000, or even £100,000. Utter ruin seemed to hang over the colony, and every one seemed sunk in gloom and despair.

Ruin! ruin to the colony! what dupes we are to metaphor! how we cling to and delude ourselves, and make ourselves miserable with the conventional meanings of words! How few there are of us who, on any sudden change of circumstances, can look through the mist and mirage in which habit forces us to behold the distorted images of things, and see them really as they are! How could the colony be ruined? there were the same lands, houses and people, corn-fields and pastures, gardens and vineyards, horses and sheep, and cattle as before? Where, then, was the ruin? All things were cheaper and more abundant than before, and, in a short time, were *much more equally distributed*; that was the ruin! One man, and he, we are happy to say, an Irishman, Mr. O'Brien, looked things straight in the face, and at once effected a great relief. "Sheep sixpence a-head," said he, "or half-a-crown a-head!—come! the wool, and the hide, and the tallow are worth more than that—I'll kill mine, and *boil 'em down!*" He did so, and established the minimum price of sheep at five shillings for ever after. In a short time, every one was better off than before, except a few, who, being utterly ruined, had not energy or good fortune enough

to re-establish themselves. The principal settlers now rode their horses, instead of driving them in flashy carriages; they drank their own pleasant wines, the produce of their own vineyards, instead of logwood port, copperas claret, and gooseberry champagne; they left off building, and put a roof on the ground-floor, instead of adding a second story to their mansions; and they were content to live on the produce of their own lands, in corn, and beef, and mutton.*

In 1842, the first constitution was granted to the colony. Under Sir Thomas Brisbane, a council had been established, consisting of four of the heads of departments. This, under Sir Ralph Darling, was expanded to fifteen, consisting of the governor, seven Government officers, and seven settlers, selected by the Government. In 1842, a legislature of one house was constituted, consisting of thirty-six members,—namely, six Government officers, six Crown nominees, and twenty-four elective members. "The franchise was a £20 rental, or freehold of £200 in value; the qualification for members, £2,000, or £100 of yearly value."

We are bound to say that the first legislature of New South Wales was as respectable a body of men, both for character and talent, and their proceedings were marked by as much propriety, good sense, and independence, as those of any similar body we ever heard of. Dr. Lang says there has been a falling off since then. On this point we are by no means inclined to accept him as a reliable authority, though our own private information is not full enough to enable us to contradict him. Had he given us some account of their proceedings, instead of filling up his book with the trumpery details of his own election, the hustings speeches he made, and the mob popularity he obtained, his book would have had more value as an authority, and might have been more often read with pleasure than disgust—more often quoted for its information, than laughed at or despised for its contemptible egotism and absurdity.† Under Sir George Gipps, the last suc-

* In colonial phraseology, at a dinner party at a settler's house up the country, you get "roast mutton at the top, boiled mutton at the bottom, and the *rest in candles*."

† We do not wish to question Dr. Lang's integrity or honesty of purpose; neither would

cessful efforts were made at extending the boundaries of geographical discovery. H.M.S. *Beagle*, first under the command of Captain Wickham, then of Captain Stokes, completed the survey of the coasts of Australia, especially along the north and north-west coast. Several inlets of considerable extent were discovered, admitting of navigation as far as the tidal water extended, but not one of them had any navigable body of fresh water falling into them; the rivers, except in times of flood, consisting of shallow and insignificant streams, flowing over bars and ledges of rock. It is thus certain that no large river, draining any considerable portion of the continent of Australia, finds open access to the sea. The *Beagle* was relieved by H.M.S. *Fly*, Captain Blackwood, and that vessel by the *Rattlesnake*, Captain Owen Stanley, whose voyages had the survey of the coral reefs off the north coast, and thus rendering more safe that important tract for navigation, as their principal objects.

Inland, Count Strzelecki explored Gipps's Land, on the south-western corner of the country, and examined the geology and physical geography of a large part of the great eastern chain of mountains between Port Philip and Moreton Bay. Leichardt made his arduous and important journey overland, from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, throughout which, however, he kept at no great distance from the coast. Sir T. Mitchell made another excursion from Sydney to the north-west, in which he discovered a fine river, the *Victoria*, flowing into the interior, which he at first hoped would run out to the Gulf of Carpentaria; but which was afterwards found, by Mr. Kennedy, to sink into the great central desert of Australia.

This great central desert had, in the meantime, been penetrated for a considerable distance, by Captain Sturt, who started from Adelaide. Mr. Eyre, too, starting from the same point, had

skirted what appears to be its extension all along the Great Australian Bight, in his desperate overland journey, from South to Western Australia, during which he did not meet with a drop of running water, or even a channel for any coming from the interior to the sea. Finally, in 1847, Leichardt started to cross the centre of the country, from Moreton Bay to Swan River, and is believed to have perished with all his companions in the attempt to traverse that Sahara of the South.

At the close of Sir R. Bourke's administration, in 1837, the population was 85,267; at the close of Sir G. Gipps's, in 1846, it was 187,413, having more than doubled itself in the meantime. Sir G. Gipps left on July 11th, 1846, and was succeeded by the present Governor, Sir Charles Fitzroy, on the 2nd of August, of that year.

We shall not follow Dr. Lang any farther in his colonial history, which, henceforth, is a chronicle of scandal, rather than a history. Suffice it to say, that the colony went on and prospered, quietly pursuing the even tenor of its way till it was astounded by the gold discovery of 1851. Of this every one has now heard enough of the details, and of its general results we are not yet in a condition to speak.*

By way of rendering this little sketch more complete, we may state that, in 1829, the colony of Swan River, or Western Australia, was founded; but has, hitherto, attained to but little of the prosperity of its more fortunate sisters. For this there are many reasons, one of which is its isolation, being cut off from the rest by the great central desert, as far as land communication is concerned, while the sea is almost invariably agitated by strong westerly gales, so that, for a great part of the year, it is almost impossible to reach Swan River, from the other colonies, without going northabout through Torres' Straits, and thus making almost the circuit of the whole continent. Western Australia, too, is traversed by a

we take upon us to assert that he has always been fairly treated. He, doubtless, was often in the right in his disputes with official personages, and in other matters; but he is one of those men whose heat of temper, self-love, vanity, and dogmatism, make all their proposals look like those of self-interest, and incline men to regard with distaste whatever they meddle with. Their support of any cause is the greatest stumbling-block in the way of its success, or its being entertained with favour by the minds of reasonable and intelligent men.

* We could, indeed, add little to what we have already said on this subject. See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XXXIX., No. 233, May, 1852.

north and south range of barren hills, called the Darling Range, while it has no harbour, like Port Jackson, on its western coasts, which, near the capital, Perth, are bordered by a strip of sand ten miles in width, so loose and deep as to make the use of wheel-carriages impossible. Many of the settlers there have immense tracts of country in their possession, much wealth in flocks and herds, a rude abundance of the absolute necessities, but no money to purchase the luxuries or procure the refinements of civilised life. Even the capital, Perth, has hitherto been but a village. The colony has lately, at its own request, been supplied with a certain portion of convict labour, and it appeared to us, when we visited it, that it was a country which absolutely required it, more especially for the construction of good roads and bridges, by which the scattered districts of fertile land might have their intercourse facilitated, and the wool and other produce of the interior be more easily brought to the coast for shipment.

South Australia, and its capital, Adelaide, were founded in 1835, and, though more favourably situated than Swan River, and having a more open and fertile country, and better harbours, it is doubtful whether it would have attained its present prosperity had it not been for the discovery of its rich copper mines. It is also accessible with comparative facility, either by sea or by land, whether from Port Philip, by way of the coast over the "Biscuit Plains," or from the more distant New South Wales, down the River Murray.

From this cause alone it was enabled to get its share of the riches of its neighbours, either in the flocks and herds of former times, or in the golden treasure of the last two years. It is found, moreover, that beside the more vulgar metals of copper and lead, it has gold of its own, which may, perhaps, some day turn out as abundant as that of Victoria itself.

Lastly, in 1851, the Port Philip district, or all that part of the former colony of New South Wales, which lies south of the River Murray, and between Cape Howe on the east, and the little River Glenelg on the west, was erected into an independent colony, under the name of Victoria, with

a lieutenant-governor for its head, and Melbourne for its capital. With its wide tracts of fertile land, its easily accessible country, its large harbours, and its apparently boundless store of gold, this colony seems destined to take the lead of all the rest in wealth and importance, though we fear the present immigrants may be even now passing through a crisis of great severity, owing to their vast numbers, and the little preparation that could be made for them.

We have thus five Australian colonies, as follows:—

Name.	Capital.	Founded, A.D.
New South Wales,	Sydney	... 1780.
Tasmania ...	Hobarton,	1804.*
Swan River ...	Perth	... 1829.
South Australia ...	Adelaide	... 1835.
Victoria ...	Melbourne,	1836.†

Before entering on the subject of Tasmania, we perhaps ought to say, that the second volume of Dr. Lang's History, and his other work, headed "Freedom and Independence," consist of statistical and descriptive accounts of New South Wales and Victoria, written in a very rambling and ill-digested fashion. There are passages of considerable interest, and containing much information scattered here and there among impertinent accounts of himself and his doings, diluted with dreary speculations, and crude and impracticable plans. He even publishes a map, on which he has chalked out in straight lines three new colonies that he proposes to call Cook's Land, Leichardt's Land, and Flinder's Land, the former being part of the present New South Wales, and the two latter containing not a foot of cultivated land, nor a single European inhabitant. He gives to the seven colonies thus formed the proposed title of the "Seven United Provinces of Eastern Australia," apparently fancying that he will thus be enabled, with little trouble to himself, to guide the course of future events, and be hailed as the prophet of future countries.

We are greatly inclined to agree with much that he says on the subject of colonisation, and on the management of colonies in general, and are therefore the more annoyed that he

* Made a separate colony in 1825.

† Made a separate colony in 1851.

should thus mar a noble cause by such ill-urging of it.

Many of his plans, too, are formed in utter ignorance of the nature of the district he speaks of, as, for instance, he confidently asserts that the whole commerce of the country will shortly be carried by a railway to Albert River, a salt-water creek in an exposed part of the flat shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria; and proposes to carry this railroad to the eastern coast, about lat. 16° or 17° , where there is no harbour to receive it, and where it would have to be carried over a mass of land, no part of which is less than 2,000 feet high, and which ends abruptly on the coast in the wildest and most rugged precipices and ravines.

In spite, however, of all these errors of judgment, temper, and discretion on the part of Dr. Lang, we must still say that his books are well worthy an attentive perusal by all those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the country, and who are able to guard themselves against being misled by his prejudices, and bewildered by his mis-statements.

Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, is a triangular-shaped island, lying between the parallels of 41° and 44° south, or about the latitudes of the northern part of Spain and Portugal. It is a hilly and mountainous country, being, in fact, but the prolongation of the great eastern Cordillera, or mountain chain of Australia, its connexion with which is marked by a curved line of high rocky granite islands, stretching across Bass's Straits, from Cape Portland to Wilson's Promontory. The watershed, or dividing ridge of Tasmania, runs from Cape Portland on N.E., some distance down the eastern coast, then makes a great bend through the centre of the country, and finally strikes out on the S.W. cape. For the greater part of this distance it traverses land from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the sea. On this elevated district are a number of large and beautiful mountain lakes, of which Lake Sorell, Great Lake, and Lake St. Clair, are the principal. The principal basins of drainage are that of the

river Derwent on the south, flowing into Storm Bay, and that of the river Tamar on the north, flowing into Port Dalrymple. These receive the waters of the centre and the eastern side of the island, while those of the west flow off by a number of smaller and independent channels, traversing wild and mountainous districts, which are even yet but little known.*

The mountains and ridges, colonially called "tiers," run in various directions, frequently enclosing small, almost isolated valleys, or basins of lower land, which, from their having a gently undulating and lightly timbered surface, are known as "plains;" all the hills and higher grounds, except the very tops of the mountains, are clothed with vast unbroken woods of the sombre and monotonous gum tree. Even on the most barren and rockiest slopes and declivities, great naked stems of rugged-barked gum trees form interminable vistas in every direction, while now and then from some more lofty and open brow, the eye wanders over a vast sea of wood, spreading far and wide over hill and dale, from the waving forest below to the dim and misty outline of the distant horizon.

The shape of the country is often singularly bold and picturesque, as witness the following scraps of description from a journal we have had access to:—

"On coming on deck soon after daybreak this morning found the ship passing within two miles of the S.W. Cape of Van Diemen's Land. Lofty barren mountains of bare, whitened, and weather-beaten rock, ended in dark broken precipices, frowning over a wild and turbulent sea. The hills were clothed and shrouded in mist and clouds, which a fierce wind was driving along them, and appeared utterly desert and inaccessible, while the foaming seas leaping against the dark cliffs forbade all thought of landing. I have rarely seen so wild a scene, or one so apparently the constant abode of storm and tempest."

"Storm Bay has the broken and wooded hills of Bruny's Island on the west, and on the east the dark columns and cliffs of Cape Raoul, and the lofty precipitous shores of Tasman's Peninsula. Farther up it is broken

* Among the few parties that have penetrated from the settled part of the country to Port Macquarrie, on the western coast, was one headed by Sir John Franklin, when Governor of Tasmania. He was accompanied by Lady Franklin, and a small suite, one of whom was Major G. Bagot, the present Comptroller of the Household to the Lord Lieutenant.

into many bays and channels, one of which is the mouth of the Derwent river. This is at first five miles in width, its shores still high, rocky, and broken, and for the most part covered with forest, with here and there a cleared space and the cottage of a settler."

"The site of Hobarton is really very fine. From the high lands of the interior a beautiful valley, several miles in width, comes winding towards the sea, with the river Derwent gleaming in its bosom, now reflected from the foot of a woody hill, now spreading over a wider space in the centre of the valley. On the left bank the hills are broken and detached, forming isolated mounds or peaks, or small flat-topped ridges, and none of them exceed 1,200 feet in height. On the right bank, however, there is a connected lofty ridge, rising and spreading into the tabular mass of Mount Wellington, 4,200 feet high, which ends in great vertical precipices of rudely columnar greenstone. This bold rocky elevation, often capped with clouds, rests on a steep thickly-wooded slope, furrowed by innumerable gullies and ravines, often of the most difficult and inaccessible character, and this, as it approaches the river, flattens into undulating ground with open valleys, the seaward or river margin of which is indented by numerous coves and small bays.* Round the head of one of these coves, and in the little valley belonging to it, lies Hobarton, now spreading rapidly its large and handsome streets and houses over the higher undulating ground about it. These houses have hitherto been built of red brick, but that material is fast giving way to a handsome white stone, which is found in the immediate neighbourhood, and even in the town itself.

"The whole scenery sometimes puts on an aspect of great grandeur, or even sublimity, which once struck me on a still summer evening, when passing over some of the lesser heights a few miles off on the other side of the river. The red sun was setting behind the huge mass of Mount Wellington, throwing its broad shadow over the town and its environs, engulfing in its darkness all the details of the shipping and the houses, while the thin, blue smoke of the city floated like a purple veil against the black sides of the precipice above. A far off peak, just streaked with snow, yet glowed in the sunlight, which played also on the bends of the river farther up the valley, serving to throw into yet deeper gloom the dark recesses that cowered under the shadow of Mount Wellington.

"The view from the top of the mountain is likewise very interesting. You scale its summit by clambering over the fallen blocks at a broken part of the precipice—each block

a portion of a huge column of greenstone, six or eight feet in diameter—and then find yourself on a broad plateau, sloping towards the west, partly covered by scrub, and rather marshy. Towards the west and north-west, nothing can be seen but a confused assemblage of mountain summits, very wild and rugged, many of them streaked with snow even in the early summer, separated from each other by dark ravines, with jagged precipices, which were all more or less clothed with wood. In the opposite direction winds the vale of the Derwent, just below your feet, opening out into Storm Bay, and all the multitude of bays, and inlets, and islands into which the land and water is broken in that direction. There are few inhabited parts of the world where the disposition of land and water is more varied and intermingled, or the winding shores more scalloped and indented by coves and headlands, where there are more lake-like bays and island-like promontories, or more alternations of sandy beach and rocky cliff, while the dark woods mantle over all, and wave their heads above the very surf of the breakers."

Mrs. Meredith, long ago favourably known to the public as an artist and poetess under her maiden name of L. A. Twamley, married, and went with her husband to New South Wales in the year 1839. She published an account of New South Wales in Murray's "*Colonial Library*," about the year 1845, which was very favourably received at the time.

Mr. Meredith, the son of one of the early settlers of Van Diemen's Land, had established himself most successfully in New South Wales; but, in the panic of 1842, his fortunes were wrecked by the failure of those to whom they were entrusted; and he had again to begin the world, for which purpose he returned with his wife to Van Diemen's Land, and settled on a part of his father's large property near Great Swan Port, about the centre of the eastern coast. In the two volumes now published by Mrs. Meredith, we have the continuation of her colonial experience, and her observations upon the natural features of the country, on some of the more striking parts of its natural history, and on the men and manners, and the state of society she found in it. All these are most gracefully and graphically described, viewed with the eye of an artist, and depicted

* The Derwent here is in fact but an arm of the sea, which flows for many miles above Hobarton before we come to purely fresh water.

with the pen of the accomplished author.

We shall, however, confine ourselves during the remainder of this article, principally to extracting those passages which strike us as most adapted to give the reader a notion of the country.

In rounding the south-eastern extremity of Tasmania, she thus describes the scene:—

“The coast rises considerably to the south, where the mountain range terminates abruptly in the Cape Pillar—a grand basaltic precipice, or rather an assemblage of precipices, which, seen from the sea, every moment assume some new and more picturesque aspect. Separated from the mainland only by a strait of half a mile in width, is Tasman’s Island—a scarcely less striking feature in this most grand scenery than the Cape Pillar. Like it, the island is composed of basaltic columns, though on a less stupendous scale, but exceedingly fantastic in form, particularly on the southern side, where the taper spires and pinnacles seem a part of some ancient Gothic edifice, some ‘Lindisfarne,’ or ‘Tintern’ of by-gone glory; whilst, as we gained a broader view of the cape, it assumed the appearance of a fortification, a wall and sea-ward tower at the north-east end being singularly well defined. When parallel with the strait, we gained through it a fine view of another high basaltic promontory, Cape Raoul—the entrance to Port Arthur being between the two. But this was soon lost, and the island seemed to fold in, as it were, with the westerly cliffs of the cape, until, in a south view, they formed one towering, stupendous mass of dark rocks, most richly tinged with the changeful rose-colour, and purple and gold of the sunset’s glorious hues, which shone forth in still greater lustre from contrast with the deep chasms and ravines, which were in almost black shadow, and with the white-crested billows of the blue sea, that dashed their glittering spray high over the broken crags. It was a scene never to be forgotten. I have heard much of the grandeur of the ‘North Cape’ at midnight, but would not lose my memory of Cape Pillar at sunset for all the icy glitter of that more renowned scene.”

After staying some time in Hobart, they set out for the estate of Mr. Meredith, senior, called Cambria, on the shore of Oyster Bay. The following extract from the account of her journey, will serve both to give some notion of the features of the country, and some idea of the style of travelling in a colony where once the main line of road is quitted:—

“Leaving the Eastern Marshes the following morning, we again pursued our way

through the Bush, over as wretched roads as heretofore, and by noon had reached the foot of the Sugarloaf Mountain, a most formidable part of our journey.

“A high and rugged mountain-tier wholly encompasses the fertile district of Great Swan Port on the land side, rendering it imperative upon us to scale it at some point; and after much deliberation, and many inquiries as to what bridges were broken (*such* bridges, too, a Welsh pony would scarcely trust them in their best days) and what gullies were altered by the floods, and what new fences now crossed old roads, whether such could be pulled down to pass through (the putting up again after passing being a point of honour with respectable travellers, who do as they would be done by), and where certain slip-rails were to be found, and where we must ‘look out for the bull-dog that was always loose,’ and other pleasant little items of preliminary information essential to be acquired.

“After all was canvassed, the Sugarloaf route was decided on as the best. My readers will be kind enough to imagine, if they will journey with me to the end, what the other routes must be. There was an alternative proposed of ‘taking the Thumbs for it’—a part of the ridge with three hummocks called the ‘Three Thumbs,’ being sometimes traversed instead of the Sugarloaf, but the latter was finally preferred.

“Here, then, at the foot of the mountain, we first forded, and then halted beside a beautiful picturesque stream, which, with the whole scene, strongly reminded me of spots in North Wales, or on the Wye above Rhaiadre—dear old names, how pleasant it is to write them once again, and how almost impossible to believe that thirteen long years have passed over my head since I wrote about them first. Huge rocks here and there interrupted the course of the bright little river, round which it gurgled and foamed in the true trout stream style; shrubs and trees hung over and dipped into its clear, dark, shady pools, that reflected in dancing pictures the high and frowning mountain-peaks around: exquisite flowering plants, one a tree veronica, with bright-polished foliage, and a profusion of lovely sprigs of ultra-marine eye blossoms, grew close beside us, as we spread our repast on the broad, flat, mossy stones, and with our wine cooling in the river, and our cups brimful of the crystal water, we were fast growing luxurious in our notions, when, as if to realise our Welsh mountain reminiscences, a cloud which I had once or twice glanced at somewhat suspiciously, poured down upon us in a veritable mountain shower; but it soon passed over, and the sun shone out brightly, making all the little twinkling diamond drops in the flowers glitter and dance, as if in enjoyment of our temporary discomfiture.

“Luncheon being finished, and knives, forks, cups, and ‘table service’ packed up, I set off as usual in advance, with the child

and nurse, to climb the mountain on foot, the road being too distinct to be mistaken even by so obtuse a bush-traveller as myself. We plodded on and on, sometimes pausing to listen for the horses or carriage behind, and then hastening on again, to walk as far as possible before it overtook us, in mercy both to the poor horses and to the child. A most fearful ravine soon yawned before my feet, far deeper, and steeper, and wider than any yet passed, and with only a crazy bridge of long, thin poles thrown across and turfed over. Many of the poles were broken, and most of the turf fallen away, so that it was little more than a net-work of holes; even I could not step lightly and quickly over without risk and fear, and I paused some minutes on the edge, hoping the carriage party would come, and that I might know if they attempted to cross, and whether this seeming impossibility would be accomplished as so many others had been; but hearing nothing approach, we again proceeded on the steepest part of the ascent. Here the road winds to and fro along the ridge of the mountain, and most unaccountably passes nearly over its peak, much in the same style as Major Mitchell's Blue Mountain track. A wide extent of hills and vales, or rather ravines, spread far around and beneath, all robed in dim-hued forests, which in the distance looked brown and rusty, and the nearer portions only displayed the skeleton forms of the universal gum trees in a more gaunt and unpleasing aspect — so gaunt, and grim, and gnarled were they, with such vicious twists and doublings in their grey white trunks, such misshapen caricatures of arms and legs scrambling all abroad, such odd little holes and clefts, making squinting eyes and gaping mouths in elvish faces, with scratchy, scrubby-looking wigs of dry leaves; and they had altogether so disreputable and unmeaning an aspect, that if they had incontinently joined over my head in a Walpurgis dancing party, it would only have seemed a natural and suitable proceeding.

"Here and there portions of the rocky cliffs that overhung the road assumed strange and picturesque forms, sometimes draped with creeping plants, or clasped around in a rugged embrace by long-armed forest tree roots, knotted over them like mighty cables. I was growing very weary, and the utterly helpless loneliness of the situation I had so indefatigably walked into began to impress me with no very cheerful feelings, for there was no human being within call, save my frightened maid, to have offered us assistance, had any of the bushrangers, then said to be numerous in the colony, chanced to pounce upon us. Even the worst of these desperadoes are, however, generally respectful towards females. Nevertheless, I grew 'horribly afraid,' and my efforts to assume an air of courageous indifference were, I have no doubt, grim and lamentable failures.

"To return, at all events, would have been useless folly, and to stand still nearly as bad; so on we climbed—still up, up, up—along that ever-turning, and as it seemed, never-ending ascent, and it was not till we had got close to the brow of the mountain that Mr. Meredith and the 'caravan' reached us.

"A rest on the summit was as needful for the poor horses as it was welcome to me, and a cup of sparkling water from a spring close by was deliciously cool and refreshing to my parched lips, as I sat panting 'on a log.'

"And now began the worst part of the day's journey; having with a world of trouble succeeded in getting to the top of the hill, naturally the next thing to be done was to get to the bottom again. We young country folks never adopt your mean middle courses, or go sneaking round a hill half way down; if a thing is to be done, we do it manfully, in the most difficult possible manner, and if people *must* go over mountains, why of course they like to make much of the treat, and go as high up as they can! At least such seems the principle on which all mountain roads are laid out in this country.

"The road by which we ascended was a 'made' one, and tolerably good; but from the opposite side the pioneers of the wilderness seemed to have shrunk aghast, and left their task in sheer despair. The descent, as I viewed it, seemed all but perpendicular.

"I know that people skilled in theories and calculations say that an angle of 15° is the steepest ascent that a man can walk up, but as no one that I know of has ascertained the precise degree of slope for bodies to roll down, I cannot in this instance recognise the rule. Certain it is, that our descent of the Sugarloaf well might be likened to that of flies creeping down a real one, and the whole broadside of the mountain being thickly strewn with loose, sharp stones, was rendered doubly dangerous to traverse. My year's inactivity in New South Wales had spoiled my good old English habits of walking, and I was too much exhausted to crawl further on foot, so I was compelled to cling to the carriage. I cannot say I sat in it, but crouched on the foot-rug, clasping baby in one arm, whilst I held tightly on with the other, not daring to glance before me at the abyss below. A strong rope was fastened to the back of the vehicle, to which our stalworth brother lent all his weight and strength in holding the carriage back; my maid, meanwhile, led his horse (much as Mr. Winkle might have done), at the imminent peril of her own toes; and so, with infinite terror and no disaster, we arrived safely at the bottom. Many times in the course of the journey we had recourse to ropes held in the same manner on either side to prevent an upset, for the 'sideling' hills in the Bush roads not being cut or terraced to form levels, the slope is often too great for a

vehicle to traverse without great risk of overbalancing.

"During this memorable descent of the Sugarloaf, my attention was called to the beautiful view which at one point appeared over the sombre forest foreground. This was a lovely glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, calm and sunny, with the bold, precipitous cliffs of Maria Island rising grandly in the distance, and the more varied outline of the Schoutens stretching away to the north. Beautiful as it was, and long as I could under other circumstances have gazed upon it, I felt, and I fear somewhat ungraciously declared, that the sight of a single chimney of our father's residence—the so desired haven whither we were bound—would have seemed lovelier in my eyes at that moment than the most exquisite scenery that mountains and ocean ever composed."

Some miles further on, on the subsequent day's journey, they crossed some "Rocky hills" that jut out upon the coast, the scenery of which is thus graphically described:—

"Far below our narrow track the surf dashed against the cliffs, its continuous roar reaching us in a hollow murmur, and the bright waters of Oyster Bay, blue as the sky above them, spread forth in the most perfect bay-form I have ever seen. The lofty Schouten promontory, with its long range of craggy granite peaks, and the Schouten Island, equally picturesque, stretching away southwards, from the point of the mainland, form the limits of the bay opposite to the rocky hills, whilst round the head of this silvery, blue, dainty nook of ocean, lies a fine tract of low land (the estate of Cambria), with densely-wooded tiers of hills rising behind. Southward of the Schoutens, the small island called the White Rock, or more generally in maps, 'Isle des Phoques,' rises abruptly from the sea. It is not more than a mile and a-half in circumference, and was formerly the resort of a great number of seals, which have been almost wholly destroyed; and now the only residents there are the prodigious multitudes of sea-fowl, of all descriptions, which inhabit the crags, and clefts, and strange, intricate caverns of this almost inaccessible rock, which rises perpendicularly from the water; and as the waves rise and fall from twenty to thirty feet, the only mode of access for persons visiting it, is to leap from the boat when at the top of a swell, and lighting bare-footed on the slippery rocks scramble up them—a favourite amusement with my husband some few years ago; and I delight now to hear his vivid descriptions of the nights he has sometimes passed there watching the seals come in from the sea to suckle their young, listening to the conversation of the 'old wigs,' as the males are termed, or witnessing their fearful engagements,

for they fight tremendously, tearing each other in the most savage manner, till the thick, fat, blubbery skin hangs about them in absolute tatters. At sunset, too, and all night long, the sea birds come flocking home, uttering their ceaseless cries, and seeking their respective holes and nests, with a noisy, bustling, fearless, hurry-scurry, not heeding, in the least, the presence of strangers, but flying against them, or running under their legs; and through the night strange, wild sounds are heard—the deep bark of the seals; the screams, cries, and soft musical tones of the birds; the moaning of the winds; and the hollow booming and dashing of the sea against the rocks, and in, and through, and all amongst its labyrinthine caves and grottoes, that nothing but a wave or a fish ever penetrated."

After a residence of some time at Cambria, they made one day a picnic party to ride round the head of Oyster Bay, and visit the Schouten Islands, from the account of which party we extract the following scraps:—

"The grand view before us, of the Schouten range, grew more and more distinct and beautiful as we advanced, and the sun rose higher. The mountainous chain or group of the Schoutens is most picturesquely composed: the mainland portion commences next the mouth of Swan Port, in three chief eminences, running nearly parallel east and west; these are connected by a narrow isthmus of low land, running from their western side with another group of sublime bare granitic peaks, trending to the south, and between which and the triple mount, the bright blue waves of the Pacific flows into 'Wineglass' Bay ('Thouin's Bay' of the published maps). A strait called the 'Schouten Passage,' separates these kindred crags from the Schouten Island, which stretches away still farther south, its swelling heights and almost inaccessible rocky ranges crowned by lofty dome-shaped mounts, and its southern extremity ending in an abrupt precipitous bluff.

"Beyond all these we saw Maria Island, rising high and shadowy in the morning-light, and the 'White Rock' ('Isle des Phoques') gleaming like the sail of a ship, as it caught the first sunbeams on its steep, fort-like sides.

Behind us, the lower view had dwindled almost into insignificance—Swansea and the neighbouring little bays and points being almost lost; but above them were now seen ranges of the lofty mountain tiers in the interior, clothed in the usual sombre hues of the forest, with the morning vapours still hanging round them in gauzy mists, or rolling upward, brightened by the early sunbeams.

"On arriving at the mouth of Swan Port, we found a boat awaiting us, and quickly deserted our jaunting-car, leaving the groom

to take care of the horses, whose comfort had also been cared for, and a good feed of corn carried with us for them to discuss in our absence. The cloaks and boxes being transferred to our new conveyance, we embarked to cross over to the 'Old Fishery Bay,' where one of Mr. G. Meredith's whaling stations was formerly situated. The view up Swan Port was now added to the grand mountain landscape I have attempted to sketch, and most entirely I enjoyed the new and beautiful scene.

"The sea here was perfectly translucent, and the white granite sand at the bottom so bright, that, on looking down, a whole world of strange and exquisite things were clearly visible. We gazed upon forests of broad-leaved trees of sea-weed, their strong roots clasping the rocks some fathoms below, and their thick, round stems ascending through the clear water to within a foot or two of the surface, spreading forth their broad, long, gracefully-curved, slowly waving leaves in perpetual undulations, as if each were instinct with individual life, and all blended together in a grave and gentle dance. Among the leaves of these marine forests, glided bright, silver glancing filmy-finned fish, and when we sailed past these, and came over portions of the sand where no kelp grew, we saw gigantic sea-stars spreading their long arms out, purple and red; and shells and more fish glancing and darting to and fro so temptingly, that our party proposed catching some; and in a moment, three or four hooks and lines were over the side, the boatman being well provided with sea stores. Before I had watched one of them sink near the bottom, two or three others were pulled up with fine fish, of a kind called here 'flat heads,' a name tolerably descriptive of their forms—the head is broad and flat, the eyes prominent and placed on the top, the body narrows from thence to the tail, and is armed with several strong, sharp spines. So eagerly did these poor 'flat heads' take the bait, that a dozen might be seen hurrying to each hook, as it was lowered, and all the fishers had to do was to drop their lines and pull them up again. About ten minutes thus employed served to furnish such an abundant supply, that it was decided we should not bestow any more time on the sport, and we proceeded on our way.

"We now began to climb rather a steep ascent, our purpose being to mount up between the western and middle peaks of the Triad, and from the top of the gully look over into Wineglass Bay, and the Pacific Ocean; so on we went with high resolves for the execution of the project. The gully varied considerably in width, and often in the narrowest places we found huge blocks of granite had tumbled pell-mell into the gorge, some being as large as a house, and from that size downwards. Our rough scramble up this wild gully was amply rewarded when we reached the top, and resting on a fantastic perch of

rocks and roots of trees, I had time to look calmly about me and enjoy the splendid view.

"On either side of the ravine rose the towering summits of the mountain, bare masses of granite heaped up on high, like giant altars, or rising abruptly from belts of shrubs and trees, like ancient fortress walls and turrets. But the downward and onward view was like enchantment! Far below my giddy perch (from which to the sea level the steep, craggy side of the mountain was fringed with a various growth of forest trees and shrubs) lay calmly slumbering in the bright sunshine, that bright and beautiful nook of the Pacific, named Wineglass Bay. We could see the silvery circles of the tide break on the white beach, but only a most attentive ear could, at that height, detect the low whispering sound they made. Beyond the beach a green grassy slope ran back to the foot of the mountain, which rose majestically to an altitude of many hundred feet, the lower and less steep portions clothed with forest, and their bare lofty conical peaks, pointing to the clouds: countless points and promontories stretched out into the bay, some crowned with fantastic rocks, that looked like forts and castles, these continued one beyond another into the clear, blue distance, where one little island stood alone as if to mark the union of the fairy bay with the broad, bright, blue Pacific."

They settled down on a tract of ground, between the junction of two small rivers, to which they gave the name of Spring Vale. The authoress gives a very interesting account of their operations in building and establishing their cottage, and clearing and cultivating their farms, and of their various adventures and perils from floods and other accidents. After a residence of some years in this spot, Mr. Meredith accepted the magistracy of Port Sorell, on the north side of the island, and their journey to that place gave Mrs. Meredith the opportunity of seeing other parts of the island. As their way again led them through comparatively unsettled tracts, away from the few main lines of road that have been finished in the country, they met with their full share of toil and difficulty on their journey, from the account of which we select the following passages.

They travelled in a sort of strong jaunting-car, with two horses driven tandem-wise.

After traversing the mountain tiers that environ the Great Swan Port district, they fall into the lower ground on the other side, and after passing several streams and swamps by various expedients, they come to a spot where—

"One most horrible black morass spread out before us, over a length and breadth of some acres, rendering any avoidance of it by walking over utterly hopeless, and, after a brief contemplative pause, Mr. Meredith urged the horses straight on. In they plunged, nearly up to the shafts in a sable sea of something very like bird-lime, and I cannot now remember without horror my (by no means groundless) dread lest we should be smothered, or that the traces should break, as the good horses dragged, and struggled, and floundered on; but at last they rose again upon the hard ground and pulled us safely out.

"As we drove pleasantly along 'St. Paul's Plains,' fully appreciating the comfort of hard firm ground, albeit sometimes rough with rocks, my attention had for some minutes been engrossed by the graceful outlines of the distant hills on our left, and in watching the changes of effect caused by the passage of clouds across the sunlight, when, on looking again to the right, I involuntarily uttered a cry of astonishment and delight. Beyond a sort of promontory, in which one hilly range abruptly ended, had arisen, as if by enchantment, a living picture of the snowy Alps!—a distant lofty expanse of crag, and battlement and peak, all white and dazzling in silvery snow,* amidst which the steep sides of some mighty buttress-like rocks showed black as jet, and the deep blue unclouded sky crowned this glorious scene; which, I suppose, was yet the more charming to me as being wholly unexpected. My new mountain friend was the Tasmanian Ben Lomond, the lordly chief of a great mountain group in the north-east of our beautiful island."

The end of this journey gives us a good idea of a night ride through a Tasmanian forest, over a low, moist plain:—

"Gigantic gum trees rose on every side, and in every variety that such tall, straight, bare gaunt things can exhibit; for handsome as *single* gum trees frequently are, and thick foliated and massive in their sombre hues, those which grow clustered in the forest are almost invariably ugly, and these were so close together that it was only possible to see around for a short distance, and so destitute of leaf and branch, for a height of fifty or seventy feet, that nothing but timber seemed to shut in the view, except where a stray lightwood or wattle brought the welcome relief of foliage to the drear grey wall of upright trunks. Unhappily they were not all upright; the fallen ones giving us infinitely more trouble than the serried ranks standing; the car often having to make long detours to get

round them amidst dead wood, holes, bogs, and all imaginable obstacles.

"Everything around us was cold, damp, dark, and gloomy. Hideous fungi of all varieties of shape and colour, clustered beneath the wet half-charred logs, or inside the hollow trees, as if they knew themselves to be unfit to meet the light of day, or even the twilight of the forest, so disgusting were they in their livid, bloated, venomous-looking swarms.

"By the time we arrived in sight of a lonely stock-hut, supposed to be six miles from our future residence, the sun set, and as to drive in the dark, through the standing forest and over the prostrate one, was a sheer impossibility, it had been determined to leave the car here in the care of our old servant and his gun, until the morning, and make our way in the dark on horseback. Our new ally, 'Sydney Bill,' led the way, and kindly volunteered to take charge of the baby who had at last been wearied of his jolting journey, and for some time had cried piteously; but his new rough-looking nurse held him so tenderly, and the walk of the quiet horse was so much more easy in motion than the unequal one of the car, that the poor weary child went quietly to sleep, and worthy 'Bill' won my enduring thankfulness.

"Mr. Meredith took George before him on his fine tall horse, and rode next in the cavalcade; I followed, and the maid and boy mounted on the tandem horses, closed the procession. We proceeded in 'Indian file,' endeavouring to keep on the narrow track, of little more than a foot wide, which was all the road our bush route displayed.

"In the forest the usual half twilight is, after sunset, so rapidly changed to perfect darkness that my somewhat short-sighted eyes soon lost Mr. Meredith, whose dark horse and dark clothes were undistinguishable to me from the rest of the palpable gloom around; and I several times got off the track until I sent the groom on before me, and as the horse he rode was a light grey I could then just discern a patch of something less black than the surrounding inky void moving a-head, which I followed with literally blind confidence. Every now and then my husband's voice reached me, giving some direction or warning, sometimes sounding from below, crying—'Mind this steep gully! When at the bottom keep to the right for a few paces, then turn to the left or you will be in the bog!' A little further on came another mud hollow, and with it the good advice, not easy to follow in the dark, 'Keep in the middle here!—there are deep holes on both sides!'

"Shortly after a quick sharp 'co-ee!' and 'stoop your head well, here are some very

* This apparently was in September, answering to our May; none of the snow would remain throughout the summer.

low branches to go under,' and as I could not possibly know the exact whereabouts of these treacherous boughs, I lay almost with my face on the horse's neck, till the next order arrived from head-quarters, with directions for the mastering of some new difficulty.

"I soon learned to trust more to the sagacity of my good horse than to my own inferior instinct, and in some way or other he scrambled safely through all the gullies, and jumped well over all the innumerable bogs; and as I could not see one of them, my ride was altogether a series of surprises and mystifications, which would have been amusing enough had I felt less weary."

They established themselves here in a temporary wooden house, to which, from its slender and open character, they gave the soubriquet of Lath Hall. It was in the midst of the "bush" before described, but had near it spots of a more attractive character, as witness the following description of a "Fern-tree Valley" a few miles from them:—

"Our cattle-track at length brought us into the enchanted valley Mr. Meredith had discovered, and not in my most fantastic imaginings had I ever pictured to myself anything so exquisitely beautiful! We were in a world of fern-trees; some palm-like, and of gigantic size, others quite juvenile; some tall and erect as the columns of a temple, others bending into an arch, or springing up in diverging groups, leaning in all directions; their wide-spreading feathery crowns forming half-transparent green canopies, that folded and waved together in many places so closely that only a span of blue sky could peep down between them to glitter on the bright sparkling rivulet that tumbled and foamed along over mossy rocks. Far above the tallest ferns, huge forest trees soared up aloft, throwing their great arms about in a gale that was blowing up there, while scarcely a breath lifted the lightest feather of the ferns below. The stems of the fern-trees here varied from six to twenty or thirty feet high, and from eight inches diameter to two or three feet; their external substance being a dark-coloured, thick, soft, fibrous, mat-like bark, frequently netted over with the most delicate little ferns growing on it parasitically. One species of these creeping ferns had long winding stems, so tough and strong that I could rarely break them, and waving, polished leaves, not unlike hart's-tongue, but narrower. These wreathed round and round the mossy columns of the fern-trees like living garlands, and the wondrously elegant, stately crown-canopy of feathery leaves (from twelve to eighteen feet long), springing from the summit, bent over in a graceful curve all round, as evenly and regularly as the ribs of a parasol."

Mrs. Meredith's descriptions of animated nature, without pretending to be scientific, are yet very accurate and life-like, and have that lively interest which scientific descriptions so often want. Her account of the Tasmanian "robin" and "wren," with their gorgeous plumage, so different from the sober hues of our own birds, after whom they have been named, are very beautiful. As, however, most of the birds have been depicted in Gould's "Birds of Australia," "in their habit as they live," we prefer giving the reader the following account of the habits of the Australian opossum (*Phalangista Vulpina*), which has been wrongly accused of being a sluggish and inert animal by those who have only seen it coiled up in a cage during the day time. Like all other nocturnal animals it only awakes in the evening.

Mrs. Meredith made an attempt to keep one of these animals tame in her house, notwithstanding the following remonstrance on the part of the man who was set to make its cage out of an old tea-chest:—

"'Ah, ma'am, I've known a many people as kep' tame opossums, but never a one as wasn't glad to be quit of 'em again.'"

Quiet and sluggish enough in the day-time, she describes its evening habits as follows:—

"Up the wall, and along the row of hat-pegs, knocking off all the hats and parasols, to begin with; then, before you have time to catch a glimpse of the madcap, down he pops, and with a half-jumping, half-cantering sort of a run, takes advantage of the door being left a-jar for a moment, to frisk past you into the parlour; then, climbing up the back of a chair, he twirls his long tail over the top, and swings by it gently to and fro, looking about him all the while with a sly, upturned face, till suddenly he takes aim at the side-board, springs upon that, kicking off anything in his way, such as a stray decanter or flower-vase, and runs round the raised back to the centre scroll-work, where he sits a moment or two, and while glancing round with his bright, glittering, black eyes, you see he is plotting new mischief, though he pretends to be wholly engaged in combing his whiskers with a fore-paw, or surveying the curling end of that mysterious proboscis-finger-hook-like tail. Some one moves or speaks and off he flies, with a slide along the piano, and a scramble round the architrave of the door, and there he is, hooked up above it to a picture frame; dangling again by his tail for a second or two, before that sudden plop

down to the floor, and the quick scamper up the drawn curtains by his claws, till he secures a safe and unmolested seat on the top of the cornice, where he complacently surveys all below; and all this in a quarter of the time it will take to read it! Never surely, was there such a beautiful, graceful, innocent-faced, sly, wicked, little piece of mischief! If my open work-box were on the table he made it a rule to spring up, hook his tail to the lid, and straightway upset the whole apparatus, flying before the scattered contents into a corner, and peeping out like a sly, spoiled, half-shy, half-frightened child; or if determined not to notice him, we sat still and silent, he would sily climb the back of my chair, and gently claw my shoulder, or bite my elbow—while his favourite method of attracting Mr. Meredith's attention was to bite his toe or pull the skirt of his coat, and then scamper off to hide himself, only to return the next moment and repeat the game. He stood in some awe of the cat, with whom he frequently tried to establish a pleasant and playful understanding, but in vain. Mistress Puss possibly considered him a rival in her share of my affection, and always repulsed his advances very rudely; when she merely clawed him he ran away; but if she forgot herself so far as to spit or growl he instantly turned back, and looked at her very earnestly, as if debating within himself how such an indignity should be received, or whether the offensive demonstrations were really directed to him."

Of course Mrs. Meredith's opossum shared the fate of all pets, and disappeared one evening in a mysterious manner; and she had had quite enough experience of the habits of one not to wish for another "tame 'possum."

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the sight of sparrows and chaffinches clustered round a barn-door while the threshing is going on. Round the barn-doors of Tasmania they would see the same pleasant sight, only with a difference as to the birds:—

"One family of birds may invariably be found in this island wherever there is grain for them to steal, and these are the handsome, merry, impudent, wicked, rainbow-plumaged, thieving parrots. The common kind attired in splendid green, with a yellowish breast, and a few blue feathers in the wing and tail, is the most daring and incorrigible. These beset the stack-yard in legions, literally covering some of the ricks, and terrible is the havoc they commit, clawing off the thatch, and scooping caverns beneath, into which they retreat when attacked, and peep out in the most provoking way imaginable, crying continually, 'cushee, cushee,

'cushee,' and when assailed by volleys of sticks or stones will often only bob down their round saucy heads, or hop aside to avoid a blow, and go on coolly pecking the ears of corn they hold in their claws, as if the assault were a most unprovoked and unwarrantable one."

Mrs. Meredith gives an account of the hostilities which were so long carried on between the black aborigines and the white man, ending in the total expulsion of the former. We doubt whether her information as to the origin of these hostilities be sufficiently full and complete, since we are too well acquainted with the wanton injustice and cruelty with which uncivilised "white men" are in the habit of treating "black fellows," to believe the fault to have been altogether on the side of the latter. We are not, however, among the mawkish sentimentalists who invariably take part with savage races against our own, or at all inclined to become enthusiastic over "those dear blacks." The truth is, that the subject resolves itself into this one question:—"Have we any right to take possession of any country whatever, that is previously occupied by any other race of men, however wild, savage, or uncivilised they may be?" Those who would urge extreme measures for the safety and protection of the aborigines, ought, if they reason logically, to insist on our giving up possession, and retiring from the country altogether, since our continuing there is a manifest infringement on the abstract rights and privileges of the natives. If we take possession of a country, we are responsible for the act, with all its consequences, among which are the cruelty sure to be exercised by the more brutal of our own race, and the ultimate extinction of the aboriginal inhabitants, either by gradual decay, or rapid destruction. The natives are in all cases *justified*, so far as abstract right is concerned, in resisting our intrusion to the utmost. We have no right to blame them, or pursue them vindictively, though, at the same time, every individual, if he is allowed by his government to settle in the country at all, is quite right, either in demanding *perfect protection* from that government, or, failing that, in defending himself, his goods, and his family, by any means in his power.

Mrs. Meredith does not object to

the convict population of the colony, speaks in high terms of their general good conduct, and describes the perfect state of security and freedom from alarm with which they always lived, even in the most secluded parts of the country. In the latter we can corroborate her, so far as to say that fewer precautions against attack are habitually taken in a lone house in Tasmania, than in the immediate neighbourhood of our own cities here at home; and that, when bushrangers do attack a house, they seldom ill-treat, or even insult, the inmates. Mrs. Meredith, however, has not yet had any experience of a colony to which no convicts have ever been sent, and is not, therefore, yet aware of the still more absolute feeling of safety, and of the utter absence of even any occasional possibility of alarm which there reigns throughout the country. Far higher than any feeling of security from violence, however, do we rate the pure moral atmosphere pervading such a colony, the perfect union, and cordiality, and absence of suspicion among all classes. There is, in a free colony, no "caste," no distinction between one man and another, except those accidents of fortune or education which may be, and often

are remedied; there is no moral taint resting upon any class, rendering them for ever inferior to the other, such as is the bane of life in a convict colony.

In a free colony, every servant can stand erect before his master, and look him straight in the face, in the consciousness that he is as honest a man as himself, and has as good a character. From this results a manly feeling of independence, a sense of freedom from all servile restraint, on the one hand, and all power of tyranny and injustice on the other, which is alike wholesome to the moral health of employer and employed. It has now been decided that no more convicts shall be sent to Tasmania; and on this determination, we take the liberty of congratulating Mrs. Meredith, if not for her own sake, yet for the sake of the children of whom she makes such frequent and graceful mention in her book. Of this book, we can finally say that it has afforded us the greatest pleasure; and that we recommend its perusal to all our readers, whether for the pleasing employment of a leisure hour, or for the more important purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the physical structure, the natural history, or the social condition of Tasmania.

GETTING ON IN IRELAND.

AN excursion train to Galway—fifteen shillings there and back, by the light of the same blessed day! Is not that something to talk of? Eighteen months ago, to get there was no *facilis descensus* (comparisons notwithstanding)—but to return, *revocare gradum*, scarcely stood within the prospect of speculation. First of all, there was an early start from a Connaught hotel—no slight achievement in any king's reign, should the traveller fancy his breakfast before he sets out, or even to shave with warm water.

And here, one word of advice at starting, in your waking ear, oh juvenile reader of the bearded sex. Either adopt the hircose fashion of the age, and shave not at all, or train your razor betimes to the cold water system. Renounce the steaming element, which makes you uneasy once in every four-

and-twenty hours about the price of coals or the combustibility of turf, in a climate which, if it surpass the world in anything, surpasses it in moisture. It holds you in a state of anxious and uncertain dependence upon the humour of the kitchen-wench, upon the wakefulness or drowsiness of man-servant and of maid-servant, upon the kettle on the hob, upon the embers under the grate. It makes you submissive to all sorts of odours and exhalations arising from the vapour of your jug, and all sorts of unctuous substances floating upon its surface; and it renders your skin tender and sensitive of the breeze from those dismal estuaries of Lough Athalia and Oranmore, which must be skirted after you have left the sweet City of the Tribes behind you.

I suppose it is the pride of position which makes this extreme western

point of the old world so scornful of the morning, and the sentiment seems to pervade even the inferior members of the animal creation in the province. It was my fate once, in company with a Dublin friend, to pass a night at a market town in the adjoining county of Mayo, and depart "before the cows came home," on the following day. That point of time is proverbially considered to denote the earliest dawn, but we found that in these longitudes it meant seven o'clock, A.M., in the bright month of June. Our breakfast was served at that hour in a room strewn and stained with the remnants of hesternal junketings; the windows being carefully nailed down to keep out the unpleasant freshness of the street air, and keep in the faded fragrancy of bottled porter and tobacco. The rats were so well fed that they had ceased to perform their scavenger functions as thoroughly as rats kept on short allowance ordinarily do—several dry crusts, therefore, lay scattered about the floor. Half-a-dozen chairs were occupied by drabbed topcoats, shawls, oilskins, capes, and leggings, just as the wearers had flung them aside; and a large table beside the door bore on its polished surface a curious assemblage of hats, caps, umbrellas, whips, and gig-boxes.

Here we found the waiter, unkempt, unwashed, and slipshod, "readying" a table for our breakfast, which he did by first whisking off sundry corks, radish-tops, crumbs, and cheese-parings, and then spreading the table-cloth, with which he had performed the operation, over the clammy and half-dried stains of glasses and black bottles. Tea was forthcoming, and hot water too, but the milk-jug contained a frothy substance, yellow and ropy, which our *Ganymede* called "crame." We supplicated for milk, however blue, instead of so doubtful a composition, but were given to understand that our request could by no means be attended to, forasmuch as "the cows had not come home yet;" and upon further questioning it was acknowledged that the "crame" was an extemporaneous miscellany, made with "an egg, a pinch of sugar, and the laste taste of sperrits," well beaten up together. The time for milk at breakfast had not yet arrived, nor would be present in that house before nine o'clock, for the dairy nymph, and all the other nymphs,

as well as the mistress herself, were still abed.

It is, indeed, a general Connaught fashion to wait till the world is well aired before venturing abroad. Even the labouring peasantry, who have rarely a bed to lie on, and whose toilet is complete when they stand up out of the straw and give themselves a good shake, are not often seen at work in the fields before half-past seven or eight o'clock. To get out of a western hotel, therefore (that we may return to our muttons), duly equipped and refreshed, much sooner than nine, was not always so easy as those who live nearer to the rising sun might imagine. The railway whistle will doubtless work a speedy reform in this, as in other things; but at the period to which our reminiscences look back, there was nothing to stimulate the sluggard but the grunt of a sleepy horn in the street, which a bribe of sixpence, or a vociferous protest against the rascality of the coach clock in striking the hours before the time, was often found sufficient to silence for an indefinite period.

Once launched upon the bright side of Signor Bianconi's long car, there was not much to complain of while the horses were in motion, for they went at a good round trot, and kept it up; but the stops were tedious and wearisome, and the company sometimes of hues too mingled to be agreeable even to the most resolute student of "many-coloured life." It was not pleasant—nor could any sense of its intense Hibernianism make you imagine it so—to be jammed in between a couple of raw Celts, "discoorsing one another" in the native dialect, and, in the intervals of talk, handing the blackened stump of a pipe across you, for a mutual whiff. Nor was it endurable to pass twenty minutes in the dirty street of that dirtiest of dirty towns, Loughrea, amid the sweepings of cabbage-stalls, and the reek of onions, apples, salt fish, and pork; while stable-helpers were jumping upon hampers, boxes, and portmanteaus, at your back, to make them accommodating; and beggars pressed forward, and importuned you with incessant volubility.

This class forms a distinct feature in Irish portraiture; but it is just as well to view it in perspective, for neither in person nor attire do they offer any inviting points of contact; and in this province they will follow you into the

shops, thrust themselves between buyer and seller in the market-place, drowning the voice of both with their invincible clamour; they will lay hold upon the traveller's clothes with eager pertinacity, and should he finally drive off without leaving them "that little sixpence," to be divided amongst them, he may account himself happy, if nothing more showery than curses be sent after him to speed him on his way.

The purgatorial passage of Loughrea being cleared, little further interruption occurred until you found yourself fairly afloat upon the bosom of the Grand Canal, at Ballinasloe. You were then not far from the close of a winter's day, and seventy weary Irish miles remained still to be traversed. But a *Dido* alone could make me dwell upon that middle passage, or renew its unspeakable dolours. "Which of the mermaids"—(as our classical friend, Justin Mooney, once rendered an apposite passage in a well-known author)—"Which of the mermaids, or the dolphins, could keep his temper wid the tears, hearing tell of the like?" Melting in summer, shivering in winter; at all times overpowered by nausea, and suffocated with foul air; stunned by disquisitions of Galway and Roscommon attorneys, about family matters, and about everybody's property, of which everybody knows more than everybody else, you arrived, accidents excepted, in Dublin, about *six and twenty hours* after your departure from Galway.

It is no wonder that the Liverpool shipowners smiled in those days, at an overland route through Ireland to North America. Sometimes at Christmastide the ice would interfere with your progress, and, after grinding through it for many a dismal hour, the captain would open the cabin-door at dead of night—like the man who drew Priam's curtains, much about the same time of day—and demand, "What's to be done next?" The question was commonly proposed somewhere about the centre of the great Bog of Allen, where the only answer a sensible passenger would like to be in a condition to make, would be, "Go on, to be sure," and that was impossible.

The most prosperous course lasted, as we have seen, six and twenty hours, and the cost, with the strictest economy which propriety allowed, could not be screwed down under a sovereign. A second class passenger is now conveyed the same distance, in a comfortable carriage, covered and cushioned, for sixteen shillings, within six hours. All honour be to Stevenson, or whoever he was that first started the bright idea of making steam available for dry land travel.

The slow and difficult method of locomotion which I have thus briefly sketched, was the popular channel of intercourse between Dublin and the remote western counties up to July, 1851; and, even to this hour, the brave old boat fights the battle of life with a never-say-die intrepidity, which almost deserves success.* There are ladies and gentlemen, members of old *temporis acti*, not wishing to be put out of their way, or "fashed" (as that truly conservative housekeeper in the "Cottagers of Glenburnie" has it), who prefer the canal to the rail, and pursue the avital track of three miles an hour.

Let me speak with affection of the leg-of-mutton dinners, cooked in the steerage, and served up by a "neat-handed Phillis," while the steady craft kept up the pace precisely as Horace journeyed from Rome to Brundisium, more than 1800 years ago—

"*Millia tum pransi tris repimus.*"

Nor is a murmur, or aught nearer to it than a snore, uttered during the live-long night. Breakfast, next morning, finds them still afloat, and nobody repines. It would be a treason against ancestral wisdom to do so. But at Sallins—fifteen miles from Dublin—the boat must be relinquished for the train; and then, indeed, may be heard expostulations both loud and deep. Such an interruption of the old dreamy route defrauds the public of fifteen locks, and four or five good hours of permeation. Forty minutes, by the new conveyance, toss them out upon the platform of the King's-bridge terminus; and so are they, like King Richard, sent before their time into a bustling world by three whole hours. No wonder, if the bother of changing

* This was the case two months ago; but a railway company having purchased the canal, their first act has been to *sink the boats*.

luggage for such a temporary advantage is railed at as a grievance ; for what is the gain, but that which is of little value to any one in Ireland—"a wholesome forenoon !"

Hitherto we have confined our view to modern locomotion, showing that, within a very recent period, *progress* in the west and from it, moved in a slow coach. But our fathers, and not a few of ourselves, remember the time when bodies terrestrial changed places at a still more orderly and methodical pace. Look at the Railway Map, reader, and at a distance of twenty miles east of Galway, about half way between Athenry and Ballinasloe, you will see the name of *New Inn*. Visit the spot so designated, and you will behold an old ruin, presenting the shell of a capacious dwelling, at one side of the high-road, and the mouldering walls of most extensive stabling at the other. This inn was new at the date of the battle of Aughrim, and well filled at that time, I ween, by company more free than welcome ; for the victorious De Ginckel camped the following night at Kiltullagh, five miles nearer to Galway. The tree under which his tent was pitched is standing yet in the lawn. Doubtless, the troopers of his rere-guard found a pleasant billet at the New Inn, which then, as down to a much later period, was the *terminus* of the first day's journey from Galway to the capital.

There, in the palmy days of ante-Union Ireland, coaches-and-four, post-chaises and gigs, would deposit their company about the shades of evening ; while many a vigorous traveller would ride up to the door upon a strong-limbed, round-carcassed Irish roadster—a breed now almost extinct, owing to an indiscriminate rage for thoroughbred cattle, which has possessed the later generations of inconsiderate men. Each stout horseman carried pistols in his holsters, and, in fair weather, his top-coat rolled up and strapped *en croupe* behind him, like a trooper's cloak ; while his servant, also armed, and as well mounted as himself, had charge of the wardrobe in a compact valise, or, if the gentleman was very sumptuous and capricious in his attire, a pair of capacious saddle-bags.

Lawyers of the first eminence at the bar used to ride the whole circuit, equipped and attended in this manner, as Bushe's clever epigram upon Cæsar

Colclough (pronounced *Cokely*) will attest. Crossing the ferry at Ballinlaw, in a storm, Colclough said to the boatman, "*Ne timeas, Cæsarem vehis et fortunas ;*" which smart saying the other wit rendered *impromptu* into English, to this effect :—

"While meaner souls the tempest keeps in awe,
Intrepid Colclough crosses Ballinlaw,
And cries to boatmen, shivering in their rags,
'You carry Cæsar and his saddle-bags.'"

I have seen the two Pennefathers setting out thus accoutred from Merion-square, their heavy baggage having preceded them in the spring wagon which attended the circuit for the convenience of the gentlemen of the long robe, and was thence named by Lord Norbury "*the Baravan*." That same lord, after he became a Chief Justice, sometimes rode the circuit, and passed fearlessly through the wildest parts of Tipperary, carrying fate in his terrific and merciless brow ; yet he was never molested. His pleasant affability, and the agreeable and ready tact with which he adapted his discourse to every one he fell in with, from the peer to the tinker, made him rather a favourite on the road. Better men have been much more unpopular, for want of knowing how to accommodate themselves to the *genius loci*, which is a genius for gossip and banter. A more "humane" man, in the sense which many of our common people associate with the word, seldom passed the peasant's door, or entered into familiar chat with his wife and children, upon any subject which appeared likely to interest them, than Lord Norbury ; and he it was that knew the lie of a country equal to any fox-hunter. He could thread his way from Clonmel to Kilkenny without passing through a single turnpike-gate.

But this has very little connexion with the road-side inn, where the ancestors of Galway squires and merchants used to meet, and dine, and drink, and squabble, and sleep together, at the end of their first day's journey towards Leinster. The following evening brought them together again at Athlone, under the protection of "*The Great Guns*;" and they pushed on thence, on the third day, to Kinnegad, dear to gastronomy for the size and plump condition of its snipes, and renowned in the annals of female celebrities, as the native place of "*The Slashers*," two ladies of commanding

height and statuesque proportions, who made a considerable figure in song and in the windows of print-shops some forty years ago.

The ancient hospitium of Kinnegad was standing very lately, if it does not yet stand, in the occupation of a survivor of the old stock, Mrs. Hoey, whose attention to the airing of sheets and the piling down of enormous turf-fires in the old-fashioned rusty grates, brought the comforts of a bygone age very agreeably to the recollection of the way-worn traveller. Alas, the motherly Irish hostess, who scolded the servants in your hearing, and ministered in many other nameless ways to your enjoyment of "ease in your inn," has few representatives now left. The overture to *Fra Diavolo*, swelling through the passages every time the parlour-door is opened, is the only audible token of the existence of any female above the chamber-maid.

The fourth day was generally the last of the journey, though families often stopped that night at Maynooth, to ensure their arrival in town by daylight, secure from perils by highwaymen, on the fifth. Such methods of annihilating time, with the least possible outrage against space, were in vogue about the commencement of the present century, when public modes of conveyance were rare. Those who were bound for a long journey, and could not afford the entire expense of hiring a carriage for themselves, were often detained many days in the hope of meeting others upon the same destination, and clubbing together for company and economy. There were hotels, such as "The Ram," in Aungier-street; "The Brazen Head," in Bridge-street; "The White Cross," in Pill-lane, where names were inscribed at the bar by persons requiring to be thus mated; and sometimes strange partnerships ensued;—as, when the paymaster of a Scotch Fencible Regiment, at Sligo, went halves with Collier the famous highwayman, describing himself as clerk of the roads for an adjoining county; and when Williams, the comedian, having an engagement at Kilkenny, and travelling as *Mr. Dogberry*, was accepted for a companion by the celebrated Adam Averal, of the Wesleyan Connexion. In the latter case, however, the preacher acknowledged that he had never coped in argument with a sounder or more

serious theologian than honest *Ned*, who was, in truth, a man of strong good sense, and earnest convictions; but the paymaster protested against his comrade's practical notions of "diversion," as only worthy of a moss-trooper.

A stage coach was then "a rare *spectaculum*," being only found on the grand thoroughfares and leading arteries of the kingdom. It took two days to perform any journey that exceeded forty miles. Wondrous boastings were heard of the fleetness of a long-legged and half-witted *gomeril*, who ran the whole way from Armagh to Dublin, after the first team appeared upon that road, to satisfy himself whether the big wheels would overtake the little ones in the race. But when it is considered that the coach slept at Dundalk, and that the whole distance completed on the evening of the second day was but sixty-two miles, the feat does not appear greater than even a man who had more brains to carry might have achieved. When the day-coach for Mullingar, was launched about the year 1810, it was considered a prodigy. The country-people used to leave their work at the sound of the horn, and run across the fields to look at it as it swept past, at the rate, which it required the evidence of sight to realise, of five miles an hour. Limerick, which is ninety-two miles from Dublin (about the same distance that Birmingham is from London), was first reached by a one-day coach in the year 1825. Before that date the light post-coach plying between those *termini*, rested from its labour at the end of the first day at Mountrath.

In those days a gentleman who had seen London was accounted a travelled man. "Was you ever at *Bawth*?" was the shibboleth of the highest *ton*. A Mr. O'Reilly, who had spent some years of his life in Paris, and could speak French like a native, was run after as if he had come home from the Great Wall of China, and his personation of a hairdresser at the Lord Mayor's masquerade excited a perfect *furor*. Pedestrian tours through Wales were esteemed great adventures, calling for quarto volumes, with mezzotinto plates and a portrait of the author; and, as for the Scotch Highlands, notwithstanding Marshal Wade and his roads, it is very well known that Walter Scott was the first to open them to

civilised man. The nineteenth century, in short, had advanced considerably beyond its teens before it began to "go ahead" at all, anywhere, and it crept on all-fours in Ireland up to a very recent period.

Yet if we cast a Parthian glance into the age which preceded the Union with England, even into the latter years of it, the slowest of the foregoing instances will look like progress. A French *émigré*, Monsieur Latocnaye, travelled in Ireland in the year 1795, and has left on record, in an amusing volume, some passages of his itinerary, which show by contrast how the world has been getting along ever since. He landed at Waterford, and having learned that a Republican frigate was cruising suspiciously off the coast, resolved, notwithstanding the fortress at Duncannon, and the batteries of Fort Geneva, to push into the bowels of the land with all practicable speed; so little confidence was felt even then in our coast defences against the Gallic invader. He took his place, therefore, in a coach which engaged to convey him to the door of the Cork mail, at a place which he calls Gorum (Gowran), in the county of Kilkenny; but it was no part of the contract to provide him with a seat in that royal conveyance. He was fain to take chance for that. Accordingly, all the places being pre-occupied when the mail reached Gowran, he was dropped in the street of that miserable village. His only resource, he says, "was to hire what they call a car;" but let not the reader imagine that what they called a car in those days bore any resemblance to the light and airy machine which now commands an European fame, under the name of *the Irish Car*; upon which royalty, well pleased, has ridden, and of which some *jaunty* specimens were exhibited and admired in the Crystal Palace. No, to that car was commonly annexed the compound adjective "low-backed," and its general structure is no less faithfully than pleasantly described by our cheerful tourist:—

"The car is a very low description of cart, mounted on wheels two feet in diameter, which are composed of one or two flat boards, fastened to a wooden axle that turns round along with them. It is placed in such a manner under the tail of the horse, that we may well imagine it to have

been the invention of some thrifty farmer well apprised of the value of animal manures.

"Having made my bargain with a carman to convey me, at the moderate rate usually charged for a post-chaise, I took my seat, or squatted, rather, along with my luggage, *dos-a-dos* to the steed, while my charioteer placed himself on one of the shafts, with his feet dangling close to the ground. Sometimes, to refresh his limbs or lighten the burden, he walked, while the horse crawled lazily on; and whether on foot or seated aloft, at whatever pace our equipage was proceeding, he uniformly drew up at every door, either to drink or to gossip with the inmates, leaving me exposed to the rain in the middle of the highway. I entreated him at first in a mild tone to continue his route, but after two or three trials, finding that he disregarded such an appeal, I began to repeat in a most emphatic manner certain complimentary phrases which one may pick up among the sailors in any port. This affected him most sensibly, for I heard him say, as he hastily bade adieu to his friends—'Oh, by St. Patrick, I'm sure he is a *jontleman*, only listen to him how he swears!' After this little lesson, I had no more trouble with him."

Ireland has grown very "*fast*" since that period; but an incident which occurred at Athy, the chief town of Kildare, shows that in one respect the poor country is still miserably stationary:—

"At the entrance of the town I was stopped by four or five men soliciting charity. It was, they said, in order to procure a decent funeral for a poor creature who had died of hunger. I contributed to his obsequies. It may have been, perhaps, the only occasion on which his friends interested themselves in his lot."

Having arrived in Dublin and seen the lions there, M. Latocnaye set out one afternoon with his "kit" in his pocket and a stick in his hand, to visit a friend in the county of Wicklow. But he had miscalculated both the distance and the time of day:—

"Eight miles, said I to myself, are nothing—but eight Irish miles, good reader, are surely more than nothing. It was eleven o'clock when I arrived at my friend's house, when I found the doors bolted against me, and the lady,

upon whose invitation I presented myself before them—*not at home!* There was no inn nearer than four miles, and in order to reach it, it would have been necessary to retrace my steps towards Dublin. Such a thing was not to be thought of; I pushed, therefore, courageously forward, and about half an hour past midnight found myself in a village where the whole world was asleep. Perceiving a light, however, in a cabin, I entered, and found some poor labourers just returned from the city. They cheerfully offered me such hospitality as their roof afforded, and I passed the night on a three-legged stool, with my feet to the fire and my back against the wall. At the first light all the animals, who slept *pêle-mêle* with the family, gave me notice of the rising of the sun, and I proceeded on my tour. About four o'clock I reached the camp near Bray, where the sentinels alone were stirring; and not being permitted to pass the lines, I sat down at the foot of a tree close by and fell asleep. The pure and balmy air succeeding to the weariness and fag I had endured, made this refreshment very agreeable, and I might have lain there to an advanced hour of the day, had I not been aroused by a tug at my watch, accompanied by a voice demanding—'Are you dead, sir?' 'Yes,' was my reply; but it was plain that the apparition did not believe my report, for she went off as fast as her legs could carry her, leaving me in possession."

The star which conducted this gay exile to our coast did not appear at the first blink to have been a hospitable one; for on the second night of his expedition he was scarcely more fortunate—Mr. Burton Cunningham, whose mansion at Rochestown was his next intended halt, being so sick that he could not be seen. This, however, does not appear to have been a sham, for that worthy gentleman died in a very short time afterwards. Nothing abashed, however, the traveller pushed on, and continued to perform a most agreeable excursion, and to make himself welcome wherever he came. His equipage was admirably adapted for the service of such a *voltigeur* :—

"For the information of future pedestrians, I shall give a detail of my baggage :—A powder-bag made out of a lady's glove, a razor, a pair of scis-

sors, a comb, all stowed away in a pair of dancing pumps; one pair of silk stockings; one do. of breeches, of so fine a quality as to fold up into the size of my fist; two shirts, very fine; three cravats, three handkerchiefs, and the clothes on my back. The whole were distributed in three parcels, which my coat—having six pockets—received, when I presented myself at a respectable house, so that nothing was then visible. But as this would have been incommodious on the road, I tied up the three parcels in a handkerchief when I travelled, and slung them over my shoulder at the end of my sword-cane, upon which I had, moreover, mounted a *parapluie*. This equipment invariably set the girls laughing wherever I passed; but I never could find out the reason of their merriment. The persons whose houses I visited, and whose offers of linen I always declined, used to wonder at seeing me appear in the drawing-room with white silk stockings, my hair powdered, &c., just as if I had entered their doors with a large quantity of luggage. What think you, my dear Mr. Sterne, of this wardrobe, with which I travelled for six whole months, going from one to another of the most respectable houses in the country all the time? Is not my portmanteau quite equal to yours?"

There was a song very popular in the Peninsular campaigns, which said—

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Go through the wide world, my brave boys."

This chiel appears to have been fitted with both those requisites to a hair; and thus—"sans provisions, sans soucis"—he made a very pleasant tour through a great part of Ireland, beginning with Wicklow, and after passing through Connemara, quitting our soil at Donaghadee, for what he calls "the Presbyterian side of the water."

The same ground may be traversed now-a-days, and the tourist may visit all the remarkable places described by M. Latocnaye in the space of six weeks, allowing himself full time to loiter by the way, and almost to wear out his welcome at every house that receives him, except his inn.

I may at some future time trouble you with a sketch of how these things are managed; but enough for the present. *Au revoir!*

RORY OGE.

PARALLELS.

BY A PILGRIM.

MANY years ago I was standing on an old stone terrace, horse-shoe in shape, and with low-flagged bastions around it—you stepped upon it from the drawing-room window of a very large and singularly ancient mansion in the south of Ireland. It had been a grand and proud place in its day; the castle of a high Irish noble; one of the mighty O's who had "fought the English of the Pale," and had been cut off like foam upon the water, and whose descendants were now to be found amongst the peasantry on the hills, or the shopkeepers in the neighbouring village. Here was a lofty donjon-keep, broad and massive, and above it the old dungeons still existed, hollowed into the wall, which was of extraordinary thickness; grotesque gargoyles abutted from the angles of the roof to drain the water on the leads, and holes appeared above the door, through which, in times of war, melted lead was poured on the heads and persons of the assailants—no doubt a most undesirable species of shower-bath. The old place had witnessed many a struggle, but the "Sacer Vates" being wanting to record its exploits, its history was altogether defective. And now all was peace, for the castle and its broad lands had passed into the hands of an English family, who had brought their Saxon gold to the rescue, and restored it in good taste: building wings on either side of the old keep, and converting it into a handsome mansion, with modern conveniencies, though still preserving much of its ancient castellated form.

The park was a splendid chase of fully five hundred acres, forming one green sweep of lawn and glade, dotted with magnificent timber, the growth of centuries; here were troops of deer browsing or reclining under the shadow of the large trees. The demesne sloped from the house down to a valley where was a river, and a many-arched bridge, and thence swelling up again and ascending, was lost as it commingled with the blue and purple of the

S—— mountains which terminated the landscape.

And gazing down on this scene—its glade, and grass, and valley, and trees, and sparkling river, and trooping deer, and far blue hills, all bathed in the dewy glory of a delicious summer evening, I gave vent to my boyish delight in an explosion of exaggerated admiration. Beside me stood one who was not of a genial mind: in face rigid and woody; in form like a weazel; in manner dogmatic; in mind adust and abstract; in faith a Dissenter; in speech brilliant and fascinating. This man reproved me for my youthful outburst. "How could I admire a lost earth; the pristine curse was on it, and the brand of suffering furrowed into its brow—it had to be purged yet with the action of a sevenfold fire, &c., &c.; then why admire a creation which is under sentence, and waits its doom?"

Had I had the years I now wear buckled on my back, I should have answered him in the words of the wise man—"The works of God are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein: a brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this;" and reminded him of the great and lovely mind which had said—"Consider the lilies;" but I was awed by his age and sternness into silence; and so, after we had dined, as if to show me that he was not *so* impenetrable to the outward landscape as his speech would prove him, he commenced with his nephew, who was the owner of the house, a brilliant discourse upon the parallels of time and eternity. How earth's dark lines run even with heaven's bright ones, in corresponding cords, like golden and cat-gut strings stretched in the one harp; and that most of the present processes of nature were commensurate copies of greater and similar operations in the womb of the future, with much more of the same import, but expressed with such metaphysical ambiguity, and such an useless wealth of words, that I was

content to take away the impress of his ideas, as I despaired of mastering the dress in which they had been clothed.

I was to be a traveller that night; and so, when the evening was far advanced, I started from the castle, and saw the last lines of departing day touch the old walls, and windows, and woods, bathing them with red fire, soon to die out into darkness, but to be kindled again. My own mind was all tinged with the colouring of the subject we had been discussing, and I was prepared to search earth, air, and sky for harmonising parallels, and trace a type in every object which crossed my path. My friend's little square jaunting-car, and long-trotting tall mare, conveyed me swiftly through lane after lane, to reach the high road; and, in the solitude of my drive, I had abundant leisure to think of my system, remembering the saying of an old philosopher, that leisure and loneliness are the "duplex pabulum of meditation."

It was twelve o'clock when we reached the village of X——, through which the mail passed to Dublin. The night was intensely dark, for

"The kind, round moon had said 'good night,'
And sunk beneath the trees;"

but it was soft, placid, and warm. Presently I heard from a distance the faint wail of a horn; then two large yellow glaring eyes appeared to move swiftly forward in the gloom—then the tramp and jostle of horses, and the rumble of a coach succeeded, and his "Majesty's royal mail" had arrived. "There is no one inside," said the guard, producing his lantern, "but a lad going to town for his holidays." He was sound asleep, but I was fully awake, and my mind busy in fabricating my parallels. As Laurence Sterne, when he wished to illustrate and individualise the whole diversified mass and misery of slavery, "took a *single* captive," so, from a number of subjects in connexion with my system, thronging through my fancy, I chose one great and Catholic image—the *resurrection of the body*. This affects the whole family of man, and it was suitable to my position at the time, for I thought that the black darkness around me was not more thick and Egyptian than that which hung like a pall around the myriad resting-places of earth's sleepers. Yet to the one a glorious morrow was ad-

vancing—and this was the certainty of fact; while to the other, as perfect a restitution was about to dawn from the shore "where morning breaks in beams of beauty"—and this was the certainty of faith. Here, then, were two parallels—one stretched visibly along the theatre of creation, the other running more loftily through clouds and air along the landscapes of hope; yet each fully accordant with each. I thought of the perfect dissolution of the body—the decomposition of all its particles into gas, and salt, and water, and clay; their subsequent admixture with other bodies and beings, inanimate or animate; the utter loss of previous identity, and the consequent total confusion and difficulty on mere physical principles of the reintegration of the particles to their original position. Here, then, is a night of difficulty, perhaps of doubt, or it might be of despair, if we merely consulted the deductions of reason, and like Pliny, the naturalist, we might be tempted to affirm that "one of the things impossible was to raise the dead." But here Revelation comes to our aid, connected with the simplest principles of reason, and backed and illustrated by parallel upon parallel found in history, in physiology, and in fact.

In the splendid mortuary chapter which we so often hear read, on the solemn occasion of funerals, and which is capped by the grandest climax which any language affords, we are told that some man will say—"How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, *thou sowest not that body which shall be*, but bare grain, it may chance, of wheat, or of some other grain. *But God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed His own body.*" Now, from this, we may legitimately deduce that there will be an identity of the body, *but not an identity of its particles*; each dead body, deprived of its soul, partakes of the nature of a vegetable, having "its seed in itself;" and will deposit that seed in the earth, where it will lie, hidden and preserved by God, until the resurrection: the particles will consume away; the seed, in which is compressed and secluded the essence of vitality, remains intact, whether it be on the battle-plain, in the frozen river, in the blue depths of ocean, or in the calm and sunny old

church-yard; for God will give it a body, "and to each of the seeds, His own, or peculiar body," for so is the translation. And to confirm this system (which answers many an infidel sneer, founded on physical impossibility), comes the parallel from Nature of what philosophers tell us of the particles of our bodies flying off and changing every seven years, though our identity remains—a theory, by the way, which used to terrify a dear old maiden aunt of ours, and shock her nearly as much as the dreadful and incredible doctrine of the earth going round on its axis, and the respectable inhabitants thereof being, consequently, half the day standing with their heels up, and their heads down; this the old lady considered as so excessively preposterous, and so highly indelicate, that I believe, had she lived in the days of Pope Urban VIII., she would have burned "the starry Galileo," or certainly punished him, though herself a good Protestant. A number of parallels come in here, taken from the analogy of physiology, and the history of fact, all illustrating the theory. I remembered having seen and eaten bread produced from seeds of wheat, found, I think, by Belzoni, on the breast of a mummy, in one of the great pyramids, which had lain there intact, and preserving all its generative functions for fully 3,500 years.

I called to mind the account of the Celtic tombs lately discovered near Bergerac in France. Under the head of each skeleton was a block of wood, containing a cavity full of seeds, placed there by the Druid priests. These seeds were removed after a seclusion of twenty centuries, and sown in a garden, and have rapidly germinated, producing exquisite and vivid specimens of heliotrope, blue-bell, and trefoil. Surely it is bad and weak philosophy to deny the possibility of the existence of something essential, indivisible, and indestructible in any body, merely because it is occult; and if weak philosophy, it is worse divinity, inasmuch as it ignores the power of God, who acts consentaneously with all true philosophy, and sits above that which is unsound, and while foolish wise men, and infidel sages propound their dogma, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*"—originally made all things out of nothing.

And these views in connexion with

the resurrection of the body, shadow out my VEGETABLE PARALLEL. I called to mind what different conclusions many of the bright lights of heathenism had arrived at from some of these premises: and a melancholy wail of Moschus, the Syracusian, rose to memory, beginning with these words—

Αἰ αἰ, τὰι μαλαχαὶ μὲν ἔσαν κατὰ κάπον ὀλῶνται,

Comparing the revival of the tender herbs from death, with the unwaking sleep in the hollow earth, of men—the strong, the wise; and I thought of Horace's tender but melancholy address to his soul's friend:—

"Ibimus, ibimus—*supremum*
Carpere iter comites parati."

And I remembered Pliny's scoffing, when he calls all resurrection theories, "Deliramenta puerilia." And Plato, the noblest, nearest of them all, beset with uncertainties—the silver and jewelled lantern of his mind diffusing doubtful light, and causing a thousand shadows; and I called to mind how many an intellectual Roman had inscribed on his tomb, "Domus Æterna;" and how they could not say of their soul, as they dared to do of their fame, "Non omnis moriar;" and I distinctly recollected reading the "Somnium Scipionis" of Cicero, and how that great Latin, who, when he expanded over the field of forensic oratory, or swam the stream of philosophic morals, was ever majestic and graceful as the stag in the forest, or the swan in the lake; yet when he essayed to treat in detail of the soul, or teach the exactitudes of its immortality, staggered like a drunken faun, or drove like a ship in the blast—at one time, and again, just reaching at and almost touching truth, and the next moment swept from the shore by the recoiling wave of some heathenish prepossession, or Platonic ambiguity: and beside all these great lights of heathen intellect, and oratory, and so-called philosophy, and so-called truth, I was proud to place the bold, brave, unwavering saying of one who lived as deeply back in time as any of them—who had not their educational illumination, but on whose head and heart, and around whose weary path a stream of bright light had fallen from heaven; one who wished that his words were graven with an iron pen, and lead in the rock for ever: and his desire was granted, for

God wrote them with a finger of fire in the immortal leaves of his own book; one who, from his ashes, and his misery, and out of his leprosy, lifted up, I say, his bold, brave, assured voice, and said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself; and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my veins be consumed within me."

And I recollected having read, too, somewhere concerning the sepulture of the modern Jews, that when they enter the cemetery, they bow three times to the ground; then seizing some grass from off the tomb, they cast it behind their backs, and cry—apostrophising the dead man—"Thy bones shall flourish like this grass, my brother, O my brother!" I was startled from these reveries by observing that the deep darkness of the summer night was about being pierced by a ray of light, and letting down the glass, I saw dawn was kindling, and the day coming. We were driving rapidly through a wild tract of moorland, over a hard shingled road, in the solitary morning; the day slowly came on, the sky all mottled with crimson, and lilac, and pink, and amber, such as you see beneath a peacock's wing, and the whole air and earth steeped in these fairy dyes. I recognised on the rocks the patches of vermilion light I have so often noticed in our countryman Danby's pictures, especially in a splendid sunrise which is in Lord Northesk's gallery, in Cheltenham. The fields, gates, hedges, trees, houses, nay, the very stones on the road, were all coloured carmine, and bathed with the reflected sky-tints; and the air we drove through, deeply infused with the same, seemed an atmosphere of spiritual beauty, and appertaining to a better land. These phenomena lasted but a short time, and disappeared entirely, when the monarch of day rose slowly over the horizon, blazing with gold and jewels, and in all the great magnificence of light. I thought of the matchless lines in Lara:—

'Night wanes, the vapours round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world:
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds, as from her birth.
The sun is in the heavens, and light on earth—
Flowers in the valley—splendour in the beam—
Health in the gale, and freshness in the stream."

And I remembered when I last quoted these lines to a sympathising ear on the deck of a steamboat, as the sun rose on the vine-hills, and castles, and meandering stream of the lovely little Moselle. Here, then, was a two-fold parallel. The "sweet day," as Shelley calls it, had died, and was buried in the black marble pyramid of night, and, after lying its allotted time in the embrace of darkness, it awakens once more to a *resurrection* of light and glory, according to its great Maker's covenant with the day and with the night.

Here, then, was my **ATMOSPHERIC PARALLEL** completed. After this, wearied out with my own thoughts, and probably catching the contagion from my young companion, who slept like Rip Van Winkle, I, too, slumbered. My system followed me into my sleep, and tinged my dreams—for I fancied I was wandering through an old wood, and the mists of December were around me. The trees were dismantled of their green foliage, and the forest paths choked with damp leaves, dead or dying. The yellow engrailed oak-leaf was there semi-animate; the copper-tinted beech, the hardy Redman of the wood, still alive; the sickly ash-leaves expiring like consumptive mulattoes, and the starry chestnut-leaf trodden in the dust. Damp drops hung pendant on the black bare branches, and wet and mossy boles clung to the hoar trunks. The birds were dead or flown—I saw their miserable hovel-like nests remaining in the trees, and rifted by the winds; but the joy and glitter and animation of the little creatures had all gone with themselves and their song. The wood seemed like the place of a skull—a sylvan Golgotha, full of dry, wooden skeletons, standing together, upright and bony, voiceless and breathless; yet I could recognise each tree in its distinct identity. There was the pollard oak, the monarch and wizard of the wood, with his twisted, outstretched arms, as if performing incantations. There was the tall, kingly elm, the gentleman of the forest; and the fair, queenly ash, like an aristocratic matron; and the round and motherly lime, the nurse of the wood, with a whole brood of suckers springing from her root, like the young of the pelican rising from the nest to the parent's breast. And there was the alchemist beech, with all its leaves transmuted

into gold; and the Scotch fir, the green rifleman; and the birch, the spearman with his silver shaft, standing upright amidst the stems; and the poplar, the fair maid of the wood, tall and delicate, with an early bud for spring weather, and a trembling leaf for a summer day; and the willow, the weeping widow of the trees, bending and drooping to earth, where lie her leaves, which have fallen from her arms; and that rough, tough old warrior, the holly, stout and ever green, as quaint Mr. Evelyn describes him—"with his armed and varnished leaves, the taller standards at orderly distances blushing with their natural coral." And last, yet not least, the thorn, who is the Bedesman of the wood, for he is ragged and rugged, yet has he a gay coat in reserve, and a silver badge for a summer day. But now all was wintry and desolate among the trees. Thick, unwholesome fungi were springing from the lowest stems; the air was cold, foggy and heavy; boughs lay brittle, black, and rotting on the ground; the smell of decayed wood was the atmosphere of the place. The air was that of vegetable death—dark, unwholesome, foul; no stir, no sound, no waft of wing, no tread of foot—the very leaves had ceased to fall, and the winds to blow, and I said "this is death—utter, intense death. What process or what power could ever restore life, greenness, and melody once more to this dismal mausoleum of defunct vegetation?"

And I dreamed, that in standing in the wood, I seemed to have lost myself for a long while, falling into a trance, till aroused by a rush of warm air coming over me, and a shower of bright sunshine raining like golden wire through the branches of the forest; and the warble of birds, and the ceaseless hum of insect life was there; and I saw that the death-time of the trees had passed, and that their *resurrection* had come on the wings of the summer morning. The dead leaves were all gone; the ground was carpetted with tender grass, enamelled with a thousand wild flowers, and "paved with daisies and delicate bells." There was the yellow "pimpernel," and the azure "eye of day;" the white "saxifrage," the wild geranium with crimson leaflets, and the wood "anemone," with tiny silver

chalice, full of dew for bee or butterfly to drink from. There was the lily of the valley, the sweet, chaste, modest queen of the forest flowers; and the "sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes," and the graceful "forget-me-not," and pansies, which maidens call "love in idleness;" and "blue-bells" in myriads, tinging all the lower air with their own pale azure, as I have seen them often among the stately oaks of Abbey-leix.

The trees had put on all their glory. On and through its loose and hanging foliage, the elm, receiving masses of light, threw a quivering and chequered shade on the green velvet sod beneath. The "larch had hung all her tassels forth." The ash and knotted oak put on once more their fresh green livery.

"The creeping parasites, like
Restless serpents, in rainbow and in fire,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The old grey trunks."—SHELLEY.

Life was in the wood: the black-bird's whistle; the gushing thristle, with his throat full of melody; the pipe of the robin, sweet and saucy; the wood-dove's sad complaint; the cuckoo's call; the gossiping chatter of the magpie; the black raven's croak. Life was in the forest: the squirrels leaped from bough to bough; the insects were all abroad; the beau butterfly, the bourgeois beetle, the warrior wasp, the busy bee, the aldermanic blue bottle, the guerilla midges, and the cicade tribe in the grass, who are all Nature's little bell-ringers, chirping and jingling, as I have heard them in the meadows under the Rothenfels, near pleasant Kreutznach, in Prussia, as if they were swinging a myriad of tiny, tinkling steel bells. Picturesque cattle stand lowing beneath the broad leafy shade—a study for Cuyp. The river sweeps rushingly on; the brook, like a high-spirited child who has wandered from its parent, comes running and dancing to fling itself into her bosom. Deer are pacing softly and gracefully, like ladies in a drawing-room, through the trees. The voices of children are in the wood: their forms are glancing through the leaves, and their laugh is musical among the branches, and their feet are upon the old forest paths. And I said, "this is life, and here is a true vegeta-

ble *resurrection*. And thus I shadowed out, and in my sleep, too, my SYLVAN PARALLEL.

I was awakened by a loud exclamation of delight from my fellow-traveller; he had let down the coach-window, and was admiring the massive and superb archway which formed the entrance to a nobleman's park which we were passing. I had started from my sleep; my dreams had all floated by like weeds on the water, and gone, like life's events, for ever. Judgment had returned, which, in combination with outward sensation, I should say, form the two prominent features of distinction between our dreaming and waking existence, for—

“Our life is twofold; sleep has its own world.”

In plain words, I was wide awake to all external things now, and remembering from what a different state of thought and action my mind had just evolved, I thought of my system, and wrote this down as a MENTAL PARALLEL.

We drove along the road, by a grey buttressed park wall, so covered and crowned with the large-leaved Irish ivy, that it was hanging over in green and massy festoons, and in many places had broken the wall by its weight and luxuriance. My young companion told me that the park belonged to the Earl of B.; and then, my system still haunting and engrossing my mind, and being anxious to produce one more parallel, I told my intelligent companion the following little tale, in which a member of this noble family was concerned:—

In the year 18—, the little watering place of A—, on the western coast of Ireland, was much agitated by a circumstance which occurred there. A nice family had come to pass the summer, and were occupying the only large house which A— could then produce. We will call them by the name of Trevor. They were people of the upper class of life, and wealthy. The father was an Englishman and a clergyman, and had married a niece of the nobleman whose park wall we had just been admiring. And it was a pleasant sight to see his tall, slight figure by the side of his still handsome and graceful wife, and their two fair and fawn-like girls sketching on the shore, or reading on the cliffs, or botanising in the fields, or climbing

the rocks for samphire, or visiting among the cottages of the poor to teach, or comfort, or relieve, which they did most bountifully, and were greatly beloved in the place—the free hand being ever popular among the Irish. They were always together—ever forming one group, like the figures in a piece of statuary; and appeared greatly attached, and drawn to each other as much by affection as by community of taste and habit.

But one evening they had an addition to their party, in the person of Henry Trevor, the only son of the family. He had his mother's soft, dark eye, and his father's tall, slight form, and in all other respects seemed perfectly identified with the tastes and habits of his parents and gentle sisters: a hundred new enjoyments seemed to have arrived with his presence. The three young people now lived in the open air. Bathing—and Henry was a splendid swimmer—or boating, and Henry was equally expert at the oar or the tiller; or they would go on walking excursions along the cliffs and headlands; or, mounted on rugged little fiery shelties, they would penetrate into the gorges and ravines, and beside the lakes of the C— mountains, which towered behind their house, the haunts of the hill fox, the otter, and the large golden eagle. In the month of June the place was visited by a tremendous storm; I remember it well. I was then at Brighton, and the loss of life and of craft among the south of England fishermen was lamentable. This tempest came suddenly, and went in like manner, dying off in half an hour, after blowing a hurricane all day, as if exhausted by its own strength. The sea scene at A— was grand in the extreme. The immense long bright billows of the Atlantic, crested with foam and fire, fell one after the other, bursting like thunder-bolts up the beach; and seeming to shake the shore and rocks with the explosions of their dread artillery; or, raging round the worn bases of the cliffs, whose blue heads looked placidly out on the warring waters, like a great mind unshaken amidst troubles.

At evening a small brig was seen by the red glare of the setting sun, drifting rapidly on a sunk ledge of rock which guarded the little bay. (At the ebb of tide a rapid current set northward just outside this dangerous reef,

but the tide was flowing now.) She evidently was not aware of the hidden danger till she had struck, and then appeared immoveably wedged into the rock. She was seen to hoist signals of distress, and the roar of a solitary gun came shoreward on the wind. Mr. Trevor and his son were watching her from the beach along with many others, and the former now offered a handsome gratuity to those who would launch and man a boat, and go off to her assistance; but all shook their heads, for, truth to say, the marine of A—— was in a very discreditable condition; and, except one middling-sized pinnace, they had no craft fit for such a sea as was then running and raging before them. On this Henry Trevor—leaping into the pinnace, which was rocking in a little cove, protected by a broad flat stone from the sea—declared he would go alone, when four young fellows, who often had rowed him in his fishing expeditions, started forward to share his enterprise and his danger; “it was but half a mile to the reef”—“the wind was lulling—the tide at the full—and they would go for the love they had for the young master.” The cheek of Mr. Trevor waxed deadly pale, but he was a brave and noble-hearted man, and thought his son was in the path of duty; he was a pious man, too, and felt that God would surely not forsake him.

The boat was shoved into the surf amidst the cheers of the men, and the prayers and tears of the women; and, though every ten seconds it appeared sunk and lost in the trough of the wave, yet it would mount the next watery hill, and was fast reaching the reef under the long, steady stroke of the practised hardy oarsmen. Henry’s form was seen in the fast receding light, sitting erect in the stern sheets, and steering with coolness and skill; a little grey cloth cap was pulled tightly down over his small and classical head, and the ends of his long black silk handkerchief blew back in the gale from his fine throat.

In a short time they appeared to have reached the reef and boarded the brig, the strong little pinnace riding under the shelter of her lee. It had been comparatively calm for a brief space, but in a moment a black squall which had been gathering at sea, came rushing and roaring towards the shore, covering the sky and producing in-

stantaneous night; a mountain wave swept the vessel, in a moment or two a second, and a third succeeded, till the ship, gradually weakened by these reiterated shocks, entirely broke up, and became a total wreck.

But where was her crew? They were all saved. In the pale moonlight which succeeded the sudden passing away of the gale, the hardy pinnace might be seen riding amidst the long furrows of the sea, and drifting rapidly in to the shore. Tossed, broken, half engulfed, and nearly full of water, she was hurled by the last wave she ever floated on high on the beach, and her crew drenched, stunned and bruised, yet all preserved from a watery grave. The four young fishermen were there, too, but one was missing—*Edward Trevor was not amongst the number, and was not found.* He had been last seen on the brig’s deck assisting a mother and her child into the pinnace, then the “big wave” had broken over them, drenching and stunning all, and they had hastily “cast off” and set to work to “bale the boat, supposing they had the young master on board, but seeing nothing owing to the darkness and confusion, and the difficulty of keeping the boat at all afloat, so crowded and in such a sea.” The agony of Mr. Trevor at this discovery knew no bounds. The unfortunate father would have rushed into the sea to seek his lost son, had he not been prevented by the woman whose life Henry had saved. What was now to be done? The pinnace could not go back—her keel was broken, and her gunwale stove in; nor was there any boat to be found which could live in such a sea. All the night long the distracted parents and sisters, hand locked in hand, paced the sands, looking and watching, and listening, and peering into the darkness; but there was neither voice nor sound, and Henry came not. At a little after two o’clock, the dawn beginning to show, and the sea much calmed, three boats, in one of which was the father, proceeded to the reef, which now stood up in grey and rugged outline above the ebb of tide. Here not a vestige of the wreck appeared, and alas! no trace of the brave and beloved one who had perilled his young life, and thrown it away in the cause of humanity. All day long the boats continued their search on the reef, and along the neigh-

bouring shore. The highest rewards were offered—grappling irons were used for the discovery of the poor body, but it was not to be found. At evening his blue pea-jacket floated on shore, and alas! its identity could not be doubted, for, in a small side-pocket was Mrs. Trevor's portrait set in blue enamel and pearl, all marred by the action of the sea water, a gift from his mother on his going to college some years ago, but nothing more of his came to shore.

Days and days passed on, and everything that wealth, and influence, and restless, anxious energy could effect, was put in practice, but Henry's loved remains were no where found.

All language were faint to portray the black shadow which now settled down in terrible darkness over the Trevors. The loud weeping of the gentle girls, the hysterical passion of their mother, continuing for hours, and breaking the health and the heart. The dry, sleepless agony of the father, ever accusing himself as the cause of his son's death, and pacing up and down the room in silent misery—for

"The grief which does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-wrought heart, and bids it break."

Their affliction drew them more than ever together. If they were one in the day of joy, how much more in the night of sorrow. Their piety, too, deepened under the trial; and often, when unable to master their cruel agony, they would fling themselves on their knees, and pour out the overflowings of their distracted spirits in prayer to their heavenly Father; and comfort came down for the time, though hope was dead.

Weeks passed on, but the work of years had wrought on their appearance. Mr. Trevor's once shining black hair was all streaked with grey—silver lines which grief's pale finger had drawn there. His wife's health, like her poor boy's life, was wrecked away. She was always unwell—a martyr to shattered nerves. While the fair girls were like two young trees bent and drooping from the shock of a terrible tempest.

They now determined to leave A—, the scene of their misery. Their carriage and servants arrived next day, along with an old spaniel, which had belonged to Henry. The sight of this dog affected the grief-stricken family greatly. Their luggage was all packed,

and their carriage ordered to be at the door at day-break, for they had a long day's journey to go. Late in the evening the sisters walked on the beach. The sea was calm and beautiful, and the sun dying over it in thin cloudlets of black and gold. They went to the flat rock, from whence Henry had leaped into the pinnacle. They did not speak one word, but, weeping abundantly, each bent down her face to kiss the spot on the rock which their brother's steps had last pressed. The poor girls mingled their tears with the remorseless brine, which now gently came in to caress their feet, as if sorrowing and plaining for its fault. Silently they returned home, and now they all sat together in their little drawing-room. It was their last evening at A—, the scene of *such* happiness, and *such* misery. It was the hour of family prayer, and Mr. Trevor read that divine chapter, the 14th of John's Gospel, which has brought comfort to thousands of mourners—"Let not your heart be troubled;" sweet words, yet sad. His deep, melodious voice quivered as he read them, for he thought of his fair son lying in the cold sea. Mrs. Trevor hid her face in the cushions of the sofa, and her daughters bent over and tried to soothe her. They knelt in prayer—it was their little wonted evening worship which *he* had often shared, and *always enjoyed*. Perhaps they thought of *that* now, and the remembrance might have calmed their spirit.

The old dog had been very nervous for the last few minutes, circling and smelling round the room, and whining at the window. Mr. Trevor threw it up.

"I see a man on the gravel walk," he said, "who, I think, is our new postillion. I hope Carlo will not hurt him;" for the dog had leaped out over the window-sill. The next minute a figure sprang in over the low sash, and with a loud cry precipitated himself towards the party. It was their lost one, whom God had sent them back.

"Mother, mother!—take me to your heart, dearest, dearest, mother! Beloved father, kiss me! Ellen, Susan, I am come again, never more to part in this world!"

Oh! the deep, the unutterable joy of that moment!

"Oh, God of heaven! oh, my mer-

ciful Saviour!" exclaimed the transported father, "it is my son—so wan, so worn; but it is indeed my son—my own son!"

All this time the mother could not speak; her face was on her son's shoulder, locked in his tight embrace, and silently straining him again and again to her heart. At length, disengaging herself, and pushing him towards the two fair girls who stood trembling, and all wild and weeping for joy, she turned her to her husband's faithful bosom, saw on his face the old smile come back, which she thought had gone for ever, fell into his extended arms, and, lifting up her happy voice, exclaimed—

"Oh, our God, we thank thee for thy unspeakable mercy, for this our 'son was dead and is alive; he was lost, and is found!'"

His tale was soon told; he had been knocked down by the giant wave; his forehead was cut, and he lay senseless under the bulwarks of the deck; a mast had fallen obliquely over him, but had not touched or hurt him. When consciousness returned, he had just time to throw off his coat to swim, when the brig went to pieces, and the recoil of a wave *washed him outside the reef into the rapid current which sets strongly there to the north, and completely off the shore.* He said he swam but feebly, only using his feet; for the mast had floated with him, and his hands were locked in the rigging, as they drifted together in the sea. He said the last thing he *thought* he saw,

was the light in his father's house on shore; but his eyes were dim; and the last sound he *thought* he heard, was a wail of soft music played on his sister's harp. His head was very much astray, he said, just then, and the music appeared to come floating along the waters, but it was a mere phantasy, though he said it made him smile; and so he committed his soul and his life to Him who once trod the waves to stillness; and then all was a blank, till he awoke faint and feeble in a strange bed, and among strange faces—yet saved, most wonderfully saved. He had been picked up by a Scotch fishing smack (which was returning to the island of Skye) at the first break of light. He was all but exanimate when found, and a fierce fever set in on his exhausted frame at once; but his kind captors took him to their wild but healthy home, where he was tenderly nursed by their women; and though delirious for a long time, his youth finally triumphed, and he was spared for the enjoyment and all the bliss of the present moment. He had written on his recovery twice from Skye, but his letters miscarried, and having had a purse of gold with him, which these honest fishermen never interfered with, he went to Glasgow in a fishing boat, and from thence home, where his presence was hailed as a *resurrection* indeed, and life from the dead; and surely I may be permitted, in bringing my narrative to so happy a close, to class the terminating event of it as A DOMESTIC PARALLEL.

B.

"THE TAKING OF JERUSALEM."

"The Lord hath purposed to destroy the wall of the daughter of Zion; He hath stretched out a line, He hath not withdrawn His hand from destroying; therefore He made the rampart and the wall to lament; they languished together."—*LAM.* ii. 8.

I.

Spirit of pöesy,
Thou that erst sang to Judah's hallowed lyre,
Shed o'er my soul
Thy soft control;
Oh, touch my lips with words of living fire!
Bear me with thee,
To where the Roman eagle, hovering round,
Gluts his red beak on Salem's holy ground.

II.

Night has folded Day to rest
Upon the cradle of her breast:
Over Salem's leagured towers
Th' avenging angel darkly lowers,
And on the air his wrathful vial flings;—
A shade of sadness glooms his brow,
To think how soon the Gentile sword
Shall lay the favoured city low,
And still he waits on lingering wings,
If mercy yet shall clothe the word;—
One moment till the spell be o'er,
And Solyma shall be no more.

III.

So stilly slept the heaven and earth,
Like Silence slumbering at her birth,
Pillowed upon voluminous clouds of gloom,
As if Life's pulse were stayed,
And earth a dread pause made,
Listening the voice to thunder forth her doom.
But hark! what shrill prophetic cry
Falls on the ear forebodingly?
'Twas as a distant midnight bell,
That tolls a sad funereal knell,
Makes the chill heart feel doubly lone,
To think an erring soul has flown
For ever.
E'en the proud Roman felt a thrill
Shoot to his heart a sudden chill,
But 'twas to those within the wall
A cry that warned them of their fall.*

The air was still again,
As if that very cry had bound
The inviolable chain
Of quietness, e'en stiller by the sound.

* Josephus narrates that a false prophet, called Jesus, used to go about the streets, exclaiming—"A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds, a voice against Jerusalem and the holy house," &c.

'Tis o'er ; and, at his signal, sped
 The myriad host of heaven,
 On whirlwinds madly driven ;*
 The planets reeled, the moon's pale visage bled,†
 And bright, unearthly glare
 Illumin'd the dizzy air,‡
 Save where yon flash enkindles deeper red ;
 Around their path the roaring thunders boom :
 Lo ! heaven with earth in ruin seems united,
 And from her riven womb,
 A giant earthquake leaps in lightning clad :
 From his red hand the levin bolt he flings,
 Around his form wild meteors plume their wings,
 Beneath his tread is blighted
 Each fairest scene that made creation glad.

v.

The night is passed, but dim and dark
 The morn, unheralded by lark :
 Heaven's eye is melancholy
 O'er the city high and holy :
 But within the walls are manning,
 And without th' assault is planning,
 All around there is a din
 Should arouse the soul within,
 For Roman vengeance baffled oft,
 Shall shed its vials yet,
 And Judah's star so long divine
 In blood-red clouds shall set.

vi.

List ye to the unbroken stamp,
 Nearer, nearer comes the tramp !
 Look ye on the triple wall,
 Manned without an interval !
 Hark to the shout, and clang of horn.
 The breach was opened yestermorn,
 The banners are waving ; th' impatient sword
 Leaps from its sheath—but they wait for the word.

vii.

The trumpet has sounded, onward they go
 As an avalanche falls on a hamlet below ;
 The foremost that lead that fiery van
 Are hurled to the arms of the hindmost man,
 As a wave is dashed with re-echoing shock
 That has climbed to the top of a beetling rock ;
 The trenches are filled with unnumbered slain,
 And still they are falling like winter rain ;
 Yet with fiercer zeal the living tread
 Is set like a ladder upon the dead.
 At length the besieged are giving way
 Beneath the charge of that terrible fray,

* "Before sunseting, chariots and troops of soldiers in their armour were seen running about among the clouds, and surrounding of cities."—*Josephus*.

† The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come."—*Acts*, ii. 20.

‡ "And at the ninth hour of the night, so great a light shone round the altar and the holy house, that it appeared to be bright day-time."—*Josephus*.

Wasted with famine and faction within,
 Their strength is flagging, their ranks are thin ;
 But every sinew and nerve they brace
 To defend their fathers' burial-place.

Back to back, and hand to hand,
 At every house they make a stand,
 In desperate groups, tho' oft renewed,
 They repel the charge of a multitude :
 Thousands around them are dead and dying,
 But yet no thought of retreat or flying.

Thousands around them are charging amain,
 Yet as firm as a rock their bands remain ;
 But hark to that shout ! The temple is fired,
 And with it each hope of success has expired.
 Back to the temple each warrior turns—
 A moment he gazes, as fiercely it burns,
 And vows that for every flame that arises,
 Tho' torn every hope, every tie that he prizes,
 The Gentile's last life-blood in torrents shall flow,
 Ere his shrine be disgraced by th' uncircumcis'd foe.

VIII.

The shades of evening deeply fell,
 But shriller rose the battle yell,
 More deadly raged the fight :
 Beneath, the dead in frequent pile
 Marked where the Jew had stood a while ;
 Above, the temple blazing high
 Athwart the dark and lowering sky,
 Flung an unearthly light ;
 As when upon the foaming ocean,
 Lashed into wild tumultuous motion,
 The flames have clutched a gallant ship,
 With blood-red fang and fiery lip ;
 Around the eddying whirlwinds roar,
 As struggling with the billows hoar,
 While on the elemental fight
 The burning ship casts lurid light,
 As if the ocean, fire, and skies,
 Were battling for that stately prize.
 With dauntless front they bear the brunt
 Of that tremendous fray :
 Around their fane, with might and main,
 They keep the foe at bay.
 Despair has armed e'en woman's hate,
 The dying start to life,
 And summon all their ebbing strength
 To aid them in the strife :
 No craven shout for quarter rose,
 So sternly mute they face their foes ;
 E'en as the conqueror's tread they feel,
 They gash the sinews of his heel.

IX.

The tents are struck : the banners they pluck ;
 And back the long triumphant train
 Sweeps slowly o'er th' ensanguined plain.
 Borne on palm-shaded car, like evening star,
 Imperial Titus led the foremost van ;
 Behind him came, like burnished flame,
 The golden treasures from the temple won ;

Next the long train to slavery borne,
 With feeble step, and look forlorn ;
 And Roman spears full many a one
 Flashed back to heaven the evening sun.

A while they paused on Olivet,
 That gleamed 'mid ruins beauteous yet,
 When from the captive ranks there stepped
 An aged man, who long had wept
 O'er Israel's dark apostasy :
 His silvered locks hung o'er his lyre,
 As moved with melancholy fire,
 He flung a dirge unto the evening sky.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Thy shrines are desolate ;
 The godless heathen revels now
 Where reigned thy God of late :
 Thy beauty, glory—all have left ;
 Thy sons are from thy bosom reft.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Thou'rt homeless, childless now,
 A widow in a stranger land,
 With slavery on thy brow :
 Gaunt Ruin sits upon thy throne,
 Where Solyman in splendour shone.

How like a widowed mate she broods
 O'er her lost husband's urn !
 Sackcloth and ashes wrap her limbs,
 Her cheeks the teardrops burn :
 Oh, turn thee to the widow's God,
 And kiss, oh humbly kiss, the rod !

Awake, oh, God ! awake, arise,
 And let Thy might appear !
 Upraise Thy city from the dust ;
 Shiver the oppressor's spear !
 Arise, efface their godless track,
 And bring Thy stricken children back.

I see, I see the Bridegroom come,
 With myriad seraphim ;
 Around Him flock the scattered tribes,
 And loud hosannahs hymn :
 Beneath His plastic touch arise
 Another Salem from the skies.

More fair she seems than earthly bride,
 The whole earth is her dower ;
 And monarchs, humbled to the dust,
 Confess her heavenly power :
 Jehovah sits upon her throne,
 Where Solyman in splendour shone.

CLONMACNOISE, CLARE, AND ARRAN.

PART II.

SOME of the readers of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE may remember having accompanied me, in the month before last, to the Isles of Arran; and that, on my taking leave on that occasion, we had left the chief village of the island, Kilronan, and were on our way to Dun-Angus. It may also be in their recollection that we had already, on the middle island, visited Dun-Conor, a very grand example of the same species of building, also erected in the first century of our era, by another son of the Fir-Volg king, Uaithmore. Connor O'Brien, one of the great lords of Clare, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, is confused in local tradition with this Fir-Volg prince, although twelve hundred years elapsed between their epochs. In fact, no distinct tradition of the Fir-Volgs remains in the islands; and but for the written records preserved in the book of Leacan, we should have known as little of these barbaric fortress-palaces as the Scotch antiquaries know of Dun Dornadilla, or the Burgh of Mousa. The traditions of the people of Arran are either hagiological, or have reference to the exploits of such personages as Croohore-na-Suidine O'Brien, Emun Laidir O'Flaherty, or Oliver Cromwell. The saints and their miracles supply the great historical topics of these simple people, as, next to the pagan fortresses and *clochans*, their ruined churches and sepulchral monuments constitute the main attraction of the islands for the ecclesiastical and architectural antiquary. And for any one imbued with these tastes, the way westward from Kilronan is, indeed, on both sides full of objects of curiosity.

On the right, in the low tract between the road and sea, are the remains of *Manister Connachtach*, with the chapel of St. Kieran. It was here the founder of Clonmacnoise disciplined himself for his subsequent mission on the mainland. If the reader have any curiosity in early Christian architecture, I would direct his attention to this chapel, as a work of, I should suppose, the ninth or tenth century, not-

withstanding its added Gothic doorway. The east window exhibits an early and interesting attempt at decoration, being pillared externally, and having a scroll on the inside, terminating in some rude symbolic representations. Hard by are the ruins of *Teampul Assurnuidhe*, with its wondrous *bolaun* or font, which always contains water, be the weather wet or dry. Colgan takes the name to be that of St. Iserninus, mentioned in the lives of Patrick; but from the name given to the place at present, *Teampul Sour-nich ni Cealla*, I apprehend the saint was a female, and a daughter of the Hy-Manian family. Sourney's font is a hollowed bowl of granite, overhung by ferns and underwood, and carefully covered over to prevent evaporation. When I saw it, it contained some much-soiled water, derived, as Mullen expressed it, and I dare say truly, "from the climate." The church site itself is a mass of stones and bramble, but distinguished by the presence of a venerable thorn, one of the few trees on the island, and the haws of which are the largest I have ever seen. These brambly dells are, it appears, rich in rare ferns and other objects as interesting to the naturalist as their stone monuments to the historical student.

On the left hand, at a little distance up the craggy ascent of the hill, which is crowned by the pagan fortress of Dun-Eochail and the lighthouse, stands another of the little churches mentioned by Colgan, *Teampul Ceathair Aluinn*, the Church of the Four Beautiful Saints. These Colgan states to be Fursey, Brandon of Birr, Conall, and Barchann. Fursey was the founder of the Abbey of Lagny on the Marne; and no one, certainly, walking through the beautiful aisles and cloisters of that once sumptuous establishment, could suppose that so much ecclesiastical grandeur took its rise from these little Irish *cellulae*, scarce better at their best than well-constructed hovels. Still more surprise would the visitor of the splendid French foundation experience, were he told that Fursey's at-

tachment to his Irish hermitage had brought him back to spend the evening of his life on those rugged crags, and to seek a grave under the rude pillar-stone which at a little distance still marks the sepulchre of the Four Beautiful Saints.

The "Church of Beauties" preserves its altar—a not inelegant piece of masonry, with a corniced slab or top. A bracket, adorned with a corresponding moulding, projects from the wall at the north side, just above. A square hole in the centre of the altar slab may have received the foot of a cross. The remains of an ogreed window, however, lying among the ruins, indicate a comparatively recent period for these remains. Closely adjoining their cell is the equally diminutive and ruinous one of the Ladies of Honour. Of these ladies I find no mention made in the books. About two hundred yards higher up the hill, stands one of those singular stone cave-houses illustrated by Petrie, called *Cloghan-a-Phooka*. This *Cloghan* differs from all others that I have seen or heard of, in being divided internally into two apartments. Externally the structure presents the appearance of a rude *cairn*, or pile of stones, about thirty feet in length and eighteen in breadth, by twelve or fourteen feet high. Two low doorways, like entrances to an artificial cave, in the middle of either side, admit to the interior, an oblong apartment twenty-two feet long by ten broad. One end of this space, about ten feet by seven, is cut off by a low cross-wall, having a doorway in the middle, and apertures serving as windows at either side. The inner apartment derives its light through these, and over the top of the cross-wall, from the outer one, but this latter enjoys no light save what enters by the low doors. The cross-wall may have been of subsequent erection, but it appears to be of contemporaneous workmanship. The roof of this singular dwelling is formed by the approximation of successive stone courses of the building, to within a couple of feet at the top, where it is covered in with flat stones. No trace of chimney, hearth, or window is discernible. The door towards the north is now blocked up by the fall of debris from above, but appears to have been formerly flanked by walls forming a little enclosure externally at each side. In many cabins I have observed the same arrangement

of two opposite doors, one of which, according to the quarter from which the wind blows, excludes the cold, while the other serves for the admission of light. I find it hard to reconcile myself to the idea that these were the dwellings of Christian ecclesiastics. They betoken far more of the power and energy of the Pagan period, when great fortresses were erected for the living, and great sepulchres for the dead. Mortar has been employed in all the early churches, but in none of these; neither have I seen nor heard of any Christian symbol, such as a cross or other ecclesiastical token, on any of them. Yet from the situation of some of these, represented by Dr. Petrie, they appear to have formed portions of monastic establishments. O'Flaherty (*West Connaught*, p. 68) speaks of some of greater size than any that now remain. "They," he says, speaking of the Arran people, "have *cloghans*, a kind of building of stones layd one upon another, which are brought to a roof without any manner of mortar to cement them, some of which cabins will hold forty men on their floor; soe ancient nobody knows how long agoe any of them was made. Scarcity of wood, and store of fit stones, without peradventure, found out the first invention." *Clochan-a-Phooka* would hold about twenty persons. It is not within any ecclesiastical precinct; and the same may be said of *Clochan-a-Carrigy*, illustrated by Petrie, which lies to the left of the road, beyond the creek of Kilmurvy, at a still greater distance from any church. My own impression would be that they are gentile dwellings, found vacant by the first Christian recluses, and by them inhabited for want of better.

Proceeding towards the creek of Port Murvy, which penetrates a considerable distance into the island, we arrive at a series of wayside monuments, pillars, crosses, standing-stones, and cairns of modern as well as ancient date, marking the boundary between the two divisions of the island, the southern pertaining to the monastery of Enda, at Killany, and the northern to that of St. Breacan, at the Seven Churches, lying about three miles north from Port Murvy. From the traditions of the islanders, as well as from some passages in the *Acta*, it would appear that this division was not effected without considerable

commotion. Descending to Port Murvy we catch sight of Dun-Angus, lying inward from the head of the vale, on the Atlantic brow of the opposite eminence. But before reaching Dun-Angus we have still further Christian antiquities to encounter.

Port Murvy derives its name from the Fir-Volg chief, Muirbheach Mil, some remains of whose Dun still encircle the precinct occupied by the Church of Mac Duagh. *Teampul-Mic-Duagh* is an edifice of the end of the sixth, or beginning of the seventh century. The Cathedral of Colman, the son of Duagh, on the mainland of Clare, was founded in A.D. 610, and this church, probably, was erected at an earlier period of his labours. The body of the church is evidently the original building. It is of considerable size, and built of stones which in any other region would be regarded as enormous. Four and five stones in length, and five and six in height, form some of the courses of the side walls. It is distinguished by the "flat rectangular projections or pilasters of masonry" at the angles, described by Petrie, in connexion with his illustration of the Church of Mac Dara. Mac Duagh's Church wears an iron aspect, as well on account of the rusty colour of the stone, as of the severity and solidity of the building. The east end of the original edifice has been thrown open, and a chancel has been added. The heavy limestone block, with its semicircular indentation, which formed the top of the original round-headed east window, still lies on the ground, at the end of the church; just as at Clonmacnoise, the stone which served the same purpose in the east window of the cathedral there, having been removed, to make way for a Gothic chancel, in the thirteenth century, has been preserved at the foot of the great cross, where it now serves as a species of chair-back within which rheumatic patients repose their shoulders. The addition at *Teampul Mic Duagh* is easily distinguished from the original building by the appearance of the masonry, as well as by the parapetted side walls rising, as I have already remarked, to so great a height, for the protection of that end of the roof. A cairn and standing-stone, decorated with an ornamental cross, mark the grave of some unknown holy person, immediately in front of the western doorway. This church stands immediately be-

hind the farm-yard and offices of Mr. O'Flaherty, a gentleman of property, and magistrate, who may be regarded as the chief-justice and chancellor of the islands.

Leaving the curtilage and grazing-fields of Kilmurvy, and turning to the left, we again ascend the rocky eminence, and after a walk of half-a-mile, reach the outer rampart of Dun-Angus, a dry stone wall of about three feet in thickness. This circumvallation encloses a space of eleven acres. A similar wall on each side of the avenue flanks it onward from the outer entrance to a second line of rampart, lying close to the main body of the fortress. This second wall apparently consisted of a banquette and parapet, as it is built in two sections, each about four feet thick. All round the base of this second rampart, and extending from it over the space between it and the outer wall, sharp-pointed fragments of rock are pitched on end, covering the whole surface with an *abbatis* of stone, so thick and intricate that even now it is with difficulty one can approach the place save by the avenue. This multitude of long grey stones, standing arrayed round the base of the fortress, like infinite headstones of the dead, amazes and confounds the eye. Within the second rampart, the space to the central fortress is clear, and the avenue conducts direct to the entrance, which is still perfect, about the middle of the eastern front of the building. On a larger scale, it exactly resembles the low-browed doorway to a *clochan*, and must at all times have been entered on foot. Owing to the accumulation of debris at present, the visitor must climb in on hands and knees under the wide, massive lintel stones. At the right, on entering, are the remains of a flight of steps conducting to the lower banquette, the form of which is with difficulty traceable among the masses of fallen stone. One or two other indications of stairs may be detected; but were it not for the very distinct construction of the rampart in three concentric sections, one would be at a loss to understand the principle of the construction. On ascending the mound, however, the three concentric walls are seen in perfect distinctness, the middle one rising through the ruins of the other two, save in one or two points, where the exterior envelope still stands to near

its original height; but all are so shaken and disjointed, that heaps of the loose masonry slide down at every footstep; and after a few years, I fear, the whole will be involved in undistinguishable ruin. These several circumvallations, and the ramparts of the inner fortress itself, abut on the verge of the cliff, which all along overhangs its base, and is constantly parting with fragments, that plunge into the depths of the Atlantic. It cannot well be supposed that the builders would leave one-third of the central area unprotected; and as there is no fence whatever towards the verge of the cliff, and the walls are continued close up to it, without any indication of a regular termination, the inference can hardly be resisted, that a considerable portion of the area of Dun-Angus has been swallowed up in the sea, and that in process of time the whole will follow. Although it was moderate weather when I visited it, the Atlantic, breaking among the undercut cliffs beneath, sent up a sound like distant artillery. A log of timber from a shipwreck, jammed in a fissure of the rock, sixty or seventy feet above high-water mark, showed what the sea must be in time of storm. I quitted the dizzy, crumbling ramparts with a profound impression of wonder and sadness.

Turning northward from Dun-Angus, a rough walk over crags and down rugged pathways, brought us to the minor fortress of Dun-Onagh, which is in somewhat better preservation, owing partly to its less exposed position, and partly to the more massive character of its masonry; and thence regaining the highway, which we had left at Port Murvy, proceeded to the Seven Churches, the ecclesiastical establishment of St. Breacan. Dr. Petrie has given an engraving of the tombstone of Breacan, with its inscription, *ci Breani*, and also of a singular spherical black stone, found in the saint's grave, with the legend, *or ar Breain n'ailither*—"Pray for Breacan, the Pilgrim." It is startling to find these memorials of a person who died in the early part of the sixth century. Of their authenticity, there cannot be the least doubt:—

"The monumental stone was discovered about forty years ago, within a circular enclosure, known as St. Breacan's tomb, at a depth of about six feet from the surface, on the occasion of its being first opened to receive the body of a distinguished and popu-

lar Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, who made a dying request to be buried in his grave. Under the stone within the sepulchre there was also found on this occasion a small water-worn stone of black calc, or limestone" (being the stone with the second inscription above referred to).—*Round Towers*, p. 139.

Breacan's churches nestle, like several of the others, under the brow of rock, in a ravine opening towards the sea. A well, springing forth at the foot of the crag, adds its inducement to those of shelter and accessibility. All the extremely old buildings have disappeared, and the place at present shows the remains of an Irish monastic establishment of, I should suppose, the tenth or eleventh century. Two walls encircle the precinct, of which the inner one has been battlemented, and both preserve their ancient entrance-doorways, the external one being of the antique square-headed pattern, and the internal one semicircular. The tombs of Breacan, and of the Seven Romans, and of certain "Mainach" (Monachi, I suppose), are the only inscribed monuments. In the west wall of the principal church, an inscribed stone has been let into the wall, which appears to be another monument of the same Breacan. In the Continental churches one often sees the sarcophagi of early Christians built into the walls; and the insertion of this stone in the Church of St. Breacan seems to be an example of the same practice. The principal church here has its chancel, and well-wrought semicircular chancel-arch. A capacious circular font is sunk on a level with the ground at the back of this building. All betokens a considerable advance on the rude condition of the first recluses. In the eastern portion of the cemetery, are pointed out the graves of certain unknown saints. One stone only in this precinct bears an inscription, that mentioned by Petrie, in memory of the Seven Romans. In the fifth and sixth centuries, the passion for eremitical seclusion prevailed to an extent that may be called epidemical; and Gauls, Saxons, Romans, and Egyptians, males and females, wandered into different parts of Ireland in search of solitude and its contemplative excitements. It might very well be called another Thebais, filled as it was with societies leading this kind of visionary and ecstatic existence. To sit habitually on these rocks of Arran, and listen to the continuous

sound of the waves, were enough in itself to throw the mind into a kind of trance open to the reception of a thousand fantasies. Certainly, there are other intoxications besides those of drugs and liquors, which unfit men for a useful existence, and are equally open to the reproach of selfishness. These islands, when Enda first obtained his alleged grant of them from Angus King of Cashel, had no population to instruct—all the souls to be cured were on the mainland. It seems to have been solely as a place of retirement for the indulgence of contemplative gratifications, that Arran was selected by him and by his followers. Thence, indeed, they afterwards sent out ecclesiastics, who built churches and preached the Gospel for the people; but here, as in all the other eremitical Lauras of Christendom, the objects immediately sought were retirement from the duties of social life and opportunity of visionary enjoyment. Curiosity and antiquarian zeal, and the fashionable character of the topic in certain circles, will render these places, wherever they remain, objects of increasing attention to travellers; and as their true character becomes more generally known, it will probably shake, with a rude concussion, the fabric of Protestant opinion founded on the supposed perfection of the early Irish Church. Any Protestant who looks outside the Scriptures for corroboration of his faith, will find little to strengthen him in Irish ecclesiastical antiquity. He may see much to reflect on with philosophical profit; much to increase his respect for the historical traditions of a people whose annals are corroborated out of every corner of their island; but evidence of this kind he will find little to reflect on with complacency. It is not surprising that the pursuit of this branch of antiquity has excited an alarm which manifests itself so palpably in one of our learned institutions. But it is surprising, that means more philosophical have not been resorted to for counteracting one of the necessary evils of increased knowledge; and that the demonstrations elicited should have betrayed so much more of boyish petulancy than of the grave resistance of men of learning. The people themselves, so fine-natured, genial, and intelligent, are more worthy of regard than all their monuments from the fifth century downward. The project of getting rid of such a people,

with the view of supplying their places out of any other population, can only have been conceived in ignorance of what they are, or in the wantonness of a malevolent ethnological jealousy. The same obliging disposition that characterises the people of the less frequented islands, shows itself in equally amiable ways among the inhabitants of Arran More. In the neighbourhood of the Seven Churches they preserve a grateful recollection of the interest taken in the preservation of their antiquities by Dr. Wilde, during a visit to these islands several years ago. At his instance the fragments of a richly-sculptured stone cross, which had long lain scattered in different directions about the ruins, were brought together, adapted to one another, and laid in their places on a smooth, flat rock, forming part of the threshing-floor of Martin O'Flaherty, the guardian of the ruins. The fragments have been surrounded with a low wall of dry stone, to keep off the trespass of cattle, and are an object of much respect and the source of very grateful feeling towards their restorer. I also succeeded in collecting from various quarters of the ruins and surrounding stone-wall fences, the fragments of another cross of greater dimensions, but ruder workmanship, which is now laid side by side with that restored by Dr. Wilde. On one side is a sculpture of the crucifixion, of extremely barbarous design; the other is carved with knots and patterns of interlaced work of the usual kind. It is understood that the Dublin Exhibition of 1853 will contain plaster casts of several of the most sumptuous of this class of monuments. They were the chief objects of sculptural ornamentation among the ancient Irish, as with the Scots, Manx, and Britons. Nothing of the kind, however, in other countries, can compare, either in size or richness of decoration, with the Irish crosses of Monasterboyce, Clonmacnoise, and Arboe, all of which will, it is said, be represented by accurate models in the "Darganeum." The use of the interlaced pattern as peculiar to early Christian monuments, is by no means confined to the western parts of Europe; it figures on all the earliest Christian remains on the Continent, although, strange to say, its first appearance as an adjunct to architectural decoration, is on the palace of the persecuting Dioclesian, at Spalatro. That it had

a peculiar significance, as employed in Christian art, would appear highly probable, from the constancy with which we find it repeated in manuscripts, shrines, and ecclesiastical utensils, as well as on stone monuments; but the meaning of this, and of the various other symbols employed in the same class of objects, is a subject of speculation too recondite to be more than glanced at in such a paper as this.

It were tedious to enumerate the various minor ecclesiastical sites pointed out in Arran; nor shall I task the patience of the reader, by following Mr. Mullen on his tour of all the *Teampuls* and *Manisters* which the venturesome antiquary may still trace through their coverings of bramble and nettles. The principal establishment of the south end of the island, however, remains to be noticed, where the successors of St. Enda maintained their rival monastery to that of Breacan. This Enda, or Enna, was son of the petty king of the territory of Oriall, and lived in the period immediately succeeding the mission of Patrick. His life, as preserved in the collection of Colgan, possesses more of the romance of early Christianity than is usually found in narratives of that kind. He had been educated as a warrior; and after his father's death, returning from a hostile expedition into the territory of some of his hereditary enemies, in which he had been victorious, he chanced to pass by the cell of Fanchea, a female saint of that period, who appears to have resided somewhere in the neighbourhood of Enniskillen. As he passed, he chanted a battle-song of triumph; and Fanchea, coming to the door of her cell, demanded wherefore did he disturb the quiet of her mind with those uncouth vociferations. He said, "I have been avenging the death of my father, as becomes a son, and I now sing my song of victory, as becomes a warrior." "Knowest thou," said Fanchea, "where thy father now is?" "I know not," said Enda. "Thy father," said Fanchea, "is now in hell;" and immediately proceeded to paint the tortures of the damned in colours so vivid as struck the young prince with amazement and terror. Fanchea then varied the picture with an equally lively exposition of the joys of paradise, and disclosed to her hearer the necessity and means of salvation. Enda, returning frequently to listen to her discourses, saw and loved

one of the sisterhood, by whom his passion was returned. Then Fanchea said to this sister, "Whether would'st thou have for spouse this young king of Oriall, whom thou lovest, or that heavenly King whom I love?" The nun, recalled to the obligation of her vow, replied, "whom thou lovest, him also will I love." Then follows the portion of the tale, which, with other like incidents in the lives of Patrick and Columba, has given ground for some suspicions of a very dark character, as regards the means resorted to for illustrating the power of our early ecclesiastics:—

"Then said the holy virgin, 'come with me into this chamber, that thou mayest rest a little while.' And the young girl came, and lying on the bed, expired, and gave her soul to God, the spouse whom she had chosen. Then the holy virgin covered the face of the deceased sister with a cloth, and returning to Enda, said, 'youth, come and see the young girl whom thou desirest.' Then Enda, with the virgin, entered the bed-chamber where was the dead sister; and the holy virgin uncovering the face of the dead girl, said to him, 'behold her whom thou desirest.'"

Enda, having been thus led to embrace a religious life, is alleged to have journeyed to Rome, whence he returned, says tradition, accompanied by one hundred and fifty monks, about the year 580, and established himself here at the spot which still retains his name of Kill-any. If I were to indulge a conjecture as to the immediate source of Irish Christianity, I would say these very early monuments point rather in the direction of Greece than Latium.

The island at this time appears to have been wholly depopulated of its Fir-Volg colony. We read of no occupants besides the religious, and occasional "gentile" visitants from the adjoining district of Corcomroe. The captain of these pagans was one Corban, and Enda, after some negotiations, so far won his respect as to be allowed the undisturbed possession of his desert. A single dun cow, a relict, probably, of the Fir-Volgic herds, afforded the chief supply of aliment for the first recluses. Enda's *Laura* soon increased to a considerable community; and, ere long, disputes broke out between the recluses of the southern and those of the northern division of the island. The contest which ensued is still tradition-

ally remembered; and the locality already mentioned on the road above Killmurvy is pointed out as the spot where the rival brotherhoods contended. Some semi-circular tracks in the limestone rock are exhibited as the hoof-prints of the horse of some eminent personage by whom the battle of the saints was composed. Tracks of this kind, the traces of some fossil of softer texture than the embedding limestone, occur in all directions through the district. The local tradition is confirmed by the written history; only, in the latter, Enda is induced by the exhortations of his old instructor and friend, Fanchea, to lay aside the pole with which he had armed himself for the fray, and remain within his cell while an incursion of certain lay depredators is going forward. Strange existence! Great must be the charm of solitude and contemplation that could withdraw a man from the haunts of social life to be partaker of the little intrigues and petty embroilments of such a community; but in the age of Enda, it was a choice between bloodshed and rapine in the inhabited parts of the country, and the comparative security as well as seclusion and independence of a hermitical life in the desert. Enda's original church has disappeared, and the blowing sands have quite obliterated the cemetery famous for its hundred and twenty inscribed tombs of saints, adjoining it. The foundation of his round tower, however, is still visible; and on the brow of the green eminence above, conspicuous against the sky, still stands the cell of Benignus, the most elegant and best-built, as it is the very smallest, cell in all Ireland. Twelve feet by eight internally, it is more like a sepulchral vault than a house of worship. Its stone roof has now nearly disappeared; but the great blocks composing its well-jointed walls and graceful Egyptian doorway defy the storms of thirteen centuries. It was evening when I visited the spot. I had come from Dhu-Cahir and the Atlantic side of the island over the intermediate tract of stone. These immense sheets of rock, ringing to the tread with a metallic sonorousness, cover all the surface with vast ridges and furrows, like the tillage of some extinct race of giants. The hollow reverberations of the Atlantic, the lonely crumbling pagan fortress, and the utter solitude of the dark marble-ribbed desert over

which I passed, had combined to sadden and depress my mind; so that, when at length we came forth on the verdant carpet that fringes the eastern brow of the desert, and stood beside this graceful little temple overlooking the green slope on which the herds of the village were assembled, lowing in the parting sunshine, the spectacle was attended with a sense of pleasure most grateful to experience. The sun had set before I left the spot, having traced in the indistinct light on a square monumental stone under the little eastern window, inscribed in large, deep-cut Greco-Irish characters, the single word *cari*. The tomb "of the dear one" could not have been erected in a spot better calculated for serious and tender contemplation. I returned by the little hamlet of Killaney. This luckless spot suffered about a year since a terrible calamity. The men and youths of the village, to the number of fourteen, had repaired to a flat projecting rock to fish, and were engaged in angling from this natural platform, when one of those sudden waves which sometimes start up capriciously in the Atlantic, rolled in and swept them all away. There was scarcely a house in the village that had not lost a father, a son, or a brother; and the little place, as I passed through, seemed so widowed and desolate, that I had no care to inspect its once proud castle of Ardkeen, which, in the crown-grants of lands in Connaught, plays the same conspicuous part as "our Castle of Dublin" does in grants *in capite* in Leinster.

Having now exhausted the sights of Arran of the Saints, I procured a stout hooker, the St. Margaret, Patrick Gill owner, to convey me to New Quay, on the south side of the Bay of Galway, that I might have an opportunity of seeing "the white-stoned slippery region of Burren," and of inspecting the ruins of the Abbey of Corcomroe. Enjoying a favourable wind, we made New Quay in a run of four hours, passing close under the bare, round-backed stone-mountain of Blackhead, and the castle and picturesque creek of Ballyvaughan. The arm of the sea on which New Quay is situated, is that which yields the well-known Red-bank Burren oysters. It is a far-winding, shallow estuary, separated from the external waters of Galway Bay by the low peninsula of Curran Ruadh. The beach on the sea-

ward side of this peninsula retains the name of Traigh-Chairan, or Kieran's Strand, being pointed out by tradition as the place whence the saints of Arran used to set sail on their voyages to the sacred island.

On St. Kieran's festival a singular commemoration of him and his companions' voyages is kept up here, called *Snav-Ænach*, or the Swimming Fair. The peasantry bring down their horses, and with them swim about the strand, in honour of the saints of Arran. It is at least a salubrious custom, whatever may be thought of its spiritual utility.

On the landward side of the estuary rises a considerable mountain, the base and lower slopes of which are clad in the delicate green peculiar to the limestone formation; but the summit and upper declivities are covered with the grey shingle, which forms so large a proportion of the surface of this rocky region. New Quay consists of a few bathing lodges, frequented chiefly by the citizens of Galway, whose town and shipping can be discerned across the bay at a distance of about ten miles. There is but little timber in the district, and the place has a windy and bleak, although clean appearance. There is no hotel, nor any means of procuring horses or vehicles nearer than Ballyvaughan; but a walk of a couple of miles by a good road, conducts round the northern base of the hill I have mentioned, to a scene which would well repay a much more troublesome pilgrimage. Behind the mountain the vale expands round the head of another estuary, penetrating inland from the side of Ballyvaughan, also famous for its oysters, and comprising the famous creek of Pooldoody. The fertile area is surrounded on all sides by mountains, more or less enveloped in the same grey covering of limestone shingle. Where the vale withdraws round the inland base of the first-mentioned mountain, midway on the green declivity, overlooking the landlocked valley, stands the great abbey of the O'Briens. There is no adjoining cemetery. The pasturage surrounds it on all sides close to the walls, and perhaps the bulk of the building strikes the eye as greater on this account; for, after the diminutive cells of Arran, it appears as mighty a structure externally as it has been sumptuous and splendid within. Nothing, indeed, can afford a greater con-

trast, than the little unadorned *manisters* of Kieran and Carnach, and the *Manister Mor* of Corcomruadh, with its stone-ribbed chancel vault, its elaborate undercut mouldings, its tombs, and effigies, and fresco polychrome. I had often heard of the tomb and marble effigy of Connor O'Brien, the son of the founder, and at once distinguished it on the north side of the chancel. Some object formerly issued from the mouth of the effigy, which local tradition alleges was a tobacco-pipe! I believe the same statement is also found in books of authority. Whatever the object may have been (and those familiar with the symbolical representation of the thirteenth century will probably agree that it was not a tobacco-pipe), it has been broken away, but the figure is in other respects little injured.

As the only existing effigy of a native Irish prince in his proper costume, this figure of Connor O'Brien is of singular interest. Donogh Carbreach O'Brien, father of Connor, and founder of the abbey, was the first who sunk the royal style in the humbler title of Lord of Thomond. He flourished at the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion, and, dying in A.D. 1242, was succeeded by Connor. Donogh appears to have been a munificent and splendid prince. He himself dwelt in a "palace of a circular construction," being no other than a rath or earthen fortress, at Clonroad, now Ennis; but his skill in architecture, both civil and ecclesiastical, was displayed in many stone castles, bridges, and churches. The founder of the abbeys of Holycross and Corcomroe, whether he lived in a stone castle or an earthen rath, was no mean mason. Thomond, at this time, included all North Munster, from Cashel and Birr to the Atlantic, including the populous city of Limerick, where the chiefs of the O'Briens, if they had preferred a stone-built mansion, might easily have lodged themselves. On his father's death, Connor, who continued to reside in his earthen palace, was inaugurated after the manner of his ancestors, at Moy-adha, near Kilrush. "He was," says the native chronicler, "a most fortunate and auspicious prince; there were peace, ease, and wealth, plentiful and cheerful fare, open liberality, festive mirth, and benefactions throughout all the territories of his kingdom. . . . The greater part of the people of the south of Ireland put them-

selves under his protection, on account of the greatness of his actions, and his extraordinary gifts from the Holy Ghost: for he was a man of a graceful and majestic aspect—of great strength and agility of body — of great vigour and fortitude of mind, and also of a noble and princely bearing Not a day nor an hour passed, since he came of age to handle or bear martial arms, during which he was not meditating and endeavouring, by all possible means, to free his countrymen from their slavery. There was not an animal or creature under heaven he held in such hatred and abhorrence as the English offspring; nor did he suffer one of that nation to inhabit the size of the smallest hut of his territory." Under the sway of this fortunate prince, the Thomondians increased in wealth and courage; and in A.D. 1252, deputed Connor's eldest son, Tiege, to represent the southern half of Ireland, at a conference with the chiefs of the northern division for the election of a supreme king, under whom the united strength of the island might be employed for the expulsion of the invaders.

If this meeting, which was held on one of the narrow channels of Lough Erne, had terminated in the election of a monarch, it probably would have changed the whole complexion of our history; but the mutual jealousies of the north and south prevented any election, and Tiege returned to Thomond, where in two years after he died. This affliction preyed deeply on the mind of Connor; he became remiss and apathetic; and several of his vassals taking advantage of his apparent imbecility, withheld their tributes. Connor, to compel the payments of his rents, sent out one force, under the command of his younger son, the "broad eyed" Brien Roe, into the eastern part of his territory, and himself assumed the leadership of another band, which was destined to distrain the lands of the O'Loghlens, and other feudatories of Corcomroe and Burren. The driving of cattle for rent is at no time a very civilised proceeding; but we do not often hear of such a levying of distresses as was made on this occasion by Connor Brien. "Connor, accompanied by his numerous household and domestic guards, together with the

heroic Kinel Fearmac (the O'Deas), under the command of Donogh O'Dea and the renowned O'Hehir, marched to the upper territory, to reduce its inhabitants to obedience. As they proceeded towards Dubh Gleann, northwards, they left the country in red flashes of flaming fire, and in pillars of darkening smoke after them. When they passed Beal-an-Clogaid, westward, making their way by the sea, northward, Connor Carrach O'Loghlen with his partisans and forces came against them, on which occasion a furious and obstinate battle was fought between them; and Connor O'Brien was killed, with many more of his people, in the year of Christ, 1267. His body was nobly and honourably interred in the Abbey of East Burren by the monks of that convent, who also erected a grand marble statue to his memory over his grave."* This is the effigy of which I have been speaking, and which still remains, with one slight mutilation, entire in the chancel of Corcomroe. The countenance corresponds with the language of the family poet; the features are large, placid, and regular; the hair, divided on the centre of the forehead, is arranged in curls which descend on each side to below the ear; the face is all shaven; the neck bare; a low coronet covers the top of the head; the body is clad in a flowing surcoat, fastened at the throat by a plain band; the left hand laid on the breast, holds a chain descending from the neck; the right arm is stretched by the side; the feet are clad with shoes open over the instep, and fastened by a strap and buckle round the ankle; the legs which, above the ankle, are concealed by the flowing surcoat, appear to be clad in hose. There is no belt, sword, or other weapon. The feet rest on a triple-branched *fleur-de-lis*; the whole aspect of the figure bespeaks a very different character from that usually ascribed to the native Irish potentate. Some broken remains of the effigy of Connor's lady, or countess, may still be traced, built into the adjoining monument of the O'Loghlens. The head is gone; but the form of the robe is still discernible; a border of embroidery surrounds the throat, and is carried down each side of a square-stepped opening and slit in front. No

* "Wars of Turlough," MS. translation. Library, Royal Irish Academy.

trace of anything barbaric appears in either; both effigies are recumbent—that of Connor being protected by an arched niche, and low plain pediment.

Strange to say, there is no printed memorial of these eminent persons, beyond the entries of their ascensions and deaths in the “Annals of the Four Masters.” Yet, throughout the north of Clare and the Isles of Arran, the people are familiar with the name of “Croobore-na-Suidine;” and a poor woman who craved charity at the abbey could point in the direction of Beal-an-Clogaid and Park-na-Suidine, where he met his death upwards of six hundred years ago. In Arran he is remembered as a great builder and warrior, and in the middle island they make the mistake of ascribing the erection of Dun-Conor to him, instead of to Conor, son of Uaithmore the Fir-Volg, twelve hundred years before.

But it is time to give some account of the building which contains these interesting monuments. It is an aisled, cruciform church of large size. The chancel end alone appears to have been vaulted, the nave and transept being now unroofed. The style is the pointed Gothic of the beginning of the thirteenth century, with some traces of the earlier taste in the round-headed windows of the lateral chapels. The east window comprises three elegant lancet opes with one pointed window above. A herring-bone moulding, deeply undercut, surrounds the lancet heads. The zig-zags are in black marble, and the traces of red fresco are still observable underneath. The roof is divided by vaulting ribs of very elegant workmanship, the central transverse rib displaying the same rich pattern with the window-heads, with a rich rosette in the apex, but all cut in white freestone—Caen stone I should suppose. But it is on the columns of the chancel arch that the builder has displayed his taste and resources to the greatest advantage. Nothing can be seen, from Canterbury to Rosslin, more elegant than some of these capitals. Leaves, fruit, and the pendant bells of umbelliferous flowers are mingled with a grace and delicacy that cannot be surpassed. One capital in particular excited my admiration. The coronel is formed of the overhanging flowers of the water-lily bursting with their seeds. The lower members of the capital are com-

posed of the rocket-shaped seed-vessels. The stems rising to support the hanging blossoms unite and symmetrise the whole. Two highly decorated lateral chapels open at either side of the chancel out of the transepts. Their columns are also highly decorated, but in a more severe style, the human face being introduced on two of the capitals with stiff Lombardic accessories. A richly-flowered moulding, very boldly undercut, decorates the arch of the northern chapel, which has been converted into a burying vault for the family of Moran. There is, as I have said, no external cemetery; and the consequence is, that every inch of the internal space is piled with graves. Scores of bleached skulls lie in all directions; some piled in corners, others tossing about the stone-crowded area. All are of the same type—long, capacious, but chiefly developed behind. The only lofty skulls I noticed were those of females. It is the form of the native Dal-Cassian head to this day: but heads of the same type may be seen in the first ranks of every profession in Ireland; and nowhere have I met men more frank, courteous, and intelligent than the native people of this part of Clare, though condemned by phrenological decree to perpetual barbarism.

Amid the multitude of gravestones, I looked in vain for those which might have covered the warriors buried here after the great battle of Doolen; but they have been heaped, flagstone upon flagstone, so thick, that there is no seeing beyond the memorials of the last generation. Here again I have to speak of an event of considerable historical importance, of which there is no printed record. Yet it determined the fate of the Dalcassian tribes for many generations; and here, by the tomb of the last of their great princes, it may not be unfit to give some account of it.

The “broad-eyed” Brien Roe was, as I have said, the second son of Connor, and, after his father's death, was duly inaugurated at Moy-Adha, and took up his residence at Clonroad. His nephew, however, Turlogh, son of Tieve of the Conference, or Tieve “Narrow-Water,” as he is called, having been fostered among the most warlike of the northern families, laid claim to the principality, and by their assistance expelled his uncle.

Thereupon Brien Roe fled to Cork, where he solicited the aid of Thomas de Clare, a soldier of fortune, to reinstate him in his lordship, offering as a reward the territory of Tradree extending from Limerick to near the river Fergus. De Clare, another Strongbow, accepted the terms, raised an army of Anglo-Norman adventurers in Cork and Desmond, and returning with Brien. A.D. 1277, expelled his rival, and erected for himself, in the midst of the territory he had so acquired, the lofty and strong keep of Bunratty. Brien having bartered his independence for the possession of a despised authority, shortly after met the fate he might have expected, having been put to death by De Clare within the courtyard of his newly-erected fortress. Turlogh now succeeded to the Irish lordship; but De Clare having obtained a grant from the Crown of all Thomond, reconciled himself with "the dun-haired" Dermot, son of Brien, and setting him up as a rival candidate, divided the Dalcassians into the distinct and hostile factions of Clan-Turlogh and Clan Brien Roe, in the expectation of seizing the whole territory from whichever should succeed in exterminating the other. The final struggle between these infatuated rivals did not take place till 1317. The Clan-Turlogh, the night before the battle, encamped here, sleeping "in the grand, purple-marbled abbey, and in the polished, starry, and ornamented cells." The battle was joined in the neighbouring valley of Dubh-glinn, and eventuated in the total defeat of the the Clan Brien Roe. The slain chiefs were buried in the abbey, under "squared and flowered" flag-stone tombs, and the common soldiers cast in a dyke, with a mound heaped over it. The victors, contrary to De Clare's calculations, proved too strong for him also; and, leaving Bunratty in flames, he was obliged to recross the Shannon, in 1318, resigning the territory of Thomond to the sovereignty of the O'Briens, and the "wars of Turlogh" to the celebration of their bard, Mac-Craith.

Apart from its historical associations, the scene itself is one of singular interest. The surrounding pastures are among the best in this country of sweet grass. Some of the tillage lands have borne so many crops of grain in succession without manure, that I hesitate to

commit myself to the number I heard stated on the spot. The view over the wide, green valley is uninterrupted by trees. All the surrounding features are on a great scale, and the grey shingle-covered mountain-slopes lie far enough from the eye to derive a harmonising tint from the air. On the slope of the hill behind the abbey, about 200 yards from the walls, is the focus of a marvellous echo, which mimics the tone of the speaker, while it repeats the words of a short sentence, in a really exquisite manner.

Leaving Connor O'Brien to rest under the splendid fane raised by his father, I left the comparatively modern abbey to visit the "old" church of Ought-mama, about a mile distant on the upper verge of the green land, where a few steps might bring the meditative recluse into the stony desert. Here we are again in the midst of Cyclopean gables and Egyptian doorways, massive and unimpaired as the first day the huge blocks that form them were erected. Here also we find again the single stone which formed the arch of the original east window, carefully deposited at the doorway, while the whole of the original east gable has been removed, to make way for a tenth or eleventh century chancel. Of the additional part, the chancel arch and some foundations alone remain, but quite enough to show, by the difference of masonry, that they belong to a more recent period. The same alteration appears to have been made in the Cathedral of Glendalough; and, generally, it would appear that the very old Irish churches consisted of one apartment without any division. The western doorway of Ought-mama is one of the most massive and imposing of those slope-jambled entrances, made familiar to us by Petrie's illustrations. It has probably stood for near thirteen centuries, and seems capable of standing for thousands of years to come.

The desert of stone, stretching from behind Ought-mama up the acclivity of the Corrin mountains, gives place on their flat summits to a rough pasture, which extends to the eastern verge of the district where the mountain chain stoops suddenly in a long precipice, running north and south over the vast level plain of Kiltartan. The margin of the plain, to within a short distance of the foot of the precipice, is composed almost wholly of the

flat, bare limestone rock. In the intermediate space is a tract of meadow and pasture, looking greener by the contrast; and here nestling at the foot of the cliff stands the hermitage of MacDuach, with his holy well and penitential stations. The capricious fountain has deserted its ancient spring, and now bubbles up outside the sacred enclosure. The ruins are not remarkable for anything but their seclusion; for, even from the brow of the mountain above, the eye cannot discern a human habitation, save at a distance of many miles on the plain; and in the little amphitheatre below, nothing is to be seen but the green grass, the grey walls of living rock, and the vault of the sky. One great flat tract of rock in the stony desert outside has been long celebrated in our Irish hagiology as the scene of one of MacDuach's chief miracles. The tracks and indentations with which all this limestone district abounds, happen to be particularly numerous here, and from a fanciful resemblance to cups and dishes, and the hoof-tracks of horses, have given occasion to a legend sufficiently puerile to excite a smile, yet vivid enough to have held its place in the traditions of the people for more than a thousand years. The story is, that Guaire, King of Connaught, feasting at Gort, and bethinking himself of MacDuach and his disciples, then fasting in the desert of Burren, ejaculated a pious wish that the viands just set before him were rather placed before the holy man and his companions, who so much more needed such a repast. The wish was no sooner uttered than gratified. A band of angels immediately transferred the feast through the air to this natural rock table, where some indentations of the surface preserve the form of the plates and dishes, and other caprices of the disintegrated limestone indicate the hoof-tracks and foot-marks of the king's dogs and horses, arrested by preternatural power in their pursuit of the fugacious banquet, while their masters were compelled to witness at a reverent distance the consumption of their viands by the son of Duach and his holy company. The spot has borne its present name of *Boher-na-mias*, or the "Road of the Dishes," for perhaps a thousand years; and the tale of King Guaire and his courtiers is as fresh in the mouths of the peasantry at this

day as it was when first committed to writing by the chronicler in Colgan. Seeing how little change that long lapse of time has made in these particular indentations, one cannot but reflect with amazement on the ages that must have elapsed since the first disintegrations of the limestone surface, the gradual extension of which has worn and honeycombed it into the multitude of fantastical forms which it everywhere assumes. By what a slow process has the earth been formed which now sends up those tufts of succulent grass out of every crevice, and makes even *Boher-na-mias* pasturable, though at a little distance seemingly no more than a bare floor of marble! But it is not alone in these minor peculiarities of the surface that this limestone formation is remarkable. The whole tract from Gort to Blackhead is full of the most singular freaks of nature, as well on the great scale as the small. Just south of MacDuach's cell, an outlying ridge of the Slieve Corrin chain runs into circular stepped and terraced formations, so strongly resembling hill-forts, that but for their bulk one might imagine every hill-top crowned with a huge Cyclopean fortress. One of the most singular spots in this singular country is the valley of Glencolumbkille, at the northern extremity of which this hermitage of MacDuach is situated. Surrounded by these scarped and terraced eminences crowning its grey rocky boundaries of mountain, it subsides into a green hollow, dotted with holly, and hazel, and mountain ash, which at some not very distant time has formed the demesne of a large castle of the O'Loghlens. The ruined and ivy-mantled castle stands on a green knoll rising out of the hollow, overlooked by crags and terraces, but out of bow-shot, so that we must not despise the military engineering of the founder. The O'Loghlens must have been a family of great power in this district. No fewer than twenty of their castles are enumerated in the barony of Burren in the survey of Clare of the time of Elizabeth, referred to in the former part of this paper. It may enable us to form a pretty accurate estimate of the wealth and population of the county at that time, to know that the total number of castles of men of the rank of chiefs, specified in the survey, is 187. Looking at the remains of these fort-

alices now, one cannot suppose that the proprietary who occupied them were less wealthy than the class who form the present upper class of gentry; and at present the number of justices of the peace for the county, who may be taken to represent the class in question, is 120. The condition of the labouring poor is probably much the same as it always was, save that, perhaps, when a lord proceeds to distrain for his rents, he does not now deem it necessary to carry fire and sword through the land of the defaulters.

Emerging from Glencolumbkille, and taking the road to Kilfenora, which leads over the high table-land of Carn, we enter on a wilderness of rock and bog, full of deep holes, fissures, caverns, and underground water-courses; and abounding with foxes, badgers, and weasels. The general level is about six hundred feet above the sea, but in one place the surface sinks to about half that elevation; and here, through a course of half a mile, a considerable river runs on the surface, issuing from a cavern at one end, and absorbed in a cavern at the other. A chapel, a police barrack, and two cabins, constitute the town of Carn, seated in the centre of this rough territory. As the traveller proceeds westward, the surface becomes still more rugged and stony, and the course of the subterraneous waters still more capricious. Through all this limestone country in the west of Ireland, from Castlebar to Killaloe, every one is familiar with the periodical floodings of low-lying tracts, called turloghs. In almost all these the waters rise from springs and fissures, and return by the way they came, being evidently the overflow of internal reservoirs. At Kilcorney, in the district of which I now speak, was one of these turloghs, fed by internal accumulations, which used to burst forth with unaccountable violence. The philosophical Dublin apothecary, Charles Lucas, addressed an interesting account of it to Sir Hans Sloane, in 1736. He describes the district as being "that part of which it is reported that Oliver Cromwell said (he should have said Ireton) that he could neither see water enough to drown a man, wood enough to hang a man, or earth enough to bury a man in." He then gives this account of the Cave of Kilcorney:—

"The place is a pretty low valley in comparison to the hills that surround it. The

entrance is into the east end of it (for it lies east and west) about midway. There are the ruins of an old church, and a little westward of it an even plain, of about an acre of ground; on the north side of which, under a steep rugged cliff, lies the cave. The mouth of it is level with the plain, about three feet diameter. It has been much larger, but was blocked up with lime and stone, which plainly appears still, but to what purpose is not known. Some conjecture it was an attempt to restrain the great flux of water; but the fabulous natives, who tell numberless romantic tales of it, say it is a passage to the *antipodes*, and that a stud of fine horses have been seen coming out of it very often, to eat the corn sown in the valley. They further add, that many stratagems have been tried to catch some of them, but, with the loss of some men's lives, they could catch but one stone-horse, the breed of which being very valuable, they say is kept to this day by *O'Loughlen*, which with them is a kind of titular king that they pay great respect to. But to return to the cave. When you pass this narrow entrance, it grows much wider and loftier. The floor is a pretty even rock, from two to four or five yards over; but when passed, the floor is plain and even as before, for about two hundred yards, which is the farthest that any one known has ventured into it. For my part, I did not pass this pit, but have seen several that did, whose veracity I can depend upon. Most people that have gone into it, went by a thread or clue; others have carried a bundle of straw, and dropped it by the way to guide their return, which seems altogether unnecessary, there being no windings or chambers throughout of any extent. It is all over, even in the depth of winter, as dry as any place of the kind under ground can be; and, what seems very prodigious is, that it often pours forth such a deluge as covers the adjacent plain, sometimes with above twenty feet depth of water. The times of its overflowing are uncertain and irregular. Sometimes it does not happen above once in a year or two, but most commonly three or four times a-year. It is sometimes observed to succeed great rains and storms, though it often happens without either.

"The neighbouring inhabitants are alarmed at its approach, by a great noise, as of many falling waters at a distance, which continues for some hours before, and generally all the time of the flood.

"The water comes forth with extreme rapidity from the mouth of the cave, and likewise from some smaller holes in the low ground, attended with a surprising noise; it flows for a day or two, and always returns into the same cave, and partly into the small holes from whence it was observed to come before, but with a more slow and tardy course. The water is of a putrid quality, like stagnated pond-water, insipid as spring-water. It always leaves a filthy, muddy scum upon the ground

it covered, which greatly enriches the soil. It has been known sometimes (though rarely) to overflow and ebb in six hours' time, but in a much less quantity.

"There is neither river nor lake anywhere in that part of the country, and it is above six miles from the sea. There are very near it several much lower valleys, in which there is no appearance of water, unless a little rain-water collected in a pit, in the fissure of a rock, or the like."—*Phil. Trans.* 1788, 40, p. 860.

What, indeed, becomes of all the water that falls on this area, is a question admitting of a good deal of speculation. No river—at least no stream at all worthy of the name of a river—flows, *sub dio*, out of it; and, although the upper waters of the Fergus may, to some extent, be derived from the eastern margin of the district, the volume of that river is quite inadequate to the drainage of so large a surface. At present the flow of water, wherever it goes to, lies deeper than it formerly did, as appears by the drying up of many springs and turloghs, this of Kilcorney among the number. The scarcity of water is, indeed, at present a serious evil in many parts of the barony. At Kilfenora, the town well, covered in by Donatus Mac Donogh, in 1687, "by episcopal permission," as a Latin inscription informs us, is so scantily supplied in summer, that the water has to be caught *guttatim* in cups and porringers.

Close to Kilfenora is one of those stone-plashed, Cyclopean fortresses similar to Dun-Angus, called Caher-Flaherty. Its dimensions are not comparable to those of the great Arran citadel; but the arrangement of the ramparts and the distribution of the stone caltrops, if I may use the expression, in the space between the body of the fortress and the outer circumvallation, are the same. Kilfenora is a small and declining place. "The reason," said my guide, in his Irish idiom, "that is leaving the poor so badly off in this place, is the goodness of the land." And it is quite true. The land is so excellent for pasturage, that it cannot be had for tillage. The rock

surface here has almost entirely disappeared, and the eye ranges, refreshed, over wide tracts of green, dotted with sleek herds, but barren of that first and most important of all produce, a comfortable peasantry.

In descending from Caim to Kilfenora, the road leads by the fine old castle of Leimaneagh, or Horseleap, the chief residence, until within the last century, of the feudalized O'Briens. They appear to have levied toll here, as well as on several of the other leading roads in the vicinity. The pillars of their gates are still standing in three or four places. One of the O'Loghlens, that race whose hereditary mission it seems to have been to curb the ambition of the dominant family, resented this encroachment on the public rights, and, at the head of a sufficient force, probably the last private levy for a warlike purpose ever made in Ireland, prostrated the gates and established the freedom of these highways ever since. The lords of Leimaneagh have left behind them an unenviable character for tyranny, and their ladies have not been more fortunate in their reputation for female virtues. The name of the place has fastened on one of these princesses the principal part in a terrible tragedy, terminating with the escape of her intended victim by a wonderful leap of his horse; but every castle of Horseleap has the same story, and the name for a locality is not an unusual one.

Kilfenora possesses one very fine sculptured cross, and several other objects of antiquarian interest; and the whole of the parish of Noughaval, in which it is situated, abounds with monuments of pagan and early Christian times; but by this time I apprehend the reader will have had enough of antiquities, and will not be indisposed to see his travelling companion safely established on the mail-car to Ennistymon, whence a similar conveyance will carry him to Milltown Malbay, and a two hours' further drive deposit him, a stouter, if not a wiser, and certainly not a sadder man, for his ramble, at Kilkee.

S. F.

ARCHYTAS AND THE MARINER.

HORAT. OD. I. 28.

(See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, January, 1853, p. 90.)

MARINER.

Thee of the sea and land, and unsummed sand,
 The Mensurator,
 The dearth of some poor earth from a friend's hand
 Detains, a waiter
 For sepulture, here on the Matine strand ;
 Nor aught the better
 Art thou, Archytas, now, in thought to have spann'd
 Pole and Equator !

ARCHYTAS.

The sire of Pelops, too, though guest and host
 Of Gods, gave up the ghost :
 Beloved Tithonus into air withdrew :
 And Minos, at the council-board of Jove
 Familiar once above,
 Hell holds ; and hell with stark embrace anew
 Constrains Panthoides, for all his lore,
 Though by the shield he bore
 In Trojan jousts, snatched from the trophied fane,
 He testified that death kills nought within
 The man, but nerve and skin,
 But bore his witness and his shield in vain :
 For one night waits us all ; one downward road
 Must by all feet be trod ;
 All heads to Proserpine at last must come :
 The furious Fates to Mars's bloody shows
 Cast these : the seas overwhelm those :
 Commixed and close the young and old troop home.
 Me also prone Orion's comrade swift,
 The South-wind, in the drift
 Of white Illyrian waves caught from the day :
 But, shipmate, thou refuse not to my dead
 Bones and unburied head,
 The cheap poor tribute of the burial clay !
 So whatsoe'er the East may foam or roar
 Against the Hesperian shore,
 Let crack Venusia's woods, thou safe and free ;
 While great God Neptune, the Tarentines' trust,
 And Jupiter the Just,
 With confluent wealth reward thy piety.
 Ah ! would thou leave me ? wouldst thou leave, indeed,
 Thy unoffending seed
 Under the dead man's curse ? Beware ! the day
 May come when thou mayst suffer equal wrong :
 Give—'twill not keep thee long—
 Three handfuls of sea sand, and go thy way.

S. F.

A FLYING SHOT AT THE UNITED STATES.

BY FITZGERALD.

SIXTH ROUND, AND LAST.

"Our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN America threw off the yoke of England, and appeared (as one of England's greatest poets, perhaps too flatteringly, describes)—

"A Pallas armed and undefiled,"

it was shortly discovered that a spirit had been raised, over which the exorcist had but small control. Inflated with pride, the majority of the people could not be brought to tolerate moderate views of constitutional government; abhorring everything connected with the name of Britain, and utterly disgusted with any notions savouring at all of antiquity, they recoiled from the hereditary ideas of the mother country, and sneered at her time-honoured institutions. The spirit of private interest ruled; and the only means of satisfying the ambitious cravings of individuals, was to proclaim a democracy, so that each man, considering himself, *Dei gratiâ*, one of the SOVEREIGN people, might quietly fall down and worship in his own person the lawful successor of his deposed Majesty, George III.

The spade of reform was called for to level every little antique excrescence, and to batten it down. "Supremacy of kings and parliaments" had been undermined, and had fallen to the level of a "supremacy of the people." The Church, the law, primogeniture, grades of society, were all squeezed flat, and nothing further remained but to keep the heavy-shod multitude dancing on the graves, lest those ancient spectres should once more arise to affright the land.

This last recreation the citizens of the United States heartily enjoy. The

middle of the nineteenth century beholds them sedulously keeping down all attempts at a resurrection of English customs, laws, manners, and ideas.

Most people are aware that America is a republic consisting of a number of states, which, although they regulate their internal affairs, are yet subject to federal control.

The legislative power in each state is vested in a governor, senate, and representatives; while that of the Union is vested in a President and Congress, consisting of senators and representatives.

The frame-work of the federal government may be said to be analagous to that of the government in each state. In details, however, differences exist.

The senate and assembly of delegates in each state are elected by the same people in the same way. The senatorial body is always smaller than the other; it is generally elected for a longer period. In some instances the senate and representatives only meet biennially, as in the cases of Louisiana and Florida. In these two states, the senate are elected for four years, the representatives for two. In others, as in the State of New York, they meet annually; the senate being elected for two years, and the representatives for one.

Congress, as has already been said, also consists of a senate and house of representatives. The senators may be said to represent states; the representatives, people.* Congress regulates the number of people returning a representative. While New York

* The present representatives are in the proportion of one to 70,680. The total number of senators at present is sixty-two—viz., two for each of the thirty-one states. Total number of representatives, about two hundred and twenty.

sends thirty-four of these, the State of Delaware sends only one to Congress.

Neither assembly has precedence; but the senators* are chosen for six years, the representatives for two. Measures must pass through both houses, but may be introduced in either one or the other. At the head of the senate is the Vice-President of the United States, who, however, has only a casting vote; and at the head of all stands the President, but without a vote, and excluded from Congress. The chief magistrate has, however, his veto; still, a majority of two-thirds against him will render it of no avail. Elected by the people, he is responsible to them. Power he has none, but he retains some shadow of regal authority in being invested with the nominal command of the army and navy, and in possessing a certain amount of patronage.†

When it has been stated that municipal bodies, counties, townships, &c., manage their own internal affairs—that the state legislature only concerns itself with the interests of the state; and that Congress regulates only the federal business—as, for instance, foreign relations, post-office regulations, import duties, sale of public lands, &c., a sufficient outline will have been given to gratify the uninitiated with a slight insight into the mysteries of government in the far-famed transatlantic republic.

Let us look for a moment at the political position of some of the different functionaries.

With regard to the President; in the first place, he is elected by the popular voice.

Many evils necessarily attend elections of this kind. In no country is the great body of the people properly qualified to judge of the merits of the candidate who comes before them to court their suffrages. It is quite impossible, indeed, that the lower classes of society can enjoy such a degree of enlightenment as to be safe from the influence of the demagogue, who is ever on the watch to turn to his own

account those prejudices which are the natural companions of poverty and indigence, and which must ever haunt the humbler walks of life. Penury will always look askance at wealth; and it is but reasonable to expect, that men who follow those trades and callings which, so far from being connected with ideas of dignity, are rather associated in the mind with what is low or contemptible, may sometimes regard with envy the distinctions of their more fortunate fellow-mortals. What, then, is the result to be expected from elections of this kind? That the *best* men will be raised to power? On the contrary, there is too much reason to fear that, in most cases the artful and designing intriguer—the man destitute of principle or manly independence—the man who will not hesitate to work upon the blind jealousies and brooding animosities of the low and the ignorant, and who will stoop to the grossest flatteries to effect his purpose—there is reason to fear that *this* man will be the successful candidate.

In vain is it asserted, that the superior education and enlightenment of the American population obviates all difficulties, and renders the system with them not only safe, but desirable. As to education in the United States, it is not carried to such an extent as some would have us suppose. As far as reading, writing, and arithmetic go, the majority have perhaps made some degree of proficiency. But there are many lures from the path of learning; and although much public money is expended on public instruction, there is reason to believe that, beyond the bare rudiments of knowledge, little is taught. Those speculative urchins whom the traveller sees running over a wide-spread territory in search of a livelihood, show but too plainly that primer, slate, and copybook are early discarded, and that the school of the busy world is considered the best seminary for the youth of America.

As to enlightenment, in no country in the world, perhaps, are the great body of the people less open to reason, or more swayed by prejudice. That

* They are divided into three classes, one of which vacate their seats at the end of two years, another at the expiration of four, the remainder sit for the whole term.

† De Tocqueville furnishes the inquisitive with extensive information on the subject of the American democracy; but the conclusions which he draws appear to me to be often singularly at variance with the facts which he produces.

this is the case, a brief perusal of their public journals, or a moment's attention to their favourite speakers, will show.

To learn the results of popular election, alike on the elector and the elected, in the United States, and to discover that integrity and independence must be largely sacrificed on the part of the individual who seeks the favour of the multitude, we have only to glance across the water when the presidential election is going on. Every stimulant, no matter how injurious, is applied to the popular mind, and national vanity and malignity are alike recklessly excited, if suited to the exigency of the moment.

That a system false in theory should fail also in practice, is not surprising. It would be an easy task to prove that America *does not* elevate her best men to the highest offices of state. Nay, so far from elevating her best men to stations of honour, we should rather say that she degrades what she should exalt; that she robs her natural nobility of its escutcheons, privileges, and dignity, and obliges the hearts "pregnant with celestial fire," to keep pent up within, that genial warmth which might have glowed to the lasting benefit of society.

With respect to the limited period for which the President is elected, it must be said, that the advantages derived from this provision of their constitution are very questionable. It cannot be denied, first of all, that a periodical revolution is by this means entailed upon the country. Scarcely have the contentions of party subsided, before the whole drama has to be re-enacted; and the war of opinions, the strife of tongues, and the fierce clashings of rival factions are again stirred up, to the distraction of domestic affairs, and to the peril of public order.

Whether we contemplate the fact, that when the President sinks into obscurity, a whole tribe of officials share his fall, and a new set, probably unacquainted with the conduct of public affairs, rise up in their stead; whether we consider the unsatisfactory position in which he is placed by the reflection, that in a very short time he must resign his post in favour of a successor entertaining, perhaps, opposite opinions; or whether we look upon his four years of public service as a term devoted (as it too commonly is)

to the purpose of courting popular favour (not without a view to re-election), we cannot fail to observe most palpable defects, counterbalanced by very few advantages.

"Why, then," it may be asked, "do not evils so great effect their own cure?" To this it may be replied, that the system is in some measure indebted for its present stability to the *feebleness* of the power entrusted in the hands of the executive. In their dread of regal authority, which goes so far as to divest the high magistrates of all insignia of office, and of all those accompaniments of state, which, though trifling in themselves, are the natural pageantry of constituted authority—the Americans have cherished every kind of device and contrivance which may humiliate those who *personate* "the powers that be." Like Oriental despots, they will have none about their court who will not humbly bow to a supreme will. "Vox populi vox Dei," is thundered in the ears of the servants of the public, and at their peril will they disregard it.

He, then, who has been nurtured beneath the sceptre of an Old-World monarchy—who has imbibed the prejudices of his forefathers, and has been taught to believe that "There's a Divinity doth hedge a king"—must surely contemplate with something akin to indignant surprise the position of the American President, for, in sober truth, he possesses *less* independence than any of those citizens of that republic of which he is the nominal head.

Obliged to stoop to every low artifice to win the popular applause—condemned to go with the tide, which he is unable to stem—shut out from the debates of the legislative assemblies—without prerogative, and actually liable to be tried for treason—what is he but the creature of the multitude?

Everything is so arranged as to keep him in remembrance of his servitude. The *generous* spirit of the constitution has taken care to rob him of the dignity which it so liberally confers on every private individual. It is the proud boast of the American citizen, that he is "just as good as the President," and that he disdains to uncover his head, or touch his hat, to the representative of royalty.

So far, indeed, from appearing solicitous to pay a courteous deference to

constituted authority, these strange descendants of ours seem as if they thought, that in order to avoid servility, it is necessary to indulge in the most obtrusive familiarities; and that to behave with barbarous rudeness is the true way to maintain proper dignity.

A short acquaintance with American manners will satisfy the sceptical on these points; and it will be at least conceded, that their methods of offering civilities sometimes partake of a strange character.

Behold that tired and jaded individual, stepping, almost unnoticed, on board the steamer to go up the Hudson; observe the unobtrusive manner in which he seeks a corner, and a chair for himself. Who he is, as soon as we are under weigh, both you and he shall find out. Well; steam is up—freight all on board, and black men hustled “*for’d*” (this being a *free* state), to the tune of *d——d nigger*. We are off. The passengers—and the boat is crammed with them—have clustered themselves into a dense knot. In another moment the knot is unravelled, and a small portion of it, in the shape of a deputation, approaches the tired and jaded individual, who turns out to be the President of the United States. The reason he looks so tired is, that he has been holding a levee at the Astor House all the morning, and has received (most unwillingly) a visit from half New York. He will have to hold another instantly.

Dragged up on to his legs, and wedged and jammed into the smallest possible compass, he must now preserve the perpendicular until every dirty ragamuffin on board shall have put forth a begrimed paw—washed some weeks ago, in a very distant township—and shaken him by the hand.

There he shall stand; while, at the first landing, half the passengers go out, and as many more come in to make up the deficiency—all insisting on tormenting the people’s head-waiter. There he shall remain: for all the way up the river, and at every wharf, jetty, and pier, fresh relays of loyal citizens will turn up, by the dozen, by the score, and by the hundred. No rest or peace for *him* until they reach Albany, unless the steamer blows up, or he (the President) tumbles down from sheer exhaustion, and faints.

The same observations which apply to the chief magistrate, may be re-

peated with reference to other members of the legislature. All are kept under the espionage of the people—all have to mould themselves submissively to the wishes of their constituents. Merit is seldom rewarded by a seat in Congress; and, strange as it may appear, even wealth stands in the way of preferment. The people are afraid to trust those over whom they cannot have entire control; the daily stipend, and the prospect of place, under these circumstances, become the lure for needy adventurers, and for men who desire less the public good than the advancement of their own private interests. The House of Representatives is made up from the inferior classes of the people—scores of obscure attorneys find their way into it. Report says that many of the enlightened delegates are tyros in the arts of reading and writing, and make but poor attempts at orthography. Be this as it may, it is certain that the title of representative is not a passport into the exclusive circles of polite society. Nor is it surprising that such is the case, as from all we hear, the debates of the lower house, must sometimes assume a very singular character. Honourable members, in the heat of argument, have been known to introduce the subject of “gouging,” to level revolvers, and brandish bowie-knives. Feet and fists have been raised, blows have been struck, and administrative noses have been pulled. Perhaps these matters may be settled by the explanation that they were only intended in a Pickwickian sense, or, perhaps, they may lead to further atrocities; but, can the most ardent admirer of a republic assert that such proceedings accord with the dignity of a legislative assembly?

The Senate boasts of greater regard to decorum. I have, indeed, heard it affirmed that its *tout ensemble* is more imposing than that of the British House of Lords. But, when such an assertion is made, it is only fair to ask whether peers of the realm were ever known to emulate, in the Halls of St. Stephen’s, the heroism of the American senators, Foote and Benton, who, producing their pistols, attempted to turn the senate-house into an arena for single combat?

A remarkable feature of democracy is its tendency to invert the order of things. Where we might expect to

find authority, there we find submission; where submission — authority. Hence, the highest departments of state are the weakest, and as we descend in the scale, power proportionably increases. In the United States, the minor departments are the most vigorous. It is in the townships that the chief business of the country is transacted. There the people meet, and, by common consent, determine at once the amount of taxation to be levied, and the purposes to which it is to be applied.

Here we may discern the sovereignty of the people; this principle is carried out to a dangerous extent in every thing. It infringes on the sacred province of justice, and usurps its prerogative. What safety is there for that man who offends "the people"? To whom is he to turn for redress? The very judges owe their places, either directly or indirectly, to the popular votes.* The prisons are not safe; have we not heard of bolts and bars broken, and of doors knocked in, in order that the mob may anticipate the law, and exercise their tender mercies upon the reprieved criminal, by putting a speedy termination to his sufferings—Mr. Justice Lynch stalking stealthily through the forest with his rifle—the burying alive of negroes, and the general oppression of that unfortunate race, carried on in free as well as slave states, and the shameless robberies committed on the red lords of the forest, who are driven like wild beasts further and further from the haunts of the white man, and compelled to accept in lieu of vast tracts of territory, the few worthless trinkets and gewgaws which are pawned upon them by men professing to be of a superior race? All these abuses show how pow-

erless is democracy, alike to punish or protect, and how poor a substitute is the majesty of the people for the majesty of the law.

But the one principle is still uppermost. A solemn law abolishes the distinctions of rank, and puts its ban upon patents of nobility.† The memory of services rendered to the state is no more to be perpetuated by hereditary honours, and the public benefactor is to carry to the grave all mementos of public gratitude.

Primogeniture,‡ too, being erased from their code, generations are left without their natural landmarks, and each wave of time rolling over these shifting sands, obliterates nearly all traces of the past. There can be no permanence in a state of society where property is perpetually dispersed, and where the levelling principle is kept in active existence. Again, in aiming a blow at privilege, our neighbours have done no better than to array class against class. Can an aristocracy *sub rosa* look with favour on those who heap scorn and hatred on their names, and who force them to keep within doors all badges of superiority? No; in vain shall we look for harmony where a cold policy has broken up the bonds of mutual dependence.

In the ecclesiastical establishments of America, we may discern the same all-powerful democratic spirit. The constitution may be said to ignore religion, for it is the great maxim of the people that religion and government are mutually independent.§ Undoubtedly, this is the worst feature of democratic government. To separate government and religion, is to separate man and wife. Religion should refine government, and government should support religion. It is folly to

* It is a singular provision of the constitution, that a judge may dispense with a law which he deems unconstitutional. That is to say, which infringes on the rights of the people.

† Art. vii. section 9.—*Constitution of United States.*

‡ The denial of the rights of primogeniture is one of the principal articles of the democratic creed. It is the very germ and nucleus of revolution. France, in discarding hereditary right, perpetuated the principles which overturned the monarchy in 1789. She has never enjoyed any degree of stability since. When she annuls the law which enforces the equal distribution of property amongst the children, she may once more take her old place amongst European powers; for the acknowledgment of the rights of primogeniture will call back to the throne her ancient line of kings, and restore the scutcheons of her old nobility.

§ "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States."

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion."—*Constitution of the United States.*

suppose that either can with safety be independent of the other. Even the heathen nations of antiquity were aware of this, and they accordingly maintained a religion of the state.

The amount of injury done by this erection of popular will above more elevated standards, can scarcely be estimated. The Church and the State alike feel the evil influence; while a selfish, worldly, and unstable spirit pervades the laws, religion is turned into a trade by the establishment of a voluntary system. The clergy are elected by, and are made responsible to, the people. The natural result of this is, that the clergy are deprived of their proper independence. In vain do the advocates of the system point to apostolic times, and claim, as a precedent, the example of the first preachers of the Gospel. The inspired disciple, speaking tongues which he had never learnt, and astounding the heathen world by raising their very dead to life, cannot properly be placed on a level with the modern pastor. The former might accept alms without detriment to himself or to the donor, while the latter, whose mission is less clearly divine, incurs the risk—when placed in similar indigent circumstances—of sacrificing his integrity, and of being obliged to follow where he cannot lead. Another consequence of subjecting the clergy to the law of popular election is, that the relations which ought to subsist between the clergy and their flocks are utterly destroyed. In the United States the former are bound to the latter only by civil contract. The cure of souls is seldom confided to the same man for more than a few years. The pastor does his work for stipulated wages, and when his lease expires goes about his business. No provision is made for his old age, and when his time is up he is no longer thought of. It is, perhaps, on this account that the adopting and renouncing of holy orders is so common in America.

Men who had previously been engaged in trade often suddenly adopt the gown and as suddenly relinquish it for the garb of the layman. But the worst result of the voluntary system is that it opens the door for designing men who, by leading the evil passions or practising upon the fears of their flocks are prepared to sacrifice every consideration of duty to that of interest.

It offers a premium for speculative discovery, and stimulates sectarian rivalry. Men are encouraged to broach the wildest theories, in the hope of riveting the attention of the public by the sheer extravagance of what they propound, for, in the chaos of opinion which is engendered, boldness of assertion attaches to itself an unreal importance, while truth, more sober and retiring, passes comparatively unnoticed. To establish a system of religion which is built on a false foundation, or to oblige men to have faith in a creed which notoriously outrages reason, is scarcely more dangerous in its results than to put all religions, whether rational or not, on the same footing. The state ought to call to its aid that system which appears to bear the most decided impress of truth—otherwise society will suffer. Spiritual despotism, in various forms, will arise, and that which is most tyrannical will have the greatest sway. In the gloom of doubt and uncertainty caused by the want of some acknowledged standard of truth, shadowy systems force themselves upon the attention, something in the same way as objects looming through nocturnal darkness arrest the eye. It is impossible to look on many of the sects which in America are so busily employed in extending their influence, in any other light than as so many schemes for enslaving the mind. It is said that the madhouses of America contain a very large number of patients who have been driven into a state of insanity by the harangues of fanatical preachers. Have we not all heard of the Millerite prophets, announcing the final judgment of the world for some near approaching day, obliging their dupes to dress in “ascension robes,” in order that they may be in readiness to ascend to heaven, and then proclaiming the postponement of the event to a future period, when the appalling excitement must be again stirred up?

What also can we think of the Druidical rites which, under the name of “Revivals,” are carried on in the recesses of the wilderness, where fires are lighted, platforms are erected, and furious harangues are delivered amidst the dread solemnity of a midnight forest scene? What can we say of the progress of temperance societies which level their anathemas against moderate drinkers, and actually go so far in

some instances as to interfere with the sacraments, and deny the cup to the laity? And lastly, what can we say of the rising importance of those Mahometans of the new world, whose Koran is the Mormon Bible and whose prophet is Joe Smith? Are these things, and such as these, to be received as signs of a healthy religious liberty?

If they are, the sooner we envelope ourselves in the darkness of the middle ages the better, for the triple tiara of Rome and the turban of Mecca formerly afforded about as much comfort and support to the weak and feeble-minded, and protected about as well the sacred treasures of truth.

Religious absolutism is steadily making progress in the United States; rising from a forced equality, intolerance will, in all likelihood, reign triumphant at some future period. Rome* flourishes in the forests of the New World; and the Baptist and Methodist denominations—systems bearing a strong resemblance to Popery in many points, especially in their restless spirit of proselytism—carry the day over all other sects of Protestantism.

It may not be granted by all, that what we may call religious democracy, or the levelling of all religions, leads to despotism, in the same manner as democracy in civil affairs. But there is, at least, very tolerable ground for the assumption. The problem in America remains to be solved, nevertheless it is to be doubted whether the admirers of an anti-Church and State government may not be finally disappointed in their sanguine anticipations of success. Suffice it to say, that on the whole, there is at present not much to call for congratulation. Were the "pilgrim fathers" to rise from their graves, they would, doubtless, be vastly surprised at the want of uniformity among their descendants, and the multitudinous divisions into which the religious world is rent, and, worst of all, at the lamentable declension of orthodoxy in that very part of America where the severe disciples of Calvin thought to have built up an almost infallible Church. New England is now the

stronghold of a creed which robs the Saviour of mankind of His Divinity, the university founded by the Puritan settlers has become Unitarian, and one of the most eminent preachers of New England weekly tells his congregation that the miracles of Christ were tricks of legerdemain!

While despotism has a tendency to debase, democracy may be said unduly to exalt the subject. Where there is no head (the people being the supposed source of all power), a man naturally turns to himself as the centre of the political system; he spurns the idea of a superior, because that idea robs him of his sovereignty; he is as jealous of his rights as any eastern potentate. It is the self-sufficiency of the genuine Yankee which so much offends the European. With what contempt does he regard the institutions of all other nations! With what serene satisfaction does he contemplate his own! These emotions may be traced in the habitual expressions of his countenance, and though he will sometimes surprise you by depreciating his country, you have only to acquiesce in his animadversions to discover that his modest position was only assumed for the purpose of extracting a compliment. Yet, for all this, his patriotism carries him no extravagant lengths. His pertinacious loyalty to his national institutions derives its intensity principally from the consideration that he derives much of his personal consequence from them.

The view may be a mistaken one, but it certainly appears that democracy is most unfavourable to the growth of virtue. "Every man for himself" is its motto. Public security is based upon private interest, and justice is only upheld by a system of espionage. Generous and lofty sentiments languish and die under such conditions. "Smart men" you may have, but heroes will be rare. The domestic sphere is the garden of the affections; the nobler part of our nature is nourished in that soil. But democracy, which makes havoc of human institutions, does not hesitate

* It is an error to suppose that despotism is the only form of government which favours the development of the Roman Catholic religion. In America, Ultramontanism affects to sympathise with democracy. Those who believe that Rome can, chameleon-like, change its hues, will not be surprised to see the "Scarlet Lady" choosing a suitable colour as a head dress, and adopting the "bonnet rouge."

to invade more sacred demesnes. Its influence is felt even in the family circle. By encouraging the selfish principle, it destroys at the very outset the ties of human fellowship, and establishes a republic amongst blood-relations.* A gregarious mode of existence is one result of this. It is because home has few charms for them that Americans are in the habit of crowding together by whole families in hotels.

The fact that each individual is, more than in any other country, thrown upon his own resources, may account for the remarkable sameness of character in America. Minds there seem to have been stereotyped, and men and women resemble machines. You continually hear the same thoughts, and observe the working of the same ideas.† Few dare to stray from the beaten track. A baneful influence on talent as well as on character is exerted. This is particularly remarkable as regards literature. If an American desire to take his place in the Old-World catalogue of authors, he must ignore the New. It would seem, indeed, that to remain American in ideas, is to remain in obscurity as an author; and that to gaze admiringly on the stars of the Union is as injurious in its effects as to stare intently at the moon. Literary blindness is the penalty in-

curred. In support of this theory, it may be remarked that the two writers‡ who reflect the greatest honour on the Republic, pay no homage to its genius. I believe it might safely be asserted that democracy has benefited no branch of knowledge. It favours no art, and throws light on no science.§

The Great Industrial Exhibition did not show that the Republic had made any extraordinary advancement in the useful arts. Canada got before her in the race, although she came armed with revolvers, and was led to the charge by daguerreotyped generals.¶

There is, in fact, but one pursuit which democracy really favours—the pursuit of gain, as if the happiness¶ of man were bound up in his money-bags; it appears to be the sole end and aim of that system, to facilitate the accumulation of wealth. The Americans have brought back the age of gold in a different sense.** Without wishing to cast too severe a stigma upon our neighbours, we must confess that “the golden calf” has perhaps a more numerous and devoted body of worshippers in their country than in any other. Even human life sometimes weighs light when balanced in the scale against the dollar. To what other cause than a too ardent love of gain, can we attribute the reckless spirit of speculation so often displayed? If it were

* In this kind of levelling down to one standard even sex is confounded. Women seem to usurp the place of the lords of the creation. It is well known that at the present day a considerable number of American ladies are struggling for what they call “the rights of women,” by which they mean the right of governing men. The fairer portion of humanity, in fact, hold that they should no longer be immured within doors, and doomed to domestic drudgery. They desire a more extended sphere for the exercise of feminine ability.

† The tyranny of public opinion is tremendous, its effects are visible in most writings of the Americans. Men in a public capacity dare not express unpopular opinions, however they may be impressed with their truth. Severe punishment fails not to follow any attempt to disobey the will of the people. Not very long ago a learned professor of an university forfeited his position because he chose to adopt the views of the *London Quarterly Review* with regard to the recent outbreak in Hungary.

‡ It is scarcely necessary to remark that Washington Irving and Prescott are here alluded to.

§ Take the single instance of the state of medical science in America. What can it gain by a system which places the quack and the physician on a footing of equality?

¶ *The Times* remarked on the warlike display in the American department at the World's Fair, and called attention to the fact that every third daguerreotype specimen was “a soldier, and not only a soldier but an officer, and not only an officer but a general.”

¶ The negative happiness of America was well described by Lord Carlisle, when he said that “in America there is less happiness, and less misery, than in any other country in the world!”

** An American generally regards objects with a view to turning them to account. He sees in the picturesque lake or river nothing more than a “*fine water privilege*.” A Frenchman and a Yankee were discussing the respective merits of the Old and New Worlds; the latter *pooh-poohed* all the artificial wonders of the eastern hemisphere, and the Frenchman was at length obliged to have recourse to natural phenomena. “At least,” said he, “your country can boast of nothing like Vesuvius.” “Vesuvius!” retorted the other in disdain; “I expect the Falls of Niagara would put it out in five minutes.”

necessary, abundance of evidence might easily be procured to support the hypothesis. The almost daily catastrophes occurring on their steam-navigated rivers by which hundreds of human beings are sent into eternity, are facts which are well known, and which speak volumes. That such accidents are thought lightly of by the people at large, is a sure sign that the public mind has become vitiated; and that sympathy with the gambler, who lays such fearful stakes, is more powerful than regard for the valuable dice which he plays with.*

Fearful villany is also perpetrated, almost unnoticed, in maritime cities. It is a fact that unseaworthy ships are frequently insured for a large amount, and crew and passengers are committed to the mercy of the wild waves, little knowing that the proprietors of the vessel, so far from being solicitous for its safety, are looking forward with feverish anxiety to the moment when the tempest, having whirled the crazy craft to the bottom of the Atlantic, they may clutch their guilty gains.

Such are some of the evils entailed by democratic institutions. What shall we say as to the durability of those institutions?

It is now clearly evident (or ought to be), that democracy cannot be *established* in the Old World. A monarchy may be overturned, and a short interregnum of anarchy may succeed, but it will end in a despotism. That which dies speedily in one country may, however, live for a time in another. It is the geographical position,† and peculiar character of the western continent, that keeps in existence an empire of the people. Without the safety-valve, which perpetual employment keeps open, the terrible power which is continually generating within, would rend

asunder the machine. As long as the vast field of enterprise, which a country of undeveloped resources offers to indefatigable industry, so long is there a chance of the duration of principles which are, in other circumstances, self-destructive.

Probably, long ere those resources are fully developed, the boasted Republic will have ceased to exist. The stars will have descended from their lofty position, and will have become glittering diamonds in as many regal diadems, or will have merged into one blaze on an imperial brow. Even now, we may observe signs of disruption and dismemberment. There are two great parties in the United States, whose interests are diametrically opposed, and whose aspect daily becomes more menacing. The hostility of these parties will, doubtless, one day consummate the destruction of a system which, both, at present, affect to approve; the one through fear of popular obloquy, the other in the hope of still further extending popular principles.

While the aristocratic slowly absorbs the wealth of the country, the democratic daily acquires more and more political power. The one commands money—the other—men. With bitterness of spirit, the great body of the people watches the steady growth of an upper class. With secret contempt and abhorrence the rising caste surveys those whom they consider their inferiors, but whom the law raises to the same level with themselves.

The press takes the side of the people, a torrent of abuse rushes through the pages of magazines, periodicals, and novels, and runs foaming, and roaring down the columns of endless newspapers. Every opprobrious epithet that the dictionary contains, or that the imaginative regions of Billingsgate have given birth to, is dashed at the heads

* It is curious to observe the style in which the melancholy tales of steam-boat and railway disasters are related. While we read, we feel conscious rather of the delight of the writer, in the opportunity afforded for displaying his powers of description, than of his sorrow for the circumstance which gave him that opportunity. The language bears no stamp of genuine feeling. On the contrary, the pen of the writer seems to delay its progress, as if it loved to chronicle minutely the horrors of the scene.

† The influence which immigration from Europe has on American society should not be forgotten. It is difficult to compute the general effects; for while the better classes bring their quota of knowledge and refinement as an offering, to be laid at the feet of Columbia, the penniless multitudes, whom want has driven to seek better fortune in the New World than they had experienced in the Old, swell the tide of democratic passion against those aristocratic institutions, which, from a mistaken view of the different constitutions of young and old countries, they deem the cause of their own peculiar misfortunes.

of the unfortunate wights who cultivate a more than ordinary refinement in manners and ideas. In self-defence the aristocratic party is obliged to assume an air of exclusiveness which would freeze any court in Europe. Out of doors all is liberty, equality, and fraternity. The aristocrat is hail-fellow-well-met with the humblest artizan or mechanic, but within all is changed. His mansion is hermetically sealed to all but the favoured few. Every fashionable clique, too, is distinct in itself, and each grade of society, in defiance of the grand national law of equality, affects a superiority over the one immediately below.

But the aristocrats do not stand alone in setting the constitution at defiance. Leagued with property are most of the trades which property supports. In the large towns you see the same obsequious solicitude on the part of the shopkeeper to anticipate the wants of a distinguished customer which may be discerned elsewhere. Reversing the order of things as existing in England, the country is, in the States, all against the self-created aristocracy, while the city is its stronghold and citadel.

Although the abnegation of the rights of primogeniture causes a perpetual division of property, and opposes a barrier to the permanent establishment of an aristocracy, we cannot fail to discern in the vista of the future a coming struggle. How long will men of wealth and education condescend to submit to the oppressive domination of the lowest class of citizen? How long will they suffer themselves to be deprived of almost all share of political power? How long will they continue to bear calmly the insulting exercise of the people's prerogative? I answer, not one instant longer than they can help. As soon as they are in a position to make resistance, you will see them start from their apparent lethargy, and assume an attitude of bold and open defiance. As fear rather than affection is the democratic bond of union, the more relentless will be the strife when

it comes. It is not to be expected that the democrats will yield up what they have long considered their just rights without the most furious struggle to retain them. They will dispute every inch of ground with the fierce enthusiasm which the supposed "divine right" of popular sovereignty inspires, and with the desperate obstinacy of men who prefer death to defeat.

Presumptuous are most anticipations of the future, unless strongly supported by the experience of the past; but there is no small ground for belief in the conjecture, that America may one day follow the example of other nations, and embody the democracy in a military despotism. The democratic is always a war-loving party. It may don the pacific clothing of the sheep, but an experienced eye can generally detect the rapacious wolf beneath the disguise. Although America sends an ambassador to the Peace Congress, she has her military aspirations.* Does not the country swarm with generals and colonels? Have we not daily outbreaks of a warlike spirit with difficulty repressed by the conservative party in the country? Now, it is against Cuba, and private expeditions are fitted out and despatched in defiance of presidential proclamations. The "Lone Star" is ogled at through the telescope to discover whether it may not belong to a system whose stars are in number thirty-one. Flights of pamphlets flutter all over the country, wherein it is satisfactorily proved that Christianity, humanity, liberty, and (more truthfully) interest demand a slight confusion of *meum* and *tuum*, by the annexation of the property of Spain. Now, it is against England, and candidates for the presidency catch a few thousand votes by hinting that Jonathan is once more about to kick his grandfather, because the latter does not choose to allow his disinherited offspring to fish in the ponds allotted to more dutiful children. Lastly, it is against Japan, which is to be converted by the light of blazing carcasses, and softened into civili-

* Their military memoirs are generally written in that magniloquent style so characteristic of the Yankee. A work entitled, I think, "The Mexican War," affords a fair sample. It describes a skirmish in which, perhaps, half-a-dozen men were put *hors de combat*, with all the gloomy sublimity of a Napier. The remarkable sayings of the chiefs are also carefully recorded. Where General Taylor directs some field-guns to keep up the fire, his words are handed down to posterity as follows:—"It was then that General Taylor made use of the memorable expression, 'A little more grape, Captain Bragg.'"

sation by showers of grape and canister. This turbulent spirit, so menacing to neighbours, must one day turn upon themselves. Probably, the aristocratic and democratic parties will each have their champion. Already the northern and southern states appear to be contemplating a separation. Negro slavery is the bone of contention, and it is to be suspected that the violence of the Abolitionist party is rather the offspring of political bias, than of philanthropic sentiment. The southern planter, who traces his descent from Cavaliers, who adorns his hall with ancestral portraits, and who looks back towards the "old country" with regret, preserving its customs, and imitating its manners, though he be ever so kind and considerate to his swarthy bondsmen, is, in reality, an object of greater dislike to the descendant of the Roundhead than the ultra-democrat, who lashes his slaves in the same proportion that he hates England.

The northern states are desirous of annexing Canada, in order that they may turn the scale against the south. The magnificent hospitality recently extended to Canadians at Boston, though doubtless the result of pure friendly feeling on the part of many, was, we may suppose, prompted by other and deeper views among the majority. What may be the ultimate end of the negro controversy, it is difficult to say, but the fate of the Union probably hangs upon it. When the American insurgents, with the view of increasing popular excitement, fished up "Forefather's Rock," it is said that the trophy broke into halves. What was then hailed as an omen of success was, perhaps, typical of the future division of the Republic. It is folly to suppose that any strong bond of union, or any germ of real stability can exist in a country which so unequivocally recognises the right of revolution. The different states will only hold together so long as their several interests are furthered by the compact, and the first great rupture will be the signal for others. From the rivalry among the great cities, it may be seen that equality will not long be recognised among them; and, when we no-

tice the frequent use of the terms, "Empire City," "The First City in the Union," we are naturally led to believe that new divisions may, ere long, be made, and that New York, Boston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, &c., &c., are likely each to become the centre of systems, which have not yet started into existence. It would be too much to expect that New England, like the prodigal son, should return and beg to be once more under British domination, but we often hear it asserted, that Boston (a portion of it at least) is more English in character than any other city in the Union. Many of the Bostonians take a lively interest in English affairs; and, despising the piratical labours of American publishers, they send to England for the original copies of works, rather than buy reprints at a fourth or a sixth of the price.

What may be the ultimate fate of the Union is an enigma to be solved.* It has not yet reached the limit of human existence, nor numbered "years three-score and ten." The question, whether it may last five, fifty, or five hundred years, affords matter for speculation; without doubt, it stands upon a shaky foundation.

About the time of the first resistance to English authority on the part of America, a great eruption of Mount Vesuvius took place; and, in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the Pope offers a present of a block of Italian marble to make a statue of Washington, it appears that a piece of lava from the burning mountain has been selected as an appropriate pedestal.

O tempora! O mores! and now, O Red Republican! what is the value of your beloved theory?—what is the proper definition of your darling democracy? I will answer for you. It is the triumph of matter over mind, of popular will over law; it may be compared to an unwieldy frame of body over which reason has but little control. Only practicable in infant states, it is a form of government which infallibly leads an old country back to pristine barbarism; and while it boasts of being the cheapest, it is, in reality, the most expensive of all systems, because it saps public virtue, and entails ruin

* It may here be remarked, that the American democracy properly dates its commencement from the year 1789.

upon future generations. Its liberty is tyranny under a mask ; its equality is a mischievous fiction ; its fraternity is cold self-interest ; it is a political will-o'-the-wisp, dazzling nations with its false lustre, and causing them at last to wander in mazes of darkness and difficulty. What has democracy done for the Old World ? Did it not convert a European city, the centre of civilisation, into a hell upon earth, and decree a reign of terror, rivalling in horrors a siege of Jerusalem ? What has it done for the New ? Compare the Englishman and the Yankee—can any transformation be more complete ? The stout, hearty, honest fellow, whose “word is as good as his bond,” has dwindled down into a lean speculator, whose only gesture betokening merriment, is the chuckle which he makes over a bargain much to his advantage.

Jonathan, bold upstart boy ! you have despised paternal wisdom, you must reap the reward of your folly ; your faults are those of froward youth ; you must be whipped into propriety by that unsparing criticism which you so boldly challenge, by setting yourself up so far above your elders and your betters. It is on these grounds, and also because the child is spoiled when the rod is spared, that we Englishmen take the liberty of belabouring you with your own stripes.

While America places all power in the hands of a mob, the people of England, instead of grasping at that which would profit little, are content to leave the care of their liberties in the hands of their proper guardians. They send representatives to a House of Commons, but they do not grudge the high hereditary privileges of a House of Lords, nor have they yet made the discovery that the crown is a useless bauble. If we have somewhat declined from our ancient principles, we have not yet forsworn them all. Our nearest neighbour, emulating the vivacity of youth, has for many years been in the habit of indulging in juvenile frolics. It has had its gala days—its 14th of July—its 10th of August—its 21st of January—and its 22nd of February ; but England still maintains the gravity suited to its years, and boasts only of its 10th of April—a day when, to the disappointment of innovators, Englishmen showed that the rich promises of a people's charter could not tempt them to forego their

attachment to the venerable fabric of government which their fathers had raised. In spite of all endeavours to undermine and subdue it, attachment to loyalty is still dominant in the little isles over which the red flag waves. Time cannot impair, evil example cannot affect it. While France drives a royal race into exile, while America delights in humbling its chief magistrate, the people of England pay the same enthusiastic homage to Queen Victoria that they did nearly three centuries ago to Queen Elizabeth. Wherever she appears, assembled multitudes, with uncovered heads, pour forth the ready cheer to greet the representatives of an ancient line of kings. Long may sentiments of loyalty animate our breasts ; perhaps a time may come when Englishmen shall grudge the tribute of respect to exalted rank, when our sovereigns shall be degraded into private citizens, when titles shall be ignored, nobility abolished ; but ere that day should arrive, I had rather see Britain, in her glory, sink beneath the foam of the ocean. Better that a convulsion of nature should destroy every vestige of our greatness, than that magnanimous England should succumb to the genius of democracy.

Mob rule has never been regarded with favour in England. We scorn the fallacy that the will of the multitude is the sole law. Our government has a more stable foundation, and is based upon a more certain wisdom. We believe that principles, rather than men, ought to rule ; that justice, and not popular clamour, should sway the sceptre. Our representative institutions, as they exist in a House of Commons—our bulwarks of inherited dignity, as embodied in a House of Peers—our supreme executive and legislative power, as vested in the Crown and its servants—and our State Church, influencing the whole frame of government—all point to one end, and move in concert towards the same object—the protection of the rights of the subject, and that maintenance of law and order by which public happiness can alone be secured. Thus we are saved from the miserable results of individual caprice. Oriental tyrants do what they please with the people under them ; and the democrats of the West treat those above them in whatever way suits their fancy. But Britain has a more proper respect for the rights of her children, and ba-

lances the scales with a more equal hand.

Church and State—that conservative union so odious to the democrat—is, and ought to be, our grand boast. It is this institution which has had so great a share in making England what she is. Protected by the State, the Church, in days of spiritual absolutism, had dared to resist the encroachments of a power whose will was law, and at whose nod monarchs were dethroned, and kingdoms uprooted. That Church at length threw off entirely the yoke of a foreign potentate, and, purifying herself from the dross of superstition, rose a clear luminary, displaying all the brightness of early Christianity. True daughter of the apostles, she stands midway between Rome and Geneva, a fair example of Christian meekness and forbearance. Saints have been her champions, and kings have been numbered amongst her martyrs. She has been the friend of Britain; she prays for the Crown, and for the prosperity of the kingdom. She is, at once, the people's monitor, and the people's comforter. Charity smiles on her brow, and peace marks her footsteps. When England rejoices, or when England weeps, when we crown a sovereign, or pay the last tribute of respect to a hero, she is there, to hallow alike a nation's smiles, or a nation's tears.

The humblest piety, and the most exalted learning are equally protected by her. She has the dignity of Rome, without its tawdry splendour and meretricious ornament; and the quiet village church, around which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," is as much her home as the solemn cathedral, rich in historic association, where groined arches echo the inspired strains of Handel. Guardian of liberty, mother of justice, friend of virtue—long may the Church of England flourish!

And shall we quarrel with institutions like these?—shall we, in a rash moment, shiver into atoms the work of centuries, and bring to an end, the longest and most glorious chapter that the world's chronicle contains?—shall we snap the links that bind us to a brilliant past, by suddenly destroying our Church, our hereditary monarchy, our aristocratic institutions, our laws of inheritance? Oh, never! The heroic dust which lies piled upon our shores would find a tongue; the spirits

of our fathers would rise to rebuke us, if we dared to attempt such an act of sacrilege. For where, since the world began, has been seen such a nation? Like a proud ship she has swept past all competitors, and leads the race of civilisation; her heroes, patriots, philosophers, statesmen, bards, and orators, have left all others far behind. All that is grand in science, all that is noble in literature, all that is lovely in art, she has achieved; and she stands at this day a beacon to the whole world, and proudly proclaims to all, that greatness is the companion of the nation that cherishes the traditions of the past, and that adopts for its motto, "Fear God, and honour the King."

Oh! England, in thy powerful empire who cannot discern the arm mighty to protect? Thy flag floats high in the breeze, triumphant through a thousand fights by flood and field—a halo of glory surrounds it. Tyranny has bowed before this ancient heirloom of strong hearts and hands; and prostrate nations have lifted up their heads to bless the red ensign of liberty—the standard of the free! Thy fleets sweep round the globe, and bear back all the treasures of the earth to thy shores; ambassadors from far and near, and natives of many a distant land, come to gaze on thy wonders, and pay the tribute of respect to the far-famed nation; and the grey ivy-mantled walls of the old castle, and the dim towers of the ancient minster, peep forth from the wreck of feudal times, to tell how long England has been a kingdom.

Oh, England! dear England!—in thy favoured land who cannot discern the sunshine of an eternal smile? Thy clime is genial. On thy fair bosom the richest harvests pour forth their abundance, and roses cluster round the cottages of the poor. Fair are thy landscapes, and beauty dwells among thy children. Thine are the hearts that feel, and the eyes that drop tears at the tale of misery. In thee the fatherless can find a home, and pity looks down upon all that are desolate and oppressed; and, while the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, towering above the grandest city in the world, tells that the "isles of the Gentiles" have listened to the great Apostle, a woman sits on the throne, and the people cry,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

.

Bunker's Hill had disappeared—Boston had faded from sight. The gorgeous sun, dipping his fair disc behind the horizon, had bid the wide Atlantic good night, and a lurid haze alone, marking where the land lay, told me that I had fairly taken leave of the Western World. Light breezes followed the ship, which, like a bird, spread its snowy wings to catch the chill zephyrs of an autumnal evening. The rustling of canvas, the swash of the waves as we cut through them, and the occasional cry of the sea-bird, were almost the only sounds to rouse the dreamer from his reveries.

Farewell Columbia! One who may possibly be destined never again to tread thy shores, now bids thee a last adieu. If, in a brief pilgrimage through thy lands, he has seen more to condemn than to approve, let it not be supposed that he now watches the last glimmering halo which hovers over the retreating continent without regret. In fancy he sees many a familiar face, and hears the friendly accents of those who welcomed the stranger. Though the "Flying Shot" has flown right and left, in relentless antagonism with the errors of democracy, there is much that lies beyond the range of ordnance, however skilfully directed. The satirist, though he may be prone to dip in "gall the celestial feather" with which he seeks to maintain an aerial position, is fain to confess that even in a constitution of things such as he heartily disapproves of, there is still something to commend; and far be it from a Fitzgunne to deny to individuals that meed of praise which he grudges to bestow on a system. If in these pages more pains has been taken to lay bare than to cover deformities—if criticisms have been severe—if censure has been unsparingly used—be it understood that there has been no intention of casting a stigma upon a *whole* people. Freely be it granted, proudly confessed—proudly, on account of our mutual claims of consanguinity—that there are many in America who would do honour to any kingdom under heaven. In spite of the injurious influ-

ences which are exerted upon the public mind by popular misrule, we shall find amongst the people of the United States much to excite our warm sympathies, much hospitable feeling, much real kindness; and, lastly, while we must deny that they display all the cardinal virtues in their full lustre, we must at least admit that they possess some of the manlier and more important ones. For those of industry and perseverance, then, we here give them a parting salute.

Whatever we may say of the present condition of America, we must admit that the future is all her own—an almost boundless territory, vast lakes, and mighty rivers are hers; and she boasts of possessing all the vegetable productions of the tropic and temperate regions, and nearly all the treasures of the mineral kingdom. As yet the great continent is little else than a forest intersected by roads, with a patch of cleared land around the village, and a larger tract around the suburbs of the city. What shall America be when the woodman's axe shall have finished its tremendous task?—when, one by one, all the silvan giants shall have bowed their proud heads?—when what is now a wilderness shall be converted into a garden? In sooth, perhaps, the soaring monarch of the air may not have been a badly chosen symbol, after all; and so I wish all strength to the pinions of the American eagle.

My task is now done; my ammunition is expended; my port-fire is extinguished. I must melt from the public view, in the gunpowdery vapour of my last explosion. Apparitions have been known to vanish in various forms, and with various accompaniments; some have "disappeared with a curious perfume* and a melodious twang;" and others have gone off in peals of thunder, and wreaths of sooty vapour. Let me hope that I shall not be set down as an evil genius, if, following the example of most apparitions and explosions, I am found to have ended in

SMOKE.

* Vide "Antiquary."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MAY MELODIES.—By DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY. I.—THE ARRAYING OF MAY. II.—WELCOME MAY. III.—THE SEARCH. IV.—THE TIDINGS	521
A PILGRIMAGE TO THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS. PART I.—A RIDE TO THE HEAD OF GLEN SWILLY	528
STIRLING'S CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES V.	539
MICHAEL KOHLHAAS	556
RHYMES FROM THE EDDA.—THOR AND THRYM; OR, THOR'S HAMMER BROUGHT HOME	578
THE DEVEREUX EARLS OF ESSEX	583
SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT. CHAPTER XX.—PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY. CHAP- TER XXI.—AT REST. CHAPTER XXII.—THE VILLAGE OF REICHENAU	601
THOMAS MOORE	615
MISERRIMUS	625
LAMENT OF THE IRISH MOTHER. BY TINY	636
A LITTLE GALLIAMBIC. BY WILLIAM FORSYTH	637
TOLERANCE AND INTOLERANCE	638

DUBLIN

JAMES M'GLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

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MAY, 1853.

VOL. XLI.

MAY MELODIES.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.—THE ARRAYING OF MAY.

I.

The blue-eyed maidens of the sea
With trembling haste approach the lee,
So small and smooth, they seem to be
Not waves, but children of the waves;
And as each linked circle laves
The crescent marge of creek and bay,
Their mingled voices all repeat—

O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
We come to bathe thy snow-white feet.

II.

We bring thee treasures rich and rare,
White pearls to deck thy golden hair,
And coral-beads, so smoothly fair
And free from every flaw or speck,
That they may lie upon thy neck,
This sweetest day—this brightest day
That ever on the green world shone—

O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
As if thy neck and they were one.

III.

We bring thee from our distant home,
Robes of the pure white-woven foam,
And many a smooth, transparent comb,
Form'd of the shell the tortoise plaits,
By Babelmandel's coral-straits;
And amber vases, with inlay
Of roseate pearl time never dims—

O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
Wherein to lave thine ivory limbs.

IV.

We bring, as sandals for thy feet,
Beam-broider'd waves, like those that greet
With green and golden chrysolite,
The setting sun's departing beams,
When all the western water seems

Like emeralds melted by his ray,
So softly bright, so gently warm—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
That thou canst trust thy tender form.

V.

And lo! the ladies of the hill,
The rippling stream, and sparkling rill,
With rival speed, and like good will,
Come, bearing down the mountain's side
The liquid crystals of the tide,
In vitreous vessels, clear as they,
And cry, from each worn, winding path—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
We come to lead thee to the bath.

VI.

And we have fashioned, for thy sake,
Mirrors more bright than art could make—
The silvery-sheeted mountain lake
Hangs in its carved frame of rocks,
Wherein to dress thy dripping locks,
Or bind the dewy curls that stray
Thy trembling breast meandering down—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
Within their own self-woven crown.

VII.

Arise, O May! arise and see
Thine emerald robes are held for thee
By many a hundred-handed tree,
Who lift from all the fields around
The verdurous velvet from the ground,
And then the spotless vestments lay,
Smooth-folded o'er their outstretch'd arms—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
Wherein to fold thy virgin charms.

VIII.

Thy robes are stiff with golden bees,
Dotted with gems more bright than these,
And scented by each perfumed breeze
That, blown from Heaven's re-open'd bowers,
Become the souls of new-born flowers,
Who thus their sacred birth betray;
Heavenly thou art, nor less should be,
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
The favour'd forms that wait on thee.

IX.

The moss to guard thy feet is spread,
The wreaths are woven for thy head,
The rosy curtains of thy bed
Become transparent in the blaze
Of the strong sun's resistless gaze;
Then, lady, make no more delay,
The world still lives, though Spring be dead:
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
And thou must rule and reign instead,

X.

The lady from her bed arose,
 Her bed the leaves the moss-bud blows,
 Herself a lily in that rose ;
 The maidens of the streams and sands
 Bathe some her feet, and some her hands ;
 And some the emerald robes display ;
 Her dewy locks were then upcurled,
 And lovely May—the long'd-for May
 Was crown'd the queen of all the world !

II.—WELCOME MAY.

I.

Welcome May ! welcome May !
 Thou hast been too long away,
 All the widow'd wintry hours
 Wept for thee, gentle May ;
 But the fault was only ours—
 We were sad when thou wert gay !

II.

Welcome May ! welcome May !
 We are wiser far to-day—
 Fonder, too, than we were then.
 Gentle May ! joyous May !
 Now that thou art come again
 We perchance may make thee stay.

III.

Welcome May ! welcome May !
 Every thing kept holiday
 Save the human heart alone.
 Mirthful May ! gladsome May !
 We had cares and thou hadst none
 When thou camest last this way !

IV.

When thou camest last this way
 Blossoms bloomed on every spray
 Buds on barren boughs were born—
 Fertile May ! fruitful May :
 Like the rose upon the thorn
 Cannot grief awhile be gay ?

V.

'Tis not for the golden ray,
 Or the flowers that strew thy way ;
 O, immortal One ! thou art
 Here to-day, gentle May,
 'Tis to man's ungrateful heart
 That thy fairy footsteps stray.

VI.

'Tis to give that living clay
 Flowers that ne'er can fade away—
 Fond remembrances of bliss ;
 And a foretaste, mystic May,
 Of the life that follows this,
 Full of joys that last alway !

VII.

Other months are cold and grey
 Some are bright, but what are they?
 Earth may take the whole eleven—
 Hopeful May—happy May,
 Thine the borrowed month of Heaven
 Cometh thence and points the way.

VIII.

Wingéd minstrels come and play
 Through the woods their roundelay;
 Who can tell, but only thou
 Spirit-ear'd, inspiréd May,
 On the bud-embowréd bough
 What the happy lyrists say?

IX.

Is the burden of their lay
 Love's desire, or Love's decay?
 Are there not some fond regrets
 Mix'd with these, divinest May,
 For the sun that never sets
 Down the everlasting day?

X.

But upon thy wondrous way
 Mirth alone should dance and play—
 No regrets how fond they be
 E'er should wound the ear of May—
 Bow before her, flower and tree!
 Nor, my heart, do thou delay.

III.—THE SEARCH.

I.

Let us seek the modest May,
 She is down in the glen
 Hiding
 And abiding
 From the common gaze of men.
 Where the silver streamlet crosses
 O'er the smooth stones green with mosses,
 And glancing
 And dancing,
 Goes singing on its way.
 We will find the modest maiden there to-day.

II.

Let us seek the merry May,
 She is up on the hill,
 Laughing,
 And quaffing
 From the fountain and the rill.
 Where the southern zephyr sprinkles
 (Like bright smiles on age's wrinkles),
 O'er the edges
 And ledges
 Of the rocks, the wild flowers gay—
 We will find the merry maiden there to-day.

III.

Let us seek the musing May,
 She is deep in the wood,
 Viewing
 And pursuing
 The beautiful and good.
 Where the grassy bank receding,
 Spreads its quiet couch for reading
 The pages
 Of the sages,
 And the poet's lyric lay—
 We will find the musing maiden there to-day.

IV.

Let us seek the mirthful May,
 She is out on the strand
 Racing
 And chasing
 The ripples o'er the sand.
 Where the warming waves discover
 All the treasures that they cover,
 Whitening
 And brightening
 The pebbles for her play—
 We will find the mirthful maiden there to-day.

V.

Let us seek the wandering May,
 She is off to the plain,
 Finding
 The winding
 Of the labyrinthian lane.
 She is passing through its mazes,
 While the hawthorn as it gazes,
 With grief, lets
 Its leaflets
 Whiten all the way—
 We will find the wandering maiden there to-day.

VI.

Let us seek her in the ray—
 Let us track her by the rill—
 Wending,
 Ascending
 The slopings of the hill.
 Where the robin from the copses
 Breathes a love-note, and then drops his
 Trilling,
 Till willing,
 His mate responds his lay—
 We will find the listening maiden there to-day.

VII.

But why seek her far away?
 Like a young bird in its nest,
 She is warming
 And forming
 Her dwelling in our breast.
 While the heart she doth repose on,
 Like the down the sunwind blows on,
 Gloweth,
 Yet showeth
 The trembling of the ray—
 We will find the happy maiden there to-day.

IV.—THE TIDINGS.

I.

A bright beam came to my window frame,
This sweet May morn ;
And it said to the cold, hard glass—
Oh ! let me pass,
For I have good news to tell,
The queen of the dewy dell,
The beautiful May, is born !

II.

Warm with the race, through the open space,
This sweet May morn,
Came a soft wind out of the skies ;
And it said to my heart—Arise !
Go forth from the winter's fire,
For the child of thy long desire,
The beautiful May, is born !

III.

The bright beam glanced and the soft wind danced,
This sweet May morn,
Over my cheek and over my eyes ;
And I said, with a glad surprise—
Oh, lead me forth, ye blessed twain,
Over the hill and over the plain,
Where the beautiful May is born.

IV.

Through the open door leaped the beam before,
This sweet May morn
And the soft wind floated along,
Like a poet's song,
Warm from his heart and fresh from his brain ;
And they led me over the mount and plain,
To the beautiful May new-born.

V.

My guide so bright and my guide so light,
This sweet May morn,
Led me along o'er the grassy ground,
And I knew by each joyous sight and sound,
The fields so green and the skies so gay,
That heaven and earth kept holiday,
That the beautiful May was born.

VI.

Out of the sea with their eyes of glee,
This sweet May morn,
Came the blue waves hastily on ;
And they, murmuring, cried—Thou happy one !
Show us, O Earth ! thy darling child,
For we heard far out on the ocean wild,
That the beautiful May was born.

VII.

The wingéd flame to the rose-bud came,
This sweet May morn,
And it said to the flower—Prepare!
Lay thy nectarine bosom bare;
Full soon, full soon, thou must rock to rest,
And nurse and feed on thy glowing breast,
The beautiful May now born.

VIII.

The gladsome breeze through the trembling trees,
This sweet May morn,
Went joyously on from bough to bough;
And it said to the red-branched plum—O thou!
Cover with mimic pearls and gems,
And with silver bells, thy coral stems,
For the beautiful May now born.

IX.

Under the eaves and through the leaves,
This sweet May morn,
The soft wind whispering flew:
And it said to the listening birds—O you,
Sweet choristers of the skies,
Awaken your tenderest lullabies,
For the beautiful May now born.

X.

The white cloud flew to the uttermost blue,
This sweet May morn,
It bore, like a gentle carrier-dove,
The blessed news to the realms above;
While its sister cooed in the midst of the grove,
And within my heart the spirit of love,
That the beautiful May was born!

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS,

IN A LETTER TO ANTHONY POPLAR, ESQ.

PART I.—A RIDE TO THE HEAD OF GLEN SWILLY.

DEAR MR. POPLAR,—Having in a former number of your MAGAZINE given you a sketch of Quilca, and of some great and gentle names connected, as well with that locality, as with the Irish literature of the past century, I thought it probable that you and your readers, who doubtless are part of your integral self, might “lend a pliant ear” to the pencillings by the way of a little tour, made many years ago, into the heart of the Highlands of North Donegal.

This country, rich in striking and magnificent scenery, and producing a peasantry of peculiar and primitive character, has not been altogether unnoticed by your comprehensive periodical, as an able, instructive, and highly perspicacious article on “Gweedore,” which appeared in the January number, can testify. Over *that* district, so well described, I will not venture to let my pen travel; nor will I trench upon the peculiar region of wild and wonderful scenery, already sketched by one who has now entered into his rest—one who united rare delineatory powers with thorough perception of character; a writer most attractive and sparkling, yet tempering all he wrote with the hue and the health of genuine piety—I mean the late Rev. Cæsar Otway. I am not attempting now to follow where he led; but, as a gleaner in a large highland field, I will only essay to do what he may have left undone—“*Impar congressus Achilli*.” And since I have gone so far out of my way as to bring Horace to illustrate a question about Donegal, I may as well make a further use of the Roman’s wit and wisdom to introduce my subject, and start me upon my tour.

I need not quote his Latin, for every body knows where he says that many brave men were before Agamemnon and the wars of Troy, who lived and died unknown, because they had no one to sing their deeds or write their history. And as with mortals, so with

places. Many a majestic scene—soft, savage, or sublime—though named in the “Folio Family Atlas,” or mathematically mensurated, and duly dotted down in the geography of the Ordnance survey, yet from not having been trodden by the traveller, or sung by the bard, or sketched by the painter, seems fated to waste its sweetness on the desert air of neglect, and be all but altogether forgotten. How has Moore immortalised the sister vales of Caghmere and Ovoca, in his Oriental and Hibernian verses; but, though all unsung, there are few more sweet, lovely valleys “in this wide world” than Glen Swilly in North Donegal, when seen at

right time and season—which is on a soft autumnal afternoon, when the sun is bright, and the corn is being cut along the holmes, and the swift Swilly runs clear as a diamond between its green banks, and the clustering rowan berries are blushing scarlet among the leaves of the mountain ash, and the poplars are trembling by the river, and the holly is glistening amidst the rocks, and the golden sallows are listening to the ripple of the water, and the song is sweet, and the whistle is shrill, and the laughter rings clear, and the voices are merry, as they come up together through the mellow air from those knots of harvesters who are binding the yellow stooks amidst the golden stubble; and the blue smoke curls up and over the wild wood on the hill, disclosing where many a tiny farmhouse lies, like a bird in its nest, ensconced amidst its leaves, and girt in by rocks and rills in its mountain solitude.

This lovely valley stands based upon the large land-locked sea lake which bears its name, and runs up, past the little thriving town of Letterkenny, for about six miles, between swelling hills, backed by darker and sterner mountains, the haunt of the eagle and hill fox. These eminences appear at one time to have been covered with wood, but now cleared—*here* for tillage, or *there* for pasture; while in other places

the primitive trees having been cut down, and the roots left in the ground, a second growth of timber has sprung up, consisting of dwarfed oak and ash, mingled with natural wood, such as birch, holly, mountain ash, and hazel, growing thickly amidst the clusters of whinstone rocks, or in the hollows and shelvings of the hills.

Through the glen, winding and twisting like a glittering serpent, runs the Swilly — pronounced, with Ionian softness, Suillie. Its sound and signification are alike poetical, the word meaning “eyes,” which is expressive of its nature, inasmuch as its currents dimple all over with bright eyes in their course to the sea.

It rises somewhat to the right of the glen head, near a wild place called Tullyhoner, where the road comes to a stop in a gradual way, and the grass and moorland begin. Here is a lone farm-house; a dashing waterfall which hurries across the road, after descending from its height, and through whose stream you ride up to your horse's knees; and a grand and romantic echo from a high, grassy gorge of the mountain, which I recollect we named “The Glen of the Shouting Giant,” from the loudness and vigour of its reverberations.

As the river sparkles and twines along through the valley, it is fed by numberless tributaries from the hills—in summer “tinkling runnels,” in winter *χυμαρραι*, or sounding torrents—which rush from the mountains, generally down some rocky, precipitous ravine; and thus, after a morning's heavy rain, when the sun comes out, if you were to ride up the glen, you would hear such a music of waterfalls as perhaps had never before greeted your ear, and you would see the snowy foam on the surface of the tumbling mass, appearing and disappearing among the bushes and foliage which generally are found growing along these rude and thundering water-courses.

Under the leadership of a kind friend who came in to meet us, we started, after breakfast, from the townlet of Letterkenny—a kind of frontier garrison to the glen, only it contains nothing in the warlike way, save the wrangle at petty sessions—for the people love going to law—or the disputation of polemics—the oft-recurring “duel, in the form of a debate,” chin to chin—a

very innocent species of warfare, commencing in noise, and generally going out in smoke; for this village is a very litigious locality, and likewise a decidedly self-opinionated and pragmatical little spot—agreeing to differ on all matters of ecclesiastical import, and possessing not less than seven houses of worship within its tiny circumference—viz., a Church, Meeting-house, Methodist Chapel, Secession ditto, Covenanting ditto, Baptist ditto, and a large Roman Catholic Chapel. It is likewise, beyond question, an industrious and meritoriously ambitious little metropolis, where there is much hard-headed honesty, and where good fortunes have been realised by trade.

It was market-day, as we rode down the “long unlovely street,” as Tension calls some fashionable highway in London; and the peasantry were thronging in from the country; and the shops and stalls swarmed like beehives with buyers and sellers. Here were sturdy Presbyterian farmers, blue-coated and well-fed; many of them riding their own nags, or driving their jaunting-cars, and giving every evidence that they were well to do in the world. And here were wild Irish kerne, from the hills beyond Glen Swilly, with frieze great coats, and worsted hose ungartered, and corduroy smalls unbuttoned, and disreputable-looking rakish caubeens cocked on the side of their heads, and large sticks in their hands—ready, like Louis Napoleon, for a rumpus. And here were groups of the “merchants” of the town, called so, *par excellence*, inasmuch as the place has a port, of Lilliputian dimensions however, and bearing about the same proportion to a real mercantile town as the troops of the republic of Lucca did to the armaments of Europe, in the days of Oliver Goldsmith, consisting, as I think they did, of “seventy-five soldiers, a commander-in-chief, and two drummers of great experience!” And here were the neat and modest forms of many of the farmers' daughters, who had come to sell a few hackles of the flax which they themselves had manufactured, or to buy a shawl or gown—and, like most of our Irish peasantry, they love the bright colours. Dispensing with the burden of a bonnet, many of these northern lasses braid their hair over their brow, in the manner of our fair little Queen, which is all their head.

dress; and, if the day be either sultry or wet, they walk up and down the market-place, under huge blue cotton umbrellas, which they carry rather pompously, and which produces a novel and extremely ridiculous effect.

Almost all the Protestants in this country are descendants of the Scotch settlers, from the year 1610 down, and many of them evidence the certainty of their lineage by their grisly patronymics, such as M'Craw, M'Cracken, and M'Crusky, as well as by the Caledonian breadth of their brogue.

On leaving the town we overtook a tall, raw-boned, ferrety-eyed, high-cheeked, sandy-haired individual, who, with his hands thrust up to the wrists in his waistcoat pockets, and his *petit nez retroussé* snuffing the wind, was sauntering, in a very independent way, along the road. Our friend told us he was Alaac M'Craub, rather an *extreme* type of a class of men in the country, having little real education, and puffed up with what they had—fierce theologians, high and sharp in doctrine, and intolerant towards all who differed from their speculations; extremely self-opinionated; occupying a niche between David Deans and Andrew Fairservice; fond of making money; yet most of them upright, and to be trusted, and many of them sincerely pious, and almost all of them possessing and exhibiting that sturdy independence which is the result of successful industry, and the companion of a clear conscience; and which, indissolubly connected as it is with our free Protestant institutions, I hesitate not to say, is the back-bone of the moral power, and agricultural and commercial prosperity of the north of Ireland.

The man in question was a respectable Presbyterian farmer, and a great original in his way. On coming up with him, he accosted my friend—

“Well, sir, what way are ye the day?”

This is the common form of salutation—the “*quid agis*” of Glen Swilly conventionalism; then, looking hard and rather fiercely at me, astride as I was on a strong little hack, he drew near to my friend, and said in a low voice—

“But who is thon boy on the wee pownie?”

This term *thon* is demonstrative; probably composed of an union of the

two words, *that yonder*. On being satisfied as to my respectability, he became familiar, condescendingly walking by the rein of our horses, *faisant chemin*, as the French say.

“But where did I see you going, last Sunday, and on horseback too, Mr. M'Craub?” said my friend; “I thought your people were strict Sabbath keepers, and did not forget the fourth commandment.”

“So we are — so we are, sir,” said Alaac, becoming greatly confused for a moment; but quickly recovering, he drew himself up, and added—

“I was just going a mile or twa to the lower brae—not more than aboot a Sabbath-day's journey, you see—to visit my stock, lest there should be an ox or an ass fallen into a pit. Ye ken, gentlemen, the Scripthur allows us to pull it out.”

On delivering this piece of triumphant self-justification, Alaac grimly smiled, and becoming more talkative than before, entertained us with the account of a young preacher who had been holding forth, the previous Sabbath, in the Meeting-house, and concerning whose being “all reight” (they gutturalise the *r* most vigorously in the word) Alaac had his ponderings.

“Did you like the sermon?” asked our friend.

“As a seermun, I answer no, sir. It was only a wee bit of Goospel doctrine—a sagmint in the great ceercle of Chreestianity. It was na' what we ca' feeding. Man is an inquisiteeve animal, sir; and I should have liked a skemp of doctrine on the five points. Na seermun is a seermun at a' that has not the five points in its head, tail, text, body, soul, and back-bone. I mislike thon preacher. He's just come from Raphoe, on tryal like; and is a varra young man, and has na experience for the elder hearers. I'm doubting if he's oorthodox, and if he has not a touch of the haracy of the Armenians in him, which is all as one to my mind as Papishy itself.”

Alaac delivered this last sentence with singular acrimony for so good a man.

“You are a great theologian,” said my friend, “quite a divine, Mr. M'Craub.”

“Just a wee, sir—not overmuch. I *have* read a leetle on the soobject whiles, and wrangled it over wi' the neighbours in the lang winter nights.

I hold the five great points all reight; and I will always purtest, as long as I have a tongue in my teeth, against Papishy, Armennianism, Methodyism, and all other filthy harracies and hatteradoxies, to my life's end."

We now pushed on, wishing our polemical friend farewell—Alaac shouting after us, that he would call on my friend "for the fourth volume of Dr. John Ouwens' (Owens) work on the Haybrews—a grand writer, and all reight on the five points." Presently we arrived at the gate and park-wall of Ballimacool; a handsome seat, belonging to Mr. Boyd, a resident and beneficent landlord, and one whose family were greatly beloved in the country, for their active and unwearied exertions among the poor. Ballimacool is seated on the right bank of Glen Swilly, and possesses much picturesque landscape and some fine old timber. Emerging from these demesne grounds, we found ourselves in the valley. On the left ran the river, while on the right stood the old church of Conwall; a grey ruin, skirted by a steep watercourse, through which in winter tumbled a headlong stream, roaring amidst the black rocks. We pulled rein to look at the scene, and one of our party observed, that to ride past this old ruin, late at night, when the moon was half clouded, and the mist was on the meadows—between the raving of the gulley and the sounds from across the valley, and the old trees nodding—"I know not how it was," said he, smiling, "but I always felt inclined to give my mare the spur, and to go charging by, like Ichabod Crane, in a hand-gallop.

On the opposite side of the valley rose Rock Hill, with its green lawns and belting trees, the seat of Lady Mary Stewart. The glen as yet presented no peculiar features of attractiveness, though the hamlets perched on the hill-sides, and the grey boreens, or bridle paths, winding through the green moorland and down to the road, had a picturesque appearance.

Keeping the right hand of the river, we soon came to the beautiful little glebe-house of Glendoen. The river runs murmuring under a belt of trees, at the bottom of the lawn, opposite the drawing-room windows, skirted by green holmes which are often flooded, and protected by mounds where the alder, the poplar, and the golden sallow

stand interlacing their boughs and tangled roots; here are deep holes under the banks, where the otter lies concealed; beyond the stream is Ardahee, an old castle, beneath whose walls a battle was fought in the rebellion of Sir Cahir O'Dogherty. These O'Doghertys were secondary princes in Donegal, ruling in the wild district of Innishowen, a name now identified with a *recherché* species of poteen whiskey, much sought after by *dilettanti* in punch-making. Whether the renowned Sir Morgan O'Doherty, the friend and ally of Christopher North, was a descendant of Sir Cahir's I cannot presume to determine. Opposite the hall-door of this glebe-house lay a tiny glen, with trees and cascade *commensurate*, as Mr. George Robins would express it; and beyond this swelled high mountains to the west and north. Here, on this lawn, during the tithe troubles, a singular scene took place. Some of the refractory portion of the parishioners met one fine morning, in number about 600, for the purpose of frightening the rector, by a physical force display, into making a further reduction of rent and tithe; "all denominations" piously united in this attempt "to scar (i. e. scare) the rector," and a practised eye, even though ignorant of their persons, could have detected to which class or sect they appertained. There was the sly and decent Churchman—and these, indeed, were *very* few in number—half ashamed to be seen in such company, and on such a mission; there was the keen Presbyterian, with his yellow hair, and freckled face, and wiry whiskers, and six-o'clock-in-the-morning eyes, and sturdy look, which ever seemed to say, "Sir, I will—not—have—it—so;" and there was the self-elated, enthusiastic Covenanter, the enemy of our Church on principle, deeply read in doctrinal divinity, and at home among the Puritans, and such Scotch divines as the Erskines and Rutherford; and there were a crowd of Romanists, with wild eyes and gestures, some of them unmistakable Celts, with broad foreheads, and flat noses, and wide, animal mouths, displaying white teeth, polished by the constant friction of potato diet, and with the three Hibernian organs of fun, fancy, and fighting—"tria juncta in uno capite"—all largely developed, and striving for

prominency on the *sinciputs*, or occiputs, of their owners—these were regular “Glen Swilly boys,” of whom more anon; while a few Spanish figures, with light, straight limbs, black, lank locks, and swarthy features, had been summoned from beyond the head of the glen, in the wild moorlands near Glenties, and had descended, like Evan Dhu of old, from “their straths and lakes.” Among this motley group, with a perfect knowledge of their intentions, did the rector now advance from his hall-door to the conference; he was a most excellent man, a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian. Born of a noble family, and himself the grandson of a bishop, he had resigned his fellowship in Trinity College, and the official bustle of an academic life, for the quietude of this large rural parish, where he had been labouring for years among the huts, and houses, and hamlets of his people, while on Sunday he preached to them with peculiar sweetness and earnestness. He was a man who united elegance of taste, deep learning, much compass of thought, and firmness of character with the most guileless simplicity and unaffectedness of manner. Gentle and refined, “his voice was not heard in the streets,” yet, when a malignant typhus fever wasted the town, he lived and moved amidst the sick for whole days, sitting by their bedsides, comforting and sustaining the sufferers, and never experiencing a fear, or imagining a risk, when duty called him, and Christian benevolence led the way.

Such was the man—and I remember him well—who, having ordered all his doors to be thrown wide open, advanced, with a most placid mien and undisturbed manner, to meet this rugged assembly, who had invaded the peaceful sanctity of his sweet lawn and happy homestead; and it was a touching and almost a sublime sight to see that old man, with his venerable head all bare (and a beautiful head it was, which a sculptor might have modelled from, for its combination of intellectual power and meekness), in perfect calmness go forth, trusting on his unseen helps, and fearing nothing. The promises in the Word of God, he afterwards told a brother clergyman, “were as armour of steel around him.” Gently remonstrating with them, he succeeded in quieting their turbulence

and hushing their noise. He told them how utterly defenceless was his house. They said they would not harm a hair of his head; but they *must* have a further reduction of rent and tithe. He reminded them how largely he *had* already done so, and firmly avouched his resolve to make no further concession; how “could he do so, and be faithful to the College, whose living he held?” The answer made to this was by a rugged, wild Glen Swilly man—rough, ready, and singularly apt and to the point—“Oh, it is not the College we are thinking of, but ourselves; *the College is full of meat and money.*”

After some further parley they dispersed, *without having effected their purpose*, nor did the venerable rector sustain any more damage or annoyance from them, save the loss of a few young ash trees which they borrowed from his plantations to make flail-handles; some of them deeming the abstraction, no doubt, as a kind of receipt for their tithe, and others, probably, reconciling the theft to their conscience scripturally, on the principle of “spoiling the Egyptians.” A little below the glebe grounds the road crosses the river, running westward. Here the glen deepens, the opposite sides advance nearer each other, and the Swilly is blacker and more profound; its northern bank is clothed with wood, and crag, and terraced rocks, along which the holly grows so thickly and luxuriantly, that when the sun strikes on these rocks after a shower, they appear like long and glittering green walls from a distance. This northern bank is a lovely bit of natural landscape, swelling from the river, and backed by dark blue mountains. Many wealthy Presbyterian farmers dwell here—men of industry and intelligence; most of them extremely fond of getting and keeping money, yet rearing their families, in these green solitudes, with strict propriety, and in somewhat of an aristocratic privacy and exclusiveness. Half way between Glendoen and Rachedoge is a picturesque waterfall, with wood and rock, called Asmashen. A mile further, the Swilly runs under a bridge all wrapped up in close garments of the richest dark green ivy, mantling the battlements, and hanging around the arches in graceful festoons twined by the hand of Nature. The whole landscape, at this point, has been frequently compared to Italian scenery. The word Rachedoge signi-

fies a "burning fort;" there is now nothing there to warrant the application of such a romantic epithet. I saw no green rath or ruined fortification, though the hills on every side present suitable sites for such, where a few guns could command the whole range of the valley, east and west; nor did I encounter anything "burning," save a huge turf fire, lighted upon a large flat whinstone (or basaltic) rock in a meadow, which, when they had thoroughly heated, they poured buckets of water quickly over, by this method of simple engineering, splitting and shattering the rock into shingles. The country, up to Rachedoge, grows much barley, for what purpose I will not dogmatically pronounce, but simply state that I believe there is a larger number of revenue police in Donegal than in any other county in Ireland, to meet, and, if possible, crush a larger measure of illicit distillation. Beyond the green and woodland beauties of Rachedoge, the glen waxes wild, barren, and stony—a regular Irish Arabia Petrea; there are fields of rocks, tall and perpendicular, like Stonehenge, only much more numerous and irregular. A fine old man, called M—— joined us here. He was renowned for his "travelling," i. e., walking, powers; and if he had the legs of a traveller, I should say he had the tongue and the tales of one also—recounting to us numerous legends connected with these upright stones, but all of them too extravagant, and none of them sufficiently spicy for your pages, Mr. Poplar. Presently we passed through a village rejoicing in the crabbed name of Crossaggs, the etymology of which term I do not think even the hyper-ingenious author of the "Clavis Homerica" would succeed in resolving. My friend suggested the idea of Cockneyising the word into Crosshaggs, and certainly some of the old dames did not look kindly at us from their hovel doors as we rode by, nor make any attempt to call off the crowd of cur dogs that assaulted our horses' heels. Shortly after, when treading a lone part of the road, we heard wild cries from the hill-tops on the right hand, and these were taken up along the whole range, and repeated in various modification of sound—whistling, screaming, shouting, and shrill calls from female voices—in fact, a kind of vocal telegraph, running along the mountain for a considerable space;

with figures appearing and disappearing. This my friend assured me was a warning to the workers of some private still, in the event of our turning out to be excisemen, and was of frequent occurrence; probably they soon discovered their mistake, for a mile further on we met a "Glen Swilly boy" coming down through a gap into the road, with a keg of illicit spirits strapped to his back. "Better to be there than in his stomach," old M—— observed; and he passed us without fear, grinning most intelligently at M——, and nodding in a half-ashamed way to my friend, whom he knew by appearance. And now the glen terminates, for this is Tullyhoner Pass, and "the Gorge of the Shouting Giant," and the road melts into grass and common; and here, at the very extremity of all that is civilised, "*extra mœnia flammantia mundi*," which we will translate for your unclassical readers, if any such there be, Mr. Poplar, as "even beyond Crossaggs itself," is a comfortable farmhouse, where live a large, pious, and respectable family of Church Protestants, named Russell—an aristocratic name, though probably no relation of Lord John. Here we dismounted, and were hospitably entertained by these kind, simple-hearted, yet shrewd brothers, and we lunched luxuriously around a giant bowl of smoking potatoes, white, mealy, and bursting from their brown jackets as if anxious to be eaten, while the aforesaid wooden bowl was flanked and surrounded by porringers full of the purest, whitest milk, the produce of cows who had never seen oil cake, or eaten mangel wurzel in their lives, but fed on the close, thick, sweet, soft herbage of the mountain sod and thymy slope.

During this long ride, my friend had given me much information concerning the characters and habits of the farmers and peasantry of the neighbourhood. Even that class of them which go under the name of "Glen Swilly Boys," interested and amused me. Some of these latter are notorious as being legislators in their own way, though probably they had never heard of, much less seen, St. Stephen's Chapel in all their days. They meet in their wild homesteads, and pass a law, which is called "a Glen Swilly decree;" and this (when carried out) eventuates in a night foray against a neighbour's property, carrying off a horse or a cow;

and in one case, to my own knowledge, a beehive with all the bees, and in summer, too; in another, a feather-bed and bedstead, which had been promised as part dowry to a Glen Swilly bride, but withheld through the niggardliness of her father. Thus they do things in most disorderly order, and are in themselves the legislature and executive combined. In one or two cases life has been sacrificed, but this is of rare occurrence.

Some of them deal in horse-flesh, and are wild chasseurs enough; and at night, when they are returning up the glen from some cattle fair, you may hear the "*Quadrupetante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*" resonation of their gallop, and the shriek and halloo of their voices sounding along the road, and dying away in the distance.

On one occasion these galloping cavaliers were guilty of an ungallant feat, and in broad daylight, too; but probably they were at the time under the influence of their own mountain-dew. They chased a young lady who was returning on horseback from a visit to a school-house; she was only accompanied by a groom. Against this unoffending equestrian they let fly their wild mountain hacks; but the lady being an admirable horsewoman, and riding her fleet, nearly thoroughbred mare, boldly and judiciously, very soon distanced them completely; and her servant had the satisfaction of jostling one or two of them—steed and man—by the impetus and weight of the large carriage-horse he was riding, into a deep and very muddy ditch. On another occasion, one of these reckless fellows—"full of liquor," as the country phrase has it—a tall, raw-boned, semi-nude, squinting giant, was staggering down the glen, and singing with more vigour than harmony, when he descried Wee Robin of Tullybrae, "a modest boy,"* coming along quietly. In either hand the bacchanalian held a large stone, perhaps on the tight-rope principle of preserving his equilibrium; and regarding Wee Robin manifestly as an offering sent by Providence, against which, as from a catapult, he might discharge the same, he accosted the little man, and told him he meant to "knock him down

with the one stone, and knock him up with the other;" but Wee Robin was "stillcaulm and canny," and answered,

"Well, Jamie, wait a while—my oh! but you look drouthy, man! I'll wager you a glass of beer that I run and reach the Miltown public-house before you, and then you must pay for it a'."

The giant, with a savage whoop, dropped both stones, and shot past Wee Robin, who was pretending to run; but the moment after, he vaulted over a low wall, and made up the hill, to his own quiet and orderly home.

These cases are extreme ones—they are exceptions to the canon rule of conventional order and propriety which exists among the Protestant portion of these glensmen, the great mass of whom are not of this untamed nature, but quite the reverse. There is among the men much industry, decency, honesty, and shrewdness, though certainly great love of gain; among the women, considerable kindness, and guilelessness, and the domestic feelings strongly developed in active love and duty. The young women do not labour in the open air amongst the men, as you see them in parts of the south, and in the hop-gardens of Kent, but they have their own modest industry within doors; and the whirl, and hum, and musical drone of the spinning-wheel sings its long day's chant to industry, which is nearly as sweet as our friend Waller's beautiful "Song of Labour," in your February number, Mr. Poplar, and much to the same purpose; and on a wet or stormy day, the young girls in one of these hill-side hamlets (or "towns," as they are designated) gather all their wheels together to some one large kitchen or barn, and spin, and chat, and sing—oftentimes hymns, or the psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, till the going down of the sun. These at least were their habits at the time I visited Glen Swilly.

We returned down the glen to our friend's house, where we were to dine and sleep, and start next morning with a party of young people on a pilgrimage to the far highlands, and to Horn-head. At dinner we conversed much on what we had seen in our ride—the landscape, the peasantry, and their peculiarities. My friend told us of the

* Modest signifies well-behaved. "The boy" in question was at least forty years old.

love the people had for litigation, and how the quarterly advent of the assistant-barrister was looked for with longing expectation as well by the processer as by the processed party, each expecting a good tough argumentation at what they call the "la'" (law). His own steward, Jeaky M'Quirk, having lately buried his wife, was, in the idiom of the country, "a wuddow," or a "wuddow man" (my readers may smile at this strange outrage on gender and grammar, but so it is.) Jeaky had got into a paltry dispute concerning some of the dear deceased's assets with her brother, whom he "processed to the la'," spending twice the value of the disputed articles, and that twice over, in loss of time, and loss of temper, and loss of work, and in hard cash, and getting soundly beaten at last by the judgment of the court; which, however, Jeaky communicated to his master with a grin of real satisfaction—

"Thon man has *bet* me in the la'-shoot, sir. I ped ten shillings to get wee Sam Sproule out o' Ramelton—the 'torney; and my oh! but wee Sam gave it them in the talk for better nor sax hours. Ech, but he bates a' at the la'; and so, sir, though I lost the shoot, *it's a comfort to think it was so weel wrangled.*"

One of the company quoted a case from Butler somewhat in point, which made us all laugh—

"Now, you must know Sir Hudibras
With such a nature gifted was,
He ne'er believed a lie, unless
'Twas proved by competent false witnesses."

We spoke of Alaac M'Craub; and a young gentleman, fresh from College, and preparing for the ministry, who was on a visit to my friend, very pleasantly described his having seen him marching to the Meeting-house on the preceding Sunday. He said "his hat was like the 'Prometheus Bound' of Æschylus, not having enjoyed a *nap* for many years; and that his best blue coat, only donned on Sabbaths, like the blessed sun, never seemed to wear out; a long steel chain dangled from his fob, supporting a pinchbeck seal, the size of a pear. Stiffly and sturdily he strode along, ten yards in advance of his womankind, his wife, Creüsa-like, and his pretty, modest daughter following behind; his nose, a genuine aduncus, fiercely cocked at the horizon; his

feet turned out in a perpetual perpetration of the fifth position; his cold, keen eye keeking and glinting on all sides, as if searching for a mistake with somebody; the very calves of his wiry legs looking sharp and martial; and the whole figure and gait of the man evidencing the most preposterous self-satisfaction; so that," continued the young man, "you might have applied to him Ben Jonson's inflated description of Sejanus, who—

" 'At each step feels his advanced head
Knock out a star in heaven.' "

But this was nothing to what he was three hours afterwards, when returning from worship, when all the divinity of polemics was stirred within him, and theology came mended from his tongue. Then in a high, dry, conceited tone he would argue, and re-argue, and rebut, and answer again; and prove, and reprove, and disprove, and shake it up, and shake it down, and twist it this way, and twist it that way, and wrangle it weel (like little Sam Sproule), till there was not a bone or sinew in the whole body of the unhappy sermon which he had not dislocated or fractured, to the satisfaction of himself and his hearers, who, no doubt, considered him in the matter of theology as another Berengarius, of whom it was said that he was "*de omne Scibili peritus*," if they had ever heard of such a person, which I am pretty certain they never had.

One of the young ladies at tea related an anecdote of a neighbour of theirs, a well-to-do farmer, illustrating this self-sustaining complacency, though in a different shape. One morning the family were astonished at an unwonted odour, of a peculiarly ungratifying nature, pervading the place and grounds, and floating in at the open window. On going to the door the cause was at once traceable to human agency; for there were Zecharias, commonly called Zeacky M'Grain, and his farm-servant, covering the lawn with soaked flax, in order to dry it on the grass. On remonstrating with him on this unwarrantable liberty, Zeacky waxed wroth, and defended himself stiffly, muttering between his teeth something about our "egnorance," snuffing the air with his nose, and professing himself greatly hurt at our not appreciating the compliment he was paying us. "Sure every man

that has the least oonderstanding at a' ought to know that flax water was the finest of top-dressings to a bit of a spongy lawn like yours, full of fog;* and as ye have always been ceevil, quiet like, modest neighbours," Zeacky had decided, as he said, "*to give us the praffference.*" After tea our host proposed that we should all stroll to the summit of a very high hill, which rose westward from his house, the *premier pas* to a loftier mountain behind, from whence there was a splendid view of the sun setting behind the great mountain of Arigle, or "The White Arrow," which is the giant of the Donegal highlands. To this there was a glad assent given; and, accompanied by all the family, we commenced our walk. Just outside the avenue-gate we met a decent-looking man and his wife going home in a country car. I have seldom seen two countenances more expressive of sweetness and sense than these people had. My friend stopped them, and shook hands with them, asking how all the folk were at G——, and receiving a warm greeting in return, with "How is it wi' you the day," and "Ech, but you look reightly, and that's a truth;" and "Well, but I'm proud to see you ony way;" and such other little accustomed courtesies as were duly understood and appreciated. On parting, he said, "Well, Charlie, shall I see you on Sunday at church?" "Depend on it, sir, the whole town will be in it on Sabbath; we will all be out."

My friend told me of this townland, how it was tenanted by people all of the same name, descendants of three English brothers, and that the name was a Christian name, Thomas; and the confusion and want of individuality was frightful among the community; and recourse was had to personal marks to distinguish its members, such as White, and Black, and Brown, and Yellow Thomas; and Pock-pitted, and Purty (pretty) Thomas; and Long-shanked, and Short-nebbed Thomas; and Thomas wi' the freckles, and Thomas wi' the skelly (squint), and Thomas wi' the twa thumbs, which last was our friend in the car. He amused us much by narrating a characteristic anecdote of one Walter M' Avee (pronounced Muckavee), a steady, sim-

ple young fellow, very hardy, and immensely tall. Whatever degree of *mental* gifts nature had bestowed on Wattie, his *dental* obligations to her were but small, for he had not a tooth in his head, and never had, though to make amends for the deficiency, he had "wicked gooms," as the neighbours said; and furthermore, was what the late pope pronounced of Dr. MacHale, "*uno grande parlatore*," though his "*delevery*," as the people called his accentuation, was none of the clearest. One evening Wattie called in for a Testament "*with large prent*" for his sister, whose eyes were failing. Our friend had just dined, and the remainder of a capacious Damascene tart lay on the table. This immediately attracted Wattie's gaze, and my friend seeing him look highly frugivorous, invited him to fall to and finish the fragments, himself retiring to a window, to be no check on his guest's appetite. In a very few minutes Wattie had disposed of paste, and fruit, and juice; but now came the difficulty, which was in the application of the stones, of which a whole cairn was lying on the plate. Were they to be lost? Surely not. The question was decided in a moment, and Wattie proceeded to shovel them down his throat at the point of the knife, and on my friend's remonstrating, the answer was, "Oh, your reverence, 'tis nothing to a plain, coarse man like me;" and down went the last mouthful of stones. Aristotle died of a colic, and Wattie seemed in the way to follow his example, when a week afterwards he walked up to my friend on the road, who was greatly relieved to find him alive and well after such deleterious diet. Wattie smiled at his fears, assured him he was "not a het the worse," and added, with a gentle sigh to by-gone bliss, that "she was the sweetest tert he ever ate in his life; my oh, but she was a reight one."

We had a breathing walk up the mountain, by a rough, steep road, which commanded spacious and, as we mounted, changing views of the glen scenery. When we reached our destination, we found we were too soon, for the sun was still far above its setting point. Our friends then proposed

* Fog is the moss which grows over a wet soil.

that we should go on a little, and visit the hut of a very singular old woman, of a style of mind and feeling superior to the other peasantry, and who preserved her enthusiasm intact, under the pressure of illness and great poverty. He added, "We call her 'The Lady of the Fort,' because her cabin is in the shadow of an ancient structure of this nature." Her house was small, and so full of smoke, that were the practice of *kapnomancy*, or divining by smoke, to be revived, a more suitable spot than this mountain-cabin could scarce be found. On arriving at the place, there issued from the door a cur dog, yelping, and tail depressed, with several flying turf-sods rebounding from his sides. This shower of fuel was intended to usher in the sunshine of a welcome to us; and the voice of a child from the room invited us to "walk up and take a glaze (meaning of this word unknown) at the fire." Such an invitation came rather *malapropos*, inasmuch as it was the end of July; and we were thoroughly heated by the walk. We saw two large bright eyes glittering through the murky gloom; they were those of the speaker, a sick girl, who was sitting on a stool by the fire, and who had ejected the dog in that summary way for fear of his alarming the ladies. Her mother, she said, was "out on the brae-head;" we gave her a trifle, and left her. My friend described the mother as a half-educated woman, who had a touch of insanity about her. She had lived as servant in respectable families, and was, at all events, a sincerely religious woman. When we had reached a green knoll which lay at the glenward side of the fort, and looking boldly from a great height, commanded a finer and further range of the valley than anything I had yet seen, we found the object of our search, sitting on the mound, and diligently knitting. She was a tall, thin, erect, and peculiar-looking woman, with an appearance of pain on her corrugated brow, and a wild light in her small, dark eyes; yet the cut of the lips was expressive of refinement, and the habitual compression of the mouth denoted energy and decision. As she talked, I recognised in her language much of the quaint and, at times, picturesque phraseology of the Methodist body; and I believe she had been amongst them in her youth, and got no harm from them. Now she at-

tended Church service, and was as attentive an auditor of sermons as Alaac M'Craub himself, though not so keen a critic.

She greeted our ladies warmly, and not ungracefully, rising from her seat; they told her they had come to see her, and ask after her sick child and her own pains and rheumatism, and hear her conversation, and admire her fine view. She answered in a singularly clear and sweet tone of voice, and less of the Scotticé than I had yet heard, and rather, I thought, in a queenly way, like one accustomed to be listened to. "Ah, madam, you are always good and kind, the child is better, and the view is a grand one; and I am as God would have me. I went to the town yesterday to sell a tub of butter, and as I passed along the road, I thought the birds from the hedges, and the cattle in the fields were all talking to me, and crying, 'Maggie Colhoun, death is coming on you,' and I smiled at this, and my heart was pleased, yet sore too; for though I should like to leave a cauld world for a bright one, yet sorry would I be to quet himself and the childre, and they so young, and Nanny so dowsy and puny, poor wee thing! Yet, nae doubt, madam, 'tis all want of faith. Sure and certain am I, that all my childre, and Robin himself, will be delivered from the house of bondage and from the land of Egypt—ay, ay—there will not be a hoof of them left behun. I worshipped myself for many a year of sorrow and of sin on the dark side of the mountain. Like the woman who would not give our Lord a cup of cowld water and she at the well, I worshipped I know not what: but at last I got *such* a view; and it came to me, madam, in the visions of the night, and now I am all changed, and I do not know what to do for joy, and happiness, and pleasure. It was just sixteen years ago, and I dreamt I was lying in my bed, and a great gust of wind took the side of the house, and rifted the thatch, and burst the door open; and up I got, and went round the walls, holding by the stones, for the storm was out and raging in the valley. And what did I see in the grey dawn, but a large sea eagle from the cliffs beside Ummara, sailing down the hollow, backwards and forwards, as the manner of them creatures is, and barking for its prey; and then

the river swelled, and the waters in the hills began to gather, and roar down the gullies. And Asmashen, which you see so calm over yonder, was all like soap-suds, with the strength and madness of its stream. And, in a short time, the valley was a wide, deep sea, and the water swelling and swelling up the hill-side, and rippling against the rocks, and foaming over the bushes. Up it came, closer and closer; and the middle of it boiling and whirling, as if a thousand fountains were springing under it from the heart of Glen Swilly. In a few moments it wet my feet. It was verra cauld, and I thought the day of judgment was come. By-and-bye it came up to my knees, and my waist, caulder and caulder; and all my sins came round me then, and they were caulder on my heart than the water. I grasped the bough of a tree in my agony, for the great waters were rising to my shoulders, and I shouted for my husband and my childre, but my voice had no sound in it; and I wept sore, and cried to God, for his dear Son's sake, to come and pu' me out of these waves. Just then came a sweet voice, 'Look up,' it said, 'for your salvation draweth nigh.' I heard the rushing of a boat coming across the valley, and the noise and plash of oars, and it came nearer and nearer; and six rowers were in it, dark men with beards to their breasts, like the pictures I have seen of the fishermen of Galilee; and a figure of glory sat in the stern, and I saw it was my dear Lord, for I knew his scarred brow where he had worn the thorns for my sake; and I cried to him for life or death, whichever he would gie' me I was content and pleased to take, but he smiled at me, and when I touched his hand I woke up; and indeed, indeed, my heart has never been asleep since,

after a' the suffering and love Himself taught me in that sweet dream."

The sun is now sinking like a huge round shield of burning copper, behind Arigle. "The White Arrow" is now black as ink, its pointed summit standing sharply out against the evening sky, like a cone of jet painted on crimson. Muckish also rears its long immense back, while a crowd of mountain tops about and around them, glitter with a golden smile in the far distance, as if wishing the dying sun good night; then fade one after another into gloom, and darkness shrouds them—and it is night among the hills and valleys which girdle and grace Glen Swilly.

A sweet summer night, soft, balmy, tranquil, and warm; slowly we descend the hill, silent, and our spirits much softened and attentive. On the left the mountain rises, capped with impenetrable gloom; on the right we look down into the valley. Lights are twinkling there, and from the hill-side hamlets. Voices, too, float up; the far off bark of a dog, the clap of a gate, or the lowing of cattle in the darkened fields, or the rush of Swilly amidst her stones, like man's unquiet spirit, still murmuring onwards with fretful activity through the darkness and light of his chequered existence. Now we hear the runnel in the little glen which faces our friend's house; now we gain the black belt of plantation which stretches round his lawn; and now we are among candles and books, and music, and drawings, and friendly faces, and sweet voices, discussing our pleasant day's ramble; and planning great things to be achieved in our ride to Horn Head to-morrow; and so, dear Mr. Poplar, I wish you a happy good night, and a hopeful *au revoir* till next month's meeting.

B.

STIRLING'S CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES V.*

THE importance of the period of History which may be described as commencing with the reign of Charles V., can scarcely be too highly estimated. How far the changes in European politics, which date from that time, were affected by the personal character of the princes who then filled the thrones of the great monarchies, is a question which we have no thought of now discussing, nor is it one in any way suggested by the volume which it becomes our present duty to examine.

The volume is one as purely of biography as it is possible that any book should be which deals with a man whose public and private life can scarcely be separated—of a man whose private life could never have been a subject of interest or curiosity from any reason unconnected with his historic character. Mr. Stirling's work is confined to the period of Charles's life when he sought to lay aside the cares of empire, and to act upon the feeling, which there are few elderly men in any station who do not feel, but on which men seldom act, or, indeed, can act—the feeling so admirably expressed by Scott, in Kemble's farewell address:—

"Higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and grave;
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall.
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last—the closing scene—must be my own."

The retirement of Charles has been the subject of speculation to almost all the writers who have had occasion to mention it, and has been ascribed by almost all to his jealousy of his son Philip—a cause no doubt adequate, had the imputed jealousy any foundation in fact. This, with other theories, is for ever set at rest by Mr. Stirling's book.

The intention of retiring from the direction of public affairs, to such seclusion as the neighbourhood of a monastery promised, was a thought which often passed before the mind of Charles. Charles survived his empress, Isabella of Portugal, full twenty

years; and, while she yet lived, the prospect of such retirement was his consolation in the fatigues of business. He had agreed with her that as soon as the ages of their children would permit, he should retire into a convent of friars—she into a nunnery. "In 1542, he confided his design to the Duke of Gandia; and in 1546 it had been whispered at court, and was mentioned by Bernardo Navagiero, the sharp-eared envoy of Venice, in a report to the Doge." His purpose was adverted to by him, in a remarkable document. In a letter to his son he mentions that Mary Tudor, the heir to the throne of England, had intimated to him her willingness to become his second empress. The union of Mary with the Emperor was an old and favourite project of Henry VIII. In 1521, Wolsey wrote to Charles, urging the matter with great earnestness; and, in 1524, Henry himself wrote to Charles, making the proposal. Mary was then a child, and her succeeding to the crown was one of those contingencies on which none could think of speculating. It was a more serious affair when the mature virgin fixed her imagination on the widowed princes of Spain, and intimated that father or son would do.

"Devotion wafts the soul above,
And heaven itself descends in love."

Mary's love was itself devotion, and the great charm which either Philip or Charles possessed was Catholicity.

Charles was not more than fifty; but gout had done its work—and he had projects, he said, to his son, inconsistent with matrimony. The crown of England, however, was not to be despised. A great people was to be reclaimed from heresy. Philip himself was luckily a widower, and might hope to be as likely to please Mary as his father. True, he was already engaged to another, but some pretence might be created for getting rid of such difficulties. In short, Charles would not marry; and the interests of

* "The Cloister Life of Charles V." By William Stirling. London: Parker. 1852.

Spain, the family, and the Church required that Philip should. Could Mary be allowed to choose between them, she ought to have taken the father. Could her subjects of England have any voice in the matter, both would have been rejected. "On the same day when Charles suggested to his son the propriety of breaking faith with his favourite sister's only child, he signed the first order for money to be spent in building his retreat; and, as soon as the treachery had been completed, and the prize secured, he began seriously to prepare for a life of piety and repose."

On the marriage of his son, he ceded to him, in 1554, the title of King of Naples. In the next year he abdicated in his favour the domains of the House of Burgundy; and, in 1556, he signed and sealed a similar act for Spain. In the same year, he placed in the hands of the Prince of Orange his renunciation of the Imperial Crown, to be laid before the Electoral Diet. Ferdinand, his brother, had already been elected King of the Romans; and the acceptance of Charles's renunciation by the Diet was, it was understood, the only formality requisite to his being acknowledged Emperor.

Charles's health delayed, for a little while, his voyage to Spain; but early in September, 1556, he and his suite were in movement, and right royally was he attended. He was escorted to the coast by Philip II., by the King and Queen of Bohemia, and by his sisters, the Dowager Queens of France and of Hungary, "who were to be the companions of his voyage, being like himself about to seek retirement in Spain."

Eleanor, the eldest, was Charles's favourite sister. She was now fifty-eight. The lot of women in high life is strangely cast, and hers was scarcely a happy one. In early life she was married to Emanuel, King of Portugal, a man old enough to be her father. He died soon; and she passed into the hands of the Constable de Bourbon; and ultimately became the wife of Francis I., being thrown into the bargain by Charles, when settling accounts with his captive after the battle of Pavia. Francis's death, in 1547, restored her to the court of her brother. She was now broken-hearted, and sought repose.

The other sister was five years younger. She had been Queen of Hungary, and her husband died full thirty years before, fighting against the Turks. She vowed widowhood, and kept her vow. She had an iron frame—loved hunting and hawking. Charles knew her power and courage, and to her he committed the government of the Low Countries. For twenty years she had held in an unruly people with a resolute hand; repressing heresy in all its Proteus forms; and, what was even more difficult, actually extracting money from reluctant burghers. At Charles's abdication, her regency was at an end.

The entire fleet numbered fifty-six sail. The vessel in which Charles sailed was a Biscayan, of five hundred and sixty-five tons. His personal suite consisted of one hundred and fifty persons. The queens were accommodated on board a Flemish vessel. Contrary winds delayed them; and, though they embarked on the 13th of September, they did not arrive at the Spanish coast till the afternoon of the 28th. They cast anchor in the road of Laredo. The Emperor went ashore that evening, and was joined by the two queens next day.

At his landing he was received by the Bishop of Salamanca, and Durango, an alcalde of the court, who were awaiting his arrival. Charles shrank from all public ceremonial. He had declined an invitation from the Queen of England to land in her dominions. "It cannot, surely," said he, "be agreeable to a Queen to receive a visit from a father-in-law, who is now nothing more than a private gentleman." But yet this is not sufficient to account for the little preparation that seems to have been made in Spain for the arrival of the fleet. The matter was, however, soon remedied, and he was joined within a few days by his chamberlain, Colonel Louis Quixada, who had preceded him to Spain, but who, at his arrival, was in the neighbourhood of Valladolid:—

"The presence of the stout old soldier was much wanted. Half of the Emperor's people were ill; Monsieur Lachaulx and Monsieur d'Aubremont had tertian and quartan fevers; seven or eight of the meaner attendants were dead; yet there were no doctors to give any assistance. There was even a difficulty in finding a priest to say mass, the staff of physicians and chaplains which had

been ordered down from Valladolid not having yet been heard of. But for the well-stored larder of the bishop, there would have been short commons at the royal table. When the secretary, Martin Gaztelu, wrote to complain of these things, there was no courier at hand to carry the letter. The weather was wet and tempestuous, and of a fleet of ships, laden with wool, which the royal squadron had met at sea, some had returned dismasted to port, and others had gone to the bottom. The Flemings were loud in their discontent, and very ill-disposed to penetrate any further into a country so hungry and inhospitable. The alcalde who was charged with the preparations for the journey, was at his wit's end, though hardly beyond the beginning of his work. The Emperor himself was ill, and out of humour with the badness of the arrangements; but he was cheered by the sight of his trusty Quixada, and welcomed him with much kindness.

"From the moment that the old campaigner took the command, matters began to wear a more hopeful aspect. The day after his arrival was spent in vigorous preparation; and in the morning of the 6th of October a messenger came from Valladolid with a seasonable supply of provisions. That morning, while Gaztelu penned a somewhat desponding account of the backwardness of things in general, Quixada wrote a cheerful announcement that they were to begin their march that day at noon, after his majesty had dined—a promise which he managed to fulfil."—pp. 8, 9.

Each day's journey is minutely told. Charles moved in a horse-litter, by easy stages. When the road was very steep or rugged, this mode of conveyance was exchanged for a chair carried by men. The scene was one which Cervantes might have described, and is not unlike those we meet in *Don Quixote*. By the side of Charles rode the stout old chamberlain, whose name is familiar to all who remember the knight of the rueful countenance. He was the marshal and quartermaster; on him all depended. The rest followed on horseback, and moving before all was the Alcalde Durango, and with him five alguazils, with their wands of office. Quixada thought of his own dignity and of the Emperor's, and was heartily ashamed of the shabby alguazils and of the whole escort; he said the party looked like a convoy of prisoners. The Emperor was more easily pleased; the tip-staves, he said, were good enough for him—he would have no more guards of the household.

The fewer Quixada had to think of,

in the way of food, far the better, for the commissariat in these regions was a matter of no light concern, and all rested on the chamberlain. He providently insisted on the queens remaining a day's march behind the rest, as otherwise he could not undertake to lodge and feed all. The queens, also, were not as much disposed to be pleased as the Emperor. On the second day's journey the Emperor's party met Don Enrique de Guzman coming from court, with "a large stock of provisions, and ample supply of preserves." The Emperor tried the preserves, found that they were good for food and pleasant to the eye—in short, excellent fasting fare—and he ordered them to be kept apart for himself. Guzman was accompanied by Don Pedro Pimentel, gentleman of the chamber to the young prince, Don Carlos—the Don Carlos of Schiller, and Alfieri, and Lord John Russell—the hero of many an amatory and many a spiritual romance—blockhead enough for anything, and yet if he had anything to say to the arrangement, it was by no means ill-conceived in him to have sent his ambassador to the Emperor, together with the bearer of the eatables. He asked his grandfather at what stage of his journey he might attend on him. This point was left undecided; but Guzman and Pimentel did not depart on their return without earnest entreaties from the Emperor that regular supplies of melons should be sent for his table, to meet him at different points of his route. He also ordered portable glass windows to be provided for the journey beyond Valladolid, as the nights were becoming already chill. Quixada also desired to know the dimensions of the apartments provided for the queens, that he might send forward tapestry for them. The dowagers had brought loads of tapestry from Flanders, much of which still adorn the royal palaces in Spain.

Everywhere Charles was visited by all that was distinguished and noble in the district. Never had prince, in the plenitude of power, more persons desirous to pay their court than now crowded around the Emperor. Corporations came with addresses; bishops, from him of Toledo to the humblest mitred head; and those who would be bishops were not absent. The queens being a day's march behind was now of

some moment, for Charles, when he got tired of his guests, suggested the fitness of their paying their respects to the queens, and a convenient space was soon interposed between him and his visitors.

There seems not the slightest ground for the general statement of historians, that Charles, on his return to Spain, was treated with neglect, except the accidental circumstance of some mistake as to the time and place of his landing. At Burgos the whole time of his stay appears to have been one festival.

When he left Burgos for Valladolid it was a happy day for Quixada—a singularly happy day—for the alcalde and his alguazils were gone, and Don Francisco de Beaumont protected the cavalcade with an escort of cavalry. At the next stage where they rested, the evening was distinguished by the arrival of a supply of flounders. Of flounders we are not supposed to say anything uncomplimentary, but a man threatened with gout might better have sent them on with his ecclesiastical visitors to the queens. The flounders were irresistible, and Charles over-ate himself fasting, and on the next day's journey suffered pretty severely for his debauch, he having left but a Flemish account of the flounders.

At Torquemada, a town seated among vines and orchards, he was met by the Bishop of Valencia. The bishop was a man of good sense and good conduct, had repressed a formidable revolt, and for this service he had been presented by Charles with his mitre. He knew the way to Charles's heart, and he waited on him with "a magnificent supply of meat, game, and fruit, sufficient to feast the whole train."

It was suggested to Charles to enter Valladolid, then the capital of Spain, and the seat of the Court, by a private road, and not through the gate of San Pedro. "No!" said he, "it would be a shame not to let my people see me." He declined, however, a formal reception, made his entry through the usual gate, without any ostentatious pomp; and was received by Don Carlos, his grandson, and by his daughter, the princess-regent, the widow of Juan, Prince of Brazil, heir-apparent of Portugal, and the mother of that Sebastian whose strange fate was the subject of so much sympathy, and whose return long after his death con-

tinued to be expected, even like that of the British Arthur.

"Arturumque etiam sub terris arma moventem."

In Spain the government of the country has often been wisely administered by women, and Juanna, who, on her husband's death, had thought of retiring to a nunnery, the place of refuge which first occurs to the imagination in that most Catholic country, but who was interrupted by her father in this project—was called on first by him, and afterwards by Philip, to the high office of Regent. Against religious enthusiasts she was inflexibly severe—in all else her vice-reign was distinguished by good sense and moderation. There was a devotional taint in the blood of this line of Spanish princes, which neutralised all that was of good in them. To burn Jews and persecute Moors, and, above all, to extinguish the first sparks of heresy was with them an imperative duty, and they have made Spain what Spain is. With Juanna devotion was a passion—the ruling passion of her widowed life. Her recreation during her regency was to retire for prayer and scourging to the convent which the Franciscans called their *Scala Cæli*, amongst the gloomy rocks and tall pines of Abroso. Our own Queen Elizabeth had not a greater horror for any of her maids of honour becoming wives than the Spanish regent. There was something more of meaning in Juanna's prejudice, as in Spain they might at any moment retire to convents.

For about a month Charles remained at Valladolid. He spoke little of his future purposes, and the Flemings who had come with him began to hope from the attention which he gave to public affairs that he might possibly give up his scheme of conventual life. Some visits from the prior of Yuste, or San Yuste, the monastery in the vicinity of which he was setting up his tent, satisfied them that the project was not abandoned; and sometimes with loud curses, sometimes with undergrowls, they cursed the hungry country into which they had come, and longed in their hearts for the flesh-pots of Flanders.

The Emperor here became acquainted with his grandson and namesake, Don Carlos. The family madness, it can be called by no other name, which for

the most part had not manifested itself in those from whom he traced his descent at so early a period of life, seems already to have marked this hero of not impossible romance for her own. It is not at all unlikely that such a mind as his, rebelling against everything that could be called authority, gave itself up to some theological figment or other, for the mere purpose of tormenting those whom he found in a position of authority over him, and that to some fable arising out of this is to be ascribed the romance which would exalt him into the vindicator of liberty of conscience and of popular rights. The real or apparent wrong done him in after years, when his father married the bride intended for him, was not unlikely to have been a cause, or a pretence, in a mind constituted like his—where doubt and malignant passions clouded every perception—for the hatred with which he regarded his father. However this be, at the time his grandfather saw him he saw nothing that did not displease him. Though now but eleven years old “he lived in a state of perpetual rebellion against his aunt.” The old man recommended the best—the only cure—“increased severity of discipline.” He expressed strong doubts as to how the boy would grow up, and the impression made on his grandfather’s mind “is said to have laid the foundation for the aversion which the King entertained towards Carlos.”

On the 4th of November Charles dined for the last time in public, and immediately after proceeded on his journey to Estremadura. He seemed impatient to get rid of all ceremony, for he took leave at the camp-gate of the grandees who had proposed to accompany him for a few miles. Each day’s progress is noted by our biographer, and each day has its incident of more or less importance. The visit of a bishop—the present of a dish of flowers or of a basket of game—the application of hot water to his feet, or hot cushions to his stomach, is recorded. At Medina del Campo he falls out with the ostentatious courtesies of his host—a nobleman of the highest rank—and administers the strange rebuke of ordering his night’s lodging to be paid for. Short accounts of this kind were not likely to gratify Spanish grandees, who reckoned on something more than a discharge as of an inn-

keeper’s bill. If we understand Spanish feeling aright, this could not have been ventured on without offence not easily to be washed away. While thus dealing with his host at Medina, he despatched a chaplain to see whether a chapel, which he had endowed at Tordesillas for the benefit of the souls of his parents, was properly attended—it being, it would seem, as hard a task to keep friars saying mass, as to confine a professor in one of our own country colleges to lecturing a class of empty benches. How the masses were said or sung is not recorded.

Each league from Valladolid was carrying Charles further from the world of ceremonial. On the third day’s march, he exclaimed, “Thank God, we are beyond the reach of state or pageantry; there are no more visits to be made—no more receptions of grandees to be undergone.” Leagues upon leagues they went through vast, undulating plains, little cultivated, till they reached the lonely village of Horcajo de los Torres—“built on a wind-swept table-land.” Charles’s spirits became lighter, as in these highlands he breathed a purer air; the weather, too, was better than on the first days of his journey. The group of travellers looked less like galley-slaves going to their destination; and Quixada’s heart would have beat more equally, if it were not that, on the same day—the fourth of their journey—a courier arrived from court with a supply of bile, in the shape of potted anchovies and other favourite fish; and the townspeople of Penaranda presented the Emperor with an offering of eels, trouts, and barbel, which the chamberlain looked on with dejected visage, seeing in them portrayed distinctly to the bodily eye premonitory symptoms of gout. They now approached the black Moncayo mountains; and we have the Emperor, now with his chafing-dish in his hand, and now sending on couriers to take care that the apartments in which he is to rest at night shall be properly aired. At court there is no lack of anxiety for his comfort. They know that December is not a very pleasant month for a gouty patient, moving along the backbone of the peninsula, however comfortably his litter may be fitted up; and it was a pleasant hour when a courier from Valladolid came with eider-down cushions. The Emperor

was delighted with their warmth and lightness; and when he looked at them, he thought that they would not alone do for the journey, but be a thing of comfort for another day, and would make good jackets and dressing-gowns for his own use. The old campaigner had no taste for privations.

His health and his spirits rose with each day of their mountain march. The snowy sierras of Vera and Bejar seemed to rebuke his old life of war and diplomacy. There was peace, and health, and purity among the mountains, if anywhere. To move onward six or seven leagues was the work of their eighth day; the road was rough with rocks, and in many parts of it the travellers were dependent on such aid as the mountaineers could give. It was night when the cavalcade reached their appointed resting-place, at Tornavasas. The Emperor had actually become young upon the journey, so much will a few days of exercise do when the mind is at rest. The banks of the Xerte are at all seasons picturesque; but whether it was their beauty which took the Emperor out that night, we will not determine. Though he had forgotten the cares of empire, there were cares which even for empire he had never for a moment laid aside. On his arrival, he went out to see—what?—you have guessed right, no doubt—the Xerte is a noble trout-stream;—he went out to see the villagers fishing its pools by torch-light; and he returned to “sup heartily on the fine trout taken in this picturesque spot.”

He was now within a short distance of Xarandilla—the village in the neighbourhood of Yuste—where he purposed to remain till the buildings, which were getting ready for him near the monastery, were fit for his reception. To Xarandilla there were two roads, one by Plasencia—a road along the valley in which Xarandilla stood; the other a mountain tract more wild than ever German romancer or poet dreamed for demon or witch riding on buck-goat or broomstick. But the Emperor had fears of worse than any devilry of the kind; and he suffered himself to be dragged on the brink of frightful precipices, and through swollen mountain torrents, by peasants with planks and poles, who were able to push on the litter in which he was borne, among “chasms rugged and steep as a broken

staircase.” This could not have been very pleasant. The Emperor, however, bore it better than his Flemings, who could not understand what madness made their master prefer such attractions to those of dike and ditch. But why, at all events, not take the easier route, even if it was a day's march longer than that through this region of horrors? Charles had his reasons. Plasencia was not without its charms of landscape, nor without an interest, which Charles could feel, both in its old Roman story and in its ecclesiastical structures, and it is not unlikely that a gouty old gentleman would have preferred taking his ease in such chamber of rest as it might with certainty have afforded him; but it was the seat of a bishopric, and there was some civic corporation there also, and Charles shrank from all ceremonies of any kind. The mountain road was less wearisome, and the day's journey not so long, in his apprehension, as the shortest sermon or speech which he was likely to hear. At last the eminence is gained from which the valley was seen below in all its beauty—the beauty, however, of a winter day. The Emperor beheld it with delight. There was Plasencia. If its belfries could be seen, there was the comfort that all their tongues were not in motion to welcome and to mock with sounds of joy the monarch who wished to forget his state, and, if possible, to live for his better self. But there was Plasencia, the queen of that lovely valley; there was Xarandilla, with its hundred associations; scholars had identified it—heaven knows how—with Homer's Elysium. Here it was said, too, that “Sertorius fell by the traitor hand of Pimperna.” Saintly legend, also, had consecrated the spot. In the seventh century, St. Magnus, of Ireland, had made this the scene of his “last labours.” And, in the fourteenth, the reproach that nature had done more than man for this happy valley, was done away, for the soil was enriched and rendered holy by the blood of fourteen Andalusian bishops, which the Saracens were generous enough to shed to the perpetual joy of Spain. The valley had store of other wealth. The vine and the olive ripened in their season,—the chesnut, and the citron. It was also famous for its “magnificent timber; for the deer, bears, wolves, and all other animals of the chase, which abounded in its woods, and for

the delicate trout which peopled its mountain waters.

“The Emperor was charmed with the aspect of his promised land. ‘Is this indeed the vera!’ said he, gazing intently at the landscape at his feet. He then turned his eye to the north, into the forest-mantled gorge, between the beetling rocks of the Puertonuevo. ‘Now,’ he said, looking back, as it were, through the gates of the world he was leaving, ‘I shall never go through a pass again’—*Ya no pasaré otro puerto*. During the ascent and descent, he was carried in a chair, the stout and vigilant Quixada marching at his side with a pike in his hand. They reached Xarandilla before sunset, and alighted at the castle of the vicinity, and head of an ancient branch of the Toledos. The Flemings were overcome with fatigue, and with disgust at the obstacles which every step put between themselves and home. But all agreed that the Emperor bore the journey well, and did not appear greatly wearied at its close. He chose a bed-room different from that allotted to him by his host, and requested that a chimney might be immediately added to the chamber, which he was afterwards to occupy.”—p. 28.

At Xarandilla Charles remained for three months. The weather was cold and stormy, rain fell every day in torrents, and fogs hid all objects that were not within a few yards’ distance. Yuste monastery and rising mansion were wrapped in a mantle of impenetrable mist. The Flemings almost hoped that the dreaded realities had no existence. Each day brought, however, couriers from Valladolid—state papers for the Emperor—they were read by Charles with interest that every day increased. The Flemings were not without their hopes that Charles would be again awakened into active exertion—again “head the flock of war;” and their hopes were not destitute of a reasonable foundation. It is not so easy to give up the world as we may imagine it. Princesses have pretty often retired to convents, most often becoming the founders of such establishments, and have found it just as difficult to break into proper discipline the wills of some dozen reluctant old maids as to rule a court. The first great triumph, that which would render all others easy, is that last attempted, and therefore seldom attained—the triumph over the enemy within—the unruly temper which in nine cases out of ten, is that which dissatisfies persons with the condition of life in

which they find themselves, and which would render any other as little tolerable.

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil, were with Charles in his retirement. The World made itself heard and known by daily couriers from Valladolid, asking the Emperor’s advice. Not a trumpet was blown in Europe, not a gun fired, that had not its echo among the mountains, which he had vainly thought to interpose between him and the cares of life. The Flesh did not assail the old man in the forms in which its seductions, if we are to believe ancient legends, manifested themselves to maniac monks, peopling the desert with strange phantoms of beauty. It came to him with the more alluring attractions of “sod beef, roast mutton, and baked hare.” The Emperor’s heart was often far away in Flanders, and with the class of good things of which there were no better judges than the Flemings; but even while in Flanders he was often indebted to Spain for such delicacies as it could supply. The hams of Estremadura were such that it required the chestnuts or acorns of Spain to create; and between matins and vesper-song, the Emperor’s thoughts dwelt upon some partridges of Zama which the Count of Ostorno had once sent him. His secretary was called and questioned. Could not such partridges be again procured? During masses for his mother’s soul, other thoughts would arise. “The Marquess of Denia,” said the Emperor, “must have the receipt for those sausages which the good Queen Juanna, now in glory, used to pride herself in making, in the Flemish fashion, in Torderillas.” When it was known how the Emperor’s heart was affected to these creature-comforts, the larder was soon replenished. The Count of Oropesa sent game; the Archbishop of Zaragoza sent an offering of fatted calves; the Archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frius were generous of their venison, fruit, and preserves; and Seville and Portugal were so liberal in their supplies of all kinds, as plainly to show that the Emperor’s real power had not diminished with his throwing aside the trappings of ceremony. But the fast days of the Church were to be provided for, and Charles fasted like an Emperor. O Flesh, Flesh, how wert thou Fishified! “The weekly courier from Valladolid

to Lisbon was ordered to change his route, that he might bring, every Thursday, a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday's fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small." If the World and the Flesh (or fish, into which it was occasionally transmuted) were struggling for the soul of the Emperor, be sure that the Devil was busy in claiming his share; and in what guise did the devil appear? Did he come as devil confessed or as conjuror? Came he as heretic or as inquisitor? Did he come suggesting subtle doubts—wicked whispers, that make the heart as dry as dust—or did he come stifling every breathing of conscience, and, searing every feeling of man's nature as with the brand of Dominic? There was an old Pope, of whom much that is good is told, and much that is bad, and both truly; and Charles thought that, if ever devil assumed bodily form, Caraffa was the Devil. We like many of these old Popes, and those are not least to be venerated whose struggle was most vehement with kings and kaisers, and the crowned serpents whose spiritual wickedness has polluted the high places of the earth. John Peter Caraffa, who reigned under the name of Paul IV., was a man of noble birth—the Caraffas of Naples trace their descent from the Sismondis of Pisa. The circumstances in which Caraffa's early years were passed made the Church his natural destination. His paternal uncle was a cardinal, and Caraffa was early sent as internuncio to England, and afterwards to Spain. He had been in Spain in Ferdinand's days, and also with Charles. Charles gave him some ecclesiastical preferment, and made him one of his council. Of Caraffa's orthodoxy, in those days when the orthodoxy of many was shaken, there was little doubt; of his learning there was none. That he had small regard for such objects as influence, or are supposed to influence most men, seemed to be proved by his giving up his livings, and retiring to Venice, for the purpose of residing with some religious order there. One strong feeling seemed to possess and overmaster his mind—his hatred of heresy. We almost think he must have felt that in argument the reform-

ers of the Church were too many for him, so determinedly did he resort to fire and sword, and so strangely did he contrive, even from the Scriptures, to justify this course. Persecution we believe to be as often resorted to for the purpose of stifling one's own doubts as for any other reason. If, however, Caraffa doubted, there was an outer cloak of zeal which hid from others any throbbings of the heart; and no Covenanter was ever more ready with a text or a parable to prove how pious a thing it was to root out Philistine or Amalekite. The Inquisition, which had not yet been admitted into many of the Italian States, was, in his earliest days, regarded by Caraffa as affording the best security for the preservation of the faith, and we are told that he was fond of repeating, with this reference, the verse—"*In matutino interficiebam omnes peccatores terre; ut disperderem de civitate Dei omnes operantes iniquitatem.*" A story is told, on sufficient authority, of Caraffa. A friend of his, Flaminio, had fallen into heresy. Caraffa reconverted him. When dying, Flaminio asked the attending priest for the sacraments, repeated the creeds and authorised formulas, said he agreed in all things with the orthodox Roman Church—"*In cujus gremio mori felicius est quam ab initio nasci.*" Caraffa was in the room, but not seen by the dying man, and whispered the priest to question him on the subject of Transubstantiation. This was a test question, not only for the reasons which would first occur to a modern, but for others, at that particular period likely to be felt as even of greater strength, and by which Caraffa himself was not unlikely to be affected. Whether the thought conveyed by the word could be communicated by any Latin periphrasis which would not be felt as barbarous by the writers of the Augustan age, is a question which we will not undertake to answer; but the word itself was a word of Church Latin. The coinage of a later day, it bore not the image and superscription of Cæsar. Would not the fastidious scholar be "purist" enough to reject any spiritual medicine so made up and so labelled? Will he swallow the draught if you call it by its name? There was reasonable ground for the fear, and the experiment was a bold one. Caraffa wished

his friend to die in the odour of sanctity; and of the heretics he feared and said that they were, for the most part, "*putide elegantuli*." The bold experiment was perfectly successful—the hard word broke no teeth, nor did it stick in Flaminio's throat, as was very much to be feared. When the suffering man had pronounced it distinctly, Caraffa showed himself, and remained with his friend till he died.*

Through the pontificate of Paul III. and of Leo X., indeed through his whole life, till he was himself elected Pope, Caraffa's habits were those of a recluse student. Paul III., who gave him his cardinal's hat, succeeded in making him resume his ecclesiastical preferments, which he had renounced, or wished to renounce, when he gave himself to the Theatines, the religious order with whom he had associated himself, and whose name was taken from his bishopric. By Paul III. he was consulted on the means of destroying heresy; and perhaps the tyrannical character of the man was that which made him think what seemed the shortest course, that of fire and fagot for subjects, of excommunication for kings, and interdicts for kingdoms, the best. It is strange how men miscalculate. Caraffa was probably chosen as Pope, because being seventy-nine years of age it was supposed that little of change could be contemplated by a man supposed to be unambitious, or effected by a man known to be old; that things for his time, at least, would go on as he found them. None of the candidates were greatly displeased at the election of a man whose extreme age left them the chance, not very remote, of succeeding in the object of their ambition. Those who expected from the old cardinal anything of a mild reign were soon disappointed; those who thought that ambition had no place in his heart knew not what to make of the way in which his pontificate opened. When asked as to the arrangements of his household—"Let them be on the most magnificent scale, as becomes a Pope." His coronation was conducted with more than usual splendour, and for a little while it did not seem impossible that he should be popular. The old arts of ingratiating the prince with the

people were not neglected; largesses of corn were, as in the days of the Roman empire, and often since, lavishly distributed.

We cannot enter into the history of this short pontificate, which did more to disturb the relations of Europe than all that had been done by the Popes since the days of Gregory VII. The Pope, we have said, was a member of an ancient house, his nephews were ambitious, and to them he at first confided every thing. A treaty was proposed between the Pope and France, the object of which was to seize and partition the Austrian possessions in Italy. Tuscany was to be given its old republican form of government. Naples to be given to a son of the king of France, first, however, reserving a portion to be annexed to the patrimony of the Church, and securing out of the spoils princely establishments for the Pope's nephews. There was so much of imprudence in this treaty, by which the skin of the bear was covenanted to be divided before the bear was caught, that although it was received with favour in France, the old Pope

"Back recoiled, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made."

The secret treaty represented rather the feelings of those about the Pope than of the Pope himself, and it is not surprising that he should have on reflection felt that a project which looked well in statement was one not very easy of execution. His nephews, whose chance of such a brilliant provision as its possible success might give depended on the old man's tenure of life, might think the effort worth making, and they did what they could to force it upon the Pope. An incident, which touched him more nearly put an end to doubt, and made him sign the treaty.

The grant of toleration at the Diet of Augsburg to the Protestants, came in time to awaken every acquired passion of this haughty and imperious mind. What?—laymen to define and decide questions as to religious matters!—The indulgence given to the Protestants he regarded as impious, and he called on the Emperor, and the King of the Romans, insisting that the Recess of the Diet which presumed

* This story is told by Marius Mattesilanius. Ubiorum, 1612.

De Vita Pauli IV. Collectanea. Coloniae

in this way, should be declared void. The thunders of excommunication were threatened, and Paul was not a man to yield to any of those considerations of worldly prudence which have been supposed often to have weighed with the depositaries of pontifical power. The tempest had not spent its strength at the time when Charles laid down his royal and imperial crowns. Paul refused to acknowledge Ferdinand as Emperor, as he had accepted the empire without consulting him, and he affirmed that his right depended on its recognition by the Holy See. He dismissed from Rome Ferdinand's ambassador, and the result was, that neither Ferdinand nor any succeeding German Emperor was ever crowned at Rome. The truce of five years entered into between Charles and the King of France, on the eve of Charles's abdication, incensed the Pope equally with all. But the effects of his rage first fell on Philip, and the proceedings arising out of it occupied and distracted Charles during the last years of his life.

The forbearance of Philip, when the fortune of arms had placed the Pope and the French King successively in his power, were among the circumstances which most distressed the old Emperor in his retreat.

Caraffa has detained us too long from our proper subject. Our readers have already seen enough of Charles's household, to be able to appreciate the accounts which, probably originating in fancy pictures of declaimers, whose object was to contrast the splendour which Charles voluntarily abandoned, with the rigours of monastic life, represented his earnest vigils and austere fasts. The number of his attendants was reduced in each successive account, till the most generous allowance represented them as twelve. Four is more frequently stated. These representations have been repeated by Robertson and by Sismondi. It is pretty certain, that—reduce them yet lower, and the comforts of Charles would have been increased; but in addition to his ecclesiastical staff of chaplains, some sixty persons of one rank or other—including, probably, detectives of the Inquisition—kept watch and ward in the precincts of what was called the Palace. Charles was still Emperor, as his abdication had not been formally accepted by the Diet; and even as to Spain, there

being many difficulties, Charles was entreated to meet in person the Cortes, as it was apprehended that opposition might be made to any grant of money, on the ground of Philip not having yet returned, or been formally recognised as king. Charles had abdicated; he longed to retire, but business still kept him entangled in its meshes.

Of his household, we have already mentioned Quixada—the controller and major domo. His chaplain, a man of his own age, was born in 1500, in Ghent. At the age of fourteen, he was sent to Zaragossa, made his way in some capacity of poor scholar, to Salamanca. At thirty-six, returned to Zaragossa, and took the habit of St. Jerome. He had the accomplishments and the character of a popular preacher. Charles took a fancy to him; he had gone on the part of the Emperor, as his theologian, to the Council of Trent, and now returned, in pursuit of a bishopric, at the desire of the Emperor. When Charles was appointing him to the office of director of his conscience, the wily divine felt that it would be no fitting compliment to seem to regard the office as a sinecure. He seems, however, in his reply, to have overacted his part. When he spoke of the weighty responsibility of his duty, "Never fear," said Charles: "before I left Flanders, five doctors were engaged for a whole year in easing my conscience, so you will have nothing to answer for but what happens here."

Mr. Stirling gives an admirable picture of Quixada, for which we wish we had room. In many of its traits it reminds us of the immortal knight of Cervantes. The secretary is then described, or rather named—for of him little is known but his name—Martin Gaztelu. Then comes Van Male, a man of letters, connected in some undefined relation with the establishment. Poor Van Male! Those who have houses and land have invented proverbs to console those who have neither, which state how much better off they are with learning as their sole inheritance. Van Male had the opportunity of judging. He was born at Bruges; a man of good family, but himself without anything. He went to Spain to seek his fortune with the Duke of Alba, an iron soldier, who cherished the arts of peace with a discerning love very rare in his profession.

and his country. How employed by him does not appear; probably as secretary. Van Male thought of the Church, but never received the tonsure. He translated into Latin "D'Avila's Commentaries on the Wars in Germany," with some expectations of preferment through D'Avila's interest, which were not realised. He, however, found himself in 1550, connected with the imperial household, as *barbero*, or gentleman of the imperial chamber of the second class.

Charles was fond of Van Male. The Emperor had some taste for letters, but his information was necessarily deficient, and Van Male was always at hand to supply what was wanted. Charles wrote a memoir of his campaigns; Van Male—"Malineus," he called it—translated the Emperor's French into Latin.

This was not Charles's only attempt at authorship; he was amused by an old allegorical poem in praise of the Dukes of Burgundy, and he translated it into Castilian prose. Acuna, "a soldier poet," was ordered to turn this into rhyme, and the rhymes went well. Charles was delighted, and seemed to himself to combine all the claims to distinction of the original author, and of the gallant esquire whose rhymes were to introduce the work to the Spanish world. Charles longed to have it in print, and printed it must be. Van Male would see it through the press—poor Van Male would, if he could, decline the honour. No; Charles would have it so. "It would," he said, "make poor Male's fortune;" and D'Avila said that it would yield a profit of five hundred crowns. "Well," said Charles, "it is right that William" (so he called Van Male) "should reap the harvest." The book was printed, and at Van Male's expense. When Charles was meditating his retreat, he thought of Van Male, and brought him and his family—for William had found time to marry, and a woman to marry him—to Yuste.

The physician who was to wind up the decaying machinery of poor Charles's frame is mentioned. He appears to have been skilful and attentive; but gout, aided by Charles's habits of life, was too much for him to contend with. We have also an account of Torriano, the great mechanic, who occupied himself in making clocks and watches for Charles, and thus amused

his retirement. Among the visitors of Charles was a remarkable man, whom we must find some future opportunity of bringing more fully before our readers: this was Francisco Borja. Borja was a descendant of the house of Arragon; he was a man of singular accomplishments of every kind—acquainted with polite letters—a great mathematician—a distinguished soldier—at all times a thoughtful and religious man. When the Empress Isabella died, it became Borja's duty to attend the body from Toledo to Granada, and to identify the body before it was laid in the grave. When the coffin was opened, for the purpose of his seeing it, the progress of decay had advanced so far that it was impossible for him to make oath in the usual form. This incident forcing upon him the feeling of mortality, and of the nothingness of life—if there were no world beyond this—he determined to stand the remainder of his time on earth in earnest preparation for eternity. He was at the time twenty-nine years of age; his wife died soon after, and the cords that tied him to society were thus broken. He was Duke of Gandia; and he erected on his paternal estate a Jesuit establishment—the first of the kind in Europe. Having married his eldest son and his two daughters, he put his affairs in order, and retired to the young and still struggling society of Ignatius Loyola. In 1548, he became Father Francis of the Company of Jesus—Father Francis the Sinner, as he called himself.

When Charles first entertained the design of renouncing the cares of empire, he had confided the secret to Borja. Years afterwards, when the once brilliant Duke of Gandia had assumed the robe of the Jesuit, Don Luis of Portugal told him of his desire to join the society. When Queen Juanna was dying, it was Borja that administered to her the last sacraments; and now on the eve of Charles's departure for Yuste, Borja visited him at Xarandilla. It was a strange meeting. Borja, now forty-eight years of age, having for several years since the period when he and Charles last met, been engaged in a course of life—not, surely, less active, but how wholly different from that which then occupied him; and Charles, removing from the pressure of business, seeking a spot wherein to have, if possible, a few

years—perhaps but a few months, or days of rest, and to die.

The letters of Quixada enable Mr. Stirling to tell us, that on several days of December, 1556, Borja was admitted to long audiences of the Emperor; but as the Emperor and he were alone, the correspondence from Xarandilla gives no account of their conversations. This is supplied by Ribadeneira, from whom we learn how Borja, fearing that Charles would urge him to leave the fraternity of Jesuits for that of St. Jerome, recounted to the Emperor the steps by which he was led, under providential guidance, to join the former. Borja's visit was of five days. Another of Charles's old friends was now his neighbour in Estremadura, and was a welcome visitor at Xarandilla. Don Luis D'Avila had done good service in his day at Metz and at Tunis, and was rewarded with high honours; with which, and with six skulls of the virgins of Cologne, presented to him by the grateful Elector, he returned to Plasencia, to share the honours with the wealthy heiress of Fadrique de Zuniga, Marquess of Mirabel, and to place the skulls in the high Zuniga Chapel, in the Church of San Vicente. D'Avila was the author whose commentaries on Charles's wars Van Male had translated. Some years afterwards they were translated into German by a Duke of Brunswick. The writers of contemporary history have sometimes a hard card to play. Albert, Marquis of Brandenburg, challenged the author to maintain the truth of his narrative by the sword; the duel, however, was forbidden by the Emperor and by the Diet.

There were archbishops and bishops who might be expected to visit the Emperor; he of Toledo had been given that see by Charles, but he was building a chapel, and could not come. He of Plasencia had the gout; and Charles knew that the imperial and episcopal plague is one which may reasonably keep a man at home. Charles received both prelates' excuses graciously, and said to Quixada that "neither of them were persons much to his liking."

The excitement, and the change of air and scene, were probably serviceable to Charles; he appears to have had less gout than usual. In fine weather, he walked out with his fowling-piece in his hand; but it is not

probable that he made much use of it, as his fingers were the parts most often affected by gout. When sent by a lady a present of gloves, finding his hands swollen, he said,—“If she sends gloves, she had better send hands to put them on.” At the close of the year, however, his knees and shoulders were attacked, and he was confined to his bed for a week; his appetite was still as active as ever. “Shut your mouth,” said Quixada, in a tone worthy of Sancho, “shut your mouth, and the gout will get well.” In the first week of February, the Emperor had sufficiently recovered to proceed to Yuste. At “three o'clock, the Count of Oropesa and the attendants mounted their horses, and crossing the leafless forest, in two hours the cavalcade halted at the gates of Yuste.”

He was received by the prior, and on alighting, was placed in a chair, and carried to the door of the church. “At the threshold, he was met by the brotherhood in procession, chanting the *Te Deum* to the music of the organ;” the altar was lit up, and, after Charles had returned thanks to God for the termination of his journey, the vesper service of the Feast of St. Blas commenced.

After the service, the Emperor was welcomed with a speech from the Prior, of which the only record that remains is, that he was addressed as “your paternity.” Even in the monastery of St. Jerome, at Yuste, there were those who felt shocked at the phrase, as *not* sufficiently deferential; and one of the friars suggested the word “majesty,” as likely to fall more pleasantly on the ex-imperial ear. “The orator next presented his friars to their new brother, each kissing his hand, and receiving his paternal embrace.” The portion of the Emperor's suite whose services were to terminate with his residence at Xarandilla, now raised a wail which expressed sincere grief. The Emperor next was shown the convent and the cells of the brethren, and then retired “to sup in his new home, and enjoy the repose which had been so long the dream of his life.”

The monastery of Yuste had its own story—its heroes and its saints; the Spanish order of St. Jerome, to which it belonged, was instituted in 1374, and soon spread far and wide throughout Spain. The habit was a white woollen tunic, a leather belt, and a brown

woollen scapulary and mantle. Everywhere the Jeromites made their way. Their rule forbade mendicancy, and to this may be ascribed the noble buildings and permanent establishments of the order. The hospitalities and the charities of the Jeromites were exemplary; in learning or eloquence they never attained the reputation of the Dominicans or Benedictines. With the new order of Jesuits they were absolutely at war, and freely applied the passages in the prophetic writings which Protestant Reformers are fond of using in their controversy with Rome, to the innovations of the followers of Loyola. The lady in the scarlet mantle, and the cup of abominations with which she intoxicated the rulers of the earth, were but types of the spiritual seductions used by this new society. Before, however, Ignatius arose, the Jeromites had made good their way. Among the establishments in the diocese of Plasencia, was the monastery of Yuste. The poor men had scarce built their cells, when the bishop thought to destroy the swarm; Count Oropesa, however, provided an endowment for the permanent support of a prior and twelve brethren, and the monastery was erected. Among the brethren settled there at the time of Charles, was one who showed some talents for architecture—Fray Antonio de Villacastin; he had been often employed in buildings for monasteries of the order. “In the Toledan nunnery of San Pablo, the operations were so extensive, that he was at work there for several years,” and his biographer mentions, in his praise, that when his duties ended, he maintained no intercourse with the nuns, “nor ever received any billets from them—a snare from which a friar so placed seldom escapes.” Ortega, the general of the order, whose own residence was at Yuste, appointed Villacastin as master of the works for Charles, and the buildings were now completed to his satisfaction. Villacastin was thus “unconsciously training himself for one of the most important posts ever filled in the world of art by a Spanish monk—that of master and surveyor of the works at the palace-monastery of the Escorial.” The dead worthies of Yuste were, however, more valued than any then living. They had a legend of Fray Juan de Xeres, who was distinguished by the

gift of second-sight, and who was nursed upon his death-bed by the eleven thousand virgins; and Fray Roderigo de Cazerres was received into heaven by the Virgin herself, who appeared, on the Eve of her Assumption, to the dying man, in visible beauty and glory.

We must give an account of the building which the friars very naturally called the Palace:—

“Backed by the massive south wall of the church, the building presented a simple front of two stories to the garden and the noontide sun. Each story contained four chambers, two on either side of a corridor which traversed the structure from east to west, and led at either end into a broad porch, or covered gallery, supported by pillars, and open to the air. Each room was furnished with an ample fireplace, in accordance with the Flemish wants and ways of the chilly invalid. The chambers which looked upon the garden were bright and pleasant, but those on the north side were gloomy, and even dark, the light being admitted to them only by windows opening on the corridor, or on the external and deeply-shadowed porches. Charles inhabited the upper rooms, and slept in that at the north-east corner, from which a door or window had been cut in a slanting direction into the church, through the chancel wall, and close to the high altar.”—pp. 76, 77.

The Emperor's attendants were lodged in rooms built for them, adjoining the cloister, and in the village of Quacos. His private rooms were surrounded on three sides by the garden of the monastery, which was given to his exclusive possession. The Jeromites cultivated their own vegetables at a civil distance; all communication between the Emperor's domains—*hæc mea paupera regna*—and those of the monastery was cut off. It was well that it was so, for, as perhaps might be expected, there were perpetual squabbles between the friars and his attendants.

Except the solution which we have suggested be the true one—namely, that the “fable” of laudatory sermons has past into history, we cannot account for the way in which Charles's asceticism is dwelt on. Mr. Stirling quotes from Sandeval a passage, in which he says that Charles's apartments looked rather as if they had been lately plundered by the enemy, than prepared for the reception of a great prince. The walls were, he says, bare, except in his bed-chamber, which

was hung with black cloth; "his dress was black, and usually very old, and he sate in an old arm-chair, with half a seat, and not worth four reals." Charles's bedroom was hung with black cloth, he preferring such hangings to arras; but he had brought from Flanders; suits of rich tapestry, wrought with figures, landscapes, or flowers, more than sufficient to hang the rest of the apartments.

"The supply of cushions, eider-down quilts, and linen, was luxuriously ample; his friends sat on chairs covered with black velvet; and he himself reposed either on a chair with wheels, or in an easy chair, which is described as having six cushions and a footstool belonging to it. Of gold and silver plate, he had upwards of 18,000 ounces; he washed his hands in silver basins, with water poured from silver ewers; the meanest utensil in his chamber was the same noble material; and, from the brief descriptions of his cups, vases, candlesticks, and saltsellers, it seems probable that his table was graced with several masterpieces of Tobbia and Cellini."—p. 81.

His dress, to be sure, was shabby enough; but so it had always been. His walls were hung with paintings of Titian. There were domestic pictures which recalled his absent and his dead friends. There were a few books, sumptuously apparelled in crimson velvet, with silver clasps. In short, this hermitage of Charles's was not the kind of place described in spiritual romance as the fitting habitation of a recluse. Charles found it necessary to watch his doors day and night, and to prosecute the thieves of the district who were tempted by the hope of spoil to prowl about his residence. The lines of Milton, speaking of a hermit's safety, would not be understood by Charles. He never would have said—"I am safe"—

"For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?"

As might be expected, the Emperor was plundered right and left, and there were scenes of perpetual litigation with the scoundrels whom the chance of prey led to prowl about his residence.

Between Charles's servants and the friars there were continual altercations. The Flemings could not understand what pleasure their master felt in the Friday floggings in which he punctu-

ally indulged, and thought the friars were to blame for keeping up his devotion to too high a temperature. The friars were in their turn amazed at Charles's good-nature, in pardoning the delinquencies of the cook, when he forgot to season his favourite dishes with cinnamon, his favourite spice; and in not dismissing the drunken baker, who tried his crusty temper and toothless gums with burnt-up bread. Charles more than suspected that friars and Flemings, much as they detested each other, were in a conspiracy to cheat him, and he had a sort of official inquiry on the subject. His commissioner investigated the affair. Baskets large enough to have held Falstaff were seen coming and going at suspicious hours over garden walls; and the Emperor insisted on learning who or what was in them. The report was not as unfavourable to any party as he had feared. Of his cabbages, the Emperor had got but a Flemish account, and it now appeared that the Flemings had been exchanging them with the friars for onions. At the gates of convent and palace were also some suspicious gatherings of young women, who came for such alms as were distributed by either establishment. Charles was more shocked at the possible danger of this intercourse than the superior of the convent, and by his directions the alms were distributed in the adjoining villages and hamlets. "And although it was well known that St. Jerome had sometimes miraculously let loose the lion which always lies at his feet in his pictures, against the women who ventured themselves within his cloisters, it was thought prudent to adopt more sure and secular means for their exclusion. The crier, therefore, went down the straggling street of Quacos, making the ungallant proclamation, that any woman who should be found nearer to the convent of Yuste than a certain oratory, about two gunshots from the gate, was to be punished with a hundred lashes!"

Charles was fond of music, and the general of the Jeromites, anxious to please him, reinforced the choir of Yuste with fourteen or fifteen friars, chosen for their musical skill, from his different monasteries. The Emperor's voice was often to be heard joining in the chants. His ear was sure to detect a false note; his lip pretty

nearly as sure to be seen moving in anger ; and an undergrowl would now and then be heard, which he made little effort to suppress. On one occasion a singing-master from Plasencia joined in the service ; he had not sung many bars when Charles had him silenced and turned out. A more ambitious artist sent him a book of masses of his own composition. Charles had one of them performed, and then pointed out a number of pilfered passages.

Charles's was an uniform course of life. His chaplain each morning appeared at his bedside, and assisted at his private devotions ; he then rose and was dressed, after which he heard mass, and when he could in the church. From these services he went to dinner about noon. During dinner—a tedious meal—for he carved for himself, and his hands were infirm with gout—most of his teeth, too, were gone—he conversed with his physician on the causes of gout and such points of learning. Where a doubt arose about any subject of natural history—a favourite topic—the chaplain was resorted to, and was expected to explain it from Pliny. Then came a sermon of Augustine, Jerome, or Bernard, and thus were the Emperor's nerves soothed and composed for an hour of actual sleep. At three o'clock the monks were mustered to hear a sermon from one of Charles's preachers—for Charles had a taste in that way, and there was somewhat of a joke as well of a compliment paid by the regent in sending any troublesome applicant for Church preferment to preach before the Emperor at Yuste. When a sermon was not to be had, a passage from the Bible was read, most frequently from the Epistle to the Romans, the book which the Emperor was understood to prefer. Charles attended these discourses and readings whenever his health permitted. The evening was given to receiving persons from court, or to official business. In fact there was no great difference in his present mode of living from what it had been ten years before, as described by Navigiero, the Venetian ambassador, in a dispatch to his court:—"At five in the morning a fowl or capon was brought him dressed with milk, sugar, and spices, after which he reposed an hour. At twelve a dinner was served, consisting of at least twenty dishes. In the evening, towards eight o'clock, he took an-

chovies or some savoury fish, and supped at midnight."

Among his amusements was the examination of clocks and watches, and he anxiously measured every minute of his time. To this circumstance is probably to be ascribed the unauthenticated story so often told, of his saying, that he now felt how idle it was in him to have hoped to make men's minds go alike in matters of religion and state policy, when he found he was unable to make two watches keep precisely the same time. The Mechanician in whose apartment he was fond of loitering, amused himself by making ingenious toys. A self-acting mill, small enough to be hidden in the sleeve of a friar's gown, ground two pecks of corn in a day ; pleasanter still, a lady, of his construction, would dance on the table at his bidding, to the sound of her own tambourine. Horses pranced—boys blew trumpets—birds flew about—sometimes to the delight, sometimes to the terror, of these primitive White Quakers. What became of Torriano ? We believe he died in his bed. Why was he not burned for a conjurer ?

The day was closed with vespers—it were well that it so ended ; but then supper came ; pickled salmon is recorded as among the favourite dishes—good for a man in the gout. "Beautiful, exceedingly !"

We have neither time nor room for the public affairs which soon came to break Charles's repose, or to tell what Barbarossa did to rouse up the old lion, who would fain have slumbered in his den—and how he was even yet more provoked by Paul's bulls of excommunication. Paul had, undoubtedly, got rather a bad habit of cursing and swearing—

"He tried his prentice hand on man,
And then he damned the lasses, O."

When he smelled Alva's gunpowder, he took to bell, book, and candlelight, and thought to frighten or blast the Emperor, pretty much in the same way as, within a short time, he dealt with Elizabeth of England. Charles was not to be thus appalled. The Pope might curse and swear—he might issue his bulls if he pleased, but the publication of them in Spain was at once forbidden. "The strict accountant of his beads," who is represented by those who have written his history, as if he were at this time the most ab-

ject slave of superstition, did what in him lay to save the subjects of his son from the treason to which they were instigated by Paul. "It was by his advice that the bulls of excommunication, which were fanatically fulminated against his son, were forbidden to be published in the churches, and were declared contraband in the seaports of Spain."

There is not a page in Mr. Stirling's book without great interest, and we are very reluctantly compelled to pass over the chapters which give an account of the visit of the queens to Yuste, and of the death of Queen Eleanor. "The Inquisition, its Allies, and its Victims," is a chapter well worth study, but on which we cannot even now touch.

During the early part of the first year of the Emperor's residence at Yuste his health improved, but declined in winter. The spring of 1558 brought with it health and cheering, but when May came, with its cherries and strawberries, the Emperor could not resist. His physician was frightened. "He lives too well; his constitution will break down suddenly, and without warning." We do not know what warnings are if the Emperor had not enough of them in gouty hands, ulcerated legs, and feet unable to bear his weight. In August serious alarm began to be entertained. He would bathe in spite of his physician. Then came colds—then symptoms which were called flying gout—then fits of ill-temper, at first that killed some melons on which he had set his affections—then, it is said, "his thoughts dwelt more than usual upon religion and its rites." To a man at his time of life each day's courier was likely to bring the account of the death of some friend, and, phlegmatic as Charles was, his seem to have been strong affections. He was fond of flowers and birds. He is said to have brought from Tunis the Indian pink, and have first introduced it into Europe; and there is evidence of his goodness of heart in the modes in which he sought to amuse and occupy the little leisure which was given him from business, in laying out gardens and pleasure-grounds. Solemn services for the dead were then, and are still, a part of the ritual religion of Spain; and those who allow fancy to mingle with their contemplations of another state of being find no light consolation in assisting at

such services. There is a passage of great beauty in one of George Herbert's quaint old poems, "To all Angels and Saints"—

"Oh glorious spirits, who after all your bands
See the smooth face of God without a frown,
Or strict commands;
Where every one is king and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

"Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid.

I would address
My vows to thee, most gladly, blessed Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress.

"But now, alas, I dare not, for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing;
And where his pleasure no injunction lays,
'Tis your own case, ye never have a wing.

"All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour.
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posie for inferior power."

The good old poet loved to play with his fancies, and if he could, would make them a part of his religion. In the feeling which is here described, it is not improbable that there are many whose love for deceased friends still struggles to hold them in their heart in the hour of prayer; and to this yearning are to be ascribed the arrangements which at one time were made in most parts of Europe for the perpetual commemoration of the dead. These were subjects on which Charles had no doubts or misgivings; or if doubts and misgivings could not but arise, they were silenced and calmed by the repetition of solemn observances; and during the time he passed at Yuste, frequent obsequies were performed, not alone for his parents, and his sisters, and his wife, but for such of his friends as died while he was there. These services varied the monotony of his life. "They were," says Mr. Stirling, "the festivals of the gloomy life of the cloister." It is a subject of regret to us that we have not room for Mr. Stirling's account of the funeral service which Charles had performed for himself; but we have little doubt that our notice of his book will lead many of our readers to the volume itself. Daily services had been

performed in the chapel of Yuste for Charles's nearest relatives; and with the prayers in which his deceased parents were commemorated were mingled supplications for himself. But now he ordered funeral solemnities on a larger scale. Successive days were devoted to separate services for each, and when those for his parents and his wife were completed, he asked his confessor whether similar rites might not be performed for himself. It would appear that at first there was some show of courteous resistance to an unusual ceremony; but his wish was yielded to, as the theory of religious services, offered for the living, presented no difficulties in a system which recognised them as attended with spiritual advantage to the dead; and Charles assisted at a solemn rite of the kind, as a mourner, with a taper in his hand, and joined in the solemn chant of the *Dies Iræ*, which forms a part of all the masses for the dead. There was no such scene as is told us by historians. Charles never placed himself in his coffin—was not left by himself in the church, that the fiction of his death might appear more perfectly acted out, as has been so often stated. The actual scene was not unlike that of a condemned criminal moving to the place of execution, and joining in the responses while his own funeral service is being read. The whole thing seems to us, with our frozen northern imagination, a wild, impossible dream; yet, think it out, and it presents little difficulty. The day on which the ceremony was performed was the 30th of August. We have no means of knowing the precise services which were used on the occasion; but the accident of having the opportunity of looking at a Roman Missal of 1570, has led us to look over the ordinary service for the day, which must almost certainly have formed a

part of whatever ceremonial was adopted, and it contains that beautiful passage which is found in the third chapter of the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon, and which was likely to be deeply felt at such a moment:—“*The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction. But they are in peace—Alleluia, alleluia; and in the time of their visitation they shall shine and run to and fro, like sparks among the stubbles—Alleluia.*”

Mr. Stirling tells us that not long before, this scene of attending a man's own funeral was enacted by one who had been Charles's ambassador to the Diet during his election to the imperial throne. Cardinal Evard de la Marck for several years annually rehearsed his obsequies, and followed his coffin to the stately tomb which he had reared in his cathedral at Liege. “This example,” Mr. Stirling suggests, “probably led to the ceremonies at Yuste. The funeral rites ended, the Emperor dined in his western alcove.” The Emperor's usual dinner hour was noon, and we have no reason to suppose that it was different on this day. He ate little, but he sate for a great part of the afternoon in the open air, while the burning sun of August “beat upon the white walls.” He complained of illness that night, but the next day thought himself better, and again sat in the sunshine. “As he sate in his open gallery he sent for a portrait of the Empress, and hung, for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great Queen of Castile.*” He next called for a picture of our Lord praying in the garden, and

* Of Isabella, and of Spain in her Day, we must find or seek an opportunity to speak soon; meanwhile let us quote a sentence from “The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen:”—“Perhaps there is no one who ever lived to whom so much evil may be traced, all done, or rather permitted, upon the highest and purest motives. Whether we refer to the expulsion of the Jews, the treatment of the Moorish converts, or the establishment of the Inquisition, all her proceedings in these matters were entirely sincere and noble-minded. Methinks I can still see her beautiful, majestic face (with broad brow, and clear, honest, loving eye), as it looks upon us as from one of the chapels in the cathedral at Granada; too expressive and individual to be what painters give as an angel, and yet the next thing to it. Now she looks down reproachfully, and yet with conscious sadness. I know what you would say, fair woman—that you obeyed the voice of heaven. . . . Oh that you had listened to it as it spoke in your own kindly heart, when, with womanly pity, you were wont

then for a sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art, which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will even be remembered with his better fame." He was found in some sort of trance, or reverie, from which, when awakened, he said he found himself ill. He was removed to his bed. The de-

tails of twenty days of illness, varied by occasional glimpses of hope, are given. On the 20th of September life was extinct.

Our admiration of the book we have been reviewing must have been manifested so strongly as to render it superfluous to use any words of formal praise; and we have so far exceeded the limits which we proposed for this paper, we have left ourselves room but to say, that it is the best and pleasantest book we have seen for many a long day.

MICHAEL KOHLHAAS.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, there dwelt on the banks of the Havel, a horse-dealer, named Michael Kohlhaas, one of the most upright, yet, at the same time, one of the most rebellious characters of his time. This extraordinary man might, up to his thirtieth year, have served as the model of a good citizen. He was the proprietor of a farm, in a village which still bears his name, upon the proceeds of which, added to the honest profits of his calling, he maintained himself in comfortable independence, bringing up his children in the fear of God, in habits of industry and of truth. There was not one of his neighbours but had reason to be grateful to him for some act of kindness or of justice; and, in short, his name must ever have been recorded with blessings and with respect, had he not had the misfortune to carry one virtue to excess. His *sense of right* made him a robber and a murderer!

On the occasion to which our story particularly refers, he started with several pairs of young horses, in admirable condition, to visit the principal fairs of Germany. He was already pondering within himself upon the best investment of his probable gains, when he came suddenly upon a turnpike-gate,

just erected in the neighbourhood of a magnificent chateau, on the Saxony territory, close to the Elbe. The existence of this gate was hitherto unknown to Michael. He reined up his horses, and shouted to the turnpike-man, who was scowling at him from a window of the lodge, to open the gate.

"What is the meaning of this?" said he, when the toll-keeper made his tardy appearance—it was raining hard at the moment. "There was no turnpike here when I passed last."

"It is a seignorial privilege," replied the other, throwing open the bar, "conceded to the young lord of the manor, Wenzel von Tronka."

"How!—the lord of the manor's name is Wenzel now?" said Kohlhaas, with a glance at the chateau. "Is the old lord dead?"

"A stroke of apoplexy carried him off," replied the toll-keeper.

"Pity!" muttered Michael. "A worthy old gentleman, fond of society, and a good friend to trade and traders. I remember well how he had a stone wall built at the turning of the road where a mare of mine slipped off the causeway and broke her leg. Well, what do I owe you?" he asked, drawing forth his purse with some difficulty from beneath his cloak, which flapped

to intercede for the poor, cooped-up inmates of some closely beleaguered town or fortress. But at least the poor Indian can utter naught but blessings on you. He might have needed no other protector, had you lived; nor would slavery have found, in his fate, one of the darkest passages of history."—*Conquerors of the New World*, vol. i. p. 108.

in the wind. "Ay, old friend," added he, handing the sum demanded to the toll-keeper, who stood muttering curses at the weather; "if the tree this bar is made of had been left in the forest, it would have been better both for you and for me."

So saying, he rode on; but had scarcely well passed the gate, when a new voice greeted his ear:—

"Halt there, horse-dealer," it shouted, and, raising his eyes, he beheld the bailiff of the castle hurrying down towards him.

"What have we here?" said Michael to himself, pulling up.

The bailiff, buttoning an extra doublet over his ample paunch, and prudently presenting a side, instead of his broad front, to the storm, asked him for his pass. Kohlhaas, somewhat embarrassed, declared that, to the best of his belief, he was not provided with a pass; but, if the nature of the document in question was described to him, he might possibly find something of the kind among his papers. The bailiff, looking askance at him, declared that, without a royal permit, no horse-dealer could cross the frontier with his cattle. It was in vain that Michael protested that he had passed the same way no less than seventeen times in the course of his life, without any sort of a permit; that he was perfectly acquainted with all administrative regulations affecting his trade; and that the bailiff's demand must be founded upon an error which he begged him to reconsider, and not idly to detain a man who had a long day's journey before him. The stubborn official persisted that, if he had passed seventeen times without a permit, he should not do so the eighteenth: the regulation, he averred, was a recent one, and the pass must either be delivered or the defaulter must return back whence he came. The horse-dealer, beginning to lose patience, dismounted, after a moment's reflection—gave his horse to one of his men, and said he would speak with the young nobleman himself upon the subject. He directed his steps, therefore, towards the castle, followed by the bailiff muttering something about "close-fisted money-scrappers," and the utility of "bleeding," in cases of the kind; and both, mutually surveying each other with hostile glances, entered the hall.

It happened that the young lord

was seated at table, surrounded by a few jovial companions. Their mirth, stirred by some witty anecdote, was making the vaulted ceiling ring again with "unquenchable laughter," when Kohlhaas entered to expose his griefs. The sight of a stranger produced an immediate silence; but no sooner had Michael mentioned the motive of his application, and described the merchandise he was escorting, than "horses! where are they?" exclaimed all the young men at once, starting to their feet. They hurried to the window to examine the beasts in question, whose quality and condition speedily attracted them down into the court-yard, for a closer survey. The rain had cleared off for the moment. The bailiff, the intendant, and the servants all gathered round the colts, and passed their criticisms upon them. One praised the bay, another admired the chesnut, a third caressed the mane of the piebald, and all agreed that the beasts were lithe and clean-built as deer, and that no better were driven in the whole country round. Kohlhaas gaily replied, that the animals were well fitted for the noble riders who should bestride them, and pressed the young men to become purchasers. The lord of the manor, who was greatly taken with a white stallion, asked its price; the intendant suggested the purchase of a pair of strong blacks, which would be useful, he said, to make up deficiencies in the farming department; but when the horse-merchant had named the sum he required, the young men found all too dear, and the lord of the castle told him he must go in search of King Arthur and his Round Table, if he wanted to sell at such terms. Kohlhaas, who observed, with a dim presentiment of mischief brewing, that the bailiff and the intendant exchanged frequent whispers, casting expressive glances, the while, at the two blacks, omitted no effort to get rid of the beasts at any reasonable bargain.

"My lord," he said to the young noble, "I bought this couple six months ago, for twenty-five gilders; give me thirty, and they are yours."

Two of the young cavaliers, standing beside the nobleman addressed, gave their opinion that the beasts were well worth the money; but their host declared that he was perfectly disposed to spend money for the white stallion, but not for a couple of cart horses, and

made a movement to leave the court. Kohlhaas observed, that he hoped to be more fortunate in his lordship's custom the next time he passed that way. He made his bow at the same time, and turned his horse's head to ride off. But at this moment the bailiff stepped forward, and said he understood that the horse-dealer could not cross the frontier without a pass. Kohlhaas turned round, and asked the young Von Tronka if this regulation, which upset his whole trade, really existed? The young nobleman replied, with some embarrassment of manner—

"Yes, Kohlhaas, you must deliver your pass; arrange all that with the bailiff, and go your way."

Kohlhaas declared that he was far from wishing to evade any existing orders with regard to the transit of horses. He promised to procure a pass at the secretary's office in Dresden, and begged his lordship this once, in consideration of his own entire ignorance of the regulation in question, to let him continue his journey.

"Well, well," said the nobleman impatiently, as he felt the storm coming on again, and chilling every member of his body, "let the poor knave pass, Bailiff. Come!" he called to his companions, making towards the door at the same time. But the bailiff, hurrying after him, urged that he should at least demand some security from the horse-dealer that this pass would be procured and paid for. The young lord paused in the door-way, and Kohlhaas asked what value in money or in kind he ought to leave behind, in security for the passage of his horses. The intendant, muttering something which did not reach Michael's ears, said he might very well leave the two black colts.

"Yes," put in the bailiff, "that would be the best arrangement; and then, as soon as the pass is redeemed, he can come when he pleases, and take them away."

Kohlhaas, indignant at so impudent a demand, represented to the young nobleman, who stood hugging himself, chillily, in his mantle, that he was anxious to sell the black colts as soon as possible; but the latter, losing all patience before a blast of wind, which sent a deluge of rain and hail through the open door, shouted out, in order to put an end to the parley—

"If the fellow won't leave his horses,

send him back whence he came," and hurried into the castle.

The horse-dealer, who saw clearly that he must yield here to superior force, resigned himself to the alternative—unsaddled the black colts, and led them into a stable pointed out to him by the bailiff. He left one of his men behind, charging him to take good care of the animals till his return. He then pursued his way, in discontented mood, with the rest of his cattle, towards Leipsic, where he was to arrive in time for the fair.

Immediately upon his arrival in Dresden (in one of the suburbs of which he possessed a house and stables for the convenience of his trade, he betook himself to the government office, and there learnt that, as he had at first suspected, the necessity for a royal pass was a mere invention. Kohlhaas solicited, and received from the indignant officials, a written certificate of the illegal nature of the requirement which had been made of him at the chateau. He laughed within himself at the young nobleman's cunning wit, although he could not well see the drift of it. Having, in the course of a few weeks, satisfactorily disposed of the horses he had brought with him, he took his way back to Tronka Castle, with no more irritation lurking in his heart than that which the frailty of humanity *will* engender on similar occasions. The bailiff, on being shown the government certificate, made no remark upon the matter, merely replying to Michael's question, if he could have his horses back again, by nodding his head with a gesture towards the stable. In crossing the court, however, Kohlhaas had already received the disagreeable intelligence that his groom had, a few days after he had been left there, subjected himself, by his unmannerly conduct (it was said), to a sound cudgelling and a forcible expulsion from the castle. He asked the stable-lad, who gave him this intelligence, of what the man had been guilty? and who had taken care of his horses in the meantime? The other replied, that he knew nothing about the matter. Kohlhaas, his breast already full of forebodings, proceeded to open the stall in which the beasts stood. Great was his amazement when, instead of the two sleek-coated blacks he had left behind him, he beheld a pair of meagre, worn-out jades; frame-works of bone, upon which old clothes might

have been hung as upon a railing ! Mane and hair were all knotted and tangled together ; in short, they stood the very picture of wretchedness in the animal kingdom ! Kohlhaas, whom the poor beasts recognised with a feeble neigh, was irritated to the last degree, and indignantly demanded what had happened to his horses ? The stable-boy, who stood beside him, replied that nothing had happened to them, that they had always had the suitable allowance of fodder, but that, as it was harvest-time, and there was a deficiency of draught-cattle, they had been used a little in the fields. Kohlhaas swore a bit at this shameless and evidently preconcerted piece of injustice ; but, in the consciousness of his own impotence, he swallowed his wrath, and was already preparing to quit this robbers' nest with his two beasts, when the bailiff, attracted by the discussion, came up and asked what was the matter ?

"What is the matter !" replied Michael. "Who gave the Baron von Tronka and his people leave to employ my black colts in cart-horse work ? Was such treatment humane ?" he added, trying to rouse the exhausted animals with a slight blow of the whip, and pointing out the fact, that they had not strength to move.

The bailiff, after surveying him for some moments with an air of pert defiance, exclaimed—

"Look at the lout ! as if he ought not to thank his stars that his two hacks are still alive ! Was it not fair and reasonable, after your scamp of a servant had run away, that the beasts should earn their food ? He would not have any bawling and quarrelling here," he added, "else he would call out the hounds, and soon manage to set matters quiet again."

The horse-dealer's heart knocked quicker against his ribs. He longed to seize the unwieldy tyrant by the throat, fling him in the mire, and put his foot upon that brazen face ; but his sense of justice, true as a goldsmith's balance, never wavered ; before the tribunal of his own breast, he was still uncertain whether the guilt was on his antagonist's side. While gulping down the insult, he adjusted, in silent thought, the knotted manes of the colts ; and at length asked, in a lower tone, for what fault his servant had been chased from the castle.

"For insolence," replied the bailiff ;

"because the fellow resisted a necessary change of stable, and wanted us to let the horses of a couple of young noblemen, visitors to the castle, pass the night out of doors for the sake of his two colts !"

Kohlhaas would have given the worth of his horses to have his man by his side at that moment, to compare his account of the affair with that of the pursy bailiff. He was still engaged in smoothing the tangled coats of the fillies, debating within himself as to the best course to pursue, when the scene suddenly changed. Young Wenzel von Tronka, with a swarm of riders, grooms, and dogs, returning from the chase, dashed into the court. The bailiff, upon a question put by the young lord, stepped forward, and while the dogs set up a yell of ferocity at the sight of the stranger, related, under the most distorted colouring, how this horse-dealer was importing riot and rebellion into the castle, because his black colts had been used a little in the harvest, and now (added the bailiff with scoffing laughter) the fellow actually refused to recognise the beasts as his own.

Kohlhaas here broke in—"These, noble sir, are indeed not the same horses, which were worth thirty gilders when I left them here ! I demand my colts, my sound and well-fed colts, again !"

The young lord's cheek grew pale with rage. He dismounted, and said, "If the d——d idiot will not take the horses back, let him leave them, and go to the devil if he pleases. Come along, Fred, Hans !" he added, shaking the dust from his clothes ; "and hark, knaves, bring us wine, and speedily !"

So saying, he entered the castle. Michael now declared, that he would sooner call the knacker, and let his horses be flayed and given to the dogs, than lead them back to Kohlhaas-bridge in the state in which they were. And, leaving the two colts standing in the middle of the court, he jumped upon his steed and rode off, vowing that he would find means to have justice yet.

He was already spurring along the road to Dresden, when the recollection of his servant man, and the charges brought against him at the castle, made him slacken his pace. Before he had proceeded a thousand paces further, the conviction that it would be better, and more just, to hear first this man's history of the transaction, be-

came so strong, that he turned his horse round, and resumed his way homewards. His sense of justice, tutored by an accurate knowledge of the world and its errors, made him disposed, in spite of the insults he had received, to look upon the loss of his horses as a species of retributive punishment, if the conduct of his servant had really been culpable as the bailiff described it. On the other hand, a feeling not less to his credit strengthened itself as he rode on, and gathered at every resting-place some fresh instance of petty tyranny exercised on travellers by the inmates of the Tronkenburg. This feeling told him, that if the whole occurrence was (as appearances seemed to speak it) a preconcerted plot, it was his duty to society to strive, with all his force, to obtain compensation for the injury done him, and thus insure his fellow-citizens against any similar injustice for the future.

No sooner had he arrived at Kohlhaas-bridge, embraced his faithful wife Elizabeth, and kissed his children, who clomb upon his knees, than he asked after Hans the groom; and whether anything had yet been heard of him.

"Yes, dearest Michael," replied Elizabeth; "only imagine, this poor Hans, unfortunate man, returned here about a fortnight ago in a pitiful plight, so severely beaten that he can, even now, scarcely draw his breath freely. We put him to bed (the poor fellow was spitting blood by cupfuls), and received an account, of which none of us could make anything, of his mishap; how he had been left by you at the Tronkenburg with some horses which were not permitted to pass the frontier, and how he had been forced to leave the castle by the most shameful maltreatment, without the possibility of his bringing the horses away with him."

"Indeed!" said Kohlhaas, undoing his cloak; "is he recovered yet?"

"With the exception of the spitting of blood," replied his wife, "he is now doing pretty well. I wanted to send off another man to the Tronkenburg to take care of the horses until your return thither; for as Hans has always shown himself a lover of truth, and indeed as faithful a servant as any we ever had, I could not suppose, especially when there was so much in his condition to corroborate his story, that he had been separated from his

charge in any other way than that described. But he conjured me not to trust any one in that robbers' nest, and to let the horses go, unless I wished to sacrifice a man for them."

"Is the poor fellow still a-bed?" asked Kohlhaas, as he unloosed the comforter from his neck.

"No; he has been able to go about a little for some days past," replied she, adding, that her husband would see that the groom's account would prove to be correct, and that this was only another instance of the despotic acts practised upon travellers, for some time past, from the walls of the Tronkenburg.

"I must first assure myself well of this," replied Kohlhaas. "Call the man to me, Elizabeth, if he is up;" and so saying he settled himself in his easy chair, while his wife, rejoiced at the calmness of his manner, went in search of the groom.

"What was this behaviour of yours at the Tronkenburg?" asked Kohlhaas, as Eliza and Hans entered the room together; "I am not altogether pleased with what I hear of you."

The groom, whose pallid face flushed at these words, was silent for a moment; at length he replied—

"You are right there, master; for I had the weakness, because I heard a child cry in it, to fling into the Elbe a match which, at the suggestion of Providence, I carried about me to set the robbers' nest on fire. Let God's lightning consume the place, thought I—I at least will not do it."

Kohlhaas, surprised, asked, "How then, did you subject yourself to be turned out of the house?"

"By a bad habit I have of endeavouring always to merit the trust of my employer," replied the groom, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "but what is done cannot be undone. I wished to prevent your horses from being worked to death in the fields, and said they were still too young for such labour, and had never been used to draught."

Kohlhaas, endeavouring to conceal his perturbation, replied that he had not spoken the strict truth, inasmuch as the horses had, at the beginning of the last spring, been run a little in harness. "You might, moreover," he added, "have shown yourself more obliging, once or twice, at least, if there was really a deficiency of draught for the

harvest at the castle, where you were, you must recollect, a sort of a guest."

"And that is just what I did, sir," replied Hans. "I thought within myself, when I saw the black faces they put on, that a little exercise could do the animals no harm; so, on the third morning, I yoked them to the waggon myself and brought in three good loads of corn."

Kohlhaas, whose breast was beginning to heave with indignation, bent his head to conceal the play of his features, and remarked, "Nobody mentioned a word about that to me, Hans."

The groom asseverated that such was the simple truth. "The unmannerly conduct I am charged with," he said, "consisted solely in my having refused to put the horses under the waggon again immediately after they had had their feed; and in my having replied to the bailiff and intendant, when they suggested to me to help myself to fodder, and put the money you had left me to purchase it, into my own purse, that '*I was an honest man, which was more than many a richer one could say*'—turning my back upon them, as I said so."

"But, at any rate," rejoined Kohlhaas, "it was not for this that you were expelled from the castle?"

"No, master," answered the groom, bitterly; "it was for a far more outrageous action! That same evening the horses of two cavaliers, who arrived on a visit, were led into the stable, and mine turned out and tied to the door-post; and when I took the animals out of the hand of the bailiff, who placed them there, and asked him where they were to be housed now? he pointed out to me a pigsty built up with laths and boards against the castle wall!"

"You mean," interrupted Kohlhaas, "that it was such a miserable place that it resembled rather a pigsty than a stable."

"It was a pigsty, sir," replied Hans, "a veritable pigsty, in which the pigs were kept; and where I myself could not stand upright."

"Probably it was impossible to find any other shelter for the blacks," remarked Kohlhaas; "the cavaliers' horses had, to a certain extent, the precedence."

"It is true," replied the groom in a more subdued tone, "that there was not much room to spare. We had seven cavaliers, in all, lodged in the

castle. If you had been in the young lord's place, you would have set everything right, by crowding up the horses a little more together. I offered to hire a stall down at the village, but the bailiff vowed that it was his duty to keep your blacks under his own eyes, and that I must not presume to leave the castle with them."

"Ha!" exclaimed Kohlhaas; "and what did you do then?"

"As the intendant assured me that the two guests were merely to stay that night at the castle, I led the poor beasts into the sty, and made the best of it. But the following day passed without thinning our numbers; and on the third morning I was given to understand that the youngsters would probably remain some weeks."

"Well, Hans," said Kohlhaas, "I will wager, after all, that the pigsty did not turn out so bad as you imagined when you first put your nose into it."

"That is true," replied the man: "when I had cleaned the place out a little, we managed to get on pretty well. I contrived to give the horses room to stand upright during the daytime, removing the boards from above in the morning, and laying them on again at night. The poor animals stretched their necks out through the roof, like a couple of geese, thinking, I dare say, of Kohlhaas-bridge, or any other place where they had found better quarters."

"Well, now, tell me how on earth you came to be turned away?" demanded Michael.

"Because, sir, they wanted to get rid of me, and for no other reason; because, as long as I was there, they could not work the horses to death, as they wished to do. In the yard and in the servants' hall they gave me nothing but black looks, and when I took no notice of this, they invented a pretext of their own, and kicked me out."

"But what was this pretext?" exclaimed Kohlhaas, "since pretext there was."

"Oh, a most just one, sir, as you shall hear!" answered Hans. "On the evening of the third day after my move into the pigsty, I led the horses out, and wanted, as they had got very dirty, to take them down to the river and give them a swim. Well, I had scarcely reached the gateway of the

castle when I heard the bailiff and the intendant, with the stable-boys and the hounds, all rushing after me, shouting out, 'Stop, thief! Stop, gallows-bird!' as if they were possessed. The gate-keeper placed himself before me, and when I asked him and the troop of madmen who were at my heels, 'What was the matter now?' 'What's the matter?' replied the bailiff, seizing the bridles of my two blacks; 'where are you off with these horses, you scamp?' 'Where?' said I. 'Why, blood and thunder! to give them a swim to be sure; do you suppose that I——?' 'To give them a swim!' cried the bailiff. 'I'll teach you, you rogue, to swim back to Kohlhaas-bridge on the highway!' and with that he and the intendant, who had a gripe of my leg, pitched me, with a jerk, off the horse, and I measured my length in the mud. 'Murder! thieves' shouted I; 'let me have the collars and the horse-cloths which I have left in the stable, with a bundle of linen.' But he and the stable-boys, while the intendant led off the horses, set upon me with kicks, and whips, and cudgels, until I sank down half dead behind the castle gate. 'Robbers!' shouted I, as soon as I could get upon my feet again—'where are you off with my horses?' 'Out of the castle-yard, you black-guard!' screamed the bailiff—'hey, Cæsar! hey, Carlo! at him, Spitz!'—and immediately more than a dozen of the hounds rushed upon me. By good luck there was a hedge close at hand—I tore a stake out of it, and stretched three of the dogs in a trice dead at my feet. But the smart of the flesh-wounds I received from the others forced me to give way a little, and before I could recover my ground again, a whistle called the hounds back into the yard, the gates were slammed upon me, the bolts drawn, and I found myself, half-dead with fatigue and loss of blood, shut out of the castle for good."

Kohlhaas, whose face had grown paler and paler during this recital, here remarked, with feigned malice—

"Did it never enter your head to quit the place on the sly, Hans? Come, confess! the pigsty was not altogether to your liking; you remembered that you were better off in the stable at Kohlhaas-bridge?"

"By God's lightning!" exclaimed Hans, indignantly, "I left my collars

and horse-cloths, and a bundle of shirts behind me in that cursed sty. And at least I should have had the wit to carry off with me the three gilders which I had tied up in the red silk neck-kerchief, and hidden in the manger! Hell and the devil, master! If you speak thus to me, what would I not give if I could but light again the match which I flung into the Elbe."

"Come, come!" said Kohlhaas, "I spoke but in jest, my friend. Every word that you have told me I believe. After supper, when my wife and I talk over our affairs together, I will decide what is to be done in the business. I am sorry, indeed, that it should have gone so ill with you in my service. Now go, Hans! go to bed; get yourself a flask of wine, and be of good cheer, for you may depend upon it that we will have justice done you yet for all this?"

So saying, he proceeded to take a note of the articles left by his man in the pigsty; demanded of Hans the value he placed upon them, and then, shaking him by the hand, dismissed him to bed.

At supper he narrated to his wife the whole course of the affair in all its details, mentioning to her his determination to demand redress, through the public tribunals, for the injustice done him. Elizabeth, to his infinite satisfaction, heartily approved of this decision. "Other travellers," she remarked, "less patient than he was, might be exposed to similar treatment at this castle. Besides, it was a holy work to put a check to disorders such as these. For her part, she was perfectly ready to contribute her share towards the expenses which the prosecution of the lawsuit might bring upon him." Kohlhaas called her "his courageous little wife;" passed the remainder of that and all the following day in the tranquil enjoyment of her society and of the caresses of his children, and, as soon as his affairs would permit, set out again for Dresden, in order to lay his complaint before the tribunals of that town. Here, with the assistance of an advocate of his acquaintance, he drew up a petition, minutely detailing the injustice to which he, as well as his servant, had been subjected on the part of the Baron Wenzel von Tronka. He prayed for the suitable punishment of the same, the restoration of his horses in their original condition, and full compensation for the

damage suffered by himself and by his groom. Kohlhaas was by no means destitute of friends in the metropolis, who promised to back his cause with energy. The extensive trade which he carried on had given him the acquaintance, and his rigid honesty had won him the esteem of the most notable men of the land. He dined several times, sanguine of success, at the table of his advocate (himself a man of reputation); deposited a sum of money with him for the expenses of the process, and, perfectly at rest as to the result, returned, after the lapse of a few weeks, back to his wife and to Kohlhaas-bridge. Months, however, passed away, and the year had closed before he received any intelligence from Saxony, even of the institution of his suit, to say nothing of its decision. After having several times renewed his application to the tribunal, he wrote confidentially to his advocate, begging to know the motive of so extraordinary a delay. He received for answer, that a notification from a higher quarter had caused the complaint to be definitively rejected. In reply to his astonished request to be informed of the reason of this, the advocate intimated to him that the young Baron von Tronka was related to two noblemen of the same name—Henry and Christopher von Tronka—one of whom held the office of cup-bearer, and the other that of chamberlain, at court. He advised him, moreover, abandoning all further thought of law, to endeavour to obtain possession again of his horses, which the young Von Tronka, at that moment in the capital, had it seemed directed his servants to consign to him on application. He concluded with begging him, in case he was not disposed to content himself with this course, at least to provide himself with another legal adviser, and exempt *him* from further commissions in the business.

Kohlhaas happened to be at Brandenburg, when this last letter reached him. The town-captain (*Stadthauptmann*), Henry von Geusau, within whose jurisdiction Kohlhaas-bridge lay, was just then occupied in establishing several charitable institutions for the sick and the poor. Among these, his immediate attention was given to the fitting up of a mineral spring, existing in a neighbouring village, and enjoying a reputation for sanatory virtues, in cases

of infirmity of the chest, which the future ill-justified. As he was well acquainted with Kohlhaas, with whom he had had frequent dealings, he permitted Hans, the groom (still suffering from a painful and obstructed respiration, consequent on the ill-treatment he had received at the Tronkenburg), to try the effects of the little spring, which had already been roofed in and enclosed. The town-captain, it so happened, was giving some directions to the doctor, close by the bath in which Kohlhaas had just laid Hans, when the horse-dealer received, by a messenger from his wife, this letter from his Dresden advocate, giving such a sad blow to all his hopes of redress. Von Geusau remarked the tear of wounded pride which Kohlhaas let fall upon the open communication, and approaching, asked him, in a kind tone, what the news was which had thus affected him. The horse-dealer, without reply, handed him the letter. The worthy nobleman, who was already informed of the disgraceful act of injustice practised at the Tronkenburg, from the effects of which poor Hans lay there, in danger, perhaps, of his life, clapt him on the shoulder, and told him he must not be down-hearted; that he would himself lend a hand to have him righted. By his direction, Kohlhaas waited upon him that same evening at the citadel. Von Geusau told him that his proper course would be to draw up a petition, with a brief notice of the occurrence, to the Elector of Brandenburg, enclosing the advocate's letter along with it; and invoking the prince's protection, on occasion of the tyrannical act to which he had been subjected on the Saxon territory. He promised to have this petition placed in the hands of the Elector, at the same time with a packet from himself, which was just about to be despatched, assuring Kohlhaas, that if unforeseen obstacles did not arise, the document would find its way to the Elector of Saxony, and secure him an impartial hearing at the tribunal of Dresden, in spite of the intrigues of Von Tronka and his allies. Kohlhaas, overjoyed, thanked the town-captain from his heart for this new proof of his benevolence, remarking that he only regretted not having instituted his law-suit at Berlin, from the first, instead of at Dresden. After he had gotten his petition duly drawn up in the secretary's

office of the municipality, the horse-dealer returned home to Kohlhaas-bridge, more sanguine than ever as to the issue of his cause. He had, however, within a few weeks the grief to learn, through a counsellor on his way to Potsdam, that the Elector had handed over the petition to his chancellor, Count Kahlheim, and that this latter, instead of transmitting it directly to the court at Dresden, had first applied to Von Tronka himself, for more detailed information in the matter. The counsellor, who seemed to have been specially entrusted with the conveyance of this intelligence, could give no satisfactory answer to the natural question, "Why such a course had been pursued?" He merely added, that the town-captain had charged him to recommend patience to the petitioner; seemed pressed to continue his journey, and only at the conclusion of their brief conference, let fall a few words which revealed to Kohlhaas the fact, that Count Kahlheim was connected by marriage with the house of Von Tronka. Kohlhaas, who had lost all interest in his trade and his farm—nay, almost in his wife and children—passed the next month in gloomy anticipation of the new failure awaiting him. Exactly as he had expected, at the expiration of that period, Hans, who had found some benefit from his baths, returned from Brandenburg, the bearer of a voluminous rescript, accompanied by a few lines from the town-captain, expressing his regret that he could do nothing in this business, and advising Kohlhaas to re-demand his horses at the Tronkenburg, and abandon all further proceedings in the matter. The rescript, dated from the chancellor's office, purported that "the petitioner was, in the opinion of the Dresden tribunal, a frivolous litigant; the nobleman with whom the horses had been left, did not, in any way, withhold them from him; he had but to send to the castle and fetch them away, or give the baron notice where they should be forwarded to him; but, in any case, let him spare the Chancery Court for the future similar idle applications." Kohlhaas, who cared nothing about the horses, and would have been equally annoyed for a couple of dogs, literally foamed with rage when he perused this document. At every sound that reached him from the road, he hurried to the window, his heart swelling within him, in the expectation of seeing the baron's

servants entering his gate to restore him his starved and jaded colts! It was the only occasion in which his well-regulated mind had abandoned itself to sentiments of rage and indignation. A few days later he received the information, from an acquaintance who had passed the castle, that his horses were employed upon the young lord's estate with the other beasts of the farm. In the midst of the grief which he felt at the thought of so much injustice reigning in the world, he could not refrain from a feeling of satisfaction to find order in some degree restored to his own breast—to the world within—by this announcement. He invited a neighbour of his, a farmer who had long nursed the desire of rounding his estate by the purchase of Kohlhaas's contiguous property, to come and see him. As soon as he could turn the conversation that way, he asked him what he would give for his Brandenburg and Saxony possessions, house and land, fixtures and all, just as they were? His wife grew pale at these words. She turned away, and raising up in her arms their youngest child, who was playing on the ground beside her, pressed him to her bosom, throwing glances, full of terror, upon the horse-merchant and a paper he held in his hand. The farmer, regarding Kohlhaas, with amazement, asked what had led him thus suddenly to such a strange resolve. The horse-dealer replied, with as much cheerfulness as he could assume, that the idea of disposing of his farm on the banks of the Havel was not altogether a new one, as they had already more than once discussed the subject together; that his house in the environs of Dresden was, so to speak, a mere appendage to the former, and that, in short, if the farmer was disposed to take both tenements together as they were offered, he was perfectly ready to conclude the bargain at once with him. Kohlhaas-bridge, he added with a forced smile, was not the world; there might be objects in life in comparison with which the duties of regulating a household were but of secondary importance; in fact, his mind was bent upon great undertakings, of which perhaps he would soon hear something. The farmer, re-assured, remarked jokingly to Elizabeth, who was showering kisses upon the face of her child, that he fancied her husband would not re-

quire payment on the spot, laid his hat and stick upon the table, and took the paper which the horse-dealer held towards him to peruse. Kohlhaas, bending forward, told him that it was a conditional contract of sale, not becoming final until a month from its date; he pointed out that the document was complete in everything except the signatures, and the insertion of the sums to be agreed upon, as well for the purchase as for the redemption of the property, in case he receded from his original resolution within the stipulated time; and again gaily invited him to make an offer, assuring him that he would be satisfied with any reasonable terms. Elizabeth, meanwhile, was pacing up and down the room with a hurried step; so violently did her breast heave, that the kerchief, to which her child clung, threatened every moment to drop from her shoulders. The farmer remarked that he had no means whatever of judging of the value of the tenement in Dresden; whereupon Kohlhaas, producing some letters which had passed between himself and the former owner on the occasion of its purchase, replied, that he estimated it at 100 gold florins, although, as the documents exhibited would prove, it had cost him nearly half as much again. The farmer, who had carefully perused the contract, and found that perfect freedom was secured to the purchaser also, in case he should desire to withdraw, here remarked, half decided upon acceptance, that at any rate the stud of horses would be of no use to him; but when Kohlhaas replied that he did not mean to include the horses in the bargain, and that he wished moreover to reserve for himself some weapons which were in the armoury, his guest, after hemming and hawing a little, repeated an offer which he had once made half in jest, during a morning's walk, and which, to tell the truth, was considerably below the real value of the property. Kohlhaas pushed the inkstand towards him. The farmer, who could scarcely credit his senses, asked him if he was serious, and on Kohlhaas demanding, with some impatience, if he thought he was merely making game of him, he took the pen, with rather a perplexed look, and signed the deed; at the same time he crossed out all that passage which related to the forfeit payable in case the seller retracted; bound himself to an advance of 100 gold florins on the

mortgage of the Dresden tenement, which he refused to buy up entirely, and altered the period allowed for receding from the contract to two months instead of one. The horse-dealer, released of this care, shook his guest heartily by the hand, and after agreeing that one-fourth of the purchase-money was to be paid down at once, and the remainder deposited within three months in the Hamburg Bank, he called for wine, to make good cheer over a business so happily despatched. When the servant girl came in with the decanters, he bade her tell Sternbald, the groom, to saddle the bay immediately, as he had some affairs which called him to the capital. He gave his guest to understand, at the same time, that on his return he would speak more openly with him of his designs, which, for the moment, must be kept secret. Filling their glasses, he then carelessly asked what was the latest news of the Turks and Poles (then at war); enveloped the farmer in endless conjectures on the politics of the day, and drank a final bumper to the good success of their business. After this the farmer rose, and bade him farewell.

As soon as the guest had left the room, Elizabeth fell on her knees before him.

"If you ever," she exclaimed, "gave a place in your heart to me and the children I have borne you; if we are not for the future, God only knows wherefore, thrust out from all share in your love, tell me, I conjure you, what all these fearful preparations mean?"

"Nothing, my darling wife," replied Kohlhaas, "which, in the present aspect of affairs, need alarm you. I have received a rescript, in which I am told that my complaint against the Baron Wenzel von Tronka is frivolous and vexatious; and as it is evident that there is some misunderstanding in the case, I have made up my mind to present my petition on the subject personally to the sovereign."

"But why sell your house?" exclaimed his wife, rising from her knees.

"Because," replied Kohlhaas, pressing her tenderly to his bosom, "I cannot consent, dearest Elizabeth, to remain the denizen of a country in which my just rights are denied me. Better be a dog than a man, if I am to be thus trodden under foot. My own wife thinks here, I feel persuaded, just as I do."

"And how dost thou know," asked Elizabeth gently, "that thy rights will be denied thee? If thou approachest the sovereign respectfully, as becometh thee, with thy supplication in hand, how knowest thou that thou wilt be pushed aside, or that a hearing will be refused thee?"

"In that case," replied her husband, "if my fears are groundless, the house is not sold. Our prince himself is, I know well, a just man; and if I could but succeed in reaching his person, across the ring of courtiers who surround him, I doubt not that I should win me speedy justice, and return happy and content, before the week is up, to thee and to my old occupations. And then," he added, kissing her forehead, "all I could ask more were to pass the remainder of my life thus by thy side! But at any rate," he resumed, "it is advisable that I should be prepared for every event; therefore is it my wish that you should, if possible, leave home for a short time, and take the children with you to Schwerin, where you know you have an invitation of long standing to pass some days with your aunt."

"How!" exclaimed Elizabeth; "send me to Schwerin! me and the children across the frontier to Schwerin!"—and terror choked her utterance.

"Certainly," replied Kohlhaas, calmly, "and that, if it may be, at once, in order that no extraneous considerations may distract me from the steps I am determined to take in this affair."

"Oh, I understand you now!" exclaimed Elizabeth, flinging herself upon a chair, and bursting into tears. "Horses and arms! that is all you want now; the rest he who will may take!"

"Dearest Elizabeth!" said Kohlhaas, affected, "what art thou doing? God has blessed me with wife, and children, and fortune; must I to-day, for the first time, regret His bounty?"

He sat himself down beside her, and the true-hearted woman, touched by these words, fell blushing upon his neck.

"Tell me," said he, smoothing the disordered curls away from her brow, "what shall I do? Shall I give up this affair? Shall I go to the Tronkenburg to beg my horses back from the proud baron, mount them, and ride them back here?"

Elizabeth dared not say, as her heart said, "yes! yes! yes!"—she shook her head weeping, pressed closer to his side, and covered his breast with warm kisses.

"Well, then!" exclaimed Kohlhaas, if thou feelest as I, that to follow my trade as I have hitherto followed it, I must have justice done me first, give me the liberty of action which is necessary for me to obtain that justice."

So saying, he stood up and told the groom, who here entered to announce that the bay horse was saddled, that, on the following morning, the black also must be harnessed, to carry his wife and children to Schwerin.

Elizabeth then said that an idea had just struck her. Drying the tears from her eyes, she approached her husband, who had sat down to his desk, and asked him if he would give her the petition, and let her go to Berlin, in his place, to present it to the Elector?

Kohlhaas, relieved on more than one account by the turn thus taken, drew her to him and said—"My darling wife, that is impossible! The sovereign is numerously surrounded, and many are the vexations to which those are exposed who seek to come near him."

Elizabeth replied that it was, in a thousand ways, easier for a woman to surmount such obstacles than for a man.

"Give me the petition," she repeated, "and if your only wish is to know that it is actually in the Prince's hands, trust to me; he shall receive it, I promise you!"

Kohlhaas, who had had numberless proofs both of her courage and of her tact, demanded how she hoped to accomplish this engagement?

Elizabeth, looking down with a blush, replied that the castellan of the electoral palace had, in former times, when he was in service at Schwerin, been a suitor for her hand; and that, although he was now married and the father of a family, still he had not forgotten her; in short, her husband might safely leave it to her to take advantage of this and many other circumstances, which it would occupy too much time to detail at that moment.

Kohlhaas kissed her joyfully, said that he accepted her offer, pointed out to her that, if she could get herself invited on a visit to the wife of the castellan, she would be able to see the sovereign in his palace itself; gave her

the petition ; had the black horse put to the car, and sent her off, well wrapped up, under the charge of Sternbald, his trusty groom.

But of all the steps he had taken, with so little profit, in this unfortunate business, the journey in question was the most disastrous. After the lapse of a few days, Sternbald re-entered the courtyard, driving the car at a footpace, in which poor Elizabeth lay extended, with a dangerous contusion in the breast. Kohlhaas, who hurried, pale as death, to meet the vehicle, could obtain no connected account of the origin of this misfortune. The castellan, the groom said, was absent from home when they arrived, so that they were obliged to dismount at a hotel, in the neighbourhood of the palace ; Elizabeth had gone out alone on the following morning, ordering the groom to remain with the horse, and had not returned before the evening, when she was carried back, in the condition in which Kohlhaas then saw her. It would seem that she had pressed too eagerly forward upon the person of the sovereign, and, without any fault of his, but merely through the rough zeal of one of the guards in attendance, had received a thrust in the breast with the butt end of a lance. Such, at least, was the version of the occurrence given by those who brought her back, deprived of consciousness, to the hotel. She herself had scarcely been able to utter a word since, on account of the blood constantly gushing from her mouth. The petition had been taken from her hands by one of the Elector's pages. Sternbald said, that his own desire had been to take horse immediately, and convey the intelligence of this mishap at once to Kohlhaas ; but she, in spite of the representations of the physician who had been called in, insisted upon being driven back to her husband, without any time being lost. Kohlhaas bore her in his arms into the house, and laid her on a bed, where, utterly worn down by the fatigues of the journey, she lingered a few days more amid painful efforts to draw her breath. All attempts to restore her to consciousness, and obtain her own account of the disaster, were vain ; she lay there with motionless and already glazed eyes, and answered not. A few moments, however, before death, her senses seemed to have returned. A minister of the Lutheran persuasion (to which

faith, then just dawning upon the world, she had, with her husband, subscribed) stood beside her bed. He was reading to her, with a loud and fervent voice, a chapter out of the Bible, when she suddenly fixed an expressive glance upon him, drew from his hand the sacred volume, as if to signify that it was not to *her* it should be read, turned over the leaves with the air of one who seeks a remembered passage, and pointed out with her forefinger to Kohlhaas, who was sitting beside her, the verse — “ Forgive thine enemies ; do good to those that hate thee ; ” and pressing his hand, with a look of ineffable affection, she expired. Kohlhaas kissed her with silent tears, closed her eyes, and left the room. He took the hundred gold florins which the farmer had already paid over to him for the Dresden tenement, and ordered a funeral more fitted for a princess than for one of her class—a coffin of oak, bound with metal, silken cushions tasselled in gold, and a grave eight yards deep, lined with solid masonry. He himself, with his youngest child in his arms, stood by and watched the work. On the day of the funeral the corpse, white as snow, was laid in a chamber which he had caused to be hung with black. The priest had just ended a touching discourse by the side of the bier, when the sovereign resolution, motived on the petition which the deceased had presented, was remitted to him. This resolution was to the effect—that he send and fetch the horses from the Tronkenburg, and, on pain of imprisonment, abandon all further steps in the affair. Kohlhaas folded up the document in silence, and motioned to the bearers to lay the coffin in the hearse. As soon as the hillock had been raised, the cross planted upon it, and the guests, who had accompanied the procession, dismissed, he threw himself upon his knees before her vacant bed, and took an oath of vengeance. His first act was to draw up a decree, in legal form, condemning, in virtue of his inborn power, the Baron Wenzel von Tronka to lead the black colts, which he had unlawfully possessed himself of and worked to skeletons, back in person to Kohlhaas-bridge, within three days after sight, and in person to tend them in his stable until they had recovered their former condition. This decree he sent off at once by a well-mounted servant, who was directed to return with all speed

immediately after its consignment. When the three days had passed away without the horses making their appearance, he called Hans into his presence; explained to him the penalty he had imposed upon the young nobleman; and asked him if he was ready to ride over with him to the Tronkenburg, and fetch Von Tronka by force; if, moreover, he would engage, in case their prisoner was slothful in the discharge of his task in the stable, to administer the horsewhip to him? Hans, as soon as he had understood well what was proposed, flung his cap into the air, crying—"Master, let us do it this very day!" and vowed he would mount a lash with ten knots, in order to teach the youngster how to use the currycomb. Kohlhaas then concluded the sale of his house, and sent off his children across the frontier to Schwerin. He called together, at nightfall, the rest of his men, seven in number, all true as steel, armed and mounted them, and started for the Tronkenburg.

On the third night he fell upon the castle with this small band, riding down the porter and the toll-keeper, who were in conversation together under the gateway, and setting fire to all the wooden sheds of the courtyard. Hans sprang at once up the staircase of the bailiff's tower, and attacked with sabre and dagger his old tormentor, who sat, half-undressed, playing at cards with the intendant; while Kohlhaas, swift and terrible as the Angel of Judgment, swept into the castle. The young baron, who was at that moment reading aloud to his companions, amid peals of laughter, the decree which the horse-dealer had sent to him, no sooner recognised his voice in the court than, starting from his seat, pale as death, "Save yourselves, my friends!" he cried, and disappeared. Kohlhaas, on entering the hall, seized, with a gripe of iron, a young nobleman, Hans von Tronka, who advanced to meet him, and flung him headforemost against a pillar with such mighty force that his brains strewed the floor; then demanded in a voice of thunder, while his men overpowered the remainder of the knights, where was Wenzel von Tronka. Finding that the stunned and bewildered prisoners could give him no information on the subject, he burst open with his foot the doors of two corridors leading into the side wings of the castle, and searched the immense building in

every direction, but without success; and only then, in his baffled fury, did it occur to him to descend into the yard, and direct all the egresses to be guarded and watched. In the meanwhile, the fire had extended itself from the sheds to the castle, and to all the outhouses, whence a dense column of smoke rolled towards the sky. Sternbald, with three of his comrades, occupied himself in gathering together all the articles of value, and distributing them, as lawful booty, upon the horses; and, in the midst of all this, the dead bodies of the bailiff and the intendant, with those of their wives and children, came tumbling down from the open window of the tower, amid the exulting shouts of Hans. As Kohlhaas was descending the stairs, the old, palsied housekeeper of the castle threw herself at his feet; pausing upon one of the steps, he asked her where was the Baron Wenzel von Tronka? She replied, with tremulous accents, that she believed he had taken refuge in the chapel. Michael called two of his men with torches, made them force the door with their hatchets, entered, upset altar and *prie-dieu*, but, to his bitter grief, found no one. It happened that, as he was leaving the chapel, a stable-boy of the castle hurried past, with the intention of releasing the baron's charger from a capacious stable, built of stone, which was already threatened by the flames; Kohlhaas, who at that very moment caught sight of his two blacks in a little shed, thatched with straw, close by, asked the lad why he did not first try to save the colts? The boy, adjusting the key in the stable-door, answered, submissively, that the shed was already on fire; whereat Kohlhaas, snatching the key from his hand and flinging it over the wall, drove him, under a shower of blows from the flat of his sword, into the blazing stall, and forced him, amid the savage laughter of the bystanders, to drag out the colts. But when the lad, pale with terror, issued, leading the horses from the shed, which, at that moment fell in behind him, Kohlhaas was no longer there; and on his following him into the court, and asking him what he was to do with the blacks, the horse-dealer turned upon him with a look of fury, and raising his foot, menaced a kick, which, had it been given, would have been his death; then mounting his chesnut without a word, he placed himself beneath the gateway

of the castle, and there, in grim silence, waited for the dawn. By the time morning broke, the whole castle was burnt down to the walls, and not a living soul was to be seen in it, save Kohlhaas and his seven men. The horse-dealer dismounted, and hunted once again over the whole edifice, every nook and corner of which was now illuminated by the sun-light, but with no better result. Forced then to the bitter conviction that his attack upon the castle had missed its chief aim, he sent out Hans, with a couple of the grooms, to obtain intelligence as to the direction which the young baron had taken in his flight. His suspicions principally turned towards the wealthy convent of Erlabrunn, situated on the banks of the Mulda, the abbess of which, Antonia von Tronka, was revered in all the country round as a pious, beneficent, and sainted dame. It appeared to the unhappy Kohlhaas but too probable that his foe, destitute as he was of all means of defence, had taken refuge in this convent, the abbess being, it seemed, his paternal aunt and the guardian of his early childhood. Informed of this fact, the horse-dealer mounted the bailiff's tower, in the interior of which a room still remained in habitable state, and there drew up a "Kohlhaas mandate," in which he bade the whole country refrain from giving aid to the Baron Wenzel von Tronka, against whom he was waging a just war, and furthermore required each and every inhabitant thereof, not excepting either friend or relative, to deliver into his hands the said baron, under the penalty of death and of utter destruction of house and holdings. He caused copies of this document to be disseminated by various hands in all the district around, and entrusted one of them to a faithful groom, with special orders to convey it into the hands of the abbess of Erlabrunn. After this, he had an interview with some of the domestics of the Tronkenburg, who, dissatisfied with their late master, and attracted by the prospect of plunder, desired to enter into his service. These men he armed with steel jerkins and daggers, after the fashion of foot soldiers in that day, and instructed them to sit behind his mounted followers; he then had all the booty taken in money divided among the whole band; and this done, rested a few hours be-

neath the gateway of the castle, from his occupation of vengeance.

About noon Hans brought him the confirmation of the presentiment which his heart, ever filled with gloomy forebodings, had already conceived—namely, that the young baron was to be found in the convent of Erlabrunn. He had saved himself, it seemed, by a door pierced in the outer wall of the castle and opening upon a narrow staircase which led down to the Elbe; at least, Hans had learnt that he had amazed the inhabitants of a little village on the bank of that river, by disembarking there, about midnight, from a boat without either oars or rudder, and that he had hired a small cart there to convey him on to Erlabrunn. Kohlhaas heaved a deep sigh at this intelligence; he demanded if the horses had been fed; and on being answered in the affirmative, he ordered his band to mount, and in three hours stood before Erlabrunn. A thunder-storm was booming in the distance as he and his troop rode, with lighted torches, into the court of the convent. The man whom he had sent off in advance with the mandate met him here, and certified to the due consignment of it; and even while he spoke, the abbess and the intendant of the convent, in excited altercation, together advanced beneath the portal of the cloister. The latter, a little old man, with hair white as snow, was feebly donning his armour, and ordering, in confident tones, the domestics who stood around him to ring the alarm bell; but the abbess, bearing a silver cross in her hand, descended the steps, pale as a sheet, and threw herself, with all her nuns, before Kohlhaas's horse. Hans and Sternbald overpowered the intendant, who had not even drawn his sword, at once; and Michael sternly demanded of the abbess where was the Baron Wenzel von Tronka?

"In Wittenberg, worthy Kohlhaas!" replied she, loosing, as she spoke, from her girdle an immense bunch of keys, and adding, in a tremulous voice, "fear God, and do no evil!"

Kohlhaas, flung back by these words into the hell of baffled revenge, turned his horse, and was on the point of giving the order, "Fire the convent!" when a terrific flash of lightning struck the ground close to him. He paused for a moment, and then again addressing himself to the abbess, demanded if she

had received his mandate, and how long since ?

"Two hours, so help me heaven!" replied the lady in a voice scarcely audible, "after the departure of my nephew the baron."

The messenger, to whom Kohlhaas turned with a fierce scowl, confirmed this assertion, stammering out that the state of the Mulda, swollen by the late rains, had prevented his reaching the convent sooner. The horse-dealer remained lost in reflection, when a tremendous storm of rain burst suddenly upon them, extinguishing the torches, inundating the pavement on which they stood, and distracting for the moment the grief which gnawed his saddened breast. Slightly raising his hat to the abbess, he struck the rowels into his horse, crying — "Follow me, my friends! the baron is at Wittenberg;" and left the convent.

At nightfall he stopped at an inn on the high road, in which he determined to rest all the following day, to refresh his jaded horses. Here, conscious that it would be idle to attack a place like Wittenberg with a troop of ten men (such was his actual strength), he drew up a second mandate. In this, after a brief account of his wrongs, he invited "all good Christians," under promise of bounty-money and other military guerdon, "to espouse his cause against the Baron von Tronka, the common enemy of all Christians." In another mandate, abandoning himself to a species of morbid and distorted fanaticism, he styled himself "a knight, free of the empire and of the world, subject only to God." This feeling, backed by the sound of his gold and the hope of booty, secured him a constantly increasing train of followers, supplied chiefly from the riff-raff of the soldiery turned adrift by the recent peace concluded with the Poles. On the following day, when they started, on the right bank of the Elbe, for Wittenberg, his troop was already above thirty strong. In those days the town in question was surrounded by a dark forest. Here Kohlhaas ensconced himself, horses and riders, beneath the shelter of an old, half-ruined grange, despatching Sternbald, disguised, with the mandate into the town. As soon as this messenger had returned, and certified that the document had been duly posted up in the market-place (it was already late in the evening), Kohl-

haas then took horse with his troop, and while the inhabitants lay buried in sleep, it being the vigil of Pentecost, set fire to the town in several places at once.

Leaving his retainers to plunder the suburb, he himself fastened upon a church a paper, setting forth, "that he, Kohlhaas, had set fire to the town, and that if the Baron von Tronka were not delivered up to him, he would so reduce it to ashes, that no wall should remain standing to hide the foe of Christ from his search." The terror of the townspeople, at this unheard-of act, was indescribable. Fortunately, the tranquillity of the atmosphere had given little stimulus to the flames, so that not more than nineteen houses (including a church) had fallen their prey. At daybreak, as soon as the conflagration had been got under, the governor of the place, Otto von Gorgas, sent out a troop of fifty mounted men, with orders to seize and bring back prisoner the man of blood. But their captain, one Gerstenberg, made such a bungle of the business, that the whole expedition served only to raise Kohlhaas to a high military reputation, instead of crushing him, as it was meant to do. Gerstenberg, under the idea of surrounding his adversary, divided his troop into several small bands, which Michael, who kept his men together, found means to attack separately, and cut to pieces in detail; so that by the evening of the following day not one man of this little army, in which the hope of the town lay, remained to stand against him. Although he had himself experienced some losses in this battle, he did not hesitate, on the subsequent morning, to penetrate again into the town and again set it on fire. This time his murderous arrangements had better effect; a considerable number of houses, and almost all the wooden erections of the suburbs, were reduced to ashes. He pasted up anew, and that on the very door of the council-house, the same mandate, prefixing to it a notice of the fate which had befallen the Captain von Gerstenberg and his squadron. The governor, enraged beyond measure by this act of defiance, hastily collected a force of a hundred and fifty men, at the head of which he placed himself, attended by several knights. He gave the Baron von Tronka, on his written application, a guard to protect him from the violence of the populace, who clamoured for his

expulsion from the town; and after placing pickets in all the neighbouring villages, and posting sentinels on the walls of the town itself, as security against a surprise, he rode forth, on St. Jervis's day, to capture these monsters who were devastating the land. This troop, however, the horse-dealer had the skill to avoid; and after he had, by adroit manœuvring, drawn the governor five leagues from the town, and, by various contrivances, deluded him into the belief that, pressed by such superior forces, he was retreating upon the Brandenburg territory, he suddenly wheeled about, hurried back, by forced marches, to Wittenberg, and, on the fall of the second night, set the town again on fire. It was Hans who, slipping disguised into the town, accomplished this deed of atrocious daring. The conflagration, fanned by a strong north wind, spread so rapidly and so fiercely, that in less than three hours, above forty houses, two churches, several convents and schools, and the electoral residence of the governor himself, were burnt to the ground. Von Gorgas, fully persuaded that his adversary had retired across the Brandenburg frontier, had halted to refresh his exhausted troops, when the intelligence of this new disaster was brought to him. Retracing his steps, without a moment's delay, he found the town on his arrival in universal uproar; the populace, armed with cudgels and poles, had besieged in thousands the barricaded house of Baron von Tronka, and with frantic yells demanded his expulsion. Two burgomasters, Jenkins and Otto by name, dressed in their robes of office, and standing at the head of the entire magistracy, attempted in vain to convince the assailants that it was absolutely necessary to await the return of a courier who had been despatched to the president of the state chancery, to obtain leave to convey Von Tronka to Dresden, whither he was himself most anxious to go. The mob, deaf to reason, paid no heed to these entreaties, and was just on the point of storming the house and razing it to the ground, when the aged governor entered the town, at the head of his troop of cavalry. This nobleman had had the good fortune, as if in compensation of the ill-success of his main undertaking, to capture three stragglers from the band of the incendiary, close to the town gates. The sight of these wretches loaded with chains, lent

a practical weight to the adroit speech in which he assured the magistracy, that he had every hope of shortly bringing Kohlhaas himself, on whose traces he already was, a prisoner before them, and had the effect of disarming the troubled fury of the mob, and of ensuring the safety of the baron, at least until the return of the courier. Von Gorgas then dismounted, and, after causing the palisades to be removed from the doorway, entered the house, accompanied by some of his knights. He found Von Tronka, who had passed from one fainting-fit to another, in the hands of a couple of physicians, occupied in the endeavour to restore animation, by means of essences and stimulants. As the worthy governor clearly saw that this was not a moment to reproach him with the responsibility which his conduct had brought upon them, he contented himself with simply desiring him, with a look of calm contempt, to dress himself and follow him, in the interest of his own safety, to the dungeons of the tribunal. As soon as the young baron, clothed in doublet and helm, with his breast half bared to facilitate his impeded respiration, made his appearance in the street, supported on one side by the governor, and on the other by his cousin, the Count von Gerschau, curses deep and terrible rose up to heaven against him on every hand. The people, with difficulty kept back by the governor's attendants, called him a blood-sucker, the plague of the land, the curse of Wittenberg, and the destroyer of Saxony; and after a heart-sickening passage through streets of smoking ruins, during which his helmet several times dropt from his head, without any consciousness on his part of its loss, he arrived at last at the prison, in a tower of which, strongly guarded, he disappeared. In the meantime the return of the messenger, with the electoral resolution, had again agitated the town. The government, yielding to an earnest petition immediately presented to it by the burghership of Dresden, refused to hear of the baron's taking refuge in the capital until the incendiary troop had been crushed. Von Gorgas was enjoined to afford all protection in his power to the baron. The good city of Wittenberg, however, was assured for its comfort, that an army of five hundred men, headed by Prince Fre-

derick of Misnia, was already on its march to secure it against the further attempts of the horse-dealer. The governor saw at once that a resolution of this character would have little effect in allaying the popular excitement. Not only had various trifling advantages gained by Kohlhaas in skirmishes with the town troops lent enormous exaggeration to the estimate of his forces, but the unheard-of species of warfare which he carried on with pitch, straw, and sulphur, by means of disguised emissaries, and under cover of darkness, rendered utterly inefficient the protection of such troops as the Prince of Misnia was leading to them, even had their number been far greater than that which was stated. After brief reflection, the governor resolved to keep back the entire resolution from publicity, only posting at the corners of the streets, copies of a letter in which Prince Frederick announced his coming. At daybreak, however, he caused a covered carriage, escorted by four heavily armed riders, to issue from the court of the dungeon and take the road for Leipsic, the escort carelessly letting fall among the bystanders that their destination was the Pleissenburg.

This stratagem succeeded, and, seeing that the populace no longer doubted that they were rid of this flagitious baron, whose presence seemed to be waited upon by fire and slaughter, the governor again sallied forth, with a force three hundred strong, in order to effect a junction with Prince Frederick. In the meanwhile Kohlhaas, thanks to the extraordinary position he occupied, actually found himself at the head of a hundred and nine men. As he had contrived to provide himself with arms sufficient fully to accoutre this band, he determined to meet separately, with the swiftness of the whirlwind, the two tempests which his scouts announced as about to burst united upon him. Accordingly, on the following night, he fell by surprise upon the Prince of Misnia, who had halted to rest in the neighbourhood of Mühlberg, in which battle, to his great grief, he lost his faithful Hans, shot down by his side almost at the first hostile discharge. Exasperated by this loss, he directed his attack with such fierce vigour and so roughly handled the prince, that the latter, finding his forces at daybreak greatly diminished and in hopeless confusion, was compelled to or-

der a retreat upon Dresden. Doubly emboldened by this advantage, Kohlhaas flew back to meet the governor, whom he fell upon by broad daylight and in the open field, close to the village of Damerhoff. A murderous conflict here took place, and was prolonged, with like advantage, till night suspended hostilities. The horse-dealer had determined to renew the attack on the following morning, and would certainly have done so, had not Von Gorgas (who had thrown himself into the cemetery of Damerhoff) deemed it prudent, under the news of the prince's reverse, to decamp in the cover of darkness, and fall back upon Wittenberg. Five days after the defeat of these two armies Kohlhaas stood before Leipsic, and set fire to that town, on three sides at once. In the mandate which he caused to be disseminated on this occasion, he styled himself "A Plenipotentiary of the Archangel Michael, sent to punish, in the person of all those who took part with the Baron von Tronka, the depravity wherein the whole world was sunk." Having taken by surprise the Castle of Lützen, he established himself there, and issued thence a summons to the people to unite beneath his banner, for the establishment of a better order of things, subscribing the document with the extravagant formula—"Given from the seat of our provisional world-government, the mighty Castle of Lützen." The good fortune of the inhabitants of Leipsic willed that a heavy and incessant fall of rain should prevent the conflagration from spreading, so that only a few stores in the vicinity of the Pleissenburg were destroyed by the flames. Nevertheless, the consternation of the townsfolk at the knowledge of the presence of this frantic incendiary, and of his mistaken belief in the flight of the young baron to Leipsic, was unspeakable. A troop of an hundred and eighty mounted men sent out against him was completely routed; so that the only course left open to the magistracy, anxious as they were not to expose the wealth of the town to such fearful risks, was to close all the gates, and cause the citizens to keep watch, day and night, upon the walls. It was in vain that the authorities posted up, in all the neighbouring villages, proclamations, most solemnly asseverating that Wenzel von Tronka was not in the Pleissenburg. The horse-dealer in-

sisted, through the medium of similar documents, that he *was* there, and declared that, even if such were not the case, he would act precisely as if his belief was a demonstrated certainty, until the place in which "the foe of all Christians" had taken refuge was distinctly indicated to him. The elector, meanwhile, advised by a courier of the need in which his good city of Leipsic stood, signified his immediate intention of placing himself at the head of an army of two thousand men, and marching in person against Kohlhaas. He severely censured the equivocal stratagem which the governor, Von Gorgas, had employed in order to free Wittenberg from the presence of the incendiary: but it were impossible to describe the terror and confusion which seized the capital, and indeed all Saxony, on learning that some unknown hand had attached, in all the villages around Leipsic, a declaration purporting that, "the Baron Wenzel von Tronka was to be found at Dresden, in the palace of his cousins, Henry and Christopher."

Under these circumstances, Doctor Martin Luther undertook the task of winning back the horse-dealer within the pale of social order, by the simple force of persuasive words, aided by the authority which his own position in the world gave him. Building upon a powerful element in the breast of the incendiary, he penned to him the following address, which was posted up in every town and village of the electorate:—

"Kohlhaas, thou who didst boast thyself called to wield the sword of justice, to what audacity hast thou risen, O sinner, in the illusion of thy blind passions?—thou, filled as thou art with injustice from the crown of thy head even unto the sole of thy foot! Because the sovereign, whose subject thou art, hath denied thee thy right in a little matter, therefore, sayest thou, wicked one! hast thou risen up, with fire and with sword, and therefore hast thou broken, like the wolf of the desert, into the peaceful community which that sovereign protects! But thou who, by this pretence, full of untruth and of guile, leadest thy fellow-men astray—dost thou hope, O worker of iniquity, by this pretence also to win thy cause before God, on that day which shall pour light into every fold of the heart? And how canst thou say that thy right has been denied thee—thou, whose fe-

rocious breast, goaded by the thirst for base revenge, renounced all endeavour to obtain this right after that thy first feeble effort had failed? Doth a benchful of servile lawyers and constables, who intercept a letter which is transmitted to them, or keep back a judgment which they ought to pronounce, constitute the authority to which thou owest fealty and submission? And must I tell thee, O forgetter of thy God, that this authority knoweth nought of thy cause—nay, that the sovereign against whom thou rebellest is ignorant of thy very name; so that, when thou standest forth, before the throne of God, as his accuser, he will be able, with serene countenance, to say—'Lord, to this man have I done no wrongful deed, for my soul is a stranger even to his existence.' Know, then, that the sword which thou wieldest is the sword of robbery and of murder; a rebel art thou, and no warrior of the God of justice. Thy end in this world is the wheel and the gibbet, and in the next the eternal damnation which awaiteth all iniquity and all unrighteousness.

"MARTIN LUTHER.

"Wittenberg, &c."

Kohlhaas was revolving in his lacerated breast a new plan for reducing Leipsic to ashes (for he gave no credence to the announcement that the Baron von Tronka was in Dresden, seeing that the advertisement which contained it bore no sort of signature), when Sternbald and Waldmann discovered, to their great consternation, Luther's brief, which had been attached, during the night, to the castle-gate. In vain, however, did they wait for several days, in the hope that Kohlhaas, whom they were unwilling expressly to address on the subject, would take notice spontaneously of this document. He appeared among them, indeed, gloomy and absorbed, every evening, but only to give his brief orders, and without ever turning his eyes either to the right or to the left; so that, one morning, when he had ordered the summary execution of a couple of his band, who had pillaged in the neighbourhood against his express prohibition, they took the resolution to draw his attention to it at all hazards.

Accordingly, as he returned from the place of execution (the trembling crowd giving way before him), in the

state which he had assumed since his last mandate—an enormous cherubim's sword borne before him upon a crimson leather cushion, tasselled in gold, and twelve attendants with lighted torches following him—Sternbald and Waldmann placed themselves ostentatiously beneath the pillar to which the placard was attached, carrying their swords under their arms in a way which could not fail to be noticed by him. In fact, as soon as Kohlhaas, who was walking with his hands joined behind his back, absorbed in thought, had placed his foot beneath the gateway, he raised his eyes and gave a start: the men, at his appearance, retreated respectfully; and he himself, glancing absently at them, hurriedly approached the pillar. But who shall describe the sentiments which swept through his soul, when he saw on that pillar the accusation of injustice brought against him, and signed by that name he held most dear and most venerated—the name of Martin Luther! The crimson blood mounted darkly to his cheek; he took off his helmet—read the address twice through, from beginning to end—turned himself round to his men, with uncertain glances, as if he would speak, but said nothing; took down the paper from the wall—again perused it—cried, “Waldmann! my horse!—ho, Sternbald! follow me into the castle!” and disappeared. The few words he had read sufficed to disarm him at once—him, the destroyer, as he stood there! Hurriedly throwing on the disguise of a small farmer, he told Sternbald that an affair of vital importance called him to Wittenberg—confided to him the command of the band during his absence, which, he asseverated, would not exceed three days, during which period no attack was to be apprehended, and started for Wittenberg.

Here, under a feigned name, he took up his quarters in an inferior hotel. As soon as night approached, he wrapped himself in his mantle, placed in his belt a pair of pistols (part of the pillage of the Tronkenburg), and thus introduced himself into Luther's house. Luther was seated at his desk, surrounded with books and papers, when he saw this mysterious stranger open his door and bolt it behind him. He started up, asked who he was, and what he wanted; and no sooner had his visitor (who had reverently doffed

his hat) replied, “I am Michael Kohlhaas the horse-dealer,” than Luther, making towards a bell which stood upon a table, a few paces off, cried—

“Avaunt! thy breath is a pestilence, and thy neighbourhood perdition!”

Kohlhaas, without moving from his place, drew forth a pistol, and said—

“Honoured sir, if you touch that bell, this pistol stretches me, at the instant, dead at your feet! Sit down, and listen to me. Beneath the angels, whose hymns you are transcribing, you are not safer than with me.”

“What wouldst thou, then?” asked Luther, pausing for a moment, and then resuming his seat.

“I wish,” said Kohlhaas, “to correct the judgment which you have formed of me—that I am an unjust man. You have told me, in your address, that my sovereign knows nought of my wrongs. Well, then, procure me a safe conduct, and I will go to Dresden, and lay them before him.”

“Impious and rebellious man,” cried Luther, amazed, and at the same time re-assured by these words; “who gave thee the right to attack the Baron Von Tronka, in the prosecution of a sentence thyself only had pronounced; and, finding him not, to visit with fire and with sword the whole community which protects him?”

“No one, revered sir, as it now seems,” replied Kohlhaas. “A piece of intelligence brought from Dresden had misled, betrayed me! The war which I wage against the community of mankind is a crime, as soon as it proves, as you assure me, that I have not been thrust out from that community.”

“Thrust out!” exclaimed Luther, regarding him with amazement; “what insanity of judgment possesses thee? Who thrust thee out from the community of the state in which thou livedst? Nay, where is there an instance, as long as states have been, of any one whomsoever being so thrust out from them?”

“I call him thrust out,” replied Kohlhaas, clasping his hands together, “to whom the protection of the law is denied! This protection was necessary to me for the prosperity of my trade; nay, I placed myself, with all belonging to me, within the pale of that community, for the sake of this protection, and he who denies it to me,

thrusts me out into the wilds of the desert—places in my hand (you must admit it) the club which I am to wield as my own protector."

"But who *has* denied thee the protection of the law?" exclaimed Luther. "Did I not write thee word that thy complaint was utterly unknown to the sovereign? If his servants suppress lawsuits behind his back, or in any other way abuse his revered name without his knowledge, who but God shall presume to call him to account for the choice of such servants? And art thou, O thou wretched castaway, worthy to judge him?"

"Then," replied Kohlhaas, "if the sovereign does not spurn my suit, I return back again into the community which he protects. Procure me, I repeat, a safe conduct to Dresden, and I will cause the band I have left in Lutzen Castle to disperse, and bring my repulsed complaint once more before the public tribunal."

Luther, with a vexed expression, tossed the papers which lay on his table one over the other, and was silent. The attitude of defiance which this singular man had assumed, in the face of the state, perplexed and revolted him. Mentally recurring to the "judgment" forwarded from Kohlhaas-bridge to the baron, he demanded what he sought to obtain from the Dresden tribunal.

"The punishment of Von Tronka," replied Kohlhaas, "conformably with the law; the restoration of my horses in their original condition, and compensation for the damages suffered, as well by myself as by my groom Hans, recently killed before Muhlberg."

"Compensation for damages!" exclaimed Luther; thou hast borrowed, it seems, thousands from Jew and Christian, on bills and pledges, for the prosecution of thy ferocious vengeance! Wilt thou add these items also to thy estimate of damages?"

"God forbid!" replied Kohlhaas, "I ask not back either house or home, or the affluence I once possessed, any more than the costs of my wife's funeral. Hans' old mother will draw up an account of the expenses incurred for the cure of her son, and of the articles of clothing left by him at the Tronkenburg. As for the loss which I sustained by being prevented from selling the two colts, the tribunal can have it estimated by any competent person."

"Incomprehensible raver!" exclaimed Luther, regarding him with amazement; "after that thy sword hath taken vengeance the most atrocious imaginable upon the baron, what impels thee thus obstinately to invoke a judgment upon him, which, even if it fall at last, will strike him such a feeble blow?"

"Revered master," answered Kohlhaas, the tears rolling down his cheeks, "this little matter has cost me my wife. Kohlhaas will call the world to witness that it was in no unjust cause she came by her death. Yield in this point to my wishes, and let the tribunal pronounce—in every other point which may come into dispute, I will yield to yours."

"Look here," said Luther, "that which thou demandest, if the case is really as the public voice reports, is just; and hadst thou contrived to commit the decision of thy cause to the sovereign, before taking the law into thine own hands, I doubt not but that thy demand would have been satisfied in every point. But tell me, hadst thou not done better, all things considered, to have forgiven the baron, for thy Saviour's sake; taken back thy two colts, worked down and worn as they were, and ridden them home to Kohlhaas-bridge, there to fatten them up in thine own stall?"

"That may be, and may not be!" replied Michael, stepping hurriedly to the window. "Had I known that I was to pay their feed with the heart's blood of my wife, it may be that I should have done as you say, revered sir, and not grudged the loss of a bushel or so of oats! But, as they have come to cost me so dear, why let matters e'en take their course, say I; let the law speak, and bid the baron himself bring my colts into condition again."

Luther, full of thought, here turned again to his papers, and said that he would seek an interview with the Elector upon the subject, and if he should succeed in obtaining a free conduct, would apprise Kohlhaas of it by a public proclamation; the latter, in the meantime, might return to Lutzen Castle, under the understanding that he was to keep perfectly quiet during the interval.

"At the same time," he added, as Kohlhaas drew near to kiss his hand, "it is impossible for me to know

whether the prince will consent thus to postpone justice to clemency ; for I understand that he has already collected an army with the intent of capturing thee at the Castle of Lutzen ; but, at all events, as I before said, nothing shall be wanting on my part to further thy prayer."

So saying, he stood up and motioned to terminate the interview. Kohlhaas declared that the promise of his intercession set him quite at rest on this point ; whereupon Luther waved his hand to him in token of adieu, but Michael sank down on one knee before him, and said that he had yet another prayer upon his heart : that his enterprise had prevented him from attending church at Whitsuntide, when he was accustomed to approach the Lord's table ; would Luther consent to receive his confession, without any further preparation, and administer to him, in return, the holy sacrament ? Luther, after brief reflection, and a scrutinising glance at the suppliant, replied—

"Yes, Kohlhaas, that will I do ! But the Lord, whose body thou desirest, forgave his enemies ; wilt thou," he added, as the other regarded him with a perplexed expression, "forgive, likewise, the baron who hath injured thee ; return thee to the Tronkenburg, mount thy colts, and ride them home to Kohlhaas-bridge, there thyself to feed them up?"

"Revered sir," said Kohlhaas, reddening, and grasping his hand, "the Lord himself did not forgive *all* his enemies. Let me forgive the Elector, the bailiff, the intendant, the Lords Henry and Christopher, and all others who may have offended me in this matter ; but let me force the Baron Wenzel, if so it may be, himself to restore my horses to condition."

At these words, Luther turned his back upon him with a dissatisfied look, and rang the bell. The noise made by the servant entering the anteroom made Kohlhaas rise from his kneeling posture and dry the tears which stood in his eyes. He stepped to the door, which the man was vainly trying to open, and withdrew the bolt. Luther, who had sat down again to his desk, said, with a glance at the stranger, "Light this person downstairs ;" whereupon the man, a little astonished at the sight of a visitor, took down the house key from the wall, and retreated

through the half-open door, waiting for the other to follow him. Kohlhaas, taking his hat between both his hands, said, with an accent of grief—

"And so, most revered sir, I may not hope to obtain the benefit of that reconciliation which I have prayed you to win for me?"

"With thy Saviour, no!" replied Luther, shortly ; "with thy sovereign—that depends upon the result of the effort which I have already promised thee to make."

And with that he motioned to the servant to execute the order he had given him without further delay. Kohlhaas crossed his hands upon his breast with an expression of deep sorrow ; followed the man who held the light for him, and disappeared.

On the following morning Luther forwarded a despatch to the Elector of Saxony, in which, after animadverting in strong terms upon the conduct of the chamberlain and the cup-bearer, Henry and Christopher Von Tronka (who, as we already know, had caused the horse-dealer's petition to be suppressed), he represented to the prince, with that frankness which was one of his characteristics, that, under such vexatious circumstances, nothing better remained to be done than to accept the horse-dealer's proposition, and to grant him an amnesty for the renewal of his process. Public opinion, he remarked, was to a dangerous extent on this man's side, so much so, that even in Wittenberg, which he had thrice set on fire, voices were not wanting to speak in his favour. If his proposal were rejected, he would infallibly publish the fact abroad, dressed up too in the most hateful colours ; and there was reason to fear that the populace might be so far worked upon thereby as to render the powers of the government inefficient for the suppression of the ensuing disorders. He concluded that it would, on the present occasion, be advisable to waive the question of the policy of coming to terms with a subject who had taken up arms : that, in fact, the individual under consideration had, by the treatment he had met, been placed in a certain way without the pale of the body politic ; and that, finally, in order to elude the difficulty, the government might regard him rather as a foreign invader (a character lent to him to a certain extent by the fact of his being the native of

another state), than as a rebel in revolt.

After mature reflection, the Elector determined to follow this advice. Kohlhaas accordingly dispersed his band, and gave himself up to the authorities in Dresden, where he was placed upon his trial, and condemned to be torn with red-hot pincers, quartered, and his body burnt between the wheel and the gibbet. But as Kohlhaas-bridge was situated in Brandenburg, and as the elector of that state claimed him as a subject, he was finally given up to his immediate sovereign. Nevertheless a formal accusation of having violated the public tranquillity of the empire had been sent up against him, from Dresden to the Cameral tribunal, and, in conformity therewith, he was condemned by this supreme court to die by the sword.

As soon as the sentence had been read to him, his fetters were taken off, and all his papers, deeds, &c., which had been sequestered at Dresden, were again restored to him. On the legal advisers, which the tribunal had assigned him, demanding how he wished his property to be disposed of after his death, he drew up, with the aid of a notary, a will in favour of his children, nominating his trusty friend, the purchaser of Kohlhaas-bridge, their guardian. From this moment forward nothing could exceed the tranquillity and contentment of his last days; for, by a special order of the Elector, his prison was thrown open to the visits of all his friends, of whom he had a great many in the town, and who were allowed free access to him by day and by night. He had, moreover, the consolation of seeing the theologian, Jacob Freising, enter his dungeon, the bearer of an autograph letter from Luther (no doubt a remarkable document, but unfortunately lost), and of receiving the Holy Communion from the hands of that ecclesiastic, in the presence of two Brandenburg deacons, who constantly remained with him, administering spiritual comfort. At length the fatal day, on which he was to give atonement to the world for his rash attempt at self-vindication, dawned amid the general agitation of the whole town, which still cherished a persuasion that, in the last hour, the imperial pardon would arrive.

Surrounded by a strong guard, with his two children in his arms (a favour he had solicited and obtained from the

tribunal itself), and leaning on the arm of the theologian, Freising, he issued from his prison, and proceeded, amid a crowd of compassionating friends, who pressed his hand repeatedly in token of adieu, towards the place of execution. Arrived here, he found the Electoral Prince of Brandenburg, with his suite (among whom was the arch-chancellor Henry von Geusau), mounted on horseback, and attended by an immense throng. At the prince's right stood Franz Muller, the procurator of the empire, holding in his hand a draft of the sentence; on his left was seen the learned doctor in law, Anthony Zauner, Procurator of Brandenburg, with the *conclusum* of the Dresden tribunal; and in the midst of the semicircle, to which the populace formed the chord, stood a herald, holding a small bundle in one hand, and in the other the bridles of the two black colts, which stood by his side, in first-rate condition, and pawing the ground with their impatient hoofs. The arch-chancellor, Lord Henry, had instituted a suit at Dresden, in the name of his sovereign, against the Baron Wenzel von Tronka, and had carried it through, point for point, without any compromise or reservation; so that the horses (which, after the destruction of the Tronkenburg, had come into the possession of the knacker of Dobbeln) had been curried and fed up into prime order by the baron's people, and finally consigned to the procurator, on the market-place of Dresden, in presence of a commission specially sent down there for the occasion. When Kohlhaas, therefore, escorted by the guard, ascended the mound on which the Elector stood, the latter thus addressed him:—"Behold, Michael Kohlhaas, the day on which thou obtainest thy right! Look, here do I restore to thee all that which was taken from thee by violence, at the Tronkenburg, and which I, as thy sovereign, was bound to obtain thee back; horses, neckerchief, gilders, linen, disbursement for the cure of thy groom, Hans, killed before Muhlberg—all is here! Art thou contented with me now?"

Kohlhaas placed his two little ones side by side upon the ground, while, with dilated, sparkling eyes he read the *conclusum*, which, at a sign from the arch-chancellor, was handed to him. On coming to a clause therein, which condemned the Baron Wenzel to two

years' imprisonment, overcome by his feelings, he sank down upon one knee before the Elector, crossing his hands upon his breast. Standing up again, he, with cheerful joy, laying one hand upon his heart, assured the arch-chancellor that his highest earthly wish was now fulfilled. He then stepped to the horses, surveyed them with a critical eye, patted their plump necks, and, returning to the chancellor, said to him calmly, "that he made a present of the colts to his sons Henry and Leopold."

The chancellor, Henry von Geusau, bending down kindly towards him from his saddle, promised him, in the name of the Elector, that his last bequest should be faithfully carried into effect, and requested him to dispose also, according as he desired, of the articles which were in the bundle. Hereupon Kohlhaas called forward Hans' old mother, whom he had observed in the crowd, and, consigning the bundle to her, he said—"Here, good mother, all this belongs to you;" adding, at the same time, the sum which had been adjudged to himself as indemnity for

the non-sale of the colts, by way of a contribution towards the comfort of her childless old age.

The Elector then cried—"Now, Kohlhaas the horse-dealer, thou to whom this reparation hath been given, make thee ready to give, on thy part, reparation to the Imperial Majesty, whose procurator is here present, for the breach of the peace of his land."

Kohlhaas, taking off his hat, and kneeling down, said that he was ready; consigned his children, after again raising them in his arms and embracing them, to the farmer of Kohlhaas-bridge, and, as the latter bore them in silent tears away, stepped to the block, unloosed his neckcloth himself, and his head fell at the first blow of the executioner's axe. The body was laid in a coffin, amid the general lamentations of the people. As the bearers raised it from the ground, to convey it for decent burial to the cemetery in the suburbs, the Elector caused the two sons of the deceased to be brought before him, and created them knights, on the spot, directing that they should be educated in the same school with his pages.

RHYMES FROM THE EDDA.

THOR AND THRYM; OR, THOR'S HAMMER BROUGHT HOME.

*The Story of Thrym,
And Thor and his hammer,
And Loki and Freya,
Englished by J. A.,
In some strange whim;
From old Icelandic,
Finnish or Scandic,
With the help of Rask's Grammar,
And a volume of Grimm.*

I.

THOR in wrath from sleep uprist,
In wrath and rage, for his mallet he missed;
His beard he shook—he smote his head,
And round his searching hands he spread,
And to Asa-Lok he said:—

II.

This his first word—"Listen thou,
Strange event as this till now
Earth or heaven has never known:
The god is robbed—the hammer's gone."

III.

To Freya's bright abode speed they ;
And thus did Thor to Freya say—
“ O lend thy plummy robe to me,
With its wings, and so shall we,
Voyaging the wide world round,
Seek where the hammer may be found.”

IV.

“ 'Twere thine though of the red gold bright,
And thine though of the silver white.”

With Freya's robe see Lok upsprings—
Through air you hear the rushing wings.
He hath past away from the pleasant clime,
Of the Asi, and is at Jotunheim.

V.

Sitting abroad on a lofty mound,
Thrym the King of the Thurs he found ;
For his dogs he was twisting golden chains,
And clipping and smoothing his horses' manes.

VI.

“ How fares it with the Asi now ?
And with the Alfs of Alfheim how ?
Why thus at Jotunheim alone ?”

VII.

“ The Asi grieve and the Alfi groan—
Thor's hammer is gone. Is the mallet with thee ?”

VIII.

“ The thunderer's mallet is with me,
Furlongs eight deep underground,
Where it never will be found,
But by him who brings to me
Freya fair my bride to be.”

IX.

Bird-like, Lok again upsprings—
Far is heard the rush of wings,
As through air he travels fast ;
Now the giant's mears are past.
See him now o'er Asgard fleet !
Thor is at the gate to meet
This swift messenger of his.

X.

“ Is thy journey ended ? Is
The business done ? Ere yet you light
On earth, at once say, is all right ?
Speak with speed, for well I read,
*Who loiters, fables will devise,
Forgets the facts, and forges lies.*”

XI.

“ My journey is ended—the business is over ;
Thrym has the hammer, which none can recove
But he who brings him Freya to be
His wife.”

XII.

To Freya went Thor, and he
Said—"Goddess of Beauty, favour me,
Busk thee fast, as a bride—'twere time
That we were already at Jotunheim."

XIII.

Wroth now is Freya, and at her look
The hall of the Asi in terror shook.
With her bosom's furious throes
The great red necklace fell and rose,
And all but burst, so wroth was she:
"What would the Asi think of me?—
Think of me, then?—gods and men!—
Should I husband-hunting to Jotunheim go—
To the den of the giants?—no, no, no!"

XIV.

In council the Asi all canvass the matter;
The Asinyæ, too, how they clatter and chatter!
God and goddess at words and at war—
All to bring back the hammer of Thor.

XV.

In the hall of the gods did Heimdal uprise,
Brightest of all—like the Vani wise:
"Thor himself as the bride let us deck
With the great red necklace round his neck."

XVI.

"With the woven flax-threads veil the bride,
Make ring the house-keys at his side;
Let a woman's gown to his knees come down;
On his breasts the large gemmed circlets spread,
And crown with a queenly tire his head."

XVII.

Then in fury out spake Thor—
"What do the Asi take me for?
Merry, indeed, may goddesses wax,
At Thor in his virgin veil of flax."

XVIII.

Then said Lok, Lofeya's son—
"Hush! the hammer must be won;
Or hammer in hand the giant race
Will storm the Asi's dwelling-place."

XIX.

Thor as a bride they then 'gan deck
With the great red necklace round his neck;
With the woven flax they veiled the bride,
Made ring the house-keys at his side;
And a woman's gown to his knees fell down;
On his breasts the large gemmed rings they spread,
And, twisted tight,
His hair they bound in folds, that wound
His temples round,
Flight after flight, to prouder height, the braidings bright
Climbed up, and crowned
With a haughty turret spire his head.

XX.

Then said Lok, Lofey's child—

“ I also

With thee will go—

Will go with thee, thy handmaid mild ;
Let 's leave the heavenly Asgard clime,
To go to the giants of Jotunheim.”

XXI.

Now home came the goats of Thor from far,
And yoked are they with speed to the car ;
The rocks to receive them are rent in sunder,
Flame leaps from their path, and is followed by thunder,
As Odin's son, at twilight time,
Drives to the regions of Jotunheim.

XXII.

Thrym, the King of the Thurs, 'gan call
With a bridegroom's joy to his giants all—
“ Rise, spread the benches, and meet and bring
Freya his bride to your joyous king ;
The Queen of Beauty whom I have won,
The daughter of Niord, from Niatun.”

XXIII.

Many to-night are the lowing kine
Whose gilded horns at Jotunheim shine ;
And oxen black for the feast are brought—
“ Jewels I have,” the giant thought,
“ Jewels and rings in ample store ;
But what is life
Without a wife ?
Were Freya here I want no more.”

XXIV.

At early eve came the hoped-for guest,
And ale flows free at the bridal feast.
Thor ate alone eight salmons, and
An ox ; and all that came to hand
Of lesser things for ladies meet
Did Sif's consort freely eat ;
And drank alone three tuns of mead.

XXV.

“ Did ever woman,” said Thrym, “ so feed ?
Saw you ever ladies such
Drink so deep and eat so much ?”

XXVI.

The fair attendant, slim and slender,
Answered with an accent tender—
“ She hath eaten nothing for eight days' time—
Her heart was sighing for Jotunheim ;
She longed to leave the glorious clime
Of Asgard for thee and Jotunheim.”

XXVII.

Then Thrym bent down to kiss his bride,
And raised her veil, so large and wide ;

What has he seen beneath that pall,
That back he starts the length of the hall?
“Why are her eyes so fierce?” said he;
“From her eyes fire flashed, and struck at me.”

XXVIII.

The fair attendant when she heard
The giant soon took up the word—
“She hath had no sleep for eight nights’ time,
Thinking of thee and Jotunheim;
The Queen of Beauty in Asgard’s clime
Thought but of thee and Jotunheim.”

XXIX.

In came the giant’s sister—she
Was fierce and old, and worse than he;
A bridal gift she sought—“Oh, give
The red rings from your hands to me!
And in such comfort will we live!
And I will be so fond of thee!”

XXX.

Then Thrym, the King of the Thursi, cried—
“Bring in the hammer to bless the bride,
Our faith to plight
With the ancient rite,
Place on her knees the crusher now,
To strike the bargain and clench the vow.”

XXXI.

In his heart laughed Thor when again he felt
His hammer, and soon with Thrym he dealt;
On his head let fall the heavy mawl,
Then crashed and mashed the giants all.

XXXII.

When Thrym and all his giants he slew,
At the vile old sister-fiend he flew;
A wedding gift from the bride she sought,
A wedding gift from the bride hath got;
It was not largess of skillings and rings,
But a down-pour of the hammer’s swings,
Thick and fast, and heavy as rain.
Thus Odin’s son, in the days of old,
Came to have his hammer again.
The story of Thor and Thrym is told.

THE DEVEREUX EARLS OF ESSEX.*

THE biography of the Devereux Earls of Essex, compiled by their descendant, Captain Walter Bouchier Devereux, embraces a period of one hundred and six years, and narrates the fortunes of three generations of this ancient house.

No epoch in English history has been more important, nor more pregnant of great events, than the latter half of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth century. This was pre-eminently the Augustan age of England, fertile in men of genius. It was the age of our greatest poets and statesmen—the age of Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Jonson, Sidney, Raleigh, Bacon, Burleigh, whom we cnumerate from among a host of scarcely less illustrious names. Amid this array of great men we find, during the period in question, few more prominent personages than the high-born chiefs of the house of Devereux, each characterised by an adventurous career, an illustrious fortune, but a widely different fate.

With the first Earl we enter on that perplexed and intricate subject—Irish colonisation by English settlers—for to this nobleman was entrusted the conquest and plantation of Ulster; a task to which he fruitlessly sacrificed his energies, his fortune, and his life. This object was at last achieved, after incalculable loss of life and property, and cruel outrage inflicted on the *mere* Irish, by succeeding viceroys, or soldiers of fortune, deriving their commissions from Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James I.

The second Earl of Essex had a different, but far more tragical destiny. Young, handsome, brave, gifted, and adored by his sovereign, he rose to the pinnacle of earthly greatness, only to fall into a deeper abyss of ruin. He expiated on the scaffold, in the prime of life, the follies engendered by too great prosperity.

“O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes’ favours;

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer—
Never to hope again.”

Perhaps from a not unnatural reaction, we find the third Earl of Essex the avowed enemy of courts and kings; a rebel leader unfurling his banner against his sovereign, the champion of the Long Parliament, and lieutenant-general of the army which opposed itself to the unconstitutional encroachments of King Charles I. We must not, however, anticipate, but endeavour to trace as succinctly as possible the career of the three Devereux Earls of Essex whose biographies are now under our consideration.

Walter Devereux inherited from his grandfather the estates and titles of Viscount Hereford, Lord Ferrars of Chartley, Bouchier, and Lovaine, in 1558, and was created Earl of Essex in 1572. His ancestors traced their descent from a Norman companion-at-arms of William the Conqueror; while the quarterings of their escutcheon indicated the brilliant alliances formed by the house of Devereux, no less than the high position which they held in England since the days of the Conquest.

The earliest military exploits of Essex are connected with the “Rising of the North,” as the abortive conspiracy of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland against Queen Elizabeth was designated. This rebellion, speedily suppressed by the vigorous measures of the government, was more properly a religious than a political movement, and was mainly intended for the restoration of Roman Catholicism, though connected also with the Duke of Norfolk’s scheme for the liberation of the Queen of Scots, then a prisoner in the hands of Elizabeth. The intense Protestantism of Essex—

* “Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex, in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., 1540–1646.” By the Honourable Walter Bouchier Devereux, Captain in the Royal Navy. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1853.

for he inherited from his predecessors, who had been amongst the earliest adherents to the tenets of the Reformation, a tendency towards the extreme doctrines afterwards professed by the Puritans — naturally disposed him to exertions for the suppression of the outbreak. He raised, at his own expense, a troop of horse, which he placed at her Majesty's service. The malcontents unfurled their banner, on which was embroidered, "in vermeil colours and in gold," the cross and stigmata—

"The wounds of hands, and feet, and side,
And the sacred cross on which Jesus died—"

at Netherby, where the other ensigns they displayed are quaintly described in the fine old ballad of the "Rising of the North:—"

"Lord Westmoreland his ancyent raisde,
The dun bull he rays'd on hye,
And three dogs with golden collars,
Were there sett out most royallye.

"Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
The half-moone shining all soe faire;
The Norton's ancyent had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare."

Elizabeth's reception of the insurrectionary tidings is naïvely related in the ballad, as well as the suppression of the ill-omened attempt:—

"Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene shee swore,
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the north before.

"She caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,
With horses and harness faire to see;
She caused thirty thousand men be rays'd,
To take the carles i' the north countrie.

"Now spred thy ancyent, Westmoreland,
The dun bull faine would we spye;
And thou the Erle o' Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half-moon up on hye.

"But the dun bull is fled and gone,
And the half-moone vanished away;
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not staye."

We learn little from the biography before us, of the part taken in the suppression of this rebellion by Walter Devereux, Viscount Hereford. Indeed, we have to complain throughout these volumes of the paucity of information communicated by their author.

Whether it be that the information does not exist, or that Captain Devereux takes for granted that what is familiar to him is equally familiar to his readers—with that very general and pardonable mistake, by which some minds conceive that a subject they are themselves minutely acquainted with, must be patent to others, and so prove trite and uninteresting—it is certain that, in the work before us, Captain Devereux has been mainly a collator and arranger of the correspondence of the earls whose history he has undertaken to narrate; and that nothing can be more scanty and meagre than his own contribution to the two volumes before us. We are not disposed to underrate the attractions of the letters themselves: many of them are highly interesting; some of them now made public for the first time; and all are important additions to the history of the period of which they treat. Yet the book, as a whole, wants interest, for it wants connexion. A less impartial narrative, even, would be preferable to the candid, unimpassioned, cold, bare style of the editor's remarks. Captain Devereux has too honestly, too carefully repressed the natural partiality of a biographer, even though himself more personally concerned in his labours than most historians. We give him due credit for his upright intention, but this very merit has spoiled his book. We look, especially when treading the by-ways of history, for a vivid picturesqueness of style, which, without distorting or perverting facts, may invest the subject with a charm, and make that attractive and instructive which, in itself, is perhaps only of secondary importance. We have adverted to the striking characteristics of these three Earls of Essex; and the bold relief in which they might be expected to stand out from the canvas.

No less marked are the fortunes of their fair countesses; each in succession destined to play a peculiar part on the world's stage; but, if we except the third countess, notorious for her crimes, and the singularity of her story, we have very sparing allusions to the *compagnons des jours* of the Earls of Essex. We shall endeavour, at a later stage of our labours, to supply, in some degree, this omission; and to interest our readers in the ladies of the house of Devereux; having first, in the due sequence of events, intro-

duced to them the public life of Walter, the first Earl.

The principal event in the life of Earl Walter is his Irish expedition for the colonisation of Ulster. His ill success in this attempt, afterwards so effectually carried out by abler men, renders the subject rather a distasteful one to the family chronicler. Captain Devereux, however, finding the topic unavoidable, approaches it with as little manifestation of disgust as the soreness of the subject could well admit of. He prepares for his record of miscarriages and mortifications by a depreciatory account of the Irish, drawn from the usual sources broached on such occasions—Cox, Spenser, Campion, and Fynes Moryson, whose well-ventilated tale of the Bohemian Baron, received at the gates of Newtownlimavady by O'Cahan's sixteen handmaidens in a state of nudity, occupies a conspicuous place in this candid exposition. Some allowance must be made both for the absence of information and for the presence of a lasting family grudge; for there is no family of note in either country whose ancestors have suffered reverses so painful and humiliating at the hands of the Irish, as that of Devereux. Yet, with every disposition to give credit to Captain Devereux for industry, and for such a degree of candour, however moderate, as might be expected from one of his family, we cannot let pass one very gross example of either ignorance or of malevolent misrepresentation. "What little corn they (the Irish) grew, was kept for their horses; bread was rarely seen among them; they lived chiefly on milk and curds, with roots and herbs; seldom eating flesh—but when they did so, satisfied with squeezing the blood from the meat, they ate it uncooked. According to Moryson, horse-flesh, especially if the animal had died a natural death, was esteemed a rare delicacy." With such an account of the savages, amongst whom Earl Walter's lot was to be cast, Captain Devereux enters on his record of the Ulster expedition. He does not appear to be aware that, prior to this time, the northern Irish counties had been at all civilised. Had he known the fact, that, from the time of King John to the middle of the reign of Edward III., Down, Antrim, and Coleraine (or Derry) were shire-ground, for which sheriffs were regularly appointed, and assizes held be-

fore the going judges, he probably would not have taken Moryson's hearsays on trust so simply. Certain it is that the country, whatever might be the manners of its inhabitants, was tempting enough to excite the cupidity not only of Essex, but of Fitzwilliam, the then viceroy; and it would appear that the failure of Earl Walter's expedition is, in fact, attributable to the thwarting measures adopted by the latter. No sooner was the Earl committed to his adventure, and set down in the midst of the tribes of Farney, than the royal garrisons at Newry, Dundalk, and the other nearest adjoining posts on the English Pale, were diminished, withdrawn, deprived of their usual supplies, and otherwise rendered useless for succour or co-operation. If Essex had not been thus crippled, he might have achieved a general and permanent conquest of Ulster, and have avoided some acts which have left a stain on his memory, as being rather the expedients of a land-pirate than the measures of a governor. Of these the most discreditable was the seizure and execution of Brian O'Neill, who came, accompanied by his wife, to accept his hospitality, or to entertain him, it is uncertain which, at Belfast, and was there seized, and afterwards executed. Captain Devereux has not thought it expedient to publish the original documents connected with this business; but contents himself with an assertion that the Earl had certain information of O'Neill's intended treachery in some particulars not disclosed. The Irish (or barbarian) account is as follows:—

"Peace, sociality, and friendship were established between Brian, the son of Felim Breagh O'Neill, and the Earl of Essex; and a feast was afterwards prepared by Brian, to which the Lord Justice and the chiefs of his people were invited; and they passed three nights and days together pleasantly and cheerfully. At the expiration of this time, however, as they were agreeably drinking and making merry, Brian, his brother, and his wife were seized upon by the Earl, and all his people put unsparingly to the sword, men, women, youths, and maidens, in Brian's own presence. Brian was afterwards sent to Dublin, together with his wife and brother, where they were cut in quarters. Such was the end of their feast. This unexpected massacre, this wicked and treacherous murder of the lord of the race of Hugh Bry O'Neill, the head and the senior of the race of Eoghan, son of Niall of the

Nine Hostages, and of all the Gaels, a few only excepted, was a sufficient cause of hatred and disgust (of the English) to the Irish."—*Annals of the Four Masters*, ad an. 1574.

Dr. O'Donovan, in commenting on the passage from the "Annals," observes, with characteristic naïvete—"Camden says, that as soon as Essex landed at Carrickfergus, Brian Mac Phelim waited on him, and in the most submissive manner tendered his duty to the Queen, and his service to Essex, but that he soon after became disaffected, and joined Turlough Luineach in the rebellion. It is but fair to remark, that, when Essex landed, Brian thought that he had come over simply as Marshal of Ireland; but that, when he discovered that the Earl had come over to seize upon all Clannaboy to his own and the Queen's use, it was reasonable to expect that Brian should oppose him and the Queen also." Certainly, under no circumstances ought a banquet to have been made the occasion for arresting the guest or the entertainer, and the odium of a proceeding so unworthy must, in any case, rest on Earl Walter's memory. The expedition was a series of miscarriages. Earl Walter's letters are full of complaints, reproaches, and sordid details of pecuniary embarrassment. His anxieties of mind brought on an attack of dysentery, of which he expired at Dublin on the 22nd of Sept., 1576. Mr. Waterhouse, his secretary, has written a full and touching account of his last moments, which certainly were distinguished by pious resignation, and an extraordinary display of loyalty and attachment to the Queen. This paper, published in Camden's History, has gained for Earl Walter's memory the general encomiums of subsequent historians; but, reading the details of his correspondence, as published here by his descendant, deficient as that correspondence is in everything statesmanlike, and more resembling the complaints of some testy steward or quibbling debtor, we cannot but think that the character so long ascribed to him has been undeserved, and that Ulster had no great loss in being reserved for civilisation at

the hands of men who have been so much less than Walter Devereux the favourites of historical character-writers.

So far as concerns Earl Walter's proceedings in Monaghan, Captain Devereux has been anticipated in most of his documents by Mr. Shirley, whose account of the territory of Farney* is a very creditable contribution to the local history of Ulster. Mr. Shirley, however, has had the advantage of a personal knowledge of the district about which he writes, and draws largely for his material on the native annals of the country, without which, indeed, no just conception can be formed by either writer or reader of the actual course of events in the times in question. Mr. Shirley's book is, in truth, the most copious repertory in print of the family history of the Macmahon's, O'Reilly's, and other leading Ulster families. Even on this special topic of the acts of the Earl of Essex, we find many particulars of interest not noticed by Captain Devereux. Thus we have (p. 112) a print of Essex's Castle at Carrickmacross, as it stood in 1736; and (p. 55) an extract from the indefatigable M'Skimmin, stating, that within these few years there were some vestiges of the house in which he (Earl Walter) dwelt at the south end, east side, of Essex-street, Carrickfergus, adjoining Governor's Walk, and an old embattled bastion called Essex Mount. At p. 49, we have a list of his household, including his guide, interpreter, and piper, matters of no great moment in themselves, but which give some degree of curiosity to a subject otherwise barren and inheroic. A work so meritorious and so respectable as this of Mr. Shirley's ought to have long since received a separate notice, and one more adequate to its merits; and it is with some degree of compunction that we now introduce it in subordination to Captain Devereux's performance.

Walter Devereux left his children very indifferently provided for. However fruitless his Irish wars in gain or glory, they were fruitful to him in expenses and vexations. Queen Elizabeth had made a usurious bargain with her general; for one-half of the

* "Some Account of the Territory or Dominion of Farney, in the Province and Earldom of Ulster." By Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq., M.A. London: Pickering, 1845.

necessary outlay for troops, for garrisons, and even for the erection of forts and strongholds, was to be provided by Essex. His property, in consequence, became burdened with liabilities, and Elizabeth was his heaviest mortgagee. When he felt himself dying, he appealed to her generosity on behalf of his children, and touchingly recommended his son to her protection:—

ESSEX TO THE QUEEN.

"The time is now come, my most gracious Sovereign, by fraying of my fatal and deadly infirmity, that I should think only upon my Saviour, and things tending to heavenly immortality; yet while we remain in this corruptible flesh, the world requireth many Christian duties, whereof some, even in the pangs of death, I do now most humbly offer unto your highness. . . . My humble suit must yet extend itself further into many branches, for the behoof of my poor children, that since God doth now make them fatherless, yet it would please your Majesty to be as a mother unto them, at least by your gracious countenance and care of their education and matches. Mine eldest son, upon whom the continuation of my house remaineth, shall lead a life far unworthy his calling, and most obscurely, if it be not holpen by your Majesty's bounty and favour; for the smallness of his living, the greatness of my debt, and the dowries that go out of my land, make the remainder little or nothing towards the reputation of an earl's estate. . . . But he is my son, and may be fit for more in his life than his unfortunate father hath in his possession at his death. . . . The Lord God prosper your Majesty, send you long and happy reign. And so I commit you humbly to Him, and my poor children to you. At your Castle of Dublin, the 20th day of September, 1576."

The mortal remains of Walter Devereux were removed to Wales, for interment at Carmarthen, the place of his birth. His funeral sermon was preached by the Bishop of St. David's. We shall not be accused of having done injustice to his character, when we cite from this oration the following eulogium:—

"Although he was by inheritance of noble blood, he gave himself up to win the nobility that springeth from the very originals of the same. He had diligently travelled in the Scriptures. There were very few noblemen in England more expert in chronicles, histories, genealogies, pedigrees. He excelled in describing and blazoning of arms. He

was by nature the son of Mars; for prowess, magnanimity, and high courage, to be compared to the old Roman captains. He could not be turned from the executing of justice. He was to the proud and arrogant a lion, to the meek and humble a lamb. There be some that count themselves worthy honour and estimation when they tear God in pieces with chafing and horrible oaths, which this noble earl detested and abhorred, as a matter not only indecent, but repugnant to the nature of true nobility, attributing due reverence to the name of the Lord."

We have promised to introduce to our readers the ladies of the house of Devereux, and shall commence with the fair Lettice, Earl Walter's countess. This lady, the daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, was nearly related to Queen Elizabeth, her maternal grandmother having been sister of Queen Anne Boleyn.

The beautiful Lettice was in the heyday of her charms when she attracted the notice of Walter Devereux. She became his wife, and the mother of an illustrious though ill-starred race. After a lapse of years the affection which had characterised their early union was exchanged for indifference and alienation; mainly in consequence of the lady's indiscretion in admitting the attentions of the Earl of Leicester, the unscrupulous Robert Dudley, well known as the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Rumour was busy, even during the lifetime of Essex, with the name of his countess. It was said that Leicester "loved the earl's nearest relation better than the earl himself;" and, though possibly guiltless of any overt act of crime, Lettice sullied her fair name by a private marriage with Leicester, as soon as her husband's death left her free to form other ties. The libertine principles of her second spouse were so well known, that Sir Francis Knollys, as soon as he was aware of the step his daughter had taken, insisted on a public repetition of the marriage ceremony. This remarriage, however, was carefully concealed from the jealous Queen. When it reached, at length, her royal ears, her anger was unbounded; and she would probably have proceeded to extremities against her favourite, were it not for the blunt interposition of the Earl of Sussex, who told her Majesty that in England "no man was to be troubled for a lawful marriage." The Queen never reinstated Lady Leicester

in her favour, even while her son Essex was in the zenith of his popularity: and on one occasion only, during her long life, consented to see her successful rival in the affections of Leicester. It may be interesting to observe that Shakspeare is supposed to allude to Lettice as "the little western flower" on which "the bolt of Cupid fell"—Dudley Earl of Leicester being personified by the god of love, in the well-known vision of Oberon—in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Queen Elizabeth is symbolised by the "cold moon," and addressed as the "fair Vestal throned by the west." The unfortunate Lady Sheffield, mother of Dudley's base-born son, is alluded to as "the earth":—

"That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair Vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before milk-white; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

Lady Leicester outlived her second husband, and a third time entered into matrimonial engagements. Her choice fell upon Sir Christopher Blount; but he perished soon after their union, in the insurrection which deprived the Lady Lettice of her son, the second Earl of Essex.

The beautiful daughter of Sir Francis Knollys lived, notwithstanding these calamities, to a vigorous old age. From the period of her third widowhood she remained in retirement at Drayton Manor, attaching herself by deeds of charity and personal kindnesses to the surrounding poor. She died at the advanced age of ninety-five, having outlived her children and grandchildren, her early friends, and, let us hope, her early follies.

She has been apostrophised thus, by Gervas Clifton, one of her descendants:—

"Upon the death of the excellent and pious Lady Lettice Countess of Leicester, who died upon Christmas-day, in the morning, 1634.

"There you may see that face, that hand,
Which once was fairest in the land;
She that in her younger years,
Matched with two great English peers;
She that did supply the wars
With thunder, and the court with stars;
She that in her youth had been
Darling to the maiden queen,
Till she was content to quit
Her favour for her favourite.
Whose gold thread when she saw spun,
And the death of her brave son,
Thought it safest to retire
From all care and vain desire,
To a private country cell,
Where she spent her days so well,
That to her the better sort
Came as to a holy court;
And the poor that lived near,
Dearth nor famine could not fear.
Whilst she lived she lived thus,
'Till that God, displeased with us,
Suffered her at last to fall,
Not from him, but from us all;
And, because she took delight,
Christ's poor members to invite,
He fully now requites her love,
And sends his angels from above,
That did to heaven her soul convey,
To solemnise his own birth-day."

Of her eldest son, Robert Earl of Essex, we shall speak hereafter. Walter Devereux, her second son, died young. His short but brilliant career was terminated at the siege of Rouen, where he fell, gallantly fighting by his brother's side.

Lady Penelope Devereux, eldest daughter of Earl Walter and Lettice, was the most brilliant and beautiful woman in England. Her charms of mind and person have been immortalised by the lover of her youth, the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney. She is the fair "Stella" whom he invokes under the affected name of "Astrophel." Here is his delineation of her portrait:—

"My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts on labour be:
Listen, then, lordlings, with good ear to me,
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Toward Aurora's court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see,
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise, saying she doth excel;

Rich in the treasure of deserved renown,
 Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
 Rich in those gifts which give the eternal
 crown,
 Who, though most rich in these and every
 part,
 Which makes the patents of true worldly
 bliss,
 Hath no misfortune, but that RICH she is."

The attachment between Penelope Devereux and Sir Philip Sidney was not destined to be a happy one. After the death of her father, Essex, the intended marriage was broken off, and the lady gave her hand, but not her heart, to Lord Rich. Her early lover still worshipped his "Phoenix Stella," and continued to address her in that amatory vein which had before been guiltless, but was then no longer innocent.

His impassioned wooing, and Lady Rich's reluctant prohibition of his suit, is thus charmingly narrated:—

"In a grove most rich of shade,
 Where birds wanton music made,
 May their young his pied weeds showing,
 Now perfumed with flowers fresh growing,

"Astrophel with Stella, sweet,
 Did for mutual comfort meet;
 Both within themselves oppressed,
 But each in the other blest.

"Him great harms hast taught much care,
 Her fair neck a foul yoke bear;
 But her sight his cares did banish,
 In his sight her yoke did vanish.

"Thus she spake; her speech was such,
 As not ears, but heart did touch;
 While such wise she love denied,
 As yet love she signified.

"'Astrophel,' said she, 'my love,
 Cease in these effects to prove;
 Now be still! yet still believe me,
 Thy grief more than death would grieve me.

"'Trust me, while I thus deny,
 In myself the smart I try:
 Tyrant honour doth thus use thee;
 Stella's self might not refuse thee!

"'Therefore, dear! this no more move;
 Lest, though I leave not thy love,
 (Which too deep in me is framed!)
 I should blush when thou art named.'"

If our space permitted, we could extract largely from Sir Philip Sidney's poems in praise of the beautiful Pene-

lope Devereux. Graceful and elegant as they are, they are little known, and seldom read in our days. The author's cotemporaries esteemed them highly.

Sidney consoled himself for his disappointment in love, by marrying another lady. The object of his choice was the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham; and singular to narrate, the lady, when she was made a widow, by his early death on the field of Zutphen, became the sister-in-law of "Stella," by accepting the hand of her brother, the second Earl of Essex.

It is a remarkable evidence of the feeling, or want of feeling, of those times, that to this lady, the widow of his hero-friend, Spenser the poet dedicates his lament on the death of Sir Philip Sidney. The elegy elaborately narrates the loves of Sidney and the Lady Penelope, while no allusion is made to the slighted wife, in compliment to whom, it would appear, the poem was written:—

"Stella the fair! the fairest star in sky,
 As fair as Venus, or the fairest fair;
 A fairer star saw never living eye,
 Shoot her sharp-pointed beams through
 purest air.
 Her he did love, her he alone did honour;
 His thoughts, his rhymes, his songs, were
 all upon her.

To her he vowed the service of his days,
 On her he spent the riches of his wit,
 For her he made hymns of immortal praise,
 Of only her he sung, he thought, he writ."

The beautiful Lady Rich did not always repel the advances of her admirers. She strayed from the paths of virtue at the solicitation of another lover of her youth, Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy. Years afterwards, when she had borne him several children, they were married, Lady Rich having obtained a divorce from her husband before formally entering into wedlock with her lover. Lord Mountjoy was raised to the peerage, as Earl of Devonshire; but the latter days of the guilty, gifted daughter of Essex were passed in obscurity and deserved neglect.

Lady Dorothy Devereux, younger daughter of Earl Walter, though a less culpable individual, had not the mental or personal attractions of her sister. At an early age she was betrayed into an imprudent and clandestine marriage with Sir Thomas Perrott. This gen-

tleman was the son of Sir John Perrott, the "Sir Satyrane" of the "Fairy Queen;" and the mystery of his birth and lineage is shadowed forth in the poem. The strange circumstances attending the celebration of the nuptials of Sir Thomas and the Lady Dorothy, have been recorded by Aylmer, Bishop of London, and are quoted by our author—

"Lady Dorothy Devereux was, in July, 1583, residing with Sir Henry Cock, knight, of Broxbourne, in Hertfordshire, where she was married to Sir Thomas Perrott, by a strange minister, two men guarding the church door, with words and daggers under their cloaks, as also had the rest of the company, five or six in number. One Green was then vicar of Broxbourne, to whom that morning repaired two persons, one of whom told him he was minister, and B.D., and a preacher long time; asked for the keys of the church, which must be opened to him, as he had a commission to examine and swear certain men: he asked also for the communion-book; the vicar said it was locked up in the vestry, and he could not come at it; but offered him a Latin Testament, which the other refused. Going afterwards to the church, the vicar found it open, and Sir Thomas and the lady ready to enter. Perceiving a marriage was intended, he endeavoured to persuade the strange minister not to deal in the matter, and proceeded to read an injunction against any minister performing the marriage ceremony, save in the church of which he is minister. They refused to hear it; and Lewis, the strange man, told the vicar he had sufficient authority, and produced a license sealed, which the vicar offered to read. Before he had half done, Sir Thomas snatched it out of his hand, and offered him a rial to marry them: he refused, when Sir Thomas ordered Lewis to proceed; on which the vicar resisted, and shut the book. Then Sir Thomas thrust him away, told him he had nothing to do with it, and should answer for resisting the bishop's authority. Another of Sir Thomas's party, one Godolphin, told him he was malicious; on which, forbidding him once more, he held his peace. Edmund Lucy, Esq., who also was living in Sir H. Cock's family, came in, and plucked away the book from the minister, who told him he should answer it; and then went on with the ceremony without surplice, in his cloak, riding-boots, and spurs, and despatched it hastily."

Dorothy, having early been widowed, married afterwards Percy, Earl of Northumberland; and experienced, even in her high position, many vicissitudes of fortune. Though not particularly interesting in her own person,

Lady Northumberland has claims on us as a daughter and sister of Devereux, and mother of Lucy Countess of Carlisle, and Dorothy Lady Leicester. Through this daughter, she was grandmother to the fair Dorothy Sidney — Waller's "Sacharissa" — and Algernon Sidney, who played so prominent a part in the reign of the second Charles.

We now turn to the history of Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, having narrated the fortunes of his parents, his young brother, and his sisters. He was, beyond all doubt, the most interesting member of his family, whether we regard him personally or reflect only on the romantic story of his short life. He must have possessed considerable personal attractions, if we may judge from the portrait prefixed to Captain Devereux's second volume. The countenance, at least, is singularly expressive: the forehead, high and prominent; the eyes deep-set and serious: the mouth, with its melancholy smile; and the overhanging mustache and short, pointed beard. It is a prophetic face — we have seen many such — one which we might deem, without any overstraining of the fancy, to contain almost a revelation of his ultimate deeply touching and tragical fate.

Robert Devereux was only nine years old when he became, by the death of his father, Earl of Essex. His accomplishments were considerable, even at that tender age. "He can express his mind in Latin and French, as well as in English, very courteous and modest, rather disposed to hear than to answer, given greatly to learning, weak and tender, but very comely and bashful." Such is the character given of him in early boyhood.

Lord Essex pursued his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge; and there contracted those habits of lavish expenditure which so materially impaired his fortunes at a later period. He was seventeen when he was presented at court; and then and there "his goodly person, and a kind of urbanity and innate courtesy, combined with the recollection of his father's misfortunes, won him the hearts of both Queen and people."

Essex's first campaign was in Holland, under the auspices of his stepfather, the Earl of Leicester. He desired so ardently the success of the expedition,

that he equipped a band at his own expense; for which act of extravagance he received the following stern reprimand from his maternal grandfather:—

SIR F. KNOLLYS TO ESSEX.

"MY LORD,—If I should not love you I should be unnatural; again, if I should flatter youthful humours in you, I should be guilty of the ruinous race of your undoing. Wherefore, you must give me leave to say unto you, that wasteful prodigality hath devoured and will consume all noble men that be wilful in expenses before they have of their own ordinary living to bear out such wilful and wasteful expenses. You are so far off from being before hand in land and living left by your father to you, that by unhappy occasions your father hath not left you sufficient lands for to maintain the state of the poorest earl in England; and also, you are so far from goods and riches left unto you by your father, that you are left more in debt than one quarter of your land, to be sold by you, is able to discharge your debt.

"Now, for you to put yourself to £1,000 charges (as I hear you have done, by borrowing reckonings vainly before hand), for your journey into the Low Countries, by levying and carrying with you a furnished band of men, needless and causeless; which band of men do also look to be recompensed with the spoil of your leases and livings; now, if I should flatter you in this wasteful spoiling of yourself, then I should justly be accounted guilty of your ruinous race. I do like very well your desire to see the wars, for your learning; and do like your desire much the better, that you do take the opportunity of honouring my lord of Leicester with your service under him; but this might have been done without any wasteful charge to yourself, for my lord of Leicester doth set much by your company, but he delighteth nothing in your wasteful consumption. I do say no more, but I beseech our Almighty God so to assist you with His heavenly grace, that youthful wilfulness and wasteful youth do not consume you, before experienced wisdom shall have reformed you.

"Your lordship's assuredly,

"F. KNOLLYS.

"At Richmond, the 14th Nov., 1585."

It was in this expedition that Sir Philip Sidney lost his life. He fell gloriously on the field of Zutphen, deeply lamented. His widow, as we have before mentioned, became, sometime afterwards, the wife of Essex. His marriage was sedulously concealed from the Queen, who had already distinguished the handsome Devereux;

and, as a mark of her favour, made him master of the horse—a post necessitating constant attendance on her royal person.

There is something inconceivably ridiculous—we might use a stronger term—in the homage which Elizabeth exacted from the courtiers whom she delighted to honour. At the time Essex filled the post of favourite, she was upwards of sixty, while the young nobleman had hardly attained the age of early manhood. Personal flattery of the grossest kind was the most approved style of addressing the sovereign. While absent from court, the handsome young gallant writes to his "most dear lady," the Queen, in such highflown phrases as the following:—

"I must not let this second day pass without complaining to your Majesty of the misery of absence.

"The delights of this place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love, as my desires do triumph, when I seem to myself, in a strong imagination, to conquer your resisting will.

"I received your gracious letter, full of princely care, of sweetness, and of power, to enable your poor vassal to all duties and services that flesh and blood can perform.

"If I could express my soul's humble, infinite, and perfect thankfulness for so high favours as your Majesty's five dear tokens, both the watch, the thorn, and above all, the angel, which you sent to guard me, for your Majesty's sweet letters, indited by the spirit of spirits—if for this, I say, I could express fit thankfulness, I would strain my wits to perform it.

"I most humbly beseech your Majesty, haste away this bearer with news of your dearest self's happy being, and then you shall revive my dulled, if not worn, spirits.

"When I think how I have preferred your beauty above all things" (Elizabeth was between sixty and seventy!) "and received no pleasure in life but by the increase of your favour towards me, I wonder at myself what cause there could be to make me absent myself one day from you.

"I do confess that, as a man, I have been more subject to your natural beauty, than, as a subject, to the power of a king.

"Until I may appear in your gracious presence, and kiss your Majesty's fair, correcting hand, time itself is a perpetual night, and the whole world but a sepulchre unto your Majesty's humblest vassal," &c., &c.

What are we to think of the antiquated coquette who permitted and encouraged her courtiers thus to address her? Euphemism was truly triumphant over common sense and dignified feeling; and Shakspeare deserves well of succeeding generations for applying the lash to the prevailing epidemic, in his caustic strictures on this most affected style of expression, in *Love's Labour Lost*.

Essex narrowly escaped forfeiting his position as favourite, by an escape to which he was prompted by his bravery and love of adventure. He joined an expedition to Portugal, not only without her Majesty's permission, but delayed his return when peremp-

torily summoned home by Elizabeth. He had also rashly adventured his life in duels. Even as a commander he was unfortunate—a very serious fault in the eyes of a princess like Elizabeth.

From this censure we must exempt his gallant attack and capture of Cadiz, in 1596. Essex commanded on that occasion the first squadron; the entire force destined to act against Spain consisting of three other English, and one Dutch squadron.

The combined fleet forced an entrance into the bay of Cadiz, and succeeded in destroying the galleons which lay there.

"The great St. Philip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
But the St. Andrew and eke the St. Matthew,
We took in fight manfullye, and brought away.

"The Earl of Essex, most valiant and hardye,
With horsemen and footmen, marched up to the town,
The Spaniards which saw them were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their safeguard, and durst not come down.

"Now, quoth the noble earl, courage, my soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;
And be well rewarded all, from the great to the small,
But look that the women and children you save."

These were humane sentiments for that age; and in the sack of Cadiz—or Cales, as it is called, in the old ballad—the women and the ecclesiastics were treated with the utmost courtesy. To this period may probably be ascribed that most exquisite poem, "The Spanish Lady's Love," which narrates with such naïvete how the fair captive surrendered her true heart to her captor:—

"Blessed be the time and season
That you came on Spanish ground,
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found;
With our city you have won our hearts
eche one,
Then to your country bear away that is
your owne."

But we must forward with Essex to the sack of Cadiz, instead of lingering longer over these bewitching ballads:—

"Scarcely had the fire from the enemy's ships and batteries slackened, when he prepared to land; by his excellent arrangements, and by the influence of his burning

ardour, which spread through his men like an infection, he succeeded, in the surprisingly short period of one hour, in landing 3,000 men under Fort Puntal, being himself the first to leap ashore.

"Under the burning rays of a midsummer sun, after having been seven hours in hot action, over hillocks of deep sand, which sank and slid from under their feet, did the impetuous valour of their leader carry the English, 'at a trot,' towards the force which was drawn up, horse in front, and foot behind, to defend the approach to Cadiz. The same firm and dauntless front, which has since so often struck panic into the breasts of their foes, was shown that day by our gallant countrymen, who dashed on, eager to cross pikes with their opponents. The Spaniards gazed in astonishment at the rapid and resolute advance of the English. They wavered, they turned, they fled, and, pursued closely by the ardent foe, sought refuge within the gates of Cadiz. This was afforded but for a moment—no difficulties could daunt, no walls keep out, the invaders; they were soon scaled; and Essex, 'either the first man, or else, in a manner, joined with him,' rushed on to the assault. In the market-place, the Spaniards made a gallant stand, and, supported as they were by the inhabitants, from the flat roofs of the sur-

rounding houses, the struggle here was for some time hot and fierce; but gradually, backward along every street, the Spaniards were driven from corner to corner, at each of which a fruitless effort was made to stay the advance of the English, who, surely though slowly, continued to gain ground, and victory was no longer doubtful, when the Lord Admiral arrived with a reinforcement of 1,200 men of the sea regiments, and, what was more wanted, a supply of ammunition. This instantly decided the fate of the day. The Spanish troops gave way at once, and retired to the citadel; the town ceased to resist, and by dusk was in quiet possession of the English. The generals and principal officers went to the council-house, and there received the submission of the chief men of the city, and 'happy was he that could kneel down first to kiss our feet.' "

Essex indulged himself by lavishly creating knights on this happy occasion. So unwisely did he exercise the privilege, that the selection afforded fair subject for ridicule:—

"A gentleman of Wales,
With knight of Cales,
And a lord of the north countrie;
A yeoman of Kent,
Upon a rack't rent,
Will buy them out all three."

In this world, there is a "crook in every lot," however exalted. Nor does the most eminent station, nor the most brilliant success secure unmixed gratification. In the noontide of his popularity, as the fortunate victor of Cales, the Earl thus confidentially writes to his friend Anthony Bacon:—

"I see the fruits of these kind of employments; and I assure you I am as much distasted with the glorious greatness of a favourite, as I was before with the supposed happiness of a courtier, and call to mind the words of the wisest man that ever lived, who, speaking of man's works, crieth out—'Vanity of vanities, and all but vanity;' against which I oppose, that when God had looked upon all his works, he saw that they were good. To this work, therefore, if I can but carry one brick, or one trowelful of mortar, I shall live happily, and die contentedly. To other works, let them apply themselves that in these earthly buildings shall be better assisted, and do themselves only delight in that kind of architecture. Hold still in your kindest affection, your true friend,

"ESSEX."

Essex was less successful in a subsequent attempt on the Spanish fleet. The worst failure of his life, however,

was in the conduct of the Irish campaign. He arrived in Dublin, April 15th, 1599, armed by Elizabeth with plenary powers as her viceroy, and provided with the most efficient army which had yet been sent into Ireland. His orders were to reduce Ulster, and enforce the submission of the Earl of Tyrone, then in arms against the Queen's authority.

It has been considered hitherto, that Essex obtained the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland as an especial mark of favour from his sovereign, and that his ambition was amply gratified by so high a position. Captain Devereux asserts, on the contrary, that his ruin was contemplated in the appointment, which his enemies and rivals in the Queen's affections induced herto thrust upon him, foreseeing that the "Irish difficulty" would prove a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to the impetuous nobleman. If this were so, the scheme was a well-devised and successful one. Essex, instead of marching on Ulster, led his forces into the comparatively tranquil districts of Leinster and Munster, and wasted the early summer in fruitless contests, and unimportant progresses.

To understand aright how fatal was this blunder, and how vehement the indignation it excited against him in Elizabeth's breast, we must remind our readers of the policy pursued by her previous viceroys, and the specific object which Essex was commissioned to achieve.

The great Desmond rebellion had been lately suppressed, and the power of the Geraldines completely shattered. The forfeited lands in Munster, thus merged to the crown, had been leased out to English colonists. The great object yet to be accomplished was the subjugation of Ulster, and its re-organisation on somewhat similar principles; the sole recognised question in morals being the good old rule, the simple plan—

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Nothing can be more explicit than the instructions furnished to Essex, when entering on his office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

In addition to the large force of 16,000 foot, and 1,300 horse, placed at his disposal for the conquest of Ulster, Essex was invested with hitherto unexampled powers. He was authorised

to create knights; to dispose, with some few exceptions, of the escheated lands, and empowered to treat with rebels, and to pardon all treasons on submission. We may imagine Elizabeth's displeasure when these vast preparations failed to accomplish the desired result. The season for action was permitted to pass unimproved; and the army diminished by being placed to garrison unimportant posts. The blame of these injudicious arrangements does not justly rest on Essex alone. He found, on his arrival in Dublin, the lords of the council strongly in favour of the southern enterprise. Some of them may have been influenced in their recommendation of a progress through Leinster and Munster, by the unworthy motive of securing their recently acquired possessions in these districts. That Essex, though unwise, was not incapable, may appear from the masterly report, on the state of the country, which he laid before the Queen; some passages from which we shall here transcribe:—

"When this shall come to your Majesty's hands, I know not; but whensoever it hath that honour, give it leave, I humbly beseech your Majesty, to tell you, that having now passed through the provinces of Leinster and Munster, and being upon the frontiers of Connaught, where the governor, and the chief of the province were with me, I dare begin to give your Majesty some advertisement of the state of this kingdom; not, as before, by hearsay, but as I beheld it with mine own eyes.

"The people in general have able bodies by nature, and gotten by custom ready use of arms; and, by their late successes, boldness to fight with your Majesty's troops. In their pride, they value no men but themselves; in their affection, they love nothing but idleness and licentiousness; in their rebellion, they have no other end but to shake off the yoke of obedience to your Majesty, and to root out all remembrance of the English nation in this kingdom. I say this of the people in general; for I find not only the greater part thus affected, but that it is a general quarrel of the Irish, and they who do not profess it, are either so few or so false, that there is no account to be made of them. . . . If your Majesty will have a strong party in the Irish nobility, and make use of them, you must hide from them all purpose of establishing English government, till the strength of the Irish be so broken, that they shall see no safety but in your Majesty's protection. . . .

"Now, if it shall please your Majesty to compare your advantages and disadvantages

together, you shall find, that though these rebels are more in number than your Majesty's army, and have, though I do unwillingly confess it, better bodies and perfecter use of their arms than those men which your Majesty sends over, yet your Majesty commanding the walled towns, holds, and campaign countries, and having a brave nobility and gentry, a better discipline, and stronger order than they, and such means to keep from them the maintenance of their life, and to waste the country which should nourish them, your Majesty may promise yourself, that the action will in the end be successful, though costly, and that your victory will be certain, though many of us, your honest servants, must sacrifice ourselves in the quarrel; and that this kingdom will be reduced, though it will ask, besides cost, a great deal of care, industry, and time."

These are pregnant passages, suggestive of much reflection. Indeed this very important document is well worthy of consideration throughout. Such has ever been the policy of England towards Ireland. To divide and govern. To govern, no matter how unjustifiable the means, so the end be obtained. And how have we been governed? By fostering the passions, the prejudices, the intolerance of rival creeds, the insane antipathies of classes, till the misery of our unhappy isle, after eight centuries' experience of English rule, is a very proverb among the nations—

"Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile."

The Queen angrily upbraided Essex; commanded him to attack Tyrone without further delay; to remain in Ireland till she gave permission for his return; to dismiss his master of the horse, the Earl of Southampton, who had offended by his marriage with Elizabeth Vernon, one of her maids of honour.

Essex, having received reinforcements from England, marched northwards. In the hope of distracting Tyrone, he divided his army. One detachment, commanded by Sir Conyers Clifford, penetrated into Ulster by way of Connaught, to experience only a total defeat. In passing the Curlew Mountains, Clifford's army was vigorously assailed and disgracefully put to the rout, by their Irish foe. The commander himself was among the slain. To complete the humiliation of the English, the vanquished outnumbered the victors as three to one. Sir Henry

Harrington had a short time previously been defeated at Wicklow.

The star of the Earl of Essex had, indeed, culminated. He was painfully conscious of the loss of favour, and hoped to regain his personal influence with the Queen if he were once more at court. Accordingly he hastily concluded a truce with Tyrone, and, disregarding the injunctions of Elizabeth, sailed for England; and, posting with inconceivable rapidity, intruded himself, travel-stained and exhausted, into the very bed-chamber of her Majesty.

But he presumed too far on Elizabeth's partiality. He had scarcely left her presence when he was ordered under arrest. "The Queen well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit; the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield, and the man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea." He was called on to justify his conduct before commissioners appointed by the sovereign, but his liberty was eventually restored, though he was not permitted to appear at court.

From that moment his ruin impended. His impetuous temper could ill brook his changed position. Essex, doubtless, experienced at this period, but with far greater intensity, the same angry feeling he had uttered on a former occasion to the Lord Keeper Egerton:—

"When the vilest of all indignities are done unto me, doth religion enforce me to sue? Doth God require it? Is it impiety not to do it? What, cannot princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power or authority infinite? Pardon me, pardon me, my good lord, I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes show to have no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth, that do not believe in an absolute infiniteness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, and feel it. My cause is good, I know it; and whatsoever come, all the powers on earth can never show more strength and constancy in oppressing than I can show in suffering whatsoever come or shall be imposed on me."

These passionate words were provoked by a box on the ear which Elizabeth had bestowed on her favourite, telling him to "go and be hanged," on one occasion when he had offended her ireful Majesty by contemptuously turning his back on her in council. But

we must not talk "scandal about Queen Elizabeth."

Instead of waiting patiently for a return to favour, Essex madly resolved on forcing his way to the palace at the head of his armed retainers; compelling the Queen to recall him to her councils, and banish his rivals. He counted on his popularity with the citizens of London for the success of this insane attempt. The Londoners rose not at his bidding: and the infatuated noble, with his few adherents, were quickly seized and imprisoned in the Tower.

The 19th February, 1601, was the day appointed for the trial of Essex and those who had aided and abetted his designs. The counsel for the prosecution was Mr. Francis Bacon, afterwards Lord Verulam, Baron St. Alban's—so famous—so infamous—"the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind." He was then a very rising lawyer—a man gifted with great and original power. He owed his earliest advancement to Essex, who had from the first discerned his genius and ability. On a former occasion the Earl had used all his influence to obtain the post of attorney-general for his friend, and when his exertions proved ineffectual, atoned for his failure by presenting Bacon with a small estate. Twickenham Park and garden, which Bacon afterwards sold for £1800, was the gift of Essex to one whom he believed his friend, and who basely deserted him in the hour of his calamity, even to become his accuser. "Mr. Bacon," said the Earl, when rendering him this kindness, "the Queen hath denied me the place for you, and hath placed another; I know you are the least part of your own matter, but you fare ill because you have chosen me for your mean and dependence; you have spent your time and thoughts in my matters; I die if I do not somewhat towards your fortune; you shall not deny to accept a piece of land, which I will bestow on you." Bacon replied by repeating the story of the Duke of Guise, "That he was the greatest usurer in France, because he had turned all his estate into obligations; meaning that he had left himself nothing, but only had bound numbers unto him."

On his arraignment, Essex once interrupted the speech of the crown prosecutor to observe caustically that he "should call Mr. Bacon for a witness against Mr. Bacon the pleader;" with

this exception he treated Francis Bacon's desertion with the silent contempt it merited. Of what unutterable baseness may not our guilty mortal nature prove itself capable! And yet this man, morally so mean and despicable, was, intellectually, one of the mightiest minds England has ever produced.

The verdict pronounced on the unhappy Essex was, "Guilty." His sentence, "Death." He rose and spoke—

"My lord, I am not a whit dismayed to receive this sentence, for, I protest, death is as welcome to me as life; and I shall die as cheerful a death upon such a testimony as ever man did. And I think it fit my poor quarters, that have done her Majesty true service in divers parts of the world, should be sacrificed and disposed of at her Majesty's pleasure; whereunto, with all willingness of heart, I do submit myself. But one thing I beg of you, my lords, that have free access to her Majesty's person, humbly to beseech her Majesty that during the short time I shall live, I may have the same preacher to comfort me that hath been with me since my troubles began; for as he that hath been long sick, is most desirous of the physician which hath been and is best acquainted with the constitution of his body, so do I most wish to have comfort and spiritual physic from the preacher which hath been and is acquainted with the inward griefs and secret affections of my soul. And my last request shall be only this — that it will please her Highness that my Lord Thomas Howard and the Lieutenant of the Tower may be partakers with me in receiving the Sacrament, and be witness of it, in token of what I have protested in this life, for my loyalty, religion, and peace of conscience; and then, whensoever it shall please her Majesty to call me, I shall be ready to seal the same with my blood."

Lady Essex used every exertion to obtain a pardon for her husband. She wrote a long, touching appeal to Cecyll, which concludes thus movingly:—

"Good Mr. Secretary, even as you desire of God that your own son never be made orphan by the untimely or unnatural death of his dear father, vouchsafe a relenting, to the not urging, if you may not to the hindering, of that fatal warrant for execution, which if it be once signed, I shall never wish to breathe one hour after."

Elizabeth was determined thoroughly to humble Essex, but seems to have expected that he would appeal to her clemency. She had before given him

a ring, which he was to send to her when he desired to make a request. The story of the Earl's having sent the ring by Lady Nottingham, who suppressed it, but confessed the fact on her death-bed to the Queen, craving her forgiveness, is widely known, as well as Elizabeth's angry refusal of her pardon to the dying woman. We shall not enlarge on it here.

One week only intervened between the sentence on Essex and its execution. On the morning of the 25th of February, he was led to the scaffold. "The Earl was dressed in a black wrought velvet gown, and a black satin suit, with a black felt hat. He prayed aloud all the way from his chamber to the scaffold—saying, "Oh God, give me true repentance, true patience, and true humility, and put all worldly thoughts out of my mind." His countenance was neither light nor dejected, as with a steady step he mounted the scaffold, and approached the block. His head was severed with three strokes of the axe. Thus perished, in the prime of life, in his thirty-third year, the handsome and accomplished favourite, the hapless Robert Devereux. His fate was the more bitter, because it involved the ruin of friends, whose personal love for him led them to take part in his mad enterprise.

The second Earl of Essex had cultivated literary tastes; his letters are penned in a manly, vigorous style; his poems are not devoid of merit. We shall do truer justice to him by extracting from his voluminous correspondence, and thus allowing him to speak for himself, than by commenting ourselves on his actions or his motives. The selection is difficult, the letters themselves are numerous, and our space limited.

ESSEX TO THE QUEEN.

"MADAM,—As in love there can be nothing more bitter than unkindness, so than that there is no truer a touchstone of an humble and constant faith. . . . When it pleased your Majesty to send me word you would forbear the £3,000 for six months longer, your kindness in it was a greater satisfaction to my mind, than the loan of so much money could be a benefit to my purse; and now that your Majesty repents yourself of the favour you thought to do me, I would, I could, with the loss of all the land I have, as well repair the breach which your unkind answer hath made in my heart, as I can, with the sale of one poor manor, answer the sum which your Majesty takes of me. Money

and land are base things, but love and kindness are excellent things, and cannot be measured but by themselves; therefore I will not charge your Majesty refusing me so small a matter, nor tell you that you once promised it; but I will assure you, that I will owe you all duty for ever—and I must needs love you till I be discouraged. And

so humbly kissing your fair hands, I wish what your royal heart wisheth most.

“Your Majesty’s most humble servant,

“R. ESSEX.”

Here are the verses made by the Earl of Essex in his “trouble:”—

“The ways on earth have paths and turnings known,
The ways on sea are gone by needle’s light,
The birds of heaven the nearest ways have flown,
And under earth the moles do cast aright.
A way more hard than those I needs must take,
Where none can teach, nor no man can direct;
Where no man’s good for me example makes,
But all mens’ faults do teach her to suspect.
Her thoughts and mine such disproportion have—
All strength of love is infinite in me;
She useth the advantage time and fortune gave,
Of worth and power, to get the liberty.
Earth, sea, heaven, hell, are subject unto laws;
But I, poor I, must suffer and know no cause!”

And here, also, are more humble aspirations, unusually cheerful in their tone, considering the temperament of their author; for, “a mind delighting in sorrow; spirits wasted with travail,

care, and grief; a heart torn in pieces with passion; a man that hates himself and all things that keep him alive,” is the melancholy Robert Devereux’s portraiture of himself:—

“Happy were he could finish forth his fate,
In some enchanted desert, most obscure,
From all society, from love, from hate
Of worldly folk: there would he sleep and cease—
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise.
Content with pips, and haws, and bramble-berries,
In contemplation passing still his days—
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
And when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush—
Quoth Robertus Comes Essexiæ.”

Essex had three sons and two daughters by his countess. Of Robert, the third Earl, we shall speak presently. Walter and Henry died young. Frances and Dorothy Devereux were ultimately co-heiresses on the death of their brother, who left no representative. Frances became Duchess of Somerset, and Lady Dorothy married Sir Henry Shirley. Lady Essex, the widow of Sidney and of Devereux, bestowed her hand on a third husband, Richard De Burgh, Earl of Clanricarde, to whom she was attracted, it is said, by his striking resemblance to her late lord.

Queen Elizabeth distinguished the Earl of Clanricarde from a similar motive. He reminded her of Essex, whom she bitterly lamented during the mournful remnant of her days. Her high spirit, her energy, her popularity, and her happiness, seem to have ex-

pired with her favourite. Her last hours were embittered by poignant regrets and unavailing remorse.

The third Earl of Essex had a very different destiny from his father or grandfather. Unlike his immediate progenitors, he lived long, and died peaceably in his bed. Unlike them, also, he did not personally experience the uncertain favour of princes. Yet, in comparison with the broken-hearted Walter or the hapless Robert Devereux, how much less enviable seems to us the fate of the third Earl of Essex. The fickle multitude rules with a tyranny more unendurable than the despotism of a prince. Popular favour is more capricious than the whims of a monarch. Mortifications quite as keen as those experienced by his father and grandfather awaited the last Earl Robert, at the hands of the parliament, while an element of misery, unfelt by

them, filled his cup of bitterness to overflowing. His private life was most unhappy; his domestic relations peculiarly infelicitous.

The contemner of kings, the Commons' leader, commenced his career at court in the capacity of friend and companion to Henry Prince of Wales, eldest son of King James I. The heir apparent, and the young Essex were nearly of an age, but still "nearer in affection." Essex was admitted on such terms of equality and familiarity, that he did not hesitate, on some occasion of a boyish quarrel, to strike the Prince, who complained to his father. The King, with prophetic foresight, observed to his son, that "he who did strike him then, would be sure, with more violent blows, to strike his enemy in times to come."

Essex was only fifteen when he was wedded to a still more youthful bride, the lady Frances Howard, daughter to the Earl of Suffolk. The nuptials were celebrated with the utmost splendour. A masque by Ben Jonson, with scenery and decorations designed by Inigo Jones, was performed in honour of the occasion. These entertainments were very popular at court. The Queen, Anne of Denmark, was a patron of the poet; but the scenes which occurred were often not the most decorous. Sir John Harrington has left a humorous description of the inebriety of the performers in a masque of those days, which we transcribe as a vivid picture of the times:—

"Now did appear, in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavour so feeble, that she withdrew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity. Faith was then all alone, for I am certain that she was not joined with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition. Charity came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sort she made obeisance, and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his Majesty. She then returned to Hope and Faith, who were both sick in the lower hall. Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the King, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the King. But Victory did not triumph long; for after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep on the cen-

tre steps of the antechamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremost to the King, but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants; and much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming."

To return to the young Earl of Essex and his bride. Immediately after the marriage, Robert Devereux repaired to the Continent to perfect his education, while the Lady Frances returned to the guardianship of her mother, soon to re-appear at court, where her exceeding beauty dazzled all beholders.

Carr Earl of Rochester was then the reigning favourite. James I. had been attracted by his handsome exterior, and heaped honours on his head. A guilty attachment soon sprung up between Rochester and the lovely Lady Essex; and when her lord returned, in his nineteenth year, to claim his wife, he found her affections estranged from him, and her heart bestowed on the Earl of Rochester. She refused to live with Essex, and resisted alike his persuasions and the commands of her parents. She employed the nefarious services of Dr. Forman and Mrs. Turner to "bewitch" the Earl, and estrange his affections from her, while love-potions of a contrary effect were to be given to Rochester to ensure the continuance of his attachment. These were but futile expedients; and the lady determined to sue for a divorce from her hated spouse. The entire proceeding was most iniquitous: but Rochester's influence with the King was brought to bear, and Essex and his wife were mutually released from conjugal bondage.

Lady Frances and her lover were immediately united. He was created, on the occasion, Earl of Somerset. The King and Queen, to the outrage of all right feeling, honoured the bridal with their presence.

But a still darker chapter in the lady's history was impending. Sir Thomas Overbury, the friend and confidential adviser of Somerset, had earnestly dissuaded him from a union with one so abandoned as Lady Essex. She resolved to be revenged on Overbury for his interference. He was at the time a prisoner in the Tower, and was there poisoned, at the instigation of the newly-made Countess of Somer-

set. Mrs. Turner, her former confederate in crime, was also implicated in this horrible transaction. The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury did not escape detection. Somerset and his wife were tried and convicted. The lady pleaded guilty. They were condemned to death, but the punishment was commuted to imprisonment for life. One infant, a daughter, was born to the wretched pair, whose hatred from henceforth equalled in intensity their former passionate love. The story of the Lady Anne Carr is singularly touching. It is so dramatic, that we should recommend it to the attention of the historical novelist, as a subject susceptible, if skilfully treated, of the highest interest.

This innocent daughter of guilty parents, inherited much of their personal beauty, and was educated in complete ignorance of their painful history. While still very young, she won the affections of Lord Russell, afterwards Duke of Bedford. His father vehemently protested against the marriage, entreating his son to choose a wife out of any family but that of Somerset. Finding his opposition ineffectual, he promised his consent, conditional on the Lady Anne Carr being dowried to the amount of £12,000—a condition he deemed to be quite prohibitory. Somerset, unselfishly anxious for the happiness of his only child, converted into money everything he possessed in the world; even his personal ornaments and furniture, and by reducing himself to poverty, raised the marriage portion demanded with his daughter. She became the wife of Lord Russell, and the mother of the illustrious Lord William Russell, whose story, and that of his noble-hearted wife, Lady Rachel, is familiar to all readers of English history. Lady Anne, many years after her marriage, when she was herself a happy wife and mother, encountered a pamphlet which detailed the crimes of her unfortunate parents. The shock was too great—she fainted away, and was found on the floor in a swoon by her attendants.

Essex, unhappy in his home, left England for the Palatinate, where he entered the service of the ill-starred Queen of Bohemia, eldest daughter of King James. This princess had the art of strongly attaching to her interests those who surrounded her; and we find the Earl, years afterwards,

when in arms against her brother, King Charles I., warmly addressing Parliament on behalf of his former mistress.

ESSEX TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

“MY LORDS,—It hath pleased the Queen of Bohemia to write to me, and to make known her necessities to be so great, that she wants wherewith to defray the charge of her house. Your lordships know how much this kingdom is concerned in honour to see that a princess of her birth and near alliance to this crown, should not fall into a condition so much below herself; wherefore I beseech your lordships to take it into consideration, and if you think fit, to communicate it likewise unto the honourable House of Commons; and I doubt not, but though the burden and charge of the kingdom be now very great, yet some honourable provision will be made herein. I hope your lordships will pardon this boldness in me in respect of that which I owe to that princess, for whose sake, and in whose service, I had the honour first to bear arms. And if my intercession may in any way advantage her, I shall take it for a great favour due to your lordships' humble servant,
“ESSEX.

“Abington, 27th May, 1644.”

He was recalled to England on the death of King James, and then, twenty-four years from the date of his first unfortunate marriage, united himself in wedlock with Miss Elizabeth Paulet, “a young gentlewoman of a most sweet and bewitching countenance, and affable and gentle conversation.” This union was scarcely less infelicitous. The servants of Essex accused his countess of a violation of her marriage vow; and the Earl was inclined to believe the allegation. It is uncertain whether she was the victim of conspiracy framed against her by her lord's domestics, who disliked her advent, or whether the charge brought against her was well founded. Fortunately, the son she bore some time afterwards had but a short span of life, for Essex remained in the conviction of her infidelity, and hesitated to acknowledge the infant as his child.

Thus unfortunate in his home, the last male representative of the house of Devereux turned his thoughts towards public affairs, and in these sought oblivion of his private sorrows. England was then on the verge of civil war. The arbitrary measures attempted by Charles I. had aroused a spirit, not only of resistance, but of active hostility on the part of the Parliament; and they had, in turn, attempted unconstitu-

tional encroachments on the royal prerogative. Essex was appointed their general, and, in this capacity, was declared a rebel by the King. It is foreign to our purpose to detail the progress of the campaign further than as illustrating the personal character of Robert Devereux.

He did not evince any great military genius in the conduct of the war, but proved himself an honourable and compassionate man. He maintained strict discipline, and restrained his soldiers from pillage or lawless outrage. Charles appealed to him on one occasion, entreating him to act as mediator. The application was made and received in a manner creditable alike to the King and to the general:—

THE KING TO ESSEX.

“ESSEX,—I have been very willing to believe, that whenever there should be such a conjuncture, as to put it in your power to effect that happy settlement of this miserable kingdom, which all good men desire, you would lay hold of it. That season is now before you; you have it at this time in your power to redeem your country and the crown, and to oblige your King in the highest degree; an action certainly of the greatest piety, prudence, and honour that may be, and such an opportunity as perhaps no subject before you ever had, or after you shall have, to which there is no more required, but that you join with me heartily and really, in the settling of those things which we have both professed constantly to be our only aims.

“Let us do this, and if any be so foolishly unnatural as to oppose their King’s, their country’s, and their own good, we will make them happy, by God’s blessing, even against their wills.

“To this the only impediment can be, want of mutual confidence. I promise it to you on my part; and as I have endeavoured to prepare it on yours by my letter to Hertford from Evesham, I hope this will perfect it, when, as I here do, I have engaged to you the word of a king, that you joining with me in that blessed work, I shall give both to you and your army such eminent marks of my confidence and value, as shall not leave a room for the least distrust amongst you, either in relation to the public or to yourself, unto whom I shall then be, your faithful friend,

“CHARLES R.

“Liskeard, 6th August, 1644.”

Essex laid the letter before Parliament, and replied to the King that having no power from Parliament to treat, he could not do so without a breach of trust. His scruples were

honourable; the more so, as he had to complain of recent injustice received at the hands of his employers; who had, in fact, supplanted him in favour of Sir William Waller, as they afterwards did more completely in the case of Sir Thomas Fairfax.

The “self-denying ordinance,” which obliged all who sat in the house to resign their commissions in the army, was especially levelled at Essex. He laid down his command with great dignity, coupling his resignation with some salutary advice:—

“MY LORDS,—I know that jealousies cannot be avoided in the unhappy condition of our present affairs; yet wisdom and charity should put such restraints thereto, as not to allow it to become destructive. I hope that this advice from me is not unreasonable, wishing myself and my friends may, among others, participate the benefit thereof; this proceeding from my affection to the Parliament, the prosperity whereof I shall ever wish from my heart, what return soever it brings me, I being no single example in that kind of that fortune I now undergo.”

If Essex had taken arms against his sovereign from unworthy motives, if he had been actuated by personal ambition, his hopes were signally defeated; but we feel convinced that he followed, in this matter, the dictates of an honest heart. We cannot but regret that—from what we must deem a mistaken sense of duty—he did not accept the office of a mediator between the King and his Parliament, especially when so earnestly invited by his sovereign to act in this capacity. It might have spared his country years of intestine war, his king a martyr’s death, the state itself the iron yoke of a military despotism; while the constitution not improbably might have arisen from the social conflict, had it been terminated at this crisis by a wise and just compromise between the contending parties, in a far more sound and healthy condition than that which was afterwards ushered in on the re-establishment of monarchy at the restoration of King Charles II.

The opportune moment passed by unemployed, never to return. The revolution proceeded. Essex, like all moderate men in similar circumstances, was lost in the whirlwind he had helped to raise, but could no longer control. A few years, and Charles was beheaded; and the Parliament, in their turn,

succumbed to the despotism of Cromwell and his victorious army. How inexplicably dark would be these, and similar passages in the world's history, if we did not recognise amid the gloom the power of a superintending Providence!

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may ;"

and the darkest conflict of evil passions, is often overruled for the attainment of some wise and beneficent end. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee ; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."

Essex did not live to see the problem he had been one of the first to propound fairly worked out. He died at Essex House, on the 14th of September, 1646. His character has been so impartially summed up by Lord Clarendon, that we shall take leave of him, and with him, bid adieu to Captain Devereux and his labours, in the words of the great historian of the Cromwellian Revolution :—

"He was of a rough, proud nature ; the

most popular man of the kingdom, and the darling of the swordmen. His pride and ambition were not accompanied by any ill-nature ; and he had a faithfulness and constancy in his nature, which always kept him religious in matters of trust ; in a word, he might be imposed on in his understanding, but could not be corrupted by hopes or fears. He was, in his friendships, just and constant, and would not have practised foully against those he took to be enemies. He was more the idol of the people than the idolater of them. A weak judgment, and a little vanity, will hurry a man into as unwarrantable and as violent attempts as the most insatiable ambition will do. His vanity disposed him to be his Excellency, and his weakness to believe he should be General in the Houses as well as in the field. The new doctrines and distinctions of allegiance, and of the King's power, were too hard for him, and did intoxicate his understanding, and made him quit his own to follow theirs, who, he thought, wished as well as, and judged better than himself. He was no good speaker ; but having sat long in Parliament, and being well acquainted with the order of it, spoke better there than anywhere else ; and was always heard with attention and respect, and had much authority in the debates."

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XX.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

WHAT I have heretofore mentioned of the events which followed immediately on my father's death, were all related circumstantially to me by MacNaghten himself, who used to dwell upon them with a most painfully accurate memory. There was not an incident, however slight, there was not a scene of passing interest, that did not leave its deep impression on him ; and, amid all the trials of his own precarious life, these were the events which he recurred to most frequently.

Poor fellow, how severely did he reproach himself for calamities that no effort of his could avert ! How often has he deplored mistakes and errors which, though they perhaps hastened,

by no means caused, the ruin that imperilled us. The simple fact was, that in his dread of litigation, from which almost all his own misfortunes had sprung, he endeavoured to conduct affairs which required the most acute and subtle intelligence to guide. He believed that good sense and good intentions would be amply sufficient to divest my father's circumstances of all embarrassment ; and when, at last, he saw two claimants in the field for the property—immense, almost fabulous, demands from Fagan—and heard, besides, that no provision was made for my mother, whose marriage was utterly denied and disbelieved—then he appears to have lost all self-control

altogether, and in his despair to have grasped at any expedient that presented itself. One day, addressing a confidential letter to Sir Carew O'Moore, whom he regarded as the rightful heir to the property; the next, adventuring to open relations with Curtis, through the mediation of Fagan. Every weak point in my mother's position, became, of course, exposed by these fruitless communications; while, by his own change of purpose, he grew to be distrusted by each in turn.

It was a theme that he avoided speaking on; but, when questioned closely by me, he has owned that Curtis exercised a kind of sway, a species of terror-like influence over him, that totally overcame him.

"That old, besotted, crazy intellect," said he, "appeared to have recovered freshness and energy with prosperity; and, animated with almost diabolical acuteness, to profit by every weakness of my own nature. Even Fagan, with all his practised craft, had to succumb to the shrewd and keen-witted powers of the old man; and Crowther owned that all his experience of life had not shown him his equal in point of intelligence."

A misanthropic bitter spirit gave him a vigour and energy that his years might have denied him; and there was a kind of vindictive power about him that withstood all the effects of fatigue and exhaustion.

The law had now begun its campaign in right earnest. There were two great issues to be tried at bar, and a grand question, involving any amount of intricacy, for the Chancery Court. The subject was the possession of a large estate, and every legal celebrity of the day was engaged by one side or the other. Of course such an event became the general topic of discussion in all circles, but more particularly in those wherein my father had once moved. Alas for the popularity of personal qualities—how short-lived is it ever! Of the many who used to partake of his generous hospitality, and who benefited by his friendship, how few could now speak even charitably of his acts. Indeed, it would appear from the tone in which they spoke, that each, even the least observant or far-seeing, had long anticipated his ruin. Such absurd extra-

vagance—such pretension! A house fit for a sovereign prince, and a retinue like that of royalty! And then the daily style of living—endless profusion and waste. The "French connexion"—none would say marriage—also had its share of reprobation. The kindly disposed only affected to deplore and grieve over that unhappy mistake. The rigidly right seemed to read in his own downfall a justice for a crime committed; while another section, as large as either, "took out" their indignation at his insolence in having dared to present her to the world as his wife!

And yet, his once warm heart was scarcely cold when they said these things of him. And so it is to this day, and to this hour: the same code of morality exists, and the same set of moralisers are to be met with everywhere. Far be it from me to say that faults and follies should pass unnoticed and unstigmatised; but, at least, let the truth-teller of to-day not have been the tuft-hunter of yesterday—let the grave monitor who rebukes extravagance, not once have been the Sybarite guest who provoked excess—and least of all let us hear predictions of ruin from the lips that only promised long years of happiness and enjoyment.

Events moved rapidly. The Chancellor appointed a receivership over the property, and an order from the Court required that immediate possession should be taken of the house and demesne. My father's balance at his banker's amounted to some thousand pounds. This, too, was sequestered by a judge's order "awaiting proceedings." An inventory of every thing—even to the personal effects of my mother—the jewellery she had carried with her from France—her very wardrobe—was taken. The law has a most microscopic eye for detail. Carriages, horses, servants' liveries, were numbered—the very cradle, in which lay her baby, was declared to belong to some unknown owner; and a kind of mystical proprietorship seemed to float unseen through the chambers and corridors of that devoted dwelling.

My poor mother!—removed from room to room, with good-natured care, to spare her the shock of proceedings which even *her* ignorance of the world might have taken alarm at! Weak,

scarcely able to walk—only half conscious of the movement around her—asking every moment for explanations which none had courage to give her—agitated with vague terror—a sense of some misfortune lowering over her, and each moment nearer—catching at a chance word dropped here—eagerly watching at every look there—what misery, what suffering was yours! poor, friendless, forsaken widow.

Where was MacNaghten, her one faithful friend and counsellor? He had gone to town early that morning, and had not yet returned. One last but fruitless effort to induce Curtis to come to terms, had led him again to seek an interview. Her cousin De Gabriac, who had been ill for several days, had by a mere accident, from expressions picked up by his valet in the household, learned the nature of the allegation against my mother—that her marriage was denied, and my illegitimacy declared. Almost driven to madness by what sounded like an outrage to his pride, he had set out for Dublin to fasten upon some one—any one—a personal quarrel in the vindication of my mother's honour. Fagan's address was known to him, by frequent mention of his name, and thither he accordingly hastened. The Grinder was from home, but to await his return De Gabriac was ushered up stairs into the drawing-room, where an elderly man was seated writing at a table. The old man lifted his head and slightly saluted the stranger, but continued his occupation without any further notice, and De Gabriac threw himself into a chair to wait, with what patience he could, for Fagan's coming.

There was a newspaper on the table and De Gabriac took it up to spell as he could the intelligence of the day. Almost the very first lines which caught his eye, were an announcement of an "Extensive sale of valuable furniture, plate, and household effects, late the property of Walter Carew, Esq." Certain enigmatical words that headed the advertisement puzzled the foreigner, and unable to restrain his eagerness to unravel their meaning, he advanced to the table where the old man was writing, and in a polite tone asked him to explain what meant such phrases—as "*In re*," "Joseph Curtis, Esq., of Meaghvalley House, and others, petitioners."

The other, thus addressed, looked

from the newspaper to the inquirer, and back again to the paper, and then to the astonished face of the Frenchman, without a word. "I have to hope," said De Gabriac, "that nothing in my question may appear rude or uncivil. I merely wished to know——"

"To know who Joseph Curtis is!" broke in the old man, quickly. "Then I'll tell you, sir. He is the only surviving son of Robert Harrison Curtis and Eleanor Anne, his wife, born at Meaghvalley House, in the parish of Cappagh, barony of Ivrone, Anno Domini, 1704. Served in parliament for twenty-eight years, and commanded the militia of his native county, till deprived of that honour by a rascally government and a perjured viceroy." Here his voice grew loud, and his manner violent and excited. "Since when, sir, harassed, persecuted, and tortured, he has been robbed of his estates, stripped of his property, and left houseless and friendless—ay, sir, friendless I say, for poverty and want attract no friendship; and who would still be the victim of knavery and scoundrelism if Providence had not blessed him with a clear head as well as a strong heart. Such he is, and such he stands before you. And now, sir, that I have answered your question, will you favour me with a reply to mine—what are you called?"

"I am the Count Emile De Gabriac," said the Frenchman, smiling; "I will spare you the pedigree and the birthplace."

"Wisely done, I've no doubt, sir," said Curtis, "if, as I surmise, you are the relative of that French lady whom I met at Castle Carew."

"You speak of my cousin, sir—Madame de Carew."

"I do not recognise her as such, sir, nor does the law of this country."

"How do you mean, sir—not married—is it such you would imply?" cried De Gabriac, fiercely.

"Never imagine that your foreign airs can terrify me, young gentleman," said Curtis, insolently. "I've seen you in your own country, and know well the braggadocio style you can assume. If you ask me for information do so with the manner that beseems inquiry. If you are for a quarrel it's not Joe Curtis will balk your good intentions."

"Poor old fool," said De Gabriac, contemptuously. "If you had a grand-

son, or a nephew to answer for your insolence——"

"But, I have neither—I want neither; I am ready, willing, and able to defend my own honour, and this is exactly what I suspect you are unable to say."

"But you do not suppose that I can cross a weapon with the like of you!" said De Gabriac, with an insolent laugh.

"You wouldn't be a Frenchman if you hadn't a subterfuge to escape a meeting!" cried Curtis, with a most taunting impertinence of manner.

"This is pushing insolence too far, old man," said De Gabriac, barely able to restrain himself.

"And yet not far enough, it would seem, to prompt you to an act of manhood. Now hear me, Monsieur Count. I am no admirer of your country, nor its ways; but this I will say, that a French gentleman, so far as I have seen of them, was always ready to resent an insult; and, whenever a slight was passed by unnoticed, the presumption ever was, that he who endured it was not a gentleman. Is it to some such explanation you wish to conduct me in the present case?"

A contemptuous exclamation and a glance of ineffable disdain was all the reply the Count vouchsafed to this outrageous appeal, and probably by no means could he so effectually have raised the old man's anger. Any allusion to his age, to the infirmities that pertained to it, he bore always with the greatest impatience; but to suppose that his time of life placed him beyond self-vindication was an insult too great to be endured, and he would have braved any peril to avenge it. His sudden access to wealth, far from allaying the irritability of his nature, had increased and exaggerated them all. The insolence of prosperity was now added to the querulous temperament that narrow fortune had engendered, and the excitement of his brain was little short of actual frenzy. To what extent of outrage passion might have carried him there is no saying, for he was already hurriedly advancing towards the Count when the door opened and Polly Fagan entered. She had overheard from an adjoining room the words of high altercation, and recognising Curtis as one of the speakers, determined at any cost to interfere.

"I am sure, sir," said she, address-

ing the old man, while she curtsied deeply to the stranger, "that you will forgive my intrusion; but I only this moment learned that you were here writing, and I thought that probably the quiet seclusion of my room would suit you better—may I make bold to offer it to you?"

"Thanks, madam, but will you leave; this is quite to my taste," said he, stiffly.

"It is so comfortable, sir, and looks out upon our little garden!" said Polly, coaxingly.

"I am certain, madam, that it has every attraction, and only needs your presence there to be incomparable."

"Nay, sir," said she, laughing, "I'll not take your inuendo save in its flattering sense."

"I never flatter, madam, for I wouldn't try to pass on another the base coinage I'd reject myself. Others, however," and here he glanced towards the Frenchman, "may not have these scruples; and I am sure the charms of your apartment will be fully appreciated elsewhere."

Polly blushed deeply, not the less so that the Frenchman's eyes were bent upon her during the delivery of the speech with evident admiration.

"If mademoiselle would permit me, even as a sanctuary," began the Count.

"Just so, Miss Polly," broke in Curtis; "let him take refuge there, as he tells you, for he feels very far from at ease in my company."

Polly's quick intelligence read in these few words the real state of the case; and, resolved, at all hazards, to prevent untoward consequences, she made a sign to the Frenchman to follow her, and left the room.

It was in vain that the old man re-seated himself at the writing-table; all his efforts at composure were fruitless, and he muttered to himself threats of vengeance and imprecations, till he worked his mind up to a state of ungovernable fury. It was in the very paroxysm of this passion, and while he was pacing the chamber with hasty steps, that Fagan entered.

"Nothing unpleasant has occurred, sir, I trust," exclaimed the Grinder, as he beheld the agitated face, and watched the lips that never ceased to mutter unintelligibly.

"Tell me, sir," cried he, advancing up to Fagan, and placing one hand upon his shoulder—"tell me,

sir, what is there in my age and appearance that should exclude me from exacting the satisfaction in vogue amongst gentlemen? I ask you, sir, in plain language—and you have a right to answer me, for it was in *your* house and under *your* roof that I have received this outrage—where and what is my disqualification?”

“Pray explain yourself, Mr. Curtis. I trust I haven’t heard you aright, and that any one had dared to offend you within these walls!”

“Yes, sir, in the very room where we stand, not half an hour ago, an insolent scoundrel of a foreigner—a French lackey—a hair-dresser, perhaps—has had the insolence to talk to *me*, a gentleman of fortune and position, a man whose estate places him in the first rank of this country’s gentry. You said so yesterday. Don’t deny it, sir, I quote your own very words.”

“I am most ready and willing to repeat them, Mr. Curtis,” said Fagan humbly; “pray go on.”

“You said yesterday,” continued Curtis, “in the presence of two others, “that except Lord Kiltimon’s, there was not so large a property in the country; did you, sir, or did you not?”

“I certainly did say so, sir.”

“And now, sir, you would go back of it—you had some reservation, some qualifying something or other, I’ll be bound; but I tell you, Mr. Anthony Fagan, that though these habits may suit an apple-stall in Mary’s-abbey, they are unbecoming when used in the presence of men of rank and fortune. I believe that is plain speaking, sir; I trust there may be no misconception of *my* meaning at least!”

Fagan was not, either by nature or by position, disposed to submit tamely to insult; but whether it was from some strong reason of policy, or that he held Curtis as one not fully responsible for his words, he certainly took no steps to resent his language, but rather seemed eager to assuage the violence of the old man’s temper.

“It’s all very well, sir,” said Curtis, after listening with considerable show of impatience to these excuses; “it’s all very well to say you regret this and deplore that. But let me tell you there are other duties of your station beside apologies. You should take measures that when persons of *my* rank and station accept the shelter of your

roof, they are not broken in upon by rascally foreigners, vile adventurers, and swindlers! You may be as angry as you please, sir, but I will repeat every word I have said. Yes, Mr. Fagan; I talk from book, sir—I speak with knowledge; for when you were serving out crab-apples, in a check apron, at your father’s stall, I was travelling on the Continent as a young gentleman of fortune!”

“Until you tell me how you have been insulted, and by whom,” said Fagan, with some warmth, “I must hope that there is some easily-explained mistake.”

“Egad! this is better and better,” exclaimed Curtis. “No, sir; you mistake me much—you entirely misunderstand me. I should most implicitly accept your judgment as to a bruised peach or a blighted pear; but upon a question of injured honour or of outraged feeling, I should scarcely defer to you so humbly!” and as he said these words, with an air of most exaggerated self-importance, he put on his hat, and left the room, without once noticing the respectful salutation of the Grinder.

When Fagan entered his daughter’s room, he was surprised at the presence of the stranger, whom she presented to him as the Count de Gabriac, and who had so far profited by the opportunity as to have already made a most favourable impression upon the fair Polly.

Polly rapidly told her father that the stranger, while awaiting his return, had been accidentally exposed to the most outrageous treatment from Curtis, to shelter him from a continuance of which she had offered him the hospitality of her own apartment.

“He came in,” resumed she, “to learn some tidings of his cousin’s affairs, for it appears that law proceedings of the most rigorous kind are in operation, and the poor widow will be obliged to leave Castle Carew.”

Polly spoke with true feelings of regret, for she really now learned for the first time that *my* mother’s position was involved in any difficulty, though from what precise cause she was still in ignorance.

“Leave me to speak with the Count alone, Polly; I can probably afford him the information he seeks.”

The interview was not of long duration; but Fagan acquitted himself with a degree of tact and delicacy that

scarcely seemed native to him. It is difficult to guess at his real motives in the matter. Perhaps he entertained some secret doubts that my mother's marriage might one day or other admit of proof; perhaps he felt some touch of gratitude for the treatment his daughter had experienced when a guest at Castle Carew. Indeed, he spoke of this to the Count with pride and satisfaction. Whatever the reasons, he used the greatest and most delicate reserve in alluding to my mother's situation, and told De Gabriac that the proceedings, however rigorous they might appear, were common in such cases, and that when my mother had sufficiently recovered herself to give detailed information as to the circumstances of her marriage, there would be ample time and opportunity to profit by the knowledge. He went even farther, and suggested that for the present he wished to place his little cottage at the Killeries at her disposal, until such time as she could fix upon a residence more to her taste. In fact, both his explanations and his offers were made so gracefully and so kindly, that De Gabriac assented at once, and promised to come to dinner on the following day, to complete all the arrangements.

When MacNaghten came to hear of the plan he was overjoyed, not only because it offered a home to my mother in her houseless destitution, but as evidencing a kind spirit on Fagan's part, from which he augured most favourably. In fact, the arrangement, while relieving them from all present embarrassment, suggested also future hope; and it was now determined, that while De Gabriac was to accompany my mother to the far west, Dan himself was to set out for France, with a variety of letters, which might aid him in tracing out the story of my father's marriage.

It was at an humble little hotel in Stafford-street, a quaint old house called "the Hart," that they passed the last evening together before separating. Polly Fagan came over to drink tea with my mother, and they chatted away in sombre mood till past midnight. MacNaghten was to sail with an early tide, and they agreed to sit up till it should be his time to depart. Often and often have I heard Dan speak of that evening. Every incident of it made an impression upon his me-

mory quite disproportioned to their non-importance, and he has taken pains even to show me where each of them sat. The corner where my mother's chair stood is now before me, and I fancy I can bring up her pale young widow's face, tear-furrowed and sad, trying to look interested where, with all her efforts, her wandering thoughts were ever turning to the past, and where by no exertion could she keep pace with those "who sorrowed not as she sorrowed."

"We did not dare to talk to *her* of the future," said poor MacNaghten; "her grief was too holy a thing to be disturbed by such thoughts; but amongst *ourselves* we spoke whisperingly of when we were all to meet again, and she seemed to listen to us with interest. It was strange enough," remarked he, "how sorrow had blended all our natures—differing and discordant, as heaven knows they were—into some resemblance of a family. I felt towards Polly as though she had been my sister, and totally forgot that Gabriac belonged to another land and another people; so humanising is the touch of affliction!"

It struck three; and at four o'clock Dan was to sail. As he stood up, he caught sight of my mother, and saw that her eyes were full of tears. She made a signal to him to approach, and then said, in a fervent whisper—

"Come and see him before you go," and led the way to the adjoining room, where her baby lay asleep. "I know," said she, in broken accents, "that you will be a friend to him always, but if aught were to befall *you*!—"

MacNaghten cast his eyes heavenward, but made no answer.

"Yes," cried she, "I have that hope;" and so saying, she knelt down beside the little cot to pray.

"It was odd," said he, when telling me this, "I had never heard words of prayer in the French language before; but they struck upon my heart with a power and significance I cannot explain. Was it some strange inward consciousness of the power of Him before whom I was standing, and who knows every tongue and every people, and to whom all hearts are open, let their accents be ever so unlike or so various? I was in the street," added he, "without knowing how I came there, for my brain was turning with a thousand thoughts."

"Where to, sir?" said the carman.

"The Pigeon-house," said I, seating myself on the vehicle.

"Aint you Mr. MacNaghten, sir?" asked a large, well-dressed man, in a civil voice, as he touched his hat respectfully to me.

"That is my name," replied I.

"Mr. Daniel MacNaghten, of Gurrah-lynn?" asked he again.

"When I owned it," rejoined I, trying to smile at a sad recollection.

"Then I have a writ against you, sir," continued he, "and I'm sorry I must execute it too."

"At whose suit, and for what sum?" asked I, trying to be calm and collected. He answered my last question first, by saying it was for an acceptance for twelve hundred and seventy-six pounds

odd; and, after a little pressing, added—

"At the suit of Joseph Curtis, Esq., of Meaghvalley House."

"What's to be done?" said I, "I cannot pay it."

"Come over to Green-street for the present, anyhow," said he civilly; "there are plenty of houses."

"No, no; to jail, if I must," said I, boldly. "It's not myself I was thinking about."

Just as day was breaking I passed into the prison; and when I thought to be looking upon the mountains of the bay slowly fading behind me, I was ushered into the debtors' yard, to wait till my future dwelling-place should be assigned me.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT REST.

HAVING already acquainted my reader with the source from which I have derived all these materials of my family history, he will not be surprised to learn that MacNaghten's imprisonment leaves a blank in this part of my narrative. All that I know indeed of these early years can be told in a few lines. My mother repaired with me to the cottage in the Killeries, to which also came De Gabriac shortly after, followed by Polly Fagan, whose affection for my mother now exhibited itself most remarkably. Not vainly endeavouring to dam up the current of a grief that would flow on, she tried to interest my mother in ways and by pursuits which were totally new to her, and, consequently, not coupled with painful recollections. She taught her to visit the poor in their cabins—to see them in the hard struggle of their poverty, stoutly confronting fortune day by day, carrying the weary load of adversity, without one hope as to the time when they might cease to labour and be at rest. These rambles through wild and unvisited tracts rewarded them well in the grand and glorious objects of scenery with which they became acquainted. It was everlasting discovery—now of some land-locked little bay, half-hid among its cliffs; now some lone island, with its one family for inhabitants, or now some picturesque bit of inland scenery, with

wood and mountain, and waving grass. Occasionally, too, they ventured out to sea, either to creep along the coast, and peep into the rocky caverns with which it is perforated; or, they would set sail for the distant islands of Arran—bleak and desolate spots on the wide, wild ocean. The charms of landscape, in its grandest features, were, however, the least of the benefits these excursions conferred, at least, on my poor mother. She learned, then, to see and to feel that the sorrows of life fall uniformly—that few, indeed, are singled out for especial suffering, and that the load is apportioned to the strength that is to bear it. She saw, besides, how the hard necessities of existence formed in themselves a barrier against the wearing influence of grief; the hands that must labour for daily bread are not wrung in the wild transports of misery! It is the law of human nature, and the claims of the living are the counterpoise to the memory of the dead.

Neither her early education nor her habits disposed her to any exertion. All her ideas of life were circumscribed within the limits of certain pleasures and enjoyments. From her infancy she had never known any other care than how to make time pass swiftly and agreeably; now she had to learn the more rewarding lesson, that life can be profitably passed, and to this task

she addressed herself, I believe, with a hearty earnestness.

It is only by estimating the change which took place in her character at this time, and which marked it during the short remainder of her life, that I am led to speculate upon the cause. Her days were passed in intercourse with the peasantry, whom, at last, she began to understand, through all the difficulties of their strange temperament, and all the eccentricities of their habits. There was not a cabin for miles round, with every one of whose inmates she was not acquainted, and of whose joys and sorrows, whose hopes and cares, she was not, in some shape, the participator.

When the sea was too rough, and the weather too wild for the fishermen to venture out, she was constantly amongst them with some material for home occupation; and it was curious to see those fingers, which had never been used to harder toil than the mock labour of the embroidery frame, ingeniously moving through the mazes of a fishing-net, while, in her foreign English, she would relate some story of her Breton countrymen, certain to interest those who sat admiringly around her.

How singular it is that the experience and the habits which are destined to guide us through the great trials of life are frequently acquired in scenes and amongst people the very opposite to those wherein the lesson is to be profitable? And yet so it was. In exhorting and cheering others she elevated the tone of her own mind; in suggesting exertion to the faint-hearted she imbibed courage herself; and when teaching them to be of good cheer, she spoke the language of encouragement to herself. Her bodily health, too, kept pace with her mental. She who rarely had ventured out if the weather merely were threatening, could now face the stormiest seasons of that wild west. The darkest day of winter would see her abroad, braving, with an almost childish excitement, the beating rain and wind, or fighting onward to some lone cabin amongst the hills, through sleet and snow-drift, undeterred!

I have heard but little of the life they led within doors, but I believe that the evenings were passed pleasantly with books and conversation—De Gabriac reading aloud, while my mother and Polly worked; and thus the winter

glided easily over, and spring was now approaching ere they were well aware that so many months had gone by. If my mother wondered at times why they never heard from MacNaghten, De Gabriac and Polly, who were in the secret of his mishap, would frame various excuses to account for his silence. Meanwhile they heard, that such was the complication of the law proceedings which concerned the estate, so intricate the questions, and so puzzling, that years might pass in litigation ere any decision could be come to. A reserved offer came at this time from Sir Carew O'Moore, to settle some small annuity on my mother if she would relinquish all claim to the estate in his favour; but Fagan hesitated to acquaint her with a proposal which he well knew she would reject, and the very fact of which must be an insult to her feelings. This the Grinder commented on in a letter to his daughter, while he also avowed that as he saw no prospect of anything favourable to my mother likely to issue from the course of law, he must press upon her the necessity of her seeking an asylum in her own country, and amongst her own friends.

I have never been able to ascertain why my mother herself did not at once determine on returning to France after my father's death. Perhaps the altered circumstances of her fortune deterred her. There might have been reasons, perhaps, on the score of her birth. My impression is, that De Gabriac had quitted the Continent overwhelmed with debt, and dared not return there, and that as his counsels greatly swayed her, she was influenced by whatever arguments he adduced.

So little was my mother acquainted with the details of her altered condition in life, that she still believed a small but secure income remained to her; and it was only by a few lines addressed to her, and enclosed in a letter to Polly, that she was at length brought to see that she was actually without means of support for a single day, and that hitherto she had been a dependent on Fagan's kindness for a home.

I believe that this communication was not made with any harshness or want of feeling; on the contrary, that it was conveyed with whatever delicacy the writer could summon to so ungracious a task. It is more than probable, besides, that Fagan would not have made it at all, or at least not for a considera-

ble time, had he not at that moment been involved in an angry correspondence with Polly, who had flatly refused to quit my mother, and return home. Irritated at this, and driven to extremities, he had determined in this last course to accomplish his object.

My mother was so much overwhelmed by the tidings, that she thought she could not have understood them aright, and hastened to Polly's room, with the letter in her hand—

"Tell me," cried she, "what this means?—is it possible—can it be true—that I am actually a beggar?"

Polly read the lines with a flashing eye and heightened colour, but never uttered a word.

"Speak, Polly, dearest, and relieve me of this terrible fear, if you can," cried my mother, passionately.

"I understand what this means," said Polly, crushing the note in her hand; "this is a question that requires explanation. You must leave it to *me*. I'll go up to town this evening, and before the end of the week I'll be back with you. My father is mistaken—that's all; and you have misunderstood him!"

And thus planning, and excusing, and contradicting herself, she at last succeeded in allaying my mother's fears, and assuring her that it was a mere misapprehension, and that a few days would suffice to rectify it.

My mother insisted that Polly should not travel alone, and that Gabriac should be her companion—an arrangement to which she acceded with comparative ease and willingness. Had Polly Fagan and Gabriac merely met, as people meet in society, with no other opportunities of knowing each other than are presented by the ordinary intercourse with the world, the great likelihood is, that they should have conceived for each other a rooted dislike. There was scarcely one single subject on which they thought in common. They differed in ideas of country and people. Their tastes, their prejudices, their ambitions, all took opposite directions; and yet such is the effect of intimacy, such the consequence of daily, hourly communion, that each not only learned to tolerate, but even to imbibe some of the notions of the other; and an imperceptible compromise was at length entered into, by which individuality became tempered down, and even the broad traits of nationality al-

most effaced. The Count came to perceive, that what he had at first regarded as coarse and inelegant, was in reality the evidence of only a bold and vigorous spirit, exulting in its own energy, and confident of its power; and Polly began to recognise that remarkable truth, that a coxcomb need not necessarily be a coward, and that the most excessive puppyism can consort with even a chivalrous courage and daring. Of these qualities—the very first in Polly's estimation—he had given several proofs in their adventures by sea and land, and under circumstances, too, where the very novelty of the peril to be surmounted might have suggested some fear.

There is a generous impulse usually to exalt in our esteem those whom we had once held cheaply, when on nearer intimacy we discover that we had wronged them. We feel as if there was a debt of reparation due to them, and that we are unjust till we have acquitted it. It may chance that now and then this honourable sentiment may carry us beyond reasonable bounds, and that we are disposed to accord even more than is due to them.

I have no means of knowing if such were the case here; I can but surmise from other circumstances the causes which were in operation. It is enough, however, if I state, that long before Gabriac had passed the limit of admiration for Polly, she had conceived for *him* a strong sentiment of love; and while *he* was merely exerting those qualities which are amongst the common gifts of his class and his country, *she* was becoming impressed with the notion of his vast superiority to all of those she had ever met in society. It must be taken into account, that his manner towards her evinced a degree of respect and devotion which, though not overpassing the usual observance of good manners in France, contrasted very favourably with the kind of notice bestowed by country gentlemen upon "the Grinder's daughter." Those terrible traditions of exorbitant interest, those fatal compacts with usury, that had made Fagan's name so dreadfully notorious in Ireland, were all unknown to Gabriac. He only saw in Polly a very handsome girl, of a far more than common amount of intelligence, and with a spirit daringly ambitious. As the favoured friend and companion of his cousin, he took it for granted that the

peculiar customs of Ireland admitted such intimacies between those socially unequal, and that there was nothing strange nor unusual in seeing her where she was. He, therefore, paid her every attention he would have bestowed on the most high-born damsel of his own court. He exhibited that deference which his own language denominates *homage*; and in fact, long before he had touched her affections, he had flattered her pride and self-love by a courtesy to which she had never, in all her intercourse with the world, been habituated.

Perhaps my reader needs not one-half of the explanation, to surmise why two young people—both good-looking, both attractive, and both idle—should, in the solitude of a country cottage, fall in love with each other. That they did so, at all events—she first, and he afterwards—is, however, the fact; and now, by the simple-hearted arrangement of my poor mother—whose thoughts had never taken in such a casualty—were they to set off together as fellow-travellers for Dublin. So far, indeed, from even suspecting such a possibility, it was only a few days previously that she had been deploring to Polly her cousin's fickleness in breaking off his proposed marriage in France, on the mere ground that his absence must necessarily have weakened the ties that bound him to his betrothed. What secret hopes the revelation may have suggested to Polly's mind, is matter that I cannot even speculate on.

It was with a heavy heart my poor mother saw them drive from the door, and came back to sit down in solitude beside the cradle of her baby. It was a dark and rainy day of winter; the beating of the waves against the rocky shore, and the wailing winds, made sad chorus together; and without, as well as within, all was cheerless and depressing. Dark and gloomy as was the landscape, it was to the full as bright as the scene within her own heart; for now that she began to arrange facts and circumstances together, and to draw inferences from them, she saw that nothing but ruin lay before her. The very expressions of Fagan's letter, so opposite to the almost submissive courtesy of former times, showed her that he no longer hesitated to declare her the dependent on his bounty. "And yet," cried she, aloud, "are

these the boasted laws of England? Is the widow left to starve?—is the orphan left houseless, except some formality or other be gone through? To whom descends the heritage of the father, while the son is still living?" From these thoughts, which no ingenuity of hers could pierce, she turned to others not less depressing. What had become of all those who once called themselves her husband's friends? She, it is true, had herself lived estranged and retired from the world, but Walter was everywhere—all knew him, all professed to love him. Bitter as ingratitude will ever seem, all its poignancy is nothing compared to the smart it inflicts when practised towards those who have gone from us for ever; we feel then as though treachery had been added to the wrong. "Oh!" cried she, in her anguish, "how have they repaid *him*, whose heart and hand were ever open to them?" A flood of recollections, long dammed up by the habits of her daily life, and the little cares by which she was environed, now swept through her mind, and from her infancy and her childhood, in all its luxurious splendour, to her present destitution, each passage of her existence seemed revealed before her. The solitude of the lonely cottage suggesting such utter desolation, and the wild and storm-lashed scene without adding its influence to her depression, she sat for some time still and unmoved, like one entranced; and then springing to her feet, she rushed out into the beating rain, glad to exchange the conflict of the storm for that more terrible war that waged within her.

Like one flying from some terrific enemy, she ran with all her speed towards the shore. The sea was now breaking over the rocks with tremendous force, and sending vast clouds of spray high into the air, while whole sheets of foam were wildly tossed about by the wind. Through these she struggled on; now stumbling or falling, as her tender feet yielded to the sharp rocks, till she reached a little promontory over the sea, on which the waves struck with all their force; and there, with streaming hair and dripping garments, she sat braving the hurricane, and in a wild paroxysm of imagined heroism, daring Fortune to her worst.

Physical ills are as nothing to those that make the heart their dwelling-place, and to her there seemed an un-

speaking relief in the thundering crash of the storm, as compared with the desolate silence of her lonely house.

The whole of that day saw her on the self-same spot; and there was she discovered at nightfall by some fishermen, propped up in a crevice of the rock, but cold and scarcely conscious. They all knew her well, and with the tenderest care they carried her to her cottage. Even before they reached it her mind began to wander, and wild and incoherent words dropped from her. That same night she was seized with fever; the benevolent but simple

people about her knew not what to do; the nearest medical aid was many miles off; and when it did arrive, on the following morning, the malady had already attacked the brain.

The same sad short series of events so many have witnessed, so many have stood by, with breaking hearts, now occurred. To wild delirium, with all its terrible excesses, succeeded the almost more dreadful stupor; and to that again the brief lucid moment of fast-ebbing life; and then came the sleep that knows no waking—and my mother was at rest!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VILLAGE OF REICHENAU.

I must now ask of my reader to clear at a bound both time and space, and stand beside me some years later, and in a foreign land.

The scene is at the foot of the Splügen Alps, in a little village begirt with mountains, every crag and eminence of which is surmounted by a ruined castle. There is a grandeur and solemnity in the whole landscape, not alone from its vast proportions, but from the character of impregnability suggested by those fastnesses and the grey sad-coloured tint of hill and verdure around.

There is barely space for the village in the narrow glen, which is traversed by two streams—the one, yellow, turbid, and sluggish; the other, sparkling, bright, and impetuous. These are the Rhines, which, uniting below the village of Reichenau, form that noble river, whose vine-clad cliffs and castled crags are lyrical in every land of Europe.

I scarcely know a spot throughout the whole Continent more typical of isolation and retirement than this. There is no entrance to it from the north, save by a wooden bridge over the torrent; towards the south it is only accessible by the winding zig-zag of the “*Via Mala*”; east and westward, rise gigantic mountains untraversed by even the chamois-hunter, and yet there is no appearance of that poverty and destitution so usually observable in remote and unvisited tracts. Many of the houses are large and substantially built, some evince a little architectural pretension, in the way of ornament, and one which occupies a little terrace above the

river, has somewhat the air of a chateau, and in its windowed roof and moated gardens shows that it aspired to the proud distinction of a seignorial residence.

It might be difficult to ascertain how an edifice of this size and pretension came to be built in such a place; at the time I speak of, it was a school, and a modest-looking little board affixed to a pear-tree at the gate, announced “*The Academy of M. Jost.*” In my boyish eyes, this chateau, its esplanade above the stream, the views it embraced, and the wild, luxuriant orchard by which it was begirt, comprised an amount of magnificence and beauty, such as no stretch of imagination could surpass. In respect to its picturesque site, my error was probably not great; the mountain scene, in all its varied tints of season and sunlight, is still before me, nor can I remember one whose impression is more pleasing.

The chateau, for so it was called, lost nothing in my estimation by any familiarity with its details. I only knew of the large school-room with its three windows that opened on the terrace, the smaller chamber where the classical teacher held his more select audience, and a little den, fitted up with cases of minerals, insects, and stuffed birds, which was denominated *M. Jost’s cabinet*, and where that worthy man sat, weeks, months, I believe years long, microscope in eye, examining the intricate anatomy of beetles, or poring over some singular provisions in the eyelids of moths. Save when “*brought up*” for punishment, we

rarely saw him. Entirely engrossed with his own pursuits, he seldom bestowed a thought upon us ; and when, by any untoward incident, such as I have alluded to, we were thrust into his notice, the presence of a strange-looking butterfly—a brilliant, dragon-moth—a spider even, would be certain to divert his thoughts into a new channel, and ourselves and our derelictions be utterly forgotten. Need I say, that no culprit ever appeared in the dock without some such recommendation to mercy, nor was there one of us ever unprepared with some specimen of the insect tribe, ready to be produced at any moment of emergency ?

It is but fair to say, that the other masters — there were but two — were singularly forbearing and indulgent. M. Gervois, who “taught” the little boys, was a quaint-looking, venerable old gentleman, with a queue, and who wore on fête-days a ribbon in his button-hole. He was, it was said, originally a French noble of large fortune, but who had lost everything by the extravagance of an only son, and had sought out, in voluntary exile, this remote spot to end his days in. His manners were always marked with a tinge of proud reserve which none ever infringed upon, nor, out of school-hours, did any one ever presume to obtrude upon his retirement.

The classical teacher was a foreigner, we knew not of what nation ; we called him sometimes a Pole, now a Spaniard, now an Irishman—for all these nationalities only to us expressed distant and unknown lands. He was small, almost to dwarfishness, and uniformly dressed in a suit of peculiarly-coloured brown cloth ; his age might have been fifty, sixty, or even more, for there was little means of deciphering the work of time in a face sad and care-worn, but yet unwrinkled, and where sorrow had set its seal in early life, but without having worn the impress any deeper by time. Large spectacles of blue glass concealed his eyes, of which, the story ran, one was sightless ; and his manner was uniformly quiet and patient—extending to every one the utmost limit of forbearance, and accepting the slightest efforts to learn as evidences of a noble ambition. To myself he was more than generous—he was truly and deeply affectionate. I was too young to be one of his class, but he came for me each morning to

fetch me to the school, for I did not live at the Chateau, but at a small, two-storied house abutting against the base of the mountain. There we lived ; and, now, let me explain who we were.

But a peep within our humble sitting-room will save both of us much time. I have called it humble—I might have used a stronger word, for it was poor almost to destitution. The wooden chairs and table ; the tiled floor ; the hearth, on which some soaked branches of larch are smoking ; the curtainless window, as well as the utter absence of even the very cheapest appliances of comfort, all show indigence. While a glance at the worn form and hollow cheek of her who now bends over the embroidery-frame, attests that actual want of sustenance is there written. Haggard and thin as the features are, it needs no effort to believe that they once constituted beauty of a high order. The eye, now sunken and almost colourless, was once flashing in its brilliancy ; and that lip, indrawn and livid, was full and rounded like that of a Grecian statue. Even yet, amidst all the disfigurement of a coarse dress, the form is graceful, and every motion and gesture indicate a culture that must have been imbibed in a very different sphere.

How I have her before me at this instant, as, hearing my childish footstep at the door, she pulls the string to admit me, and then turning from her frame, kneels down to kiss me. Monsieur Joseph, for so is the Latin master called, stands just within the doorway, as if waiting to be invited to come farther.

“And how has he been to-day—a good boy ?” asks she.

M. Joseph smiles, and nods his head.

“I’m glad of it ; Jasper will always behave well. He will know that to do right is a duty, and a duty fulfilled is a blessing. What says M. Gervois—is he content too ?”

“Quite so,” I reply. He said I knew my hymn perfectly ; and that if I learned the two pages that he showed me, off by heart, I should be made “elite” of my class.

“And what will that be ?”

“I shall be above them all, and they must salute me when we meet out of school, and in play hours.”

“Let them do so in affection, but

not for coercion, Jasper; he who is cleverer than his fellows ought to be humbler, if he would be as happy."

"Quite true, Polly; quite true: you never said anything more just. The conscious power of intellect tells its possessor of his weakness as well as of his strength. Jasper, my child, be humble."

"But when I said humble," broke in he again, "I meant in self-esteem, for there is a kind of pride that sustains and elevates us."

Mon. Joseph only sighed gently, but never spoke.

After a few words like these, I was usually dismissed to my play-room, a little corner eked out of an old tower which had been accidentally joined to the house after it was built; but which to me was a boon unspeakable, for it was all my own; but can I revel in the delight of that isolation which each afternoon saw me enjoy? I would briefly tell my reader, if so be that he need the information, that she who in that worn attire bends over her task, is Polly Fagan, and that Mon. Joseph is no other than her old acquaintance Joe Raper!

De Gabriac had married Polly secretly, Joe Raper alone being admitted to their confidence. For months long they had watched for some favourable opportunity of breaking the event to the old man; and at last, worn out by care and anxiety, Polly could refrain no longer, but made the avowal herself, and, in a few brief words, told her fault and her sorrow.

The Grinder heard her with the stern impassiveness that he ever could summon in any dread emergency. He had that species of courage that can surmount every peril, only let its full extent be known; and although it was true that the announcement of the loss of all he was worth in the world would have been lighter tidings than those he now listened to, he heard her to the end without interruption. There was that in his calm, cold face, which smote her to the very heart—the very way he drew back his hand, as she tried to grasp it in her own, was a shock to her; and, ere she finished her sad story, her voice was broken, and her lips tremulous.

Terrible conflict was it between father and child! between two natures, each proud as the other—each, bold, stern, and unforgiving!

"The date of this event?" asked he, as she concluded.

"The ninth of October."

"Where?"

"At a chapel in Cullenswood-avenue."

"Who witnessed it?"

"Raper."

"Any other?"

"No other."

"The ninth of October fell on a Tuesday: it was then, or the day after, that I gave you a diamond clasp, a present."

"It was."

"Who performed this ceremony?"

"A priest, but I am not at liberty to tell his name; at least, without the assurance of your forgiveness."

"Then do not tell it! The man is still living?"

"I believe so."

"And your husband—where is he?"

"In the city. He is waiting but to be received by you ere he return to France to arrange his affairs in that country."

"He need not long delay his departure, then—tell him so."

"You forgive us, then?" cried she, almost bursting with gratitude.

"No!—never!"

"Not forgive us!—not acknowledge us!"

"Never! never!" reiterated he, with a thick utterance, that sounded like the very concentration of passion. The words seemed to have a spell in them to conjure up a feeling in her who heard as deeply powerful as in him who spoke them.

"Am I no longer your daughter, sir?" asked she, rising and drawing herself to her full height before him.

"You are a countess, madam," said he, with a scornful irony; "I am but an humble man, of obscure station and low habits. I know nothing of nobility, nor of its ways."

"I ask again, do you disown me?" said she, with a voice as calm and collected as his own.

"For ever, and ever," said he, waving his hand, as though the gesture was to be one of adieu. "You are mine no longer, you had ceased to be so ere I knew it. Go to your home, if you have one; here you are but an intruder—unasked, unwished for!"

"Bitter words to part with! but hear me, sir. He who has joined his

lot to mine should not pay the penalty of my fault. Against *him* you can bear no malice. He, at least, does not merit the reproach you have cast on *me*. Will you see him—may he speak with you?"

"Whenever he pleases—provided it be but once. I will not be importuned."

"You will bear in mind, sir, that he is a man of birth and station, and that to his ears words of insult are a stranger."

"I will treat him with all the deference I owe to his rank, and to the part he has performed towards myself," said Fagan, slowly.

"It were, perhaps, better then that you should not meet?"

"It were, perhaps, better so!"

"Good-bye, sir. I have no more to say."

"Good-bye, madam. Tell Raper I want to speak to him as you pass out."

With Raper the interview was briefer still. Fagan drily informed his old follower that he no longer needed his services. And although Joe heard the words as a criminal might have listened to those of his last sentence, he never uttered a syllable. Fagan was brief, though bitter. He reproached him with the long years he had sheltered him beneath his roof, and reviled him for ingratitude! He spoke of him as one who had eaten the bread of idleness, and repaid an existence of ease by treachery. Once, and only once, did the insulting language he lavished on him seem to sting him beyond further endurance. It was when Fagan said—

"You think me in your power, sir; you fancy that amid that mass of rubbish and confusion my affairs have been involved in, that you alone can be the guide. But I tell you here now, that were it even so, I'd rather heap them on the fire, and stand forth a beggar to the world, than harbour within my doors a man like you!"

The struggle that it cost poor Joe to hear this, without reply, was great; but a sense of the deference that throughout a long life he had ever rendered to his master, overpowered all considerations of self. He, indeed, felt that he had been wronged; he knew all the injustice of the reproach; but he also bethought him of the many years in which that house had been his home, and that hearth his

own. He was not one to remember what he had rendered in return, nor think of the long existence of toil by which he had earned his livelihood. The settled humility, which was the basis of his whole character, made him esteem himself as one whose station excluded all thought of those relations that exist between members of the same community; and that his conduct should be arraigned argued that his acts possessed a degree of importance he had never attributed to them.

He heard Fagan, therefore, throughout, without any effort at reply; and, heaving a faint sigh, withdrew.

I have no means of knowing how Gabriac behaved in this trying emergency. All that I have heard came from Raper; and poor Joe was neither shrewd in his observation of character, nor quick to appreciate motives. The Count decided at once on a return to the Continent; perhaps he thought there might arise some chance of reconciliation with the father, if Polly, for a time at least, were withdrawn from his sight—perhaps, too, some hope there might be of arrangement of his own affairs. Raper was also to accompany them, in the prospect of finding some clerkship in an office, or some employment in a mercantile house abroad, where his knowledge of languages might be available. At all events, his protection and companionship would be useful to Polly, whenever the Count would be compelled to absent himself from home; and lastly, the funds for the enterprise were all supplied by Joe, who contributed something under four hundred pounds, the savings of a whole life of labour!

As for Polly, to the humblest ornament she had ever worn, to the meanest gift she had received in childhood—she left all behind her. Her jewels were worth some thousands—her wardrobe was even splendid; but she went forth without a gem, and with barely what sufficed her in dress.

"And what is this?" said the Count, half disdainfully touching with his foot what seemed to be an oblong basket of coloured straw.

"Poor Josephine's baby!" said Polly, with eyes swimming in tears.

"And is he, is she—whichever it be—to form one of the party?" asked he, angrily.

"Can you ask it, Emile? You re-

member the last words she ever spoke to us, on the morning we left the Killeries."

"That unlucky journey!" muttered he; but fortunately not loud enough for her to catch the words.

"The little fellow will soon be able to walk, and to mutter some words; he will be company for me when you are away!" said she, sorrowfully.

"L'Ami Joseph ought to fill up that void," said De Gabriac, laughing. "I think myself the very paragon of husbands to accede to the arrangement!"

Strange words were these for her to hear—nor, indeed, could she penetrate their meaning; but Polly's cares at that moment gave little time for thought, for every detail of preparation was left to *her*. Raper, it is true, did his utmost to aid her, but already De Gabriac had assumed a manner of superiority and command towards Joe, which greatly embarrassed Polly, and compelled her to use every means of keeping them apart.

Thus were they started on the sea of life—does it need much foresight to predict the voyage?

THOMAS MOORE.*

WE have seldom met a book which presented such difficulties to a reviewer as these new volumes of Moore. The interest is not sustained as in the former series of Lord John Russell's work, by a memoir, or by letters, in which Moore is the single object brought before the mind. We have not here the sort of revelation, which has for every one its charm, of the mysterious processes, by which, as far as he himself is conscious of them, a poet's mind is built up—whether in solitude or in society—whether thought of in the circle of his family and immediate friends, or in the bustle of busy life and its interruptions. We should wish to be able to place the poet before us as the central, almost as the single object of contemplation; all around him—whether much or little—whether calm or agitated, having its importance for us from its felt relation to him. Whatever variety of circumstance may be brought before us, we demand, with more rigour from the biographer than from the dramatist, something of unity on which the mind may rest. To render a narrative even intelligible, its incidents must be subordinated to some law—there must be some actual, or some imagined purpose. The persons and characters brought before us must be such as we can understand—must be grouped together, if it were but to aid the me-

mory; must have some bearing on the main subject of our thought—in this case the poet himself—else they soon fade away into utter blankness, whatever their momentary brilliancy may be. We feel it to be our own defect of imagination which renders us unable to regard as in one picture, and as the adjuncts of one central figure, the almost infinite variety of persons, whose names are not absolutely unfamiliar, though no associations are united with them in our mind. Moore's diary, though pretty regularly kept, was but the jotting down each day such memoranda of each day's incidents as fell in with the works he was at the moment projecting, or as might be afterwards worked into some narrative of his life. For instance, in the part of the diary of which we gave an account in January last,† we find a good deal of the material which re-appeared, not without much essential change, in the life of Sheridan; and a good deal also, which supplied the more finished narrative of the period of his own life to which it related, in the prefaces to the different sections of his collected works. The portion at present brought before the public gives his diary from August, 1819, to October, 1825, six years of life—from 40 to 46. His mind was in its fullest vigour; but from circumstances connected with his sources of income, at all times precarious, and now

* "Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longmans. 1853.

† DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XLI., pp. 95-111.

rendered difficult by debt — our poet being compelled to labour, not alone to support his family, but to extricate himself from difficulties—the task-work in which he was engaged was not always of the most genial kind. We have no thought of following Moore through the Slough of Despond, which Irish politics are and ever have been. How far we may agree, or how far we may differ from him on these matters, must be a subject wholly unimportant to our readers; at all events, such subjects are discussed more pleasantly without the kind of disquisition into which Moore's prose works would, if we did not, as far as we can, avoid the topic, necessarily lead us.

Moore's plans were wholly unfixed, by the pecuniary embarrassments of which we gave an account in our number for January last. To avoid law processes, affecting his personal liberty, while his affairs were in a course of arrangement, it was necessary that he should reside at safe distance from the Scilla and more fearful Charybdis of the Chancery and the Admiralty, whose dogs were beginning to bark loud and long. Holyrood House was thought of: a poet might, it was thought, find a place of resting there; it was safe from the visits of the process-server, but it had its own inconveniences. Moore had letters from learned professors, saying how pleasant a person he was, and how glad they should be of his arrival amongst them. Moore was, no doubt, a pleasant person, but so were not they. What was good in each was not of a kind that could be expected well to assimilate, and we are not sorry that Moore did not cross the Border.

The autumn of 1819 was passed on the Continent. The entries in Moore's journal, of the latter days of August of that year, mention his preparations for departure, and early in September we have the following entries:—

"Saturday, 4th. Set off with Lord John Russell in his carriage, at seven; breakfasted, and arrived at Dover to dinner at seven o'clock; the journey very agreeable. Lord John mild and sensible; took off Talma very well. Mentioned Buonaparte having instructed Talma in the part of Nero; correcting him for being in such a bustle in giving his orders, and telling him that they ought to be given calmly, as coming from a person used to sovereignty. Told me an epigram of Lord Holland's, on one of

the two candidates for Bedfordshire saying in his address, that the memory of his struggle would exist to the end of time:—

"When this earth to the work of destruction shall bend,
And the seasons be ceasing to roll,
How surprised will old Time be to see, at his end,
The state of the Bedfordshire poll!"

"We mentioned several *jeux d'esprit* of this kind: 'Why did you kick me down stairs?' Dr. Johnson's 'Come, my lad, and drink some beer;' and I quoted the following on Cæsar Colclough's taking boat at Luggelaw to follow the hounds:—

"*Cæsarem vehis et fortunæ.*"

"When meaner souls the tempest struck with awe,
Undaunted Colclough cross'd at Luggelaw;
And said to boatmen, shivering in their rage,
You carry Cæsar and his—saddle bags!"

"Talked a good deal of politics. Lord John much more moderate in his opposition than the duke and Lord Tavistock. The duke and duchess arrived about an hour or two after us: drank tea with them.

"5th. Breakfasted with the duke and duchess, and sailed at ten: rough but quick passage. Got to Calais at one. Woolriche, who goes as the duke's physician, made one of the party. All dined together at Quillac's, and in the evening Woolriche and I went to the *Spectacle*.

"6th. Breakfasted with the duke and duchess, and took leave of them: they are going for the Rhine. Woolriche very sorry I was not going on with them; and Lord John told me afterwards that the duchess said she 'wished they had some one with them, like Mr. Moore, to be agreeable when they got to their inn in the evening.' A good deal of conversation on the way. By-the-bye, the duke mentioned at breakfast a good story Sheridan used to tell of one of his constituents (I believe) saying to him, 'Oh, sir, things cannot go on in this way; there must be a reform; we, poor electors, are not paid properly at all.' Lord John mentioned Mr. Fox's speech on the scrutiny as full of legal knowledge and argument. A good *mot* (of Madame de Coigny's, I believe) about some woman who had red hair and all its attendant ill consequences, and of whom some one said that she was very virtuous: *Oui, elle est comme Samson, elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveux.* Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice; she said once, *Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi—c'est la mienne.* Lunched at Breteuil, where were two very pretty girls. Got on to Abbeville, where we slept.

"7th. Breakfasted at a wretched house at Picquigny: arrived at Chantilly before eight in the evening, where we dined. Lord John talks of staying a fortnight at Paris, having to consult Barillon's papers for a second edition of his 'Life of Lord Russell.' Hauterive, who has the care of these papers, was very uncivil to him on a former occasion when he applied for a sight of them. The

same person refused to let Mackintosh see some papers for his history, and afterwards boasted to the Duke of Wellington of his having done so. Upon the duke replying that he thought Mackintosh *might* have been allowed to see them, this fellow said, *Mais, milord, il la écrire une histoire Whig, et moi je suis Monarchique, et vous aussi.* Lord John will, after a fortnight's stay, take me over the Alps; but he goes by Mont Cenis, on his way to Genoa, so that I shall lose the sight of the Simplon, which will be impassable on my return. Slept at Chantilly.

"8th. Arrived at Paris between two and three o'clock: went to the Hotel Breteuil, and took the same rooms Rogers and I were in two years ago, with the addition of another bedroom, for which, between us, we pay eight napoleons a-week. Dined at Beauvilliers', and went in the evening to the Opera; *Fernando Cortez*, by Spontini: admirable music. The ballet, *La Servante Justifiée*. Had met in walking before dinner Lord Ranelagh, Lord Auckland, Ward, Lady Granard, and some other acquaintances. Ward walked for some time with us in the Tuilleries, and *pumped up* some clever things, but the effort was too visible. Eat ice at the Mille Colonnes after the opera." —Vol. iii. pp. 4-7.

We cannot undertake to give much of this journal. It must be read, not abridged; it will not do to tell how great men said cleverer things than could be expected from them. Like the poems of shoemakers and tailors, many of the *bon mots* recorded are good, considering all the circumstances of the case; many deserve record, but have already been recorded by the immortal Joe Miller, and should have been omitted altogether if the diary has suffered any curtailment in the hands of the editor. Many, however, are brilliant and new. We are told of Lord John mentioning that Sydney Smith told him he had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got farther than the following—"That generally towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest":—

"14th. Lord John mentioned that Lord Holland once kept a journal for a week of the conversations at Holland House, and that he reads it himself with much effect, being such an excellent mimic. Grattan was a principal person in the conversations. Buonaparte said to one of his servile flatterers, who was proposing to him a plan for remodelling the institute, *Laissons, au moins, la République des lettres.* Dined at the Cadran Bleu, and went afterwards to the Ambigu Comique to see the 'Songe;' the last

scene most beautiful; the hinder part of the floor of the stage is completely taken away, and a moonlight valley with villages, &c. made in it. The actors came up from this valley.

"15th. My arrival in Paris announced in *Galignani*. Went with the Herberts and Lord Auckland to the opera; *Armida*, beautiful in music, in spectacle, and in dancers. The song, *Plus j'observe ces lieux, et plus je les admire*, delicious; the symphony mixing the flowing of the river with the warbling of birds.

"18th. Left Paris at eleven, and arrived at Fontainebleau to dinner. Went to see the chateau. The table on which Buonaparte signed his abdication still shown, with the marks of his penknife which he dug into it. The old fellow who showed us the gardens (which were laid out in their present style by Nap.) told us the name of the place was taken from a dog of the name of 'Bleau,' who found out the spring of the stream that runs through it: showed us the court where Nap. took leave of his guards, which the old fellow described with much animation. Saw the theatre, and thought of Rousseau, &c. Had read the 'Le Lépreux de la Cité d'Aoste,' in coming along; very interesting and melancholy.

"22nd. Ascended the Jura: delighted with the fine winding road up those prodigious steepes, and the wild and singular scenery around. Anxious to arrive early enough for the grand view of the Lake of Geneva, between La Vattay and Gex; were detained at Les Rousses, on account of the horses having been bespoke for a Russian prince. When we arrived at La Vattay, Lord John and I walked on, as the sun was getting very low. It was just on the point of sinking when I ran on by myself, and at the turn of the road caught a sight of the stupendous Mont Blanc. It is impossible to describe what I felt. I ran like lightning down the steep road that led towards it, with my glass to my eye, and uttering exclamations of wonder at every step. Ten minutes later and I should have lost all the glory of the prospect. Lord John joined me, and we walked on to Gex, where the carriage overtook us. Thence to Geneva, to a very excellent inn out of the town, called the Secheron. Lord J. mentioned that the last night we were at Paris, he sat near a man at the Théâtre Français, who was very much discontented at the way in which the play (*Cinna*) was acted, and on the following line being spoken, *Ou laissez-moi périr, ou laissez-moi regner*, he exclaimed, *Ou laissez-moi siffler, ou laissez-moi sortir.*

"23. Took a char-à-banc, and went to call on Dumont (the translator of Jeremy Bentham), in La Rue Chaudronniere: found he was at the country seat of M. Duval. This being on our way to Ferney, proceeded thither. Beautiful spot: the country here all so rich and so comfortably laid out; in

short, so like England, with the addition of the romantic to the comfortable — a rare mixture. Went from Dumont on our pilgrimage to Ferney: the engravings of eminent men in the bed-chamber: the portrait of the Marquise de Chatelet not at all handsome: the place in the chapel where Voltaire used to sit; his inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire*, effaced at the Revolution. Went through the garden, the walk which he planted. The *ferme* at a little distance, occupied by M. Mallet, *un homme de lettres* who has raised a sort of cenotaph to Voltaire, with the inscription, *Au chanteur du Père des Bourbons, et au fondateur de Ferney*. There are also various little inscriptions and papers drawn up by this gentleman, which the gardener shows: in one of them it is mentioned, as a proof of Voltaire's humanity, that he always wore mourning on the anniversary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and actually always *had a fever* on that day: the paper, however, contains numerous proofs of V.'s benevolence. Saw afterwards Voltaire's study cap, embroidered for him by Madame Denis, and the book in which he had pasted the seals of his different correspondents, with their names, in his own handwriting, and terms of reproach annexed to some, as *fou de Lyon*. By-the-bye, in his bedroom was a profile of the Empress of Russia, worked for him with her own hands. M. Bude is the present possessor of the place; it belonged to his family before Voltaire had it. On our return saw Mont Blanc, with its attendant mountains, in the fullest glory, the rosy light shed on them by the setting sun, and their peaks rising so brightly behind the dark rocks in front, as if they belonged to some better world, or as if Astræa was just then leaving the glory of her last footsteps on their summits; nothing was ever so grand and beautiful."—Vol. iii. pp. 10-14.

The next day Dumont was with them to do the honours of Geneva. He took them to the library. "Many original portraits—those of Des Cartes, Erasmus, Calvin, Charles I., very striking." Moore afterwards strolling by himself into a bookseller's shop, was shown a letter of Buonaparte's, written in '86, requesting a bookseller to send him the "Memoirs of Madame de Warens" and "Claude Aret," and some works about Corsica:—

"27th. Arrived at Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon; an oriental looking little place, with its spires and towers. Ascended the Simplon, which baffles all description. A road carried up into the very clouds, over torrents and precipices; nothing was ever like it. At the last stage, before we reached the barrier on the summit, walked on by myself, and saw such a scene by sunset as I shall never forget. That mighty panorama of the

Alps, whose summits there, indistinctly seen, looked like the top of gigantic waves, following close upon each other; the soft lights falling on those green spots which cultivation has conjured up in the midst of this wild scene; the pointed top of the Jungfrau, whose snows were then pink with the setting sun; all was magnificent to a degree that quite overpowered me, and I alternately shuddered and shed tears as I looked upon it. Just, too, as we arrived near the snows on the very summit, the moon rose beautifully over them, and gave a new sort of glory to the scene. Slept at the Hôtel of the Simplon."—Vol. iii. pp. 16, 17.

At Milan, Lord John and Moore parted company. Moore proceeded to Padua, and from that to Venice, where he met Byron. Byron had now thrown aside most of the feelings of English life, and was living with the Guiccioli. Moore mentions a negotiation, as at the time going on between her husband and Byron—"What the husband wants is for Lord B. to lend him £1,000 at five per cent.—that is, give it to him; though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be *avvilimento* to him." :—

"12th. Left Padua at six, and arrived at Ferrara (contrary to what I was told, that it would take me ten hours) at a quarter before three. Took a laquais and went first to a church where there were some pictures by Benvenuto, thence to the University; the library very fine; the illuminated MSS. most precious and curious. Saw the chairs and inkstand of Ariosto, his handwriting, and the Orlando: MS. copy of Tasso's 'Jerusalem;' also Guarini's own copy of the 'Pastor Fido:' one room of the library allotted to the *Editiones Principes*. The tomb of Ariosto is at the University. Went to St. Anne's. Tasso's prison is a good deal altered; the grated window is the same, but there is but little of the real door left. Saw Ariosto's house; some things there in very good preservation, and they have cased the door of his room in order to preserve it. Saw the chateau of the Villa family, the Strozzi, &c. all looking ruinous and deserted. Returned to the inn, and passed a very, very gloomy evening (the rain preventing me from going to the theatre), wishing myself at home at my own dear cottage, with that dear wife and children who alone make me truly happy. Read a good deal of Lord B.'s Memoirs."—Vol. iii. pp. 29, 30.

On the 16th October, we find him at Florence. We pass over his memoranda on the subject of the works of art. We have not room for them; and they are not susceptible of abridg-

ment. We transcribe from the diary his entry of the 19th :—

19th. Wrote letters, and read some of Byron's Memoirs. Lord D. called upon me and sat three hours, part of the time giving me an account of a book he is writing. Tells me that the Liberals in Italy dread the grant of emancipation to the Catholics, as it would give such a triumph to the papacy, the great object of their detestation : their triumph at its late defeat, and the disappointment of Gonsalvi, Litta, and the rest of the papal party. This is very intelligible, and shows what new and different colours a general question may receive from local interests. Lord Castlereagh's support of the Catholics is, with the Liberals, a new reason for hating him : says that Benjamin Constant and the opposition party in France have the same feelings on the subject. Praises the Italians for their intelligence, but says they have a total want of heart ; no cordiality, no hospitality ; a grave and reserved people ; their dislike of *suggezione* or restraint, which shows itself even in their consideration for others, and in their phrase, *Si leva l'incommodo*, when they are taking their leave of any one. Men of great learning in Florence. N——, who has written some tragedies, a violent, extravagant man ; said to Dillon that the massacre of Manchester was a lucky event for English liberty, and exclaimed, ' Would to God that the Archduke would this night order four hundred Tuscans to be sabred ! ' The Italians have been so long civilised, that the soil is exhausted, and none of the warmer virtues can now grow there. Sent an excuse to Lord Burghersh, and Camac and I dined together. Morgan and Lady Morgan joined us in the evening ; read them some fine things out of Forsyth. By-the-bye, D. told me that materialism has been long exploded by the infidels here, and that pure Theism, or rather a sort of Unitarianism, is all the vogue."—Vol. iii. pp. 40, 41.

The political notices are worth preserving :—

" October 21. Dillon, in talking of Pitt to-day, said he had a thoroughly republican and revolutionary mind, and considered himself but as the dictator of a republic during his Reign of Terror."

In Rome, Moore was fortunate in being with Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, Eastlake, and Canova. " Such were the men," he says, " of whose presence and guidance I enjoyed the advantage in visiting all that unrivalled Rome can boast of beautiful and grand." In one of the remarkable prefaces to the successive

volumes of his collected works, we find Moore adverting to this, as affecting all his after-recollections of Rome. " Thus," he says, " with my recollection of the Sepulchre of St. Peter, and its ever-burning lamps, for which splendid spot Canova was even then meditating a statue, there is always connected in my mind the exclamation which I heard break from Chantrey, after gazing for a few moments in silence on that glorious site—' What a place to work for ? ' " In the course of this visit to Rome, Moore was present when Canova was exhibiting, by the light of a taper, his statue of the " *Venere vincitrice* " (the Princess Borghese). Chantrey, desirous to exhibit some effect which struck him, snatched the taper from Canova's hand, and to this Moore alludes, in a pleasing stanza in one of the little poems which he called " Rhymes on the Road " :—

" Wonderful artist ! praise like mine,
Though springing from a soul that feels
Deep worship of those works divine,
Where Genius all his light reveals ;
How weak 'tis to the words that came
From him, thy peer in art and fame,
Whom I have known by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight ;
And while his lingering hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays,
Give thee, with all the generous zeal
Such master-spirits only feel,
That best of fame, a rival's praise."

When Moore and Lord John parted at Milan, it was agreed between them that they were to rejoin each other at Genoa, and return together to England. This became impossible, as political events recalled Lord John to England much earlier than he had proposed, and Moore returned to Paris in company with Chantrey and Jackson ; " through which hasty arrangement," he tells us, " the same precious privilege I had enjoyed at Rome, of hearing the opinions of such practised judges in all the great works of art I saw in their company, was continued afterwards to me through the various collections we visited together at Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin." Moore expresses his fear that in spite of this schooling, he remained to the last unenlightened. " For all that was lost upon me, however, in the halls of art, I was more than consoled in the cheap picture-gal-

lery of Nature; and the glorious sunset I witnessed in ascending the Simplon, is still remembered by me with a depth and freshness of feeling which no one work of art I saw in the galleries of Italy has left behind."

On his return visit to Florence, we have interesting memoranda. We transcribe one:—

"22nd. Had much talk with Lady Burghersh about Maria Louisa, whom she knows very well, and often passes some time with at her principality. Loved Napoleon at first, but his *rebutant* manner to her disgusted her at last. Treated her like a child. Her regency a mere sham; did not know what the papers were she had to sign. Never had either message or line from Napoleon after his first abdication, nor until his return from Elba, when he wrote a short note, and without beginning 'Madame' or 'Chère,' or anything, he said he expected her and the child at Paris immediately. Never hears from him from St. Helena. Keeps his picture secretly, and seems to be proud of the child's likeness to him. She is very romantic."—Vol. iii. p. 79.

The next day's journal (23rd Nov.) gives us some of the sparklings of wit at a pleasant dinner party; we have room only for "the anecdote of the cardinal, who, being invited to a good dinner on Christmas-day, said he was sorry he could not attend, but there was such a mass at such an hour, such an office at such another hour; concluding that, in short, *non si può far niente in questo giorno di diavolo.*"

On the 11th of December we have him in Paris. His letters from London show his money affairs are not yet arranged. At the post-office he meets an old acquaintance, one whom he had known as an emigrant in the days of the French Revolution, who made out a livelihood in Dublin by teaching the harp. He had told Stevenson that he had no other resource but this or staying in France to be guillotined. "Egad," said Stevenson, "it was *head* or *harp* with you;" a phrase used in tossing up a halfpenny in Ireland, from the symbols on each side of the coin:—

"December 13th. Went in the evening to see Talma in *Coriolanus*. His 'Adieu, Rome,' had something fine in it; but there is a great deal of ruffianism in his acting. Stood with Chantrey a long time looking at the extraordinary statue of Voltaire at this theatre. Though quite contrary to Chantrey's theory of what is beautiful in art, from

its entering into all the common details of nature, yet he confessed that it has something very admirable in it, and that he never tires looking at it. Houdon was the sculptor. It would be frightful to have the image of any person one loved with such a true and ghastly resemblance to life."—Vol. iii. p. 88.

The close of the year brought Moore's wife and family. He had gone to Calais to meet them, and the following are his memoranda of January 1, 1820, and the few following days:—

"January 1, 1820. Arrived safe, thanks to that God whose goodness I would not feel for the world! Four nights in the mail rather fagging. Got dinner from a *traiteur*: my dear tidy girl, notwithstanding her fatigue, set about settling and managing everything immediately.

"2nd. Employed in unpacking and arranging. Took Bessy to walk on the Boulevards in the evening; the shops glittering with *étrennes* of all sorts.

"3rd. Down to the Rue St. Antoine for silk for a pelisse, and bought a bonnet. Took Bessy to dinner at Véry's at the Palais Royal; her reluctance to enter the room. Went afterwards to see the *Marionettes*, where, notwithstanding her bonnet, somebody cried out, *Voilà une dame Anglaise!* Finished at the Mille Colonnes.

"4th. We called upon Lady Elizabeth Fielding, and went afterwards to the *Couturiere*. Rather hard upon me to be the interpreter on these occasions; indeed, house-keeping, millinery, everything falls upon me just now, and I fear that there is but little chance of leisure for writing; besides, there is this infernal young lady learning the piano-forte over my head. Dined at home, and read in the evening; the first time I have attempted anything like study for some months.

"5th to 8th. Days hardly worth the noting; spent in efforts to settle ourselves, with but little success. Wrote to tell the Longmans that I meant to call my projected little work 'The Fudge Family in Italy.' Had an answer to say they were much pleased with the idea. Began some of the picture sketches. Am only able to manage a few lines a-day, by staying in bed to breakfast. Read through Fresnoy's 'Art of Painting,' with Sir Joshua's commentary on it. Read also 'Richardson on Painting.' Bessy visited by Madame de Flahault, Lady C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Herbert, &c., &c. Lady E. Fielding said to me, comically enough, on my return from Calais, 'Everyone speaks of your conjugal attention, and I assure you all Paris is disgusted with it.'—Vol. iii. pp. 96, 97.

The lodgings which Moore had taken in the Rue Chanteraine were not found

to answer. He was first drummed out of the part of the house where he had thought to establish his study, by a young lady, who, from morning to night, was beating a piano. No change could make the place comfortable, and in about a month after his family had arrived, he succeeded in fixing himself in a cottage with a garden, in the Champs Elysées. From the 1st of February to July, the diary contains little except accounts of dinner-parties, and some mention of the books he was reading, which were chiefly those connected with his preparations for an Egyptian tale of the first or second century of the Christian era, which, after a good many changes of plot and purpose, ultimately appeared as the "Epicurean." The entry of July 1st states a change of residence:—

"July 1st. Came out upon our promised visit to the Villamils at La Butte Coaslin, a beautiful place hanging over Sevres, and commanding a superb view of the Seine, Paris, St. Cloud, &c. They have fitted for us, very comfortably, a small cottage near their house, where I shall be more independent in my mornings than if I were an inmate; and shall, I hope, have leisure to complete some work. They are plain, excellent people; and Mrs. Villamil sings sweetly and tastefully, which will be an *agrément* for our evenings. Have been trying this week past to perform my promise to Power, of having a number of the 'National Melodies' ready for him within the month of June, but have as yet done but five songs."—Vol. iii. p. 125.

Kenny, the dramatic author, lived near him. This man had married Holcroft's widow, with a housefull of children, and the cup soon overflowed with some five or six more. Children increased and means diminished. His plays, too, ceased to be successful. Moore mentions Kenny's thinking Joseph, in the *School for Scandal*, a very unskilful character, and that no one could be imposed on by such unskilful villany. Moore was indebted to Kenny for a good story of Sheridan:—

"12th. Kenny told me yesterday evening (having joined us in our walk) that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near £500, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by say-

ing that he was very much in want of £25 to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be goodnatured enough to lend it to him. 'Pon my word,' says Shaw, 'this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful,' &c., &c. 'My dear fellow,' says Sheridan, 'hear reason; the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one, whereas, I only ask you for five-and-twenty pounds.'—Vol. iii. pp. 128, 129.

The 16th of October terminates their visit of three months and a half at La Butte:—"As far as tranquillity, fine scenery, and sunshine go, I could not wish to pass a more delightful summer." Still home is home. "We dined alone with our little ones for the first time since the 1st of July, which was a very great treat to both of us; and Bessy said in going to bed, 'This is the first rational day we have had for a long time.' " Lord John, in a note, adds—"Mrs. Moore was quite right. In reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy." Moore's memorandum states his sitting up that night reading *Blackwood*:—

"October 16th. I sat up to read the account of Goethe's 'Doctor Faustus,' in the *Edinburgh Magazine*: and, before I went to bed, experienced one of those bursts of devotion which, perhaps, are worth all the church-going forms in the world. Tears came fast from me as I knelt down to adore the one only God whom I acknowledge, and poured forth the aspirations of a soul deeply grateful for all His goodness."—Vol. iii. p. 157.

The account of Goethe's poem in *Blackwood* consisted chiefly of translations of the more striking scenes, which were afterwards connected together, and enlarged into the volume known as Anster's "Translation of Faust."

In about a fortnight after being settled at his temporary home, he was walking one day, and met an acquaintance of his, with whom were a gentleman and two ladies. The party stopped as Moore was passing, and the stranger made signs to Moore's acquaintance, as if he wished him to

call Moore back, which he did, and said, "Moore, here's Mr. Canning wishes very much to be introduced to you." "Canning held out his hand to shake mine in the most cordial manner." One of the annoyances inseparable from authorship, such as Moore's—such also, indeed, as Canning's—is the strong probability of the parties meeting afterwards under circumstances in which the recollection of trifles, that cannot be explained, is calculated to disturb cordial intercourse. Moore had, in some of his playful satires, amused himself and the public with some party squibs against Canning, but long before this interview had repented of what he had done. Moore must tell this himself:—

"His daughter a very pretty girl. I remember, when I saw and walked in company with this girl at Rome, I made a resolution (on observing not only her beauty, but feeling all those associations of an elegant and happy home which her manner called up), that I would never write another line against her father. His cordial reception of me has now *clinched* this determination. Dined at home snugly, and read the great work on Egypt in the evening, five or six volumes of which I brought away from Denon's.

"18th. Called upon Canning, and was at — at five to dinner. His conversation to-day less ostentatious, and much more sensible. He says he wrote his article on the Elgin Marbles, for the *Quarterly*, in one morning. Went with him and his little girl, &c., to the Gaiété in the evening to see little Poucet."—Vol. iii. p. 158.

One of the advantages of a residence in a great capital such as London or Paris is, that whoever one can wish to see, at one time or other, turns up; and of all persons, who should now emerge from chaos but Wordsworth. Lady Mary Bentinck (she had been Lady Mary Lowther) told Moore that Wordsworth, who had been rambling in Switzerland, was now in Paris, and making inquiries after Moore. We transcribe a few of the succeeding entries, to ourselves among the most interesting in the book:—

"24th. Went with Bessy to market, and afterwards called upon Wordsworth. A young Frenchman called in, and it was amusing to hear him and Wordsworth at cross purposes upon the subject of *Athalie*: Wordsworth saying that he did not wish to see it acted, as it would never come up to the high imagination he had formed in reading it, of the prophetic inspiration of the

priests, &c., &c.; and the Frenchman insisting that in acting alone could it be properly enjoyed, that is to say, in the manner it was acted *now*; for he acknowledged that till the corps de ballet came to its aid, it was very dull, even on the stage—*une action morte*. Saw Wordsworth's wife; she seems a comfortable sort of person enough. A note came from Lady Mary while I was there, to offer us both seats in her box at the Français, for the evening, and the struggle of Wordsworth (who had already arranged to go with his wife and sister there) between nobility and domesticity was very amusing. After long hesitation, however, and having written one note to say he must attend his wife, my *lady* carried it, and he wrote another accepting the seat. I should have liked well enough to have gone myself, but this was our dear little Tom's birthday, and I had promised to pass the evening at home. Walked with Wordsworth, who was going to call upon Canning, and finding that Canning expected him, by his having left his name and Peel's with the porter, did not go up. While I was at dinner, a note arrived from Canning to ask me to dinner to-morrow. This is excellent! Can he ever have read the verses in the later editions of the 'Fudge Family?' I fear not. Wrote to say I should have the honour of waiting on him.

"25th. Read 'Mdlle. de Touroon' in the morning, for the purpose of this little twaddling task I have brought upon myself of reviewing it. Finished also Madame de Genlis's touching story, 'Mdlle. de Clermont,' which is, to be sure, charmingly written. Dined with Canning: company, Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck, Wordsworth, and the secretary, young Chinnery. The day very agreeable. I felt myself excited in an unusual way, and talked (I sometimes feared) rather too much, but they seemed to like it, and to be amused. There was one circumstance which showed a very pleasant sort of intelligence between the father and daughter. I told a story to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical. Canning said some very pleasant things, and in a very quiet, unobtrusive manner. Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them, and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion. Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth*; one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation.

"26th. Read the 'Princesse de Clèves,' the first attempt at an historical novel (I

believe) in French. Its great charm is the naïveté and straightforwardness of the details.

"27th. Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of 'Childe Harold,' founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. 'Tintern Abbey' the source of it all, from which same poem, too, the celebrated passage about solitude, in the first canto of 'Childe Harold,' is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation.* Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them, common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his 'Sir Charles Grandison' was originally in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c., &c. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now, so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man, and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c., as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius. Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men, by far the greatest man of his age, not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries, assisting Adam Smith in his 'Political Economy,' and Reynolds in his 'Lectures on Painting.' Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned

from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke. I walked with Wordsworth to the Tuilleries; he goes off to-morrow. At twelve o'clock, Phillips the painter, and his wife, called upon us. Mentioned the fine collection of pictures he has just seen at Munich, a combination of two or three different collections. Bessy and I called upon Lady Davy at half-past two, and drove about with her till it was time to go to dinner at Grignon's. Told me that Sir Humphry has mentioned in a letter she has just received from him, that he has at present some important discovery in his head; bids her not breathe a word of it to any Frenchman, and says, 'the game I aim at is of the highest sort.' Another discovery, such as that of the lamp, is too much to expect from one man. We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without anything having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, 'Davy!' and on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, 'Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?' 'No, what was it?' 'To show the world my own opinion of it.'—Vol. iii. pp. 159-163.

From Wordsworth's sublimities the transition is rather abrupt to the art of punning. We have a good many specimens through this book of playful wit of every kind. The more odd a saying or a phrase was, the more likely to be jotted down by our memorialist. In an ode on punning, an English poet commences with a charm—we may call it a counter-spell perhaps—of some potency—"SPELLING! *avaunt!*"

November 30th. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, beside Lord John, Mercer, Lord Valletort, the Rancliffes, &c. It was mentioned at dinner, as a specimen of French punning, that the following was among the Potierana lately published, 'Il a l'esprit seize,' i.e., *treize et trois* (très étroit). Mercer told me of a punster who had so much the character of never opening his mouth without a pun, that one day, upon his merely asking some one at dinner for a little spinach, the person stared, looked puzzled, and said, '*Je vous demande pardon, monsieur, mais, pour cette fois, je ne comprends pas.*' The quickness of the French at punning arises, I think, very much from their being such bad spellers. Not having the fear of orthography

* "There is some resemblance between 'Tintern Abbey' and 'Childe Harold;' but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, 'When they tell me Homer made Virgil,' I answer, 'Then it is his best work;' so of 'Wordsworth' it may be said, 'If he wrote the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' it is his best work.'—ED. (LORD J. R.)

before their eyes, they have at least one restraint less upon their fancy in this sort of exercise. Sung in the evening, and so did Mercer—one a pretty air, which he learned from Madame Durazzo, but could not get her to tell him the words—'Io credo (she said) che sono *improper*.'—Vol. iii. p. 174.

Moore tells of many pleasant dinner-parties, where conversation was, perhaps, more brilliant than can often be recorded. Indeed the very nature of conversation, when at all well-managed, is, that it can leave little to be the subject of record—

"The perfume and the supplance of a minute,
No more."—

Disquisition of any kind, argument, anything that engages the mind too deeply, or any subject that claims—whether its claims be admitted or not—to engage it exclusively, is utterly intolerable. We should imagine the great professors of monologue—the Johnsons, Coleridges, Wordsworths—a dreadful nuisance, and likely to preach drawing-rooms empty. What they said was, as far as is recorded, very good; but it must have done something to spoil parties that would have otherwise been pleasant enough. Disquisition, however, is better than narrative. Your professed story-teller, if you have met him more than once, is a dreadful bore, and most of this class of historians of private life have a power of annoyance which mere narrative is free from. They interrupt their stories by asking you questions, every now and then, so you cannot go off into quiet meditation as between the acts of a sermon. In talking of Lady Holland's management of the conversation at her table, Lord John mentioned her great dislike to the subject of bullion, and her saying once to Lord Lauderdale after an illness he had, upon his introducing this topic at Holland-house:—

"'My dear Lauderdale, as long as you were ill I suffered you to talk bullion, but now I really cannot suffer it any longer.' A light subject for an invalid, put upon a regimen of bouillon and bullion."

We have a good many stories of Sheridan. He had been driving for three or four hours in a hackney chaise, and seeing a friend of disputative temper pass, he hailed him and made him get in. He then introduces a topic on which

they were sure to differ; and when his friend is warm in argument, he affects anger, and says—"You are too bad; I won't stay in the coach with you to be obliged to listen to such things," and gets down. The other triumphantly bellowing after him—"You are beat! you are beat!" When he recovered from his exultation, he found he had to pay for Sheridan's three hours' drive.

"Jan. 3rd, 1821. Read, and tried to write a little. Nicolle, of the Port-Royal Society, said of a *show-off* man in society, 'He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase.' Noah (according to the Rabbins), when in the ark, had no other light than jewels and pearls. Among the titles of the King of Ava, is, 'absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas.' Good *invalid* reading this kind of book is. I wish men oftener would give us what they read than what they think.

"Jan. 22, 1821. Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that, on the contrary, it had cleared up. 'Yes,' said Sheridan, 'it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*.' He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said certainly, 'Latin, Greek, and Algebra:' 'By what people was it spoken?' 'By the Algebricans, to be sure,' said Sheridan. Dined at Lord Gwydir's: company, the De Souza's, Rancilffe, Montrou, Alvanley, Kinnaird, &c., &c.: the conversation chiefly in French. Madame de Souza said very truly that admiration is a feeling *qui ne désire que finir*; I forget quite the phrase, but it meant that admiration is always impatient to put an end to itself, and is glad to seize the first opportunity of doing so.

"February 7th. Talking of authors reading their plays in society, they asked if it was the practice in London. I said no; that the English would not stand it; it would make them laugh. The Frenchwoman said, *Nous dissimulons mieux l'ennui*. The fact is the English have too quick a sense of the ridiculous to go decorously through such an operation. I remember when a party, many years ago, consisting of Monk Lewis, Miss Lydia White, Lady Charleville, &c. got up a reading of *Comus* at Lady Cork's, I saw Lord Grey (who sat in the front of the audience) put his hat before his face, as soon as Lewis stood up to begin, 'The star that bids the shepherd fold,' and he was evidently concealing a laugh. I had

foreseen that this would be the case, and having at first undertaken to read *Comus*, contrived afterwards to smuggle myself out of it, and was merely concerned with the musical part of the business.

"April 16th. Bushe told of an Irish country squire, who used, with hardly any means, to give entertainments to the militia, &c. in his neighbourhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whiskey punch would do just as well, he answered, 'You are very right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the lemons?' Douglas mentioned the son of some rich grazier in Ireland, whose son went on a tour to Italy, with express injunctions from the father to write to him whatever was worthy of notice. Accordingly, on his arrival in Italy, he wrote a letter beginning as follows:—'Dear Father, the Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bear no price.' Lady Susan and her daughters, and the Kingstons, came in in the evening, and all supped. A French writer mentions, as a proof of Shakspeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland in the words, 'Hail, hail, all hail!'—*Grêle, grêle, toute grêle.*"—Vol. iii. pp. 187-223.

The absurd controversy about nature and art which was agitated between Lord Byron and Bowles, is every now and then adverted to—

"Looked again over Lord Byron's letter on Bowles. It is amusing to see through his design in thus depreciating all the present school of poetry. Being quite sure of his own hold upon fame, he contrives to loosen that of his contemporaries, in order that they fall away entirely from his side, and leave him unencumbered, even by their floundering. It is like that Methodist preacher who, after sending all his auditory to the devil, thus concluded:—'You may, perhaps, on the day of judgment, think to escape by laying hold of my skirts as I go to heaven; but it won't do; I'll trick you all; for I'll wear a spencer; I'll wear a spencer.' So Lord B. willingly surrenders the skirts of his poetical glory, rather than let any of us poor devils stick in them, even for ever so short a time. The best of it is, too, that the wise public all the while turns up its eyes, and exclaims, 'How modest!'"—Vol. iii. 227, 228.

The entry of May the 9th, mentions his dining in company with the Princess Talleyrand. He tells of Madame Talleyrand a story which seems apocryphal. Her husband having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read some of his book on Egypt, to be able to say something civil to him

about it, saying, he would leave the book on the study table for her. He forgot all about it, and she going into the study found "*Robinson Crusoe*" on the table. At dinner, to Denon's amazement, she began talking to him about his manner of living on the desert island, till, at last, some mention of his man Friday—*ce cher Vendredi!*—showed Denon that she took him for Robinson Crusoe—

"June 4th. Wrote two or three additional verses to 'Hymen Once his Love-knots Selling.' Wrote letters to Lord Byron, Power, &c. A desperate wet day. Read some of Belzoni's 'Egypt' before I went to bed. Kenny said that Anthony Pasquin (who was a very dirty fellow) 'died of a cold caught by washing his face.'

"June 18th. Kenny and wife supped with us. He told some very amusing stories about Lanza the composer, and Reynolds, who was about to write an opera for him. 'Have you done some oder littel tings, Mr. Reynolds?' 'Oh, yes, several.' 'Vat is one, *par exemple?*' 'Oh, it was I who wrote *Out of Place*, last winter.' 'God d——, I hope dis will be better than that.' The scene, too, at the rehearsal of the music, where, to Lanza's despair, they were cutting it by pages-full in the orchestra, and when little Simons, imitating Lanza's voice out of a corner, said, 'You may cut dere,'—'Who de devil say dat? no, no,—cut! cut! nothing but cut! You will cut my troat at last.'

"July 10th. Lord John mentioned to me some verses written upon 'Lalla Rookh;' he did not say (nor, I believe, know) by whom, but not amiss:—

"'Lalla Rookh,
Is a book,
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent.'"

—Vol. iii. 239-253.

About the middle of July, we have symptoms of a change of residence, and the hope of Moore's being able to return home increases. On the 24th, we have an entry of his dining at Lord Holland's—

"July 24th. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), Mr. Sneyd (who, I find, is the author of those lines on 'Lalla Rookh,') Sir Charles Stuart, Lord John, &c. Ellis rather clever. Had some very delightful conversation with Lord Holland after dinner. Told me some highly amusing anecdotes about Dr. —, a matter-of-fact Irish atheist, resident in France dur-

ing the Revolution; who, Lord H. thinks, was mainly instrumental in heating Burke's imagination about that event, by writing letters to him, in which he claimed for himself and brother atheists the whole credit of bringing it about. Burke believed him, and saw nothing henceforth but atheism and all sorts of horrors at the bottom of it. Lord H.'s mimicry of this man's manner; of his boasts of proselytism among his patients, 'at those moments when the solemnity of their situation made their minds more open to the truth;' of his rising in a French coffeehouse, when some one had expressed doubts whether ever any man was really an atheist, and saying gravely, *Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de l'être; non seulement je ne crois pas qu'il y ait un Dieu, mais je le sais et je le prouve, &c., &c.*: all was irresistibly comical, and made us laugh as heartily as ever Liston did. Sir C. Stuart afterwards joined us. Talked of foreign ministers: their difficulty sometimes in making out materials for despatches. The Prussian government requires of its ministers to turn at least the first page. It appears that England manufactures at present a much greater quantity of silk than France."—Vol. iii. p. 257.

We have some Irish stories, not bad of the kind. A man is asked to dine off boiled beef and potatoes—"I will," is the reply, "just the dinner I had at home, barring the beef." "There is not a headache in a hogshead of it," said an economic host, commending some light wine. "Ay, but there is a bellyache in a glass," was the reply. A story was told by an Irish gentleman of one of his tenants taking him aside, and showing him what he had been taught to believe was a portrait of Buonaparte—"Is it the real thing, master?—I know you won't betray me." "The print on which Paddy's devotion was lavished, was an old engraving of Marshal Saxe, or some such ancient."

"Denon told an anecdote of a man, who having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad, that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said, "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day." "Most willingly." "Name your day, then." "*Aujourd'hui, par exemple,*" answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner. Luttrell told of a good phrase of an attorney's in speaking of

a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, 'I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties.'

"August 23rd. A good thing was told about Sir E. Nagle's coming to George IV., when the news of Buonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, 'I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead.' 'No! is she, by Gad?' said the king. Put this into verse afterwards. Went and eat an ice at Tortoni's in the evening."—Vol. iii. pp. 259-270.

In October, we are glad to have Moore at last taking a run home. His money affairs are not yet arranged, and in packet-boats and hotels he is called Mr. Dyke.

"At Holyhead at seven; sailed in the steam-packet at eight: arrived at Howth at half-past one: called by my fellow-travellers Mr. Dyke: found that the searching-officer at the Custom-house was my old friend, Willy Leech; dined and slept at his house, instead of the hotel, where I intended to pass the night, and get rid of my fatigued looks before I saw my father and mother. A good story of the fellow in the marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same work in the morning: 'Ogh, a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald.'

"Arrived at my father's lodgings, in Abbey-street, at half-past twelve: felt very nervous in approaching the door, but, thank God! found them all as well as I could possibly expect. My mother still ailing, but strong; and my father looking aged, but in excellent health. Dear Ellen, too, the meekest and kindest spirit that ever existed; if at all altered, rather for the better. Dined at home.

"Dined at home. Some friends of my father's (Mr. Abbot, his wife, and her sister) formed the party, together with young Curran. Two or three more came in the evening and supped: sung to them. Story of a man asking a servant, 'Is your master at home?' 'No, sir, he's out.' 'Your mistress?' 'No, sir, she's out.' 'Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come.' 'Faith, sir, that's out too.' When Lord Castlereagh was at Belfast, a common fellow was asking him for money, and when some one remonstrated with him upon it, said, 'Why, bless your soul, for a tenpenny I'd engage to entertain all his friends in Belfast.' Have forgot to mention, that on my way to Holyhead I wrote some lines for the little pocket-book I brought my mother, with which she was, of course, very much delighted.

"14th. Ventured to walk 'about the streets, it being my intention to start on Wednesday next (17th). Shall be able, I trust, to get through London before the echo of any noise I may make here reaches it. Accosted oddly by a man in the streets: 'Pray, sir, are you Mr. Thomas Moore?' and on my answering, 'Yes, sir,' he turned to another that was with him, and saying, 'There now,' both walked off without further words or ceremony. There had evidently been a dispute, or perhaps wager, between them on the subject. Met Frankland Lewis, who is one of the parliament commissioners, and spoken of for the new secretary: walked some time with him; very kind to me. All went out to dinner to Kate's: took Curran with us. The Abbots again. Called on P. Crampton this morning. Showed me some lines of his to his daughter."—Vol. iii. pp. 286–289.

On the 22nd October, we find him in London. He imagines his exile at an end, and that a compromise has been effected by which all demands against him are at an end. On the 11th of November he is again in Paris. The following is the entry of the 9th of February, 1822:—

"Dined at home. Had received a note from Mad. de Broglie in the morning, asking me to come to her: engaged also to a great ball at Mad. de Chabanaïs, and promised to meet Denon at Lafitte's, in order that he might introduce me to Marechal Soult. Went for a short time to Mad. de Broglie's. In talking of Peyronnet, and wondering how he would look in going to receive the sacrament in public, it was said that he and all the rest of the ministers ought to be confessed *en gros*, as they do a regiment—'Let every one who has committed this sin hold up his hand.' The priests of the Greek Church read out a long list of crimes to the penitent, who nods his head at every item of which he has been guilty, and the priest puts a mark of his thumb-nail against it accordingly. At the conclusion the whole is summed up, and a receipt in full given for the total by absolution. In some places people *abonner* themselves for some one favourite vice for six or eight months to come. Went from thence to Villamil's, where there were Spaniards and music: did not go to my other places, but supped there.

"Feb. 19. Dined with Villamil: a Frenchman of the party, who, when Villamil introduced him to me as a distant relation of Buonaparte's, said, *Ce n'est pas le plus beau de mon histoire*. It was mentioned of Talleyrand one day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a 'Pekin' who delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by

that word. *Nous appellons Peking* (says Davoust) *tout ce qui n'est pas militaire*. Oh, oui, *c'est comme chez nous* (replied Talleyrand); *nous appellons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil*."—Vol. iii. pp. 325–328.

On the 11th of June, we find him returning to England—

"Went and took my place in the diligence for Saturday, and got my passport. Dined with Rancilffe: Lords Thanet and Herbert, King, Fitzgerald, Flahault, &c. A story of Alvanley writing to a friend, 'I have no credit with either butcher or poulterer, but if you can put up with turtle and turbot, I shall be happy to see you.' Came home early."—Vol. iii. p. 341.

On the 15th, we have him leaving Boulogne in the steam-packet—

"The scene of our departure (at about half-past four) very amusing; all the fashionables of Boulogne, in gigs, carriages, curricles, &c., on the pier. Resurrection of many Irish friends whom I had thought no longer *above the world*: Tom Grady, who told me that there was some other region (unknown) to which those, who exploded at Boulogne, were blown. Told me of some half-pay English officers, who having exhausted all other means of raising the wind, at last levied subscriptions for a private theatre, and having announced the 'Forty Thieves' for the first representation, absconded on the morning of the day with the money. Our passage only four hours, but very disagreeable."—Vol. iii. p. 342.

Lord Byron's Memoirs are the subject of several paragraphs. Byron had given them to Moore, to be published after his death. Murray purchased them from Moore for £2,000, of which the greater part was paid. Moore, however, had rights secured, either by the form of Byron's gift, or by his agreement with Murray, of omission, &c., at his discretion—he being, by the arrangement, to be the editor of the work. A bargain of this kind could scarcely be expressed without room for serious differences of opinion as to the respective rights of the parties; and it would appear that whatever legal document was drawn up, did not, when Lord Byron's early death made it necessary to refer to it, sustain Moore's view of the transaction; in fact, after the agreement had been made, changes took place in it with the assent of both, and the possession of the manuscript remained with Murray, rather as a security for

the money advanced, than in any other character.

"April 22nd. Soon after my arrival, I spoke to Murray upon the subject of Lord B.'s 'Memoirs;' of my wish to redeem them, and cancel the deed of sale: which Murray acceded to with the best grace imaginable. Accordingly, there is now an agreement making out, by which I become his debtor for two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands, as security, till I am able to pay it. This is, I feel, an over-delicate deference to the opinions of others: but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction; and I know I shall feel the happier when rid of the bargain.

"April 29. A long conversation with Hobhouse about Lord B.'s 'Memoirs,' which confirmed me more and more in my satisfaction in having rescinded the bargain. Hobhouse an upright and honest man. In speaking of Lord B. he said, 'I know more of B. than any one else, and much more than I should wish anybody else to know.' Gave up Lady Grey's again, and walked down to the House of Commons with Jeffrey. Talk about Lord Byron; expressed his fear that Lord B. had but few of the social sympathies in his heart. Went in for a short time, and heard Brougham on finance.

"May 14. Rogers told me a good deal about Lord Byron, whom he saw both going and coming back. Expressed to R. the same contempt for Shakspeare which he has often expressed to me; treats his companion, Shelley, very cavalierly. By-the-bye, I find (by a letter received within these few days, by Horace Smith) that Lord B. showed Shelley the letters I wrote on the subject of his 'Cain,' warning him against the influence Shelley's admiration might have over his mind, and deprecating that wretched display of atheism which Shelley had given into, and in which Lord B. himself seemed but too much inclined to follow him. Shelley, too, has written anxiously to Smith, to say how sorry he should be to stand ill in my opinion, and making some explanation of his opinions, which Smith is to show me. Rogers starts for England to-morrow morning."—Vol. iii. pp. 245–353.

In November, 1822, we have Moore at last at home, his proper home, again. Mrs. Moore, who went before him with the light infantry, and the heavy baggage of nurses, was welcomed home by a merry peal of the bells of the adjoining village. A parting dinner was given in Paris to Moore; and it shows to what a height party feeling then ran, or rather to what an extent Moore's pasquinades—now forgotten,

or, though reprinted among his poems, unintelligible from the incidents to which they advert being forgotten—had inflicted bitter wounds on the objects of his stinging satire, that it was felt prudent to suppress the names of many of those who, forgetting all but Moore's brilliant talents, and forgiving, what it is vain to deny was his mischievous misapplication of them, joined in paying him this compliment. The festival went off well. Moore records his speeches. The health of each member of his family was drunk, and Moore describes himself as in the condition of one of Southey's heroes—multiplied by the kindness of his host into seven; and, as Kehama entered the several gates of a city, and marched down its several streets in some seven or eight personalities—each a perfect Kehama—a similar miracle was here performed. In Moore his hosts saw each member of his family—"Methinks there be seven Tommies in the field!" and Moore himself, to judge of him by the state in which he was next day when he jotted down the notice of his entertainment, must have seen each of his hosts double at least, towards the close of the banquet. Here is his record of some of his speeches:—

" 'I have often, gentlemen, heard of sympathetic ink, but here is a liquid which has much better claims to that epithet; and if there is a glass of such at this moment before my good old father, it must, I think, sparkle in sympathetic reply to those which you have done him the honour of filling to him.' In proposing the health of Richard Power (who was present), I spoke of him 'as combining all that is manliest in man, with all that is gentlest in woman; that consistency of opinion and conduct which commands respect, with that smooth facility of intercourse which wins affection; a union, as it were, of the stem and flower of life—of the sweetness which we love, and the solidity on which we repose.' In alluding to the charitable object of the Kilkenny Theatre, I called it 'that happy expedient for enlisting gaiety in the cause of benevolence, and extracting from the smiles of one part of the community a warmth with which to dry up the tears of the other;' the happiness we had enjoyed together at that time, 'days passed in studying Shakspeare, and nights in acting or discussing him; the happy freedom of those suppers (*Tamquam scra libertas*—late enough, God knows) where, as in the suppers described by Voltaire:—

" 'La liberté, convive aimable
Mît les deux coudes sur la table,
Entre le plaisir et l'amour.'

In proposing the health of Lord Trimlestown, spoke of his being particularly fit to take the chair at such a meeting, not only from our old acquaintance, &c., but his love of literature, and 'the success with which he had practised it; his intimate knowledge of French and English, which placed him as a sort of Janus between the two languages, with a double-fronted insight into the beauties of each, and enabled him not only to make the wild tale of *Atala* resound, in language worthy of its sweetness, on the banks of the Thames, but to occupy himself (as I was proud to say he was doing at present) in teaching the story of 'Lalla Rookh' to the lighter echoes of the Seine.' A song was sung by Grattan during the night, which he had written for the occasion. Left them between one and two, and went to Douglas's, where I supped."—Vol. iv. pp. 18, 19.

We have Moore a few days after in London; and on the 21st December his "Loves of the Angels" is published. One of the earliest copies was sent to Lady Donegal—a true friend—who, however, over-estimated the faults of the poem, which certainly does not quite deserve her severe criticisms; but not more than the friends, who kept up his spirits, over-estimated its merits:—

"December 27th. An answer from Lady Donegal, with the following sentence in it, which, from the state of nervousness I had got into about my book, came upon me like a thunderbolt:—'You bid me not say anything about the 'Angels,' but I must so far disobey you as to say that I am both vexed and disappointed, and I think that you will feel I am right in not allowing Barbara to read it.' I never remember anything that gave me much more pain than this. It seemed at once to ring the death-knell of my poem. This at once accounted for the dead silence of the Longmans since the publication, for the non-appearance of the second edition, which I was taught to expect would be announced the third day, for Lord Lansdowne's reserve on the subject, for everything. My book, then, was considered (why or wherefore it was in vain to inquire) improper, and what I thought the best, as well as the most moral thing I had ever written, was to be doomed to rank with the rubbish of Carlisle and Co. for ever. Bowles, who was with me at the time, endeavoured most good-humouredly to soothe me, and, though he had not read the poem, gallantly made himself responsible that I could not have written anything to bring upon me such a censure. It was all in vain. I wrote off to Longmans to beg they would tell me the worst at once, and to my mother, to prepare her for the failure which I now considered as certain. In this mood Bowles left me, and

in about an hour after, luckily for my peace of mind, Lord Lansdowne and Byng arrived. Their coming was like an avatar to me. Lord L. declared, in the warmest manner, that he thought the poem not only beautiful, but perfectly unexceptionable and pure, and that he had no hesitation in preferring it to anything I had ever written. Byng, too (who two or three weeks since had expressed himself with some degree of alarm about the title), told me that, on reading the poem, he had instantly written off to some friends who felt the same apprehensions as himself, that 'it might be safely trusted in the nursery.' It is inconceivable the relief all this was to me, and not less so to my darling Bessy, who had seen the wretched state I was thrown into by Lady D.'s letter, and had in vain employed her good sense and sweetness to counteract its effect."—Vol. iv. pp. 29, 30.

In these days of Shakespearian discovery, it may be worth while to mention that Moore records an actor saying, by mistake—

"How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is,
To have a toothless child;"

and that old Parker, who used always say the "coisoned pup," instead of the "poisoned cup," when he, on one occasion, succeeded in saying it right, was interrupted by the audience, who cried out "no, no!" and insisted on the reading with which they were familiar.

"January 6th, 1823. Lord Lansdowne mentioned the conclusion of a letter from a Dutch commercial house, as follows:—'Sugars are falling more and more every day; not so the respect and esteem with which we are, &c.' Slept at Bowood.

"7th. At breakfast Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon's tomb, *Mors janua vita*; upon which Lord Ellenborough said, 'Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a diphthong?' He mentioned Rogers's story of an old gentleman, when sleeping at the fire, being awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons all tumbling down, and saying, 'What! going to bed without one kiss,' taking it for the children. Talked of Gen. Smith, a celebrated Nabob, who said, as an excuse for his bad shooting, that he had 'spoilt his hand by shooting peacocks with the Great Mogul.' Lord L. told of the same having written to put off some friends whom he had invited to his country seat, saying, 'I find my damned fellow of a steward has in the meantime sold the estate.' This Gen. Smith was the original of Foote's Sir Matthew Mite (his father having been a cheese-

monger; and Jekyll told of some one having taken Foote to Smith's country-house on their way to town; his sleeping there, and being treated with every civility by Smith; and saying, before they were a hundred yards from his house, 'I think I can't possibly miss him now, having had such a good sitting.'

"Miss N. mentioned a French lady, of whom she inquired, by way of compliment, 'in what manner she had contrived to speak English so well?' and the answer was, 'I begun by *traducing*.' Lord L., in the evening, quoted a ridiculous passage from the preface to Mrs. Piozzi's '*Retrospections*,' in which, anticipating the ultimate perfection of the human race, she says she does not despair of the time arriving 'when Vice will take refuge in the arms of Impossibility.' Mentioned also an ode of hers to Posterity, beginning, 'Posterity, gregarious dame;' the only meaning of which must be, a lady *chez qui* numbers assemble—a lady *at home*. I repeated what Jekyll told the other day of Beercroft, saying to Mrs. Piozzi, when Thrale, after she had called him frequently Mr. Beercraft, 'Beercraft is not my name, madam; it may be *your* trade, but it is not *my* name.' Dr. Currie once, upon being bored by a foolish Blue, to tell her the precise meaning of the word *idea* (which she said she had been reading about in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it), answered, at last, angrily, 'Idea, madam, is the feminine of idiot, and means a female fool.'

"April 16th. Woolriche called on his way to return to Woburn. . . . Called on Mrs. Story and the Donegals. Dined with W. Spencer. Spencer not in very high feather. Mentioned those two good lines, written, he said, on Madame de Genlis, though in general supposed to be on Madame de Stael:—

" 'Elise se consume en efforts superflus;
La Vertu n'en veut pas, le Vice n'en veut plus.'

What Madame de Stael said of Paris, *C'est la ville du monde où on peut le mieux se passer du bonheur*. Her reply to a man who, upon finding himself placed between her and a very pretty woman, said how lucky he was *de se trouver placé entre le Genie et la Beauté*. *C'est la première fois* (said Madame de Stael) *qu'on m'ait loué par ma beauté*."—Vol. iv. pp. 35–58.

Moore is now busy with his "Fables for the Holy Alliance," some of which are very amusing, and all are in a pleasant conversational tone, which occasionally and easily rises into something higher. His publishers were afraid that much of the matter was libellous. Turner, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, "a Special Attorney," had his fears—nay, he thought that

the Constitutional Association, who had extinguished the publishers of some blasphemous books, might be down on Moore, and his fears infected wiser men. A case was sent to Denman, who would not undertake to guarantee that people might not be fools enough to prosecute, but "he would venture to guarantee the result of such a prosecution which had been anticipated by Horace and Pope"—

"The plaintiff will be hanged,
My lords the Judges laugh and you're dismissed."

Moore met Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lamb at one or two dinner-parties, but his record preserves nothing worth remembering. Some execrable puns of Coleridge's are given, and Lamb made some abortive attempts of the same kind, which fortunately have been allowed to die,—*vate carent sacro*. Of Moore and of the Lakers, it is plain that what was best in each party the other did not appreciate. Lamb, to be appreciated at all, should have been known perfectly, his distinctive peculiarities constituting, in a great degree, his claim on society. Playful oddity, and grotesque, whimsical, capricious humour were his—were his abundantly; but wit, sparkling wit, such as would delight a stranger, was altogether denied to him. The brilliant things which flashed from Sheridan, and which scarcely belonged to him more than to a hundred others—"I was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands,"—the light currency of conversation was not Lamb's; still less was it Wordsworth's, who, on his few topics, was intensely in earnest, and who could interest no one who was not anxious to know the opinions and feelings of a thoughtful man, on subjects which he had through life meditated. Coleridge's was a more extensive range of subjects, but we should imagine him little likely to do anything but fatigue a man like Moore, who would have been probably, like the Spirits of Prospero, engaged in meditating escape, while the magician was telling all he had done, and all he would do, and explaining the vile servitude of the bondage in which men and spirits were held, till he, the deliverer, came to the rescue. For whatever reason, these dinners among the poets by profession do not seem to have left on Moore's mind any very pleasant recollections. Like Miranda, in the

drama to which we have alluded, he found it hard to avoid dropping asleep; and to say the truth, without irreverence to the wizard who benumbed all his faculties with mile-long parentheses, and probably did not give him the opportunity of saying one word, we do not blame him. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Lamb on some occasion. Lamb stuttered—"I never knew you do anything else." Moore was not fond of sermons, "in season or out of season."

Moore's "Loves of the Angels," and his "Fables for the Holy Alliance," were successful in the booksellers' sense of success. Political factions, in an earlier day of England, carried their point by tuning the pulpits; and in Moore's case, the influential newspapers of literature were dexterously filled with extracts and anticipations. The babblers at clubs and ball-rooms were not idle. There was no aid which could be thus given which was not diligently sought and rendered available to aid the circulation and sale of his books. There was a serious danger, however, from the nickname which had been lately given by Southey to Byron and his followers, whom he described as of the Satanic school—a nickname by no means unlikely to prevent the books being allowed into families by whom they had been before unsuspectingly received. We do not think that the extent of the circulation of Byron's works was diminished by this, but they were circulated among a much lower class of persons; and there being no property that the law would recognise in books polluted by indecencies of every kind, the publisher of Byron's former works shrunk from his new ventures, which were abandoned to every man that sought to make some dirty bread on the highways of literature. "Heaven and Earth" was one of Byron's poems, which, though not as offensive as "Don Juan," was about this time printed and circulated in one cheap form or another, and its identity of subject with Moore's—which, like it, touched on ground better avoided—was not unlikely to have made Moore's poem share in popular estimation the same kind of repute which it held. What that was may be judged of by a strange paragraph in this diary of Moore's. At that time a wild frenzy seemed to have seized some wretches who stabbed with knives and

daggers women in the streets. We remember several cases of the kind in London. In Paris there were some; and Moore tells us that there were persons who seriously ascribed these maniacal crimes to a state of mind produced by the study of Byron's "Heaven and Earth." This was an absurdity; yet it shows how strong the feeling was against the poem. Moore's "Angels" were no better than they should be, but it would not do to have them thought very devils; and this danger they seemed to have escaped.

Meanwhile, Moore's dealings with Power, which we have mentioned in our account of the former volumes of "The Memoirs," on which an annuity of £500 a-year depended, kept him at all times engaged with writing songs for music, and occasionally composing music for songs. Out of this agreement arose several of Moore's most beautiful poems. His neighbour, Bowles, on one occasion, told him that he would choose for his text the words of one of his Hebrew Melodies, "Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!" The words are not in the Bible; but Bowles, giving out as his text, "By the waters of Babylon," said, "Such was the pathetic song of the Jews, when they mourned over their lost country; but a still more pathetic song might be founded on that period, when they saw their temple itself destroyed, and when they might say, 'Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!'"

The entry of July 23rd, 1823, mentions an invitation from Lord Lansdowne to Killarney: and, on the 27th, we have him in Dublin on his way. We come among names familiar to our Irish readers, and which will make this part of the journal read in Ireland; but we must pass on, without giving them their fame. One of these friends tells Moore of a parody he had made on two lines in the "Veiled Prophet":—

"We know no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles."

"The following," says Moore, "is his parody, which I bless my stars that none of my critics were lively enough to hit upon, for it would have stuck by me—

"We know no more of fear than one who dwells
On Scotia's mountains knows of knee-buckles."

On the 30th, Moore leaves Dublin with the Lansdowne party for the south; is in Cork, Youghal, Killar-

ney, Limerick, Roscrea, Naas, and is back in Dublin on the 16th of the following month. Like Nicholl and like Head, he passes his fortnight in Ireland, and returns ready to prescribe for all its miseries. Moore knew quite as little of the country as those English gentlemen did; and he had prejudices, early imbibed, which were likely to colour everything he saw. The readers of the former part of his *Memoirs* are aware that he entered Dublin College very early; that of the manners and character of the people of Ireland he could know nothing, except what might be learned by an occasional holiday in the county of Wicklow, or by such festivities as the coronation of the kings of Dalkey; and that he was mixed up with the disaffections of 1798. He soon after went to England, and on his occasional visits to Ireland, Dublin was for the most part his place of residence. Of Irish history he appears, at this time, to have known little or nothing. It forms no exception to this that he appears to have looked over Keatinge and O'Halloran for such romantic legends as he might make use of in the *Melodies* — “sparkles of Lagenian splendour” — genuine Irish diamond. The visit to the south has added some pages to the diary, of which the best is a conversation he was told of O'Connell with Judge Day:—

“*J. Day.*—‘What remedy is there for Ireland's miseries?’ *O'C.*—‘I could tell you some, but you would not adopt them.’ *J. D.*—‘Name them.’ *O'C.*—‘A law that no one should possess an estate in Ireland who has one anywhere else.’ *J. D.*—‘I agree to that.’ *O'C.*—‘That tithes should be abolished.’ *J. D.*—‘I agree to that.’ *O'C.*—‘That the Catholics should be completely emancipated.’ *J. D.*—‘I agree to that.’ *O'C.*—‘That the union should be repealed.’ *J. D.*—‘I agree to that too.’ *O'C.*—‘Very well, since that is the case, take a pike and turn out, for there is nothing else wanting to qualify you.’ Mentioned a joke of Norbury's to Judge Baily lately, when they were comparing ages, ‘You certainly have as little of the *Old Bailey* about you as any judge I know.’”—*Vol. iv. p. 118.*

In Moore's visit to the south of Ireland, originated his “*Memoirs of Captain Rock*,” published in the course of the next year.

The year 1824 is dull with accounts of the birth of Moore's “*Captain Rock*,”

and the several reviews of it. The plan was well conceived, but, as we think, not very successfully executed. It was, from the nature of the subject, discussed in every newspaper of the empire, and this kind of success did, we fancy, permanent mischief to Moore's mind. Many of those who most admired Moore found themselves unable any longer to think of him in his character of poet, and we know some who resolutely declined to read his politics, in order to leave it possible for them to enjoy his poetry. The book, however, was not without its value; amid much too well calculated to do mischief, there was something too of good. John Scully, Moore's brother-in-law, knew the Irish people well, and we trace his vigorous mind in some of the details. Scully would have been an honest-minded man if, living as he did among the peasantry, he was not like the fox in northern climates, compelled by a necessity of nature to assume the colour of surrounding objects, which gave his only chance of living out his natural length of days. As it was, he was attacked and nearly murdered by some of the Tipperary miscreants. From Scully, Moore learned that the war waged by the peasants against Church property was in truth not a war of religion, but of property—a war of the poor against the rich; and Church property was attacked, as most easily assailable, and as having fewer defenders. There was another friend of Moore's, one of the most honourable, right-minded, and best of men; a man singularly accurate in details, and whose information on all subjects—chiefly on those connected with his profession—he was an attorney and solicitor in considerable practice in the Irish courts of law and equity—was very extensive—the late Joseph Abbott; and in Moore's book of “*Captain Rock*,” there was a good deal of matter supplied by Abbott, which it was very important that the English should become acquainted with. In consequence of some statements in “*Captain Rock*,” of the state of the law in Ireland, and the practice of Irish sheriffs assisting debtors to evade every process for the recovery of ascertained debts, Mr. Abbott was summoned to give evidence on the subject before committees of both Houses, in 1824; and evidence of greater value has seldom been obtained from any witness

than what he then gave. To Moore—and to Lord Lansdowne; through Moore—the country is indebted for Abbott's having been summoned before those committees. His evidence led to immediate legislation, by which most of the evils were effectually remedied. Abbott is often mentioned in the diary—always with respect and affection.

There are several entries in Moore's journal about the notices of "Captain Rock" in the periodicals of the day. The book was praised in most of those publications; "Blackwood's," however, is mentioned by him as a damaging review, and he speaks with hurt feeling of "Rock Detected, by a Munster Farmer," the author of which book he believes to be "O'Sullivan, a friend of Kate's." Kate was his favourite sister, the wife of Scully. Moore was not, we believe, wrong in referring the authorship of "Rock Detected" to Mortimer O'Sullivan, whom Moore, after this, attacked in ceaseless pasquinades. The article in "Blackwood" we have looked over since reading Moore's diary, and we are not surprised at his having felt sorely the castigation he received. In Doctor O'Sullivan's book, too, there was a good deal which it does not surprise us that Moore, who provoked it, found it difficult to forgive. We have no wish to discuss these topics now, which it would be our desire, as far as they relate to Moore, were wholly forgotten; but we must say, that we agree substantially with the authors of these replies to Moore. Moore reminds us of the Cupid of Ovid. He has his shafts of satire and of love, and both are at all times ready:—

"*Equæ sagittiferâ promittit dua tela pharetrâ
Diversorum operum. Fugit hoc, facit illud amorem,
Quod facit auratum est et cuspiæ fulget acuta,
Quod fugat obtusum est, et habet sub arundine
plumbum.*"

We are glad to get rid of this talk about "Captain Rock," and Moore's Irishry, adding but a sentence of one of his friends:—

"Dinner at Lady Westmoreland's: company, Lord Gower, Marquis and Marquise Palmella, &c., &c. She, in her strange way, talked of 'Captain Rock,' which Palmella said he had read at Lisbon, and thought it the most original book he had ever met with. Lady W. said, 'that never was there anything equal to it, either in talent or mischief; that it was also the most *heartless* book

ever written; and though those who knew me well said I had a great deal of heart, she would judge from this work I had none.'"—Vol. iv. p. 307.

The "entry" of May 14th mentions the intelligence of Byron's death being received in London. There are several memoranda of conversations with persons connected with Byron, relative to the destruction of his memoirs; and it would appear that a formal account of the whole matter was written by Moore, which Lord John has, we dare say, wisely suppressed. It would appear that little has been lost by the loss of this manuscript. Lord John says:—

"As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the memoirs of this great poet.

"J. R."

—Vol. iv. p. 192.

Byron was scarce buried when a number of books about him appeared. Medwin's was one of them. He told of the acquaintanceship between Moore and Byron, and its origin, in some way that displeased Moore. Moore quotes a sentence from a letter of his own to Rogers on the occasion. "In old times superstitious thieves used to employ a *dead man's hand* in committing robberies, and they called it the *main de gloire*. I think the Captain of Dragoons (Medwin) is making use of a 'hand of glory' for not better purposes." How elaborate!—how like Moore!

"October 30th. Dinner at Bowles's. Bowles mentioned that at some celebration at Reading school, when the patrons or governors of it (beer and brandy merchants) were to be welcomed with a Latin address, the boy appointed to the task thus bespoke them, '*Salvete, hospites selebeerimi*,' and then turning to the others, '*Salvete, hospites celebrandi*.'"—Vol. iv. p. 248.

The year 1824 closes with preparations for the life of Sheridan, and projects are intimated of a life of Byron.

We have, through 1825, the same eternal round of dinners, and we only wonder that Moore did not get tired of the thing sooner. The kind of authorship, however, which he now adopted, required continued intercourse with the class of persons who supplied the information which he was to put together. His lives of Sheridan and of Byron could not have been written on any other condition; and though his "Songs" had a charm which was felt everywhere, it was of importance to him, and the publishers of his music, that the interest which attached to it in fashionable circles, and which, in great part, depended on Moore's own personal presence in fashionable circles, should not be allowed to share the fate of all that is brilliant, as long as that fate could be averted. Moore enjoyed society, and was himself a great ornament and acquisition to whatever society he mixed among; but for the life of us we cannot but think he must often have, in secret, sympathised with that French judge, who, travelling in England, shared the hospitalities of the members of the northern circuit. After praising Scarlett and the rest of them, he added, "*Mais il faut avouer que leur cuisine est fade et bornée*," "there was, it appeared to him, the same old goose at dinner wherever he went." The "old goose" not only represented the *cuisine*, but was an emblem of the monotony of the whole thing.

1825, *January* 12. The "entry" of this date records some things which Mackintosh had told him; one was Wilberforce, saying of the Catholics, that they were like persons discharged from prison, but still wearing the prison dress.

"Mentioned an advertisement that appeared in 1792, 'Wanted for a King of France, an easy, good-tempered man, who can bear confinement, and has no followers.' Wilberforce was made a citizen by the French Convention, and Courtenay, who was in Paris at the time, said, 'If you make Mr. W. a citizen, they will take you for an assemblage of negroes, for it is well known he

never favoured the liberty of any white man in all his life.' Dr. Thomson said of Godwin (who in the full pride of his theory of perfectibility, said he 'could educate tigers'), 'I should like to see him in a cage with two of his pupils.'"—Vol. iv. p. 269.

10th October, 1825.

"Oct. 10th. Walked over to Lord Lansdowne, who was much delighted with Longmans' and C. Sheridan's letters, which I had sent him. The Longmans had mentioned in theirs, that Henry Gratian had been with them, and seemed much disposed to put his materials for the life of his father into my hands, but they said I must not do it till after the life of Lord Byron. Lord Lansdowne much amused by the custom for lives I was likely to have. I said I had better publish *nine* together in one volume, and call it 'The Cat.' Walked the greater part of the way home with me."—Vol. iv. p. 323.

The part of the diary now published terminates with an account of a visit to Abbotsford. It does not give much which has not been, in one form or other, previously before the public. Scott confessed to Moore that he hardly knew high from low in music. Moore told him that Lord Byron knew nothing of music, but that the tears gushed into his eyes at some things Moore sang. "I dare say," says Scott, "Byron's feelings and mine, about music, are very much the same."

"His true delight, however, was visible after supper, when Sir Adam sung some old Jacobite songs; Scott's eyes sparkled, and his attempts to join in chorus showed much more of the will than the deed. 'Hey, Tutti tatte,' was sung in the true orthodox manner, all of us standing round the table with hands crossed and joined, and chorus-ing every verse with all our might and main; he seemed to enjoy all this thoroughly. Asked him this morning whether he was not a great admirer of Bruce the traveller; said he was his delight; and I could have sworn so."—Vol. iv. pp. 342, 343.

Thus closes the fourth volume of LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S *Memoirs of MOORE*.

MISERRIMUS.

I wandered thro' the cloisters old,
And saw the great cathedral tower
Stand like a spectre grey and cold
Up in the frosty moonlight's power ;

And the broad clock, whose wind-worn face
Deep from the clustering ivy shone,
Struck slowly with its mighty mace,
Clear in the solemn starlight, "One."

Beneath the shadow of the pile
A solitary stone was sleeping ;
No light from heaven came here to smile
Where damps and dews were coldly weeping.

Till as I looked, a moonbeam came
And stole around a buttress grey,
And with a finger steeped in flame
Traced out the letters as they lay.

The moss that had the tomb o'ergrown
A look of sorrow round them shed,
I stooped, and peered into the stone—
"Miserrimus" was all it said.

Ah, touching record of a life !
What uncompanionable woe !
What silent hours, what lonely strife
Seem shadowing where those letters glow.

"Miserrimus,"—I thought once more,
And with the thought the word grew bright.
Can he have touched the gleaming shore,
Where tears are changed to pearls of light.

And from the far triumphal sky,
A sound seemed sent upon the breeze,
Like ocean whisperings that die
At even, over scented seas.

A clash of lyres, and words of song,
Down sweeping through the starry spheres—
"His tribulation, and his wrong ;
His heart's deep yearnings, woes, and fears,

"At death were merged in faith, and here
He drinks of love, and fills his soul."
The voice had ceased, a single tear
Down on the ancient tombstone stole.

"Short word, how much thy silence speaks,"
I said, and homeward went in thought ;
While all the range of eastern peaks
The flushings of the morning caught.

S. A. B.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MOTHER.

BY TINY.

Oh ! why did you go when the flowers were springing,
 And winter's wild tempests had vanished away,
 When the swallow was come, and the sweet lark was singing,
 From the morn to the eve of the beautiful day ?
 Oh ! why did you go when the summer was coming,
 And the heaven was blue as your own sunny eye ;
 When the bee on the blossom was drowsily humming—
 Mavourneen ! mavourneen ! oh, why did you die ?

My hot tears are falling in agony o'er you,
 My heart was bound up in the life that is gone ;
 Oh ! why did you go from the mother that bore you,
 Achora, macushla ! why leave me alone ?
 The primrose each hedgerow and dingle is studding ;
 The violet's breath is on each breeze's sigh,
 And the woodbine you loved round your window is budding—
 Oh ! Maura, mavourneen ! why, why did you die ?

The harebell is missing your step on the mountain,
 The sweetbrier droops for the hand that it loved,
 And the hazel's pale tassels hang over the fountain
 That springs in the copse where so often you roved.
 The hawthorn's pearls fall as though they were weeping
 Upon the low grave where your cold form doth lie,
 And the soft dews of evening there longest lie sleeping—
 Mavourneen ! mavourneen ! oh, why did you die ?

The meadows are white with the low daisy's flower,
 And the long grass bends glistening like waves in the sun ;
 And from his green nest, in the ivy-grown tower,
 The sweet robin sings till the long day is done.
 On, on to the sea, the bright river is flowing,
 There is not a stain on the vault of the sky ;
 But the flow'rs on your grave in the radiance are glowing—
 Your eyes cannot see them. Oh ! why did you die ?

Mavourneen, I was not alone in my sorrow,
 But he whom you loved has soon followed his bride ;
 His young heart *could* break with its grief, and to-morrow
 They'll lay him to rest in the grave by your side.
 My darling, my darling, the judgment alighted
 Upon the young branches, the blooming and fair ;
 But the dry leafless stem which the lightning hath blighted
 Stands lonely and dark in the sweet summer air.

When the bright silent stars through my window are beaming
 I dream in my madness that you're at my side,
 With your long golden curls on your white shoulders streaming,
 And the smile that came warm from your loving heart's tide ;
 I hear your sweet voice fitful melodies singing ;
 I wake but to hear the low wind's whispered sigh,
 And your vanishing tones through my silent home ringing,
 As I cry in my anguish—oh ! why did you die ?

Achora, machree, you are ever before me—
 I scarce see the heaven to which you are gone,
 So dark are the clouds of despair which lie o'er me.
 Oh, pray for me! pray at the Mighty One's throne!
 Oh, plead that the chain of my bondage may sever,
 That to thee and our Father my freed soul may fly,
 Or the cry of my spirit for ever and ever
 Shall be—"Oh, mavourneen! why, why did you die?"

A LITTLE GALLIAMBIC.

BY WILLIAM FORSYTH.

Tell me not of loveliness fading;
 Dream not, dearest, of love's decay,
 Like the roses, blooming and shedding
 All their bliss on a summer day.

No, no! adown by the valleys
 Flowers are thoughts, and they come and go;
 But the summer, love, lasteth always,
 While our hearts are above the snow.

Gentle Time will never bereave thee,
 Of a beauty that love hath blest;
 He will gifts of memory leave thee,
 That will make him a welcome guest.

So, so, adown by the valleys
 Flowers are thoughts, and they come and go;
 But the summer, love, lasteth always,
 While our hearts are above the snow.

Age will come—but we will remember,
 All the fears of our life's young day;
 O'er the face of frosty December,
 Scatter bloom from its glowing May.

Bloom, from out thy bountiful hand, love;
 Foliage fairer than robes of spring;
 Smiles that light to beauty the land, love;
 Songs more sweet than the birds could sing.

Thou art fair and I am merry—
 Loving, laughing, the live-long day;
 Dream not, then, of life growing weary,
 Dream not beauty can die away.

No, no, adown by the valleys
 Flowers are thoughts, and they come and go;
 But the summer, love, lasteth always,
 While our hearts are above the snow.

TOLERANCE AND INTOLERANCE.

For more than two thousand years has Paganism, with its philosophy of scepticism or indifference, and Christianity with its gentler precepts, in succession warred against the natural intolerance of man's self-opinion, or sought to tame the wild passions by which fanaticism degrades religion. The struggle has been long and fluctuating—the banner of toleration but slowly penetrating the hosts of its opponents; often stationary or retrograde, and for ages prostrate and overthrown. The battle still rages, and its battle-field throughout the civilised world exhibits marks of the various phases of the conflict. Results the most opposite are seen in different countries. While we look at isolated points, we are perplexed; but if we survey the entire field of operations, we may, by a more extensive induction, elicit some comprehensive laws. We shall better understand in any one nation what to censure and what to forgive, when we have gathered a more varied experience, a less contracted charity, from a survey of the faults of all. It would be well if those who here babble of “Religious Equality” would for a moment enlarge their gaze, and read the world as it is now, not as it is *not*, and learn rather to cherish the freedom they possess, than preach visionary doctrines of an impracticable ideal, which those who inculcate can, least of any, enforce by their own example.

The history of the past is indeed filled with many a dark page; no deed of horror, no depth of guilt, no extremities of pitiless, desolating ferocity that may not there be found traced, and that did not, at some period, find its source or its palliation in the outraged name of religion. Christianity, baptised in blood and suffering, and nurtured in intolerance by its Pagan rulers, inherited too much the baleful legacy, adopted the lessons it had been thus rudely taught, and turned on its own bosom the weapons once wielded against it by its now prostrate foe. The tale is long and humiliating, fraught with many an instructive lesson to the calm and thoughtful student; nay, there is much in the present position of the world that it is impossible to

rightly understand without a reference to the history of each state. Both to Protestant and Roman Catholic nations we should often be guilty of injustice if we looked to their present position alone, and left out of view the tangled chain of causes from which the final result is wrought.

Still, for all but the philosopher in his closet, the practical business of life lies in the present as it exists, in the future as it may be controlled, and not in the grave of the past. From its dark oblivion each party disinters by turns some tale of cruelty or injustice, that covers with shame the descendants who bear the same name as the perpetrators, but which seldom yields instruction, never carries conviction, and always embitters their mutual animosities. The retrospection may be sometimes instructive to the philosopher, it is ever irritating to the many. It arouses prejudices already sufficiently strong, and provokes retaliation, not repentance. Take it as a whole, the world—unlike the human heart—grows gentler, better, and kindlier, as it waxes older. The ordinary ferocity of former times we repudiate as a thing so wholly gone by, that we feel no responsibility for deeds that we no more sympathise with, and whose recurrence each age makes less possible. It is easy to prove the overwhelming persecutions by which the fanaticism of Roman Catholics in the ignorant ages, when no antagonist power had the influence to control its fury, crushed each rising effort at dissent; it is also easy to adduce many instances where the champions of the Reformation violated the principles they taught, and refused to accord the liberty of thought and judgment, on which they based their claims. But it is idle thus to wander in the tombs of the past, affrighting the world by the ghosts we have called from its recesses. Let us now leave the dark centuries to slumber in oblivion, and look more usefully—more hopefully—to the actualities of life.

Yet are there some portions of the past that still remain, and exercise a strong and living influence on the destinies of the present, and which cannot

be thus passed by. The outbursts of individual bigotry, even innumerable instances of what was then publicly authorised intolerance, prove nothing against those of the present day, who hold them in abhorrence. In all ages, in all religions, in all nations, will be found guilt and wickedness, and men who abuse the sacred name of religion, to work their selfish ends, and who arouse fierce passions, which they turn to their political purposes. No religion is to be judged by such examples; the acts of its professing members are not necessarily an exposition of its tenets. It is otherwise with principles that have not been repudiated, or laws that have not been repealed. While they are allowed to continue ostensibly, all who do not protest against them, who do not publicly express their dissent, must be content to be publicly involved in the natural consequences of such doctrines, and must share in their condemnation.

Many as were the fostering causes of the growth of intolerance, there was one without which it could not have finally triumphed, one that professes to be drawn from the bosom of Roman Catholicism, and one that survives to this day, at once to excuse and to perpetuate bigotry. An evil principle seldom attains permanent ascendancy if it do not pay homage to right by assuming the garb of virtue; but when the conscientious can persuade themselves that they admit the bad only to effect a necessary good, it becomes impossible to eradicate the error. The consolidation of the Roman Catholic Church under a single head first threw into prominence and importance the doctrine of exclusive salvation. It was boldly announced that those who dared to oppose this religion—nay, to deny a single item of its many essential dogmas, fell under its spiritual anathemas, were not included in its privileged pale, and were thus consigned to eternal perdition. Individual judgment quailed before such terrors, and shrank from a risk so awful; heresy became synonymous with damnation, and the timid were appalled by the possibility of a penalty so tremendous.

Hand in hand with this grew up the dogma of infallibility, which supplied what was wanting in the former. The one made adherence to the Church the only passport to salvation, the other removed all doubts, and justified those who held such opinions in assuming

themselves to be certainly right, and all others as certainly wrong. Without this men might have had belief, conviction, but could not have had that self-confidence which alone could stifle the voice of humanity. The error they sought to destroy was, in their eyes, not only of fatal consequence, but of infallible certainty. Better, then, that a few should forfeit existence or liberty than that the poison should be suffered to spread its infection. If the crime of the murderer, convicted on fallible testimony, must be atoned with his blood, if we chain the suicidal arm that presumptuously seeks to rob the body of life, how much more shall we silence, with the scaffold or the dungeon, the men whose undoubted errors must surely kill immortal souls?

Such reasoning is not yet extinct, and, unhappily, even those who may not assent to its full consequences, must yet be swayed by its secret influence. The more conscientious the Roman Catholic, the more deeply he is penetrated by the importance of his religion, and the more profoundly he must feel that all petty obstacles of sentiment, or apparent morality, must yield before the one great end of advancing his own religion, and annihilating those of others.

Illiberality will, doubtless, find a more charitable expression than in former ages, but the tendency to it must still exist from the very same cause, and must require the freedom of enlarged ideas, and of an ever-progressing society, to neutralise its dangerous effects. Justice, however, demands that, while we trace in these Roman Catholic dogmas, peculiar elements of intolerance, we should also remember that their motive, at least, may be consistent with an imaginary charity, and that it only aims at forcing on the reluctant a boon supposed to be inestimable. The Protestant who persecutes has no such excuse; he violates the spirit of his religion, and the essence of his claim—the freedom of conscience, and of thought.

Thus founded on a settled principle, persecution ceased to be the outburst of individual excesses, and was organised into the elaborate fabric of the famous Canon Law. Its existence has partially survived the modern spread of toleration; it is still dominant in many countries, and in all must tend to retard the progress of liberality

amongst those Roman Catholics who do not boldly emancipate themselves from its yoke.

For their adherence to it, there is as little reason to be found in its history as in its precepts. Its authority, based on an admitted forgery, effected a foundation in the ignorant acquiescence of the age. Adrian I., unable to find a sanction in the favourite argument of antiquity for the new claims of papal despotism, hit on the daring expedient of inventing precedents that did not exist. He succeeded in palming on the credulity of the eighth century two clumsy fabrications, which, for six centuries afterwards, passed as genuine enough, and which the first touch of scepticism convicted as defenceless impostures. Neither pontiff nor cardinal would now have courage to uphold "the false decretals," or "the donation of Constantine."*

A foundation, however, was laid by this pious fraud, and each pope added to it some further decrees, and finally reared a superstructure, independent of its fabulous beginning. The "*Jus Canonicum*" comprehends the epistles of popes, and decrees of councils, which affect together to contain the encyclopedia of Roman Catholic doctrine. Within its dark pages are written those dogmas that are so offensive to Protestants, and so repugnant to morality, and that are even indignantly disowned by, we trust, every Roman Catholic layman in Ireland.

This is the fountain whence are drawn all degrading accusations and angry prejudices against Popery. In short, the defence made for it in this quarter of the world is, not that it is right—no one has the courage to be its champion—but that it has no authority, and does not fairly represent the feelings of Roman Catholics. Such, we are sure, is the sincere conviction of the laity. But have the ecclesiastics ever openly repudiated its principles of immorality and persecution? They swear, at their ordination, to uphold and obey it, quite as distinctly as Roman Catholic members of Parliament swear not to weaken or overthrow the Established Church; perhaps the

one oath is interpreted as loosely as the other too often has been; *certainly*, we would fain think, that priests, affecting allegiance to our English sovereign, have some loop-hole to escape from obedience to the papal canon law.†

With the exception of these enduring monuments of the dark ages, that still preserve an unnatural longevity, we need not recur to the past, or brood over its angry revelations. For two centuries the constitution of the great European family of states has been wholly changed, and a new order of relations has arisen. The era of "religious wars"—that daring contradiction, that self-condemning combination of opposing words—is gone for ever. The fierce struggles that followed the bold reactionary efforts of Rome to reconquer the ground won by the Reformation, may be said to have found their limits in the famous peace of Westphalia. The division of kingdoms was at length based solely on political considerations; the religious element was henceforth banished from their mutual relations. Within each state they must more or less ever come into collision, but in the wider dealings of nation with nation, a difference of religion will never more be recognised as a cause of war. The dissent of a smaller state can no longer be silenced or overawed by the coercion of a powerful neighbour. National toleration has made a great and permanent advance.

Since then the convulsions of Europe belong to the history of politics; the struggle of the spirit of tolerance has become one of opinion and moral force. The idea rediscovered in the Reformation—the right to think and to differ—gradually spreads, and penetrates through the bigotry of the most despotic states, despite the vain efforts of tyrants to prevent the free development of thought. The great landmarks have remained; changes have been wrought, but imperceptibly, not by striking epochs. Protestantism no longer struggles for life, and therefore more calmly diffuses its principles, and improves its example. In nearly every

* This is not disputed in the authorised Roman Catholic editions. See, for instance, that by Johannes Alzog, professor at Posen. Mayence: 1848.

† The words of the oath are somewhat vague, but, at least, they promise obedience to "the Pope, Vicar of Christ," and to "the Sacred Canons." What these are, if they be not the pontifical canons, it is not easy to see, and certainly has never been explained by any Roman Catholic authority.

country we may trace some progress towards liberality, yet we cannot but be surprised how so much stagnation should have been preserved in so many states, amid the downfall of ancient theories, the change, the tumult, and collision of modern ideas.

The mighty organisation of the Romish Church has, doubtless, played an important part in the history of intolerance; we shall, therefore, fitly commence our survey of the present progress of this great controversy in the world, by shortly reviewing its position in the countries that have framed their laws under the influence of the Roman Catholic faith. And here we shall see the vast inroads that the last three centuries have made on the darkness of olden times; and it will make our task more pleasant, if we commence with those that prove the gradual enlightenment of the human race. We shall learn that it is now perfectly possible for a Roman Catholic country to be tolerant and just; but we shall also observe that it is from the laity that freedom has ever sprung, and that it is by the ecclesiastics its progress has been retarded; it was the imperious rule of the clergy that first made captive man's liberty of conscience, it is they who still prevent its fetters being unbound by the arrogant assumption of dictation, such as no religion sanctions as a right or obligation on its members.

It is a hopeful prospect for the rest of Europe to look on BELGIUM, with its richly cultured plains, its populous cities, and thriving manufactures, and see that the elements of progress and liberality are attainable in a Roman Catholic country. It is, however, an instance that their rulers are not likely to originate these new modes of thought, and that such must be in a manner forced upon their acceptance. We should not forget that Belgium was for ages under the rule of a Protestant government, and of one which employed its ascendant power but to confer a perfect religious equality on the less powerful sect. The Belgians were Roman Catholics, but the Netherlands were Protestant; and perhaps no more striking proof of the leniency of their rule can be adduced, than that the Pope condescended to make a con-

cordat with the Protestant William I. in 1827, and that the latter made such concessions as satisfied his holiness. The constitution was thus established, the laws framed—nay, even the concordat with the Pope ready made—and when the revolution of 1830 tore the kingdom into two separate states, Belgium had not the credit of devising a new system; it but continued in a separate form that which it had enjoyed while united with Holland. Perhaps, therefore, we should rather set down its liberality to the credit of Protestantism, which was undoubtedly its creating cause, or at least to the popular generosity, which accepted and prolonged its results. Indeed the only efforts of their clergy since then have uniformly been to restore the reign of intolerance; and here, as in every other part of the world, they have put forward the most arrogant claims to the exclusive control of the public education.* With all its backsliding, would that the rest of Europe could learn the same lessons as Belgium, and in a similar school!

Of FRANCE we need not say much; it is ever in a transition state, never permanent; our criticism may be that of a by-gone era ere it meet the public eye. Under the semblance of universal toleration, in the frenzy of democratic equality, its first revolution annihilated all religion, and refused to tolerate any. The restoration of any one could hardly, after this, be exclusive, though we fear indifference or atheism had more to do with such liberality than enlarged views or nobler sentiments of charity. France has now, however, on more rational grounds, confirmed that tolerance, and is therefore entitled still to rank as a tolerant nation; though its descent to a very opposite system seems likely to be as rapid as has been its progress to despotism. The Emperor purchased the political influence of the clergy, the clergy bought the imperial recognition of their religion. They have kept their part of the contract, and have helped to place the diadem on his brow. Who can limit the return they may now exact? It will require great concessions to atone for the flattery they did their conscience the violence of listening to without rebuke, for the profane addresses they did not oppose,

* See the public letter of the Archbishop of Malines to his clergy, in November 1851, desiring them not to celebrate masses for any colleges or schools "not under the authority or control of the local priest!"

for the episcopal benedictions bestowed upon this great "man of God."* Accordingly, without any repeal of fundamental laws, we already find Protestantism effectually discouraged, its publications prohibited, and its schools, under various pretexts, successively suppressed—results that flow from the ascendancy of the ultramontane clergy, but that are combated by those Roman Catholics, who remember that their forefathers manfully shook off the papal yoke, without abandoning their creed, in the famous declaration of the "Gallican liberties." Never, perhaps, was the struggle more fiercely carried on in the bosom of the church than at this very moment.

Not dissimilar is the story of AUSTRIA. For ages the centre of despotism and persecution, the whole fabric of its ancient policy was torn down by the sudden violence of a popular outburst, and the imperial dynasty was only saved, amid the convulsions of 1848, by a timely abdication, with the pledge of a free constitution at the hands of their young monarch. The constitution of 1849, accordingly, promised much, and has accomplished nothing. It stifled the popular movement for redress of grievances, and gave the Emperor power to gradually nullify its provisions, and finally, despite his solemn pledge to uphold it, to formally repeal it by his *ipse dixit*.† One of its advances in liberality had been to permit the public profession of the Protestant, as well as of the established faith, though the same liberty was not conceded to any other forms of belief. These concessions are supposed still to remain, but they may be swept away any hour by the same breath that annihilated the hopes of political freedom. Meanwhile, toleration exists nominally, but little more than nominally. All religious meetings require the sanction of the police, and those who know how effectually, by petty delays and difficulties, they can prevent anything they do not wish, without appearing to prohibit it, will

see that laws are of very little consequence. The executive is everything: it makes the laws, and enforces them as it pleases. In inquiring into the condition of such a state, therefore, we should ask, not what is the constitutional statute, but what is the private feeling of him who makes and un-makes statutes and constitutions. That this is rapidly reactionary is plain enough. The formal restraints on the publication of papal bulls, adhered to with strict firmness, as a necessary safeguard to themselves by other Roman Catholic States, have been abandoned; those who presumed to publish or propagate the Bible have been banished at the instigation of the clergy; the haughty demands of the episcopal assembly have been acquiesced in. "The Catholic Church can never, and *no where* renounce her claim upon the exercise of a decisive influence on religious instruction;" and again, in reference to the popular schools,‡ "the Catholic Church does not claim the right to the religious instruction of the Catholic youth alone, she is appointed by God to educate *mankind* for eternal life." True, there is still the possibility of other schools, but their certificates of education are valueless in a country where, without such certificates, no promotion or occupation is permitted. Though, therefore, we now charitably class the Austrian government among those that profess to be tolerant—even the affectation of virtue is a homage to its merit—but a little further progress in its present direction will suffice to change the verdict.

A moment we may pause in BAVARIA, ere we bid adieu to the fairer specimens of Roman Catholic liberality. Here we find the same extent of religious freedom that pervades the rest of Germany. Surrounded by free Protestant states, and, like many of these minor principalities, very roughly treated in the convulsions of Europe—their kings bundled in and out, and their territories sliced, to suit the public con-

* See, amongst others, the Bishop of Chalons' address to his clergy, in September last. "May he be blessed, this man of God, this great man, for it is God who has raised him up for the happiness of our country, to cure all the wounds which sixty years of revolutions had inflicted! Once more may he be blessed." This may be simple hyperbole, but the address presented in the department of the Herault, was an outrage on religious feeling that should have been sternly rebuked by any who professed to be the ministers of religion.

† The constitution of March, 1849, was formally annulled by a series of Imperial decrees published on the 1st of January, 1852.

‡ See the report drawn up by Count Thun, the minister of public worship and education, April 13th, 1850, and approved by the Emperor.

venience—it would be strange, indeed, if it alone had opposed the current of feeling in the grand confederation of which it is a part. Still it has a right to its distinct laws, and to its own expression of opinion, and must receive its due merit for having adopted the religious freedom of its neighbours.*

The scene now changes, and we commence the dreary catalogue of intolerance. Nor yet shall we plunge at once into its thickest darkness, but accustom our eyes to the gathering gloom by the least startling transition we can find. In PORTUGAL, men can now *think* as they please, provided they do not dare to speak lightly of Roman Catholic dogmas, or to impugn their truth, and, at least, they are no longer dragged before the terrible Inquisition; nay, they may worship God as they think right, if they take care to do so at home, and not to offend the public eye by allowing it to observe their rebellious deviations from established orthodoxy. This, too, is something by comparison, as we shall see anon, though, despite of this concession, we must set down Portugal in the list of intolerants; it cannot stand the simple test—public worship is prohibited, the public expression of opinion is criminal.

About SPAIN there is no doubt. But one religion is professed, and none other is permitted in any shape. To be a Spaniard, implies necessarily to be a Roman Catholic. He who dares to forsake that faith, is banished by law, lest the poison of his heresy should spread contagion; while those who may have tempted him from his faith are liable to the mild punishment of five or seven years' imprisonment. Hitherto, the mere traveller or foreigner was looked on as a necessary exception, as a passing evil that could not be avoided; now, by the decree of November 17, 1852, he must bury his thoughts within his bosom, and give no evidence of his dissent; he is no longer permitted to "*profess* any but the Catholic religion." It is true that diplomacy, with its dexterous mystery, has stated that this will not affect English travellers, but it is a plain outrage on all notions of national honour or generosity, and, even if not

enforced, it will be but a symptom of our strength and of Spain's weakness. Thus, he who has most freedom there, the English stranger, must, while living, hide his creed, and when dead, he must be satisfied to have his corpse hurried obscurely to the cemetery which treaty alone has secured for him; but if he would have the prayer or forms of his religion to hallow his tomb, his friends must choose some secret hour or opportunity, when the crime of performing such a service will be connived at, because of its secrecy! We shall see more savage intolerance elsewhere, but little so despicable and ungenerous as this.

And now we have reached the mighty Alps—the barrier that has so often turned back the tide of papal usurpation, and separated ultramontane arrogance from the struggle long waged by Roman Catholics themselves against complete mental slavery; and now we look down on the rich plains of Italy—beautiful, unfortunate, and degraded! Let us descend into SARDINIA, where the new-born aspirations for freedom threaten to shake the peninsula by the presence of an idea so novel and so formidable. But the movement towards freedom must not be mistaken for its accomplishment. Public feeling is here allowed to find expression in the press, and thus controls the operation of unjust laws; the executive abhors the principles of enactments, which yet it has not had the courage to repeal; it is a mistake to suppose that toleration is yet the rule—it is the exception to the constitution; they chafe under the yoke, but have not yet flung it off. "*Sono schiavi, ma schiavi ognor frementi!*"

The despatch from the Chevalier Azeglio to Sir R. Abercrombie, of Sept. 30, 1851, perhaps fairly states the present transition state of the laws. The Vaudois Protestants have been allowed to build a church in Turin, but the intolerant laws with reference to these subjects of the state "have not been expressly abolished." He intimates an opinion that other Protestants would be allowed to perform their worship, "if it did not take place with such external circumstances as should offend the Catholic faith," in

* Bohemia is not entitled to be considered as a separate kingdom, at least for the purposes of our present argument. It is so completely incorporated with Austria, as to be incapable of forming a separate or independent opinion. Its decision on the subject of tolerance is not its own, and only follows the dictates of its imperial master at Vienna.

other words, if it were private and unobserved. In exact accordance with this view is the conduct of the government. In the recent prosecutions for heresy, the victims* were saved, not by the laws of the country, or its judicial decision, but by the minister of justice extending to them the royal pardon, for what he admitted to be still a legal crime. The general opinion of the liberality of Sardinia is drawn from the expression of public feeling that wrung this and similar concessions from the laws, and that replaced the Professor Nuytz in his professor's chair, when condemned by a Papal bull,† for questioning the most objectionable dogmas of the Pontifical canons; but the laws still provide that, "in accordance with the sacred canons," the secular aid should be ever extended to execute the ecclesiastical sentence; that in cases of "suspicion of heresy and blasphemy"—and we know that reading the Word of God sometimes falls under this definition—the civil power should give exclusive jurisdiction to the ecclesiastical; that this latter should, indeed, have its own ministers for enforcing its proceedings, but that, the sentence once pronounced, the culprit should be handed to the state, to inflict the sentence their Christian mercy has awarded. Such, it should be noted, has ever been the system, except in the case of the Inquisition, which scoffed at pity or decency, and outraged every feeling of humanity; bigotry has always had the tact to make the state its executioner. Of

old it organised a war of extermination, or sent forth a holy military order; in later days, it never wields the sword or the axe, but it often brings those who incur its anger, to suffer under the arm of the civil law the chastisement it cannot itself administer. The same effect is produced, and the odium falls on the despotism, rather than on its cause. Yet, with all its failings, its yet undeveloped hopes, would that we had more countries wherein were laid the same seeds of promise as in Sardinia.

TUSCANY and NAPLES have been so oft discussed and exposed of late, that we need not expose them again. The one is notorious, and the other despicable in its intolerance. Tuscany we may shortly describe, in the words of a despatch of its minister‡—"the canon law forms a part of its legislative code!" What more can we add? It is true the Leopoldine law of 1782 abolished the Inquisition, as they would an acknowledged bore or a public nuisance, but they did little more. Nor let it be imagined, as has been ignorantly put forward in the House of Commons,§ that these laws were framed in a spirit of hostility to the Roman Catholic Church; they cannot possibly be so considered, unless the speakers, who made this crude assertion, choose to identify their Church with the maintenance of the Inquisition. It was against this latter alone that they were aimed, and they certainly left ample powers of persecution to satisfy the most intolerant.||

* One of these, however, Mazzinghi, was first pardoned, and then banished.

† This was in December, 1851. The Sardinian minister protested against the reception of this bull.

‡ Despatch from the Duke of Carigliano to the Hon. P. C. Scarlett, September 25, 1851. In this he takes care to point out that the privileges granted "to enrich the commerce of the town of Leghorn," as well as the narrow connivance at the service of their rich English visitors, should be considered as distinct "exceptional cases," and not as any deviation in principle from the established rule.

§ See debate of February 17.

|| The last rule is worth recording. "That the usurped right of taking cognizance in causes of religious faith, be henceforward *restored* to the various bishops; and that the proceedings in such causes shall in no way differ from those of right, observed in every other *ecclesiastical criminal cause*."

"We will, and do trust, that the bishops will voluntarily make it a law, to have present in their minds, that the publicity of a trial and condemnation often produces greater scandal than even the transitory error it is intended to correct; that the admonitions, exhortations, and every thing which charity, such as it is incumbent on them to profess for an example to others can suggest, tend far more effectually to correct the guilty, and edify the rest; but that whenever the circumstances of the case shall be such as to demand *rigour and the assistance of the secular arm*—provided always it be proved to us that the adoption of the above-mentioned means have not succeeded—we shall think it our duty to grant it."

Despite this little lecture on "charity," there seems here very slight appearance of the abolition of coercion.

The mild spirit of Leopold for some time animated the administration, but that, too, has perished, and his laws have been abolished. The last two years attest the change and prove its severity. The journals have furnished a catalogue of martyrs of oppression; need we recal the names of the Count Guicciardini and his six companions, or of Savi, Byche, Madiai and his wife; Manelli, Fantoni, Pasquale, Casacci, and more recently Guarducci? Some have been fortunate enough to escape with banishment, others have been consigned to the living tomb of an Italian dungeon. Those who have seen their horrors, could well imagine a brave man being less daunted by the quick and sharp penalty of death, than by so lingering and revolting a doom.

It is in vain to palliate these cases by seeking to give them a political aspect, or by calling them civil offences! They are only one or the other, in so far as ecclesiastical censures consign them to the "rigour of the secular arm." We have only to read the officially published acts of accusation and conviction to see that it is for religious belief, exercised and discussed only within their own houses, that they now suffer. It is for this reason that the British public selected the Madiai case for the expression of their indignant sympathy. Many others occur from time to time, but they are usually complicated with circumstances that create a difficulty in separating political punishment from religious persecution. It would be unbecoming in us to interfere if the government of a foreign state were to tell us that the accused was arraigned for an offence nowise connected with his religious belief. Here, fortunately, the Tuscan executive has removed all such scruples of delicacy, by placing us in possession of its official details. It was a plain, avowed case of religious persecution, and none seek to fritter away this obvious conclusion, who do not make us at heart suspect their sympathy with such intolerance when exerted against their opponents. Indeed the termination proves the conscious guilt of their persecutors. Had there been any defensible grounds for vindicating the punishment, they would never have released them; but they tardily yielded to the overwhelming cry of shame, smuggled forth their victims from the dungeon, and hurried them from their dominions, left of all but life.

And Naples, too, with its glorious forms of nature's beauty, and its ever-smoking volcano—symbol of the earthquake that lurks beneath the now still peninsula—Naples has, in days of yore, coped with the haughty pontiffs of Rome, rejected the greater portion of the decrees of the famed Council of Trent, and proudly trampled upon papal bulls. Those days are gone; and now its government, at once imbecile and violent, bigoted and profligate, lends the swords of its venal army to wreak on its own citizens the bidding of Rome. Its people violate every precept of morality, and observe every ceremonial of religion. Ignorant of the meaning of freedom, they possess it not themselves—they seek not to accord it to others. They are, indeed, steeped in the servitude of intolerance, without alleviation and without hope.

Thus have we at length penetrated to the great centre of Roman Catholic teaching, and next find ourselves in Rome; before us the majestic temple of the tutelary Apostle; on the right the pomp of the Vatican; on the left the palace of the Inquisition. The emblem of heaven's religion, the pride of earthly power, and the monument of man's unhallowed passions, are thus strangely grouped together. If others have admitted unjustifiable papal claims—if other countries have harboured the Inquisition, or sanctioned the canon law, it was from here that the haughty thunders were launched—here was the organisation framed, and here grew that unscrupulous code. Others may faintly deny the imputation—may admit part, and explain away more; here there is no evasion; the canon law is proclaimed an inwrought portion of the constitution. Intolerance reigns supreme. Here it had its birth, and here it has made its throne.

We say not that all Roman Catholics are responsible for the pretensions or for the temporal misgovernment of their spiritual head; they are not bound, we trust, to yield such degrading obedience; but this is the point to which their tenets tend, if uncontrolled. It is to this that their ecclesiastics fain would bow, and to these relentless dictates that they swear fidelity. Rome, unfortunately, prides itself on its immutability in doctrine, and is prone to apply it to what it was never meant to refer; and thus in its temporal claims and temporal rules, it only means an obstinate adherence to error, and an

incapacity to adopt improvement. Is one of its most objectionable dogmas questioned—one that no Irish layman would admit? The Vatican fulminates at once against the unfortunate professor at Turin. Does Spain relapse into the intolerance of by-gone centuries? The Pope, in a studied allocution, congratulates Christendom on so glorious an advance in its Christianity. Across the Atlantic, the state of New Granada sets a noble example in conceding what, for the ideas of these regions, was an unwonted freedom in education, in the press, and in the exercise of religion. Another allocution, not yet six months' old, condemns such fearful approaches to hated liberty, and it is denounced as "a horrible and sacrilegious war against the Catholic Church." But the remedy is at hand. No subjects should obey the state when it displeases the Church, and therefore they are stimulated to a holy rebellion against their rulers. "We, raising with apostolic liberty our pastoral voice, do censure, condemn, and *declare utterly null and void* all the aforesaid decrees, which have been there enacted by the civil power."

What the Pope modestly claims is plain enough; we leave to Roman Catholics to say how far they are prepared to adopt his principles. They are surely not coerced to do so by any tenet of their faith, nor is any layman fettered by such solemn promises of obedience, as mars the independence of their clergy. These latter cannot with propriety denounce the importation here of Italian innovations; the Pope himself is little likely to recede from any of his pretensions; and thus it remains for the laymen to step in, and save their Church from the imputation of being linked with doctrines, incompatible with freedom, and destructive of civil government.

But we must not forget that civilisation claims another quarter of the globe. The story of American tolerance is briefly told. NEW GRANADA we have just mentioned as having excited the papal indignation, and, therefore, we may safely class it as tolerant, or meaning to be so, though its efforts are, perhaps, very much below what would entitle it to the name in Europe. The same glory we willingly give to

the unostentatious republic of VENEZUELA. The remaining Roman Catholic states we may group together into those that are intolerant, and those that are so exclusively intolerant as not only to prohibit the public worship, but even the *private* profession of any but the one religion. In the former we may place BUENOS AYRES, and the federal republic of CENTRAL AMERICA, since 1832;* and in the latter we may class BOLIVIA, CHILI, EQUADOR, MEXICO, PERU, and URUGUAY. All these vast tracts were once the seats of European greatness across the Atlantic; now they have sunk into stagnant decrepitude, beside the wondrous growth of the mighty nations that have been raised by the Saxon and the Celt; the spirit of freedom has prospered, while bigotry and servitude have wrought decay.

And thus the catalogue of one division is completed. We have leaned to mercy's side in our enumeration, and have given credit for toleration to no very decided claims. We did not lay down a very exalted standard; the test of religious liberty we would apply is solely the right of every man to think, and to worship God in such form, in private or in public, as his conscience bids him, so long as he does not violate the civil rights of other citizens. This is that which every reasonable man will concede in theory, and will demand for himself as the birthright of human nature; it is quite distinct from any question of civil disabilities, or of political encouragement, upon whose nature or degrees every possible variety of opinion may fairly exist. We take as our basis only the indisputable.

Call this, then, tolerance, and what is the general result? Out of *twenty-two* Roman Catholic states, there are just *seven* tolerant, or less than *one-third*. But what is still more striking is, that out of the fifteen intolerant, there are no less than *ten* that are *absolutely and exclusively so*. This is the most remarkable feature, as we shall see when we institute a like examination into the Protestant states of the world.

Our induction, however, would be but half complete were we to pause here; we must finish our panoramic

* Until 1832 it was exclusively intolerant. It now consists of five states, united under one federal government, but differing somewhat in laws as well as in their degrees of intolerance. Our judgment may be taken as a fair average.

view, by glancing also at the position of intolerance in Protestant countries. Our object is rather to suggest such thoughts as may foster the growth of toleration and good feeling, than to make out a one-sided case, or glory in an easy triumph; we have spoken with such leniency of Roman Catholic institutions as their position allowed us to use; we shall not show as much favour to the feelings of Protestant states. We would rather correct than flatter; we forget not the sage folly of the clown in *Twelfth Night* :—

“*Duke*.—How dost thou, my good fellow?

“*Clown*.—Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

“*Duke*.—How can that be?

“*Clown*.—Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so by my foes I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused; so that, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.”

We shall, therefore, commence with SWEDEN and NORWAY, which have of late been much cited as a triumphant answer to the claims Protestantism puts forward of being the ally of toleration. How far its exceptional case alters the general argument, we shall not see till we come to cast up results; meanwhile we shall not spare its violations of Protestant principles, though we shall also do what has not yet been fairly done—place the actual facts, the real extent of its delinquency, before the public. Of Norway we may very briefly dispose, as it is now under precisely the same laws, in this respect, as Denmark. Formally united to it in 1814, it for long retained its own constitution, and the complete absence of any dissentient religious sect left legislation on the subject a matter of unimportance. Even now there are scarcely 500 who are not members of the established church. When attention was at length called to the subject, a resolution, of March 6, 1843, gave liberty to Roman Catholics to establish a church, and perform public worship; and this edict was confirmed, and made general for the benefit of all dissenters, on the 16th of July, 1845. The position of the two countries being now identical, and brought under the same laws, we need only consider the con-

stitution of that which dictates to both.

Now, we have no wish to palliate such narrow bigotry as still lingers in these Scandinavian regions; but it is fair to know precisely what should be the extent of our condemnation. It has been asserted, that this is a parallel case for Spain, Tuscany, or Rome. A moment's examination will show that it does not, in the slightest degree, approach their exclusive intolerance, nor even that of other countries, such as Portugal, which have made comparative advances in liberality. The laws still in operation were promulgated on the 24th of January, 1781, by Gustavus III., and profess to establish “a free and unconstrained exercise of religion, and a perfect liberty of conscience.” Even this declaration, however imperfectly carried out in practice, is a tribute to the truth of the general principle, and at once distinguishes the state that professes it from those that explicitly repudiate it. The acknowledgment of what is right is the first step, and a necessary condition to its practice.

A summary of the privileges accorded to Roman Catholics we take from a note furnished to the British government in November, 1813, by M. Gridens, the papal vicar-apostolic at Stockholm, whose permitted office and position may prepare us to find no absolute intolerance, and whose statements cannot be supposed to exaggerate the favourable position enjoyed by his co-religionists :—

“This decree grants permission to the Catholics to build churches, to have bells and churchyards, to bring their children up in the religion of their fathers, to practise openly the ceremonies of their worship within their churches, to procure clergymen who are authorised to solemnise their christenings, marriages, and funerals, and to deliver the proper certificates of these acts. It is in consequence of this decree, that a Catholic parish was established at Stockholm in 1784, with the consent of King Gustavus III., and with the concurrence of Pope Pius VI., who had sent a priest to Stockholm, with the title of apostolical vicar in Sweden.

“The Congregation of the Propaganda at Rome undertook to provide alone for the expenses of a worship of which they witnessed the restoration in Sweden with particular pleasure. The new parish got firmly established. The Catholics frequented with zeal a church which united them all under

one and the same priest. Some years after, the French, and Austrian, and Spanish chapels were shut up. The Catholic courts gave over sending any chaplains to Sweden, and maintaining them there.

"The Catholics who reside in Stockholm, in the interior of Sweden, and in the large towns of that country, amount to the number of one thousand, or thereabouts. The parish of Stockholm counts seven or eight hundred of them. They are Germans, and descendants of Germans, who went to Sweden to work in the cloth, silk, and glass manufactures; Frenchmen, who went thither to exercise their respective arts, or who having been in the retinue of some ministers, or other great personages, continued in Sweden; Italians, that repaired to Sweden for the purposes of trade; and individuals of almost every nation."

He mentions, also, that the Roman Catholics were too few and too poor to build churches; and states, that a chapel in Stockholm, and another in Gothenburg, with two or three priests to visit detached members in other places, would suffice for their spiritual wants.* It is evident that no difficulty has been opposed to this by the state, for we find that there is at present in Stockholm a Roman Catholic chapel and a Jewish synagogue, besides other minor sects.

We shall, however, examine more minutely the provisions of these laws, and, first, see how much freedom they concede. We find that there is perfect freedom to each one to *continue* in his own religious opinions; full liberty to construct as many churches as may be required, to appoint and maintain proper ecclesiastics, to perform every act of public worship within the appropriated precincts, but avoiding public processions in the streets — ceremonies that cannot be said to be a necessary part of their ritual, and that might naturally lead to angry collisions with the majority — the right of endowing schools for the instruction of their members in their own religion, and of sending teachers for the same purpose where no schools exist. No one of the dominant religion is permitted to ridicule the Roman Catholic doctrines, under a penalty of from ten to fifty dollars, and any one who interrupts their service, is liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars. No Lutheran clergyman is allowed, under severe penalties, to intrude on

any but his own flock, or to force his services where not required. Nay, even if expressly sent for by a Roman Catholic in the hour of sickness, or under apprehension of impending death, he is bound by a wholesome and charitable admonition, that —

"The sick shall only be addressed according to the Gospel, on the grace of redemption and justification, their minds not being disturbed, nor their consciences burdened, with religious debates and controversies."

From this side of the picture we might conclude that Sweden was eminently tolerant; at least, if we recall the very humble standard of toleration by which we tested Roman Catholic countries, we might find enough to save it from falling into the opposite class. But, unhappily, there is much at the other side, which must make us reverse the verdict, and all the more, that it is in a Protestant country. It would not be sufficient ground for such a decision, that Sweden allows no convents or monasteries; such institutions are, at least, no essential part of the Roman Catholic religion; they are rather its adjuncts and assistants. They have been repressed in Roman Catholic countries, and particular orders abolished,† as formerly in Tuscany, and more recently in Spain. The plain, insurmountable charge against Sweden is, that it will allow no man to *change* his religion, except for that of the state. To no other will it permit any efforts to spread its tenets. No Lutheran can attend any service but his own, without being subject to a fine of ten dollars; those who attempt his conversion are fineable to the extent of 100 dollars, and should their efforts be successful, he is subject to banishment, or confiscation of his property.

Having said thus much, we have said all, and unhesitatingly denounce so timid, narrow, and un-Protestant a policy. It will, however, at once be plain, that this forms no set-off to the darkness of Italy; in contrast with it, it is actually light; placed beside our British ideas of freedom, both must be condemned, but with a very different condemnation. Can Italian Protestants establish public churches, endow schools or clergy for teaching their children the

* See the Report on the Relations of Foreign Governments, Feb. 14, 1851, page 285.

† See a number of these referred to in the bull of Pope Clement XIV., abolishing the Jesuits.

Bible? or are their opinions protected from insult or oppression? This one question shatters at once the fancied parallel.

But it is also worth while to see how these antiquated notions have so long found a solitary abode amid the long Norwegian nights. It is remarkable that they are rather an inheritance of the past than any modern creation. In the fierce struggles, and religious wars of the seventeenth century, no country was at first more endangered than Sweden, as, finally, it was it that flung into the contest the decisive weight of its hardy veterans. Assailed by external force, betrayed by its own monarchs, the habits of centuries, the example of its opponents, suggested but the one remedy, the only one then known in the world — heresy was to be crushed by force; no one at either side had yet dreamed of voluntarily permitting its existence, or encountering it only with the calmer weapons of reason and argument. The treachery of Sigismund, who found himself a solitary Roman Catholic, the monarch of a Protestant country, drove distrust into fury, and seemed to justify laws which aimed at preventing any recurrence of a like possibility.* Since then, the perfect unanimity of all the inhabitants, and the little intercourse of foreigners within the country, for a long time made the question of toleration one of little practical moment. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that the importation of a number of Roman Catholic artisans first drew attention to the subject, and the speedy result was the edict of 1781.

But we are now more concerned with the remedy of the evil, than with tracing its origin. The public voice has protested loudly and effectually against Tuscan cruelty; why, it may be asked, has no similar cry of indignation penetrated with shame the intolerance of Sweden? Simply because no similar opportunity has arisen; there has been no Madias case to arouse public attention. Mere abstract laws will never

awake popular excitement; it demands some individual instance of their unjust exercise to evoke a general expression of sympathy with their victim. If such exist, why has it not been dragged into publicity by the not reluctant Roman Catholic press? The fact is, that nothing has occurred that would afford a rallying point for an agitation, and, but that some laborious individuals ransacked the world to find a compensating parallel for what all honest Roman Catholics were heartily ashamed of, we should never have heard of these Swedish laws. If there had been no Madias, these might have long lain in obscurity, unknown alike to all parties in England.

But now they are known, and what is the conduct of both sides? But one instance of the interference of the state with ecclesiastics had hitherto been authenticated. A priest, by name Stadmann, in 1833, obtruded himself without the ordinary authority or notifications, and conducted himself with an intemperance that attracted attention. The Swedish minister, instead of expelling him summarily, communicated courteously with Rome, and received a reply from the Vatican, thanking him for his forbearance, and condemning "the imprudent and unprecedented conduct of Priest Stadmann."† This would certainly have made a miserable foundation for a cry of persecution, and Roman Catholics had the good sense to say nothing about it. The first intimation the British public receives of any fresh grounds of complaint are in some very angry editorial articles, mixed up with other facts that were known to be apocryphal, with arguments in defence of intolerance — only it should be practised exclusively in favour of the writer's co-religionists — and altogether brought forward in a tone and spirit, and with such doubtful truth, that it is only a marvel such statements were not suffered to perish in obscurity. If they were true, why did not the Roman Catholics — the *soi disant* and osten-

* Pressed by the demands of his subjects, he asked the papal nuncio if he might not yield, but could not obtain his permission. He having then addressed himself to the Jesuits in his suite, who declared, that, in consideration of the necessity of the case, he might comply with the demands of the heretics without offending God. Having got their decision in writing, he then yielded to the exclusive demands of the Protestants; but, in order to get rid of the obligation formally incurred by oath to the one party, he took an oath of directly contrary tendency to the nuncio, and acted on the latter, as long as permitted.—See *Rank's History of the Popes*, vol. ii. p. 18.

† Despatch from Cardinal Bernetti, April 30, 1833.

tations champions of religious equality, and whose sympathies should first be aroused to defend the sufferers for their faith—bring the voice of public opinion to remedy the injustice? Why had they no deputations to Stockholm, no public meetings, no demonstration but a paltry ebullition of retaliatory spleen?

Not so with the Protestants. Men, well known for their sincere opposition to Roman Catholicism—bodies whose professed object is to expose its errors, have united to send agents abroad to investigate the reality of these charges, and have professed their willingness to add the weight of the Protestant opinion they largely represent to any remonstrance that may be addressed upon established facts.* We need not pause to contrast this manly conduct with the timidity or insincerity that restrained so many Roman Catholics from joining in a similar protest on behalf of Protestants. By their silence they confirm a calumny against their religion; they seem to acquiesce in doctrines they do not repudiate; they give another triumph to Protestantism by the marked contrast of the reception each gives to acts of intolerance by members of its own religion.

And now our task is nearly done. We have visited Protestant Sweden with a severity that Roman Catholic Austria could not have stood, had we applied as severe a test; henceforth we shall have little more than to complete our catalogue, marking, perhaps, any striking differences in the degree of toleration afforded, but finding none that do not more than satisfy our definition.

As the most antiquated and the least progressive, we may commence with DENMARK. Here it is only of late years that the universal exercise of religion has been made a fundamental law; previously the Roman Catholics (who, however, number but 2,500) had been restricted in their places of worship; at present they possess all they are able to maintain in Copenhagen, Fredericia, Frederichstadt, Altona, and Kiel.

The NETHERLANDS may be briefly and satisfactorily dismissed. Leo XII. condescended to the very unusual course of making a concordat with the Protestant King, William I.,† for the govern-

ment of the Roman Catholic Church. This is a very unusual proceeding with a heretic prince, and argues the belief of the Vatican, that it had to deal with a government of no ordinary liberality. The internuncio at the Hague is also head of the Papal Church in Holland, and as such receives a pension from the state. It has even been formally announced, that it is the intention of the Vatican to establish an organised Roman Catholic hierarchy there; perhaps to prove to the world that Holland is on the point of being converted, but with about as much truth as if a sudden importation of coffins were to be made, to persuade the sturdy inhabitants that they were all inevitably dead men.

We may take our testimony in favour of PRUSSIA from the papal bull of August, 1822, known as *De Salute*, which regulates the Roman Catholic Church. We shall only add, that the correspondence of religious communities with Rome had been then subjected to the state regulations that are ordinarily imposed in Roman Catholic countries, and to no other, and that even these have been removed by an article in the constitution of January, 1850. The followers of the Pope can hardly complain, when he is compelled formally to announce, as the result of his "efforts to preserve the Catholic faith"—

"Our wishes in this respect have been greatly seconded by the aforesaid King of Prussia, whom we have found, and gratefully acknowledge, to be animated by the most benevolent wishes towards his very numerous Catholic subjects; so that at length we are able to bring everything to a happy and prosperous conclusion, and we can constitute the churches anew, and divide the dioceses, and provide all places that require it with their own fit and worthy pastors."

HANOVER we cannot pass without noticing a curious incident in its dealing with the papal hierarchy within its realm. These are regulated by a bull, issued March 26, 1824, which divided this country, where they could have but one-ninth of the population under their spiritual direction, into episcopal dioceses, with much the same *sang froid* with which England was recently similarly parcelled out. To this bull our own sovereign, then also King of Hanover, gave his royal sanction; but

* See the correspondence in *Tablet*, of March last, with the Protestant Alliance.

† June 18, 1827.

we should add, that his sanction was sued for *before* the bull was published.

The kingdoms of WURTEMBERG and SAXONY are the only other states of the German Confederation that we mention apart from the whole of Germany. In both nearly equally complete toleration exists. In the former, where education is very much advanced and very generally diffused, the striking feature is the number of Roman Catholic schools. In the latter the reigning family is Roman Catholic, although there are not 30,000 of that persuasion out of a population of more than 1,600,000. Both, however, are on an equal footing, not only as to religious but as to civil rights, and both have members in the Diet. It is true there are limitations as to conversions from one religion to another, but these are perfectly mutual, and are adopted by both—whether wisely or not—as safeguards against fraud, not as restraints upon convictions.* Thus, after the age of twenty-one, no one can be prevented from changing his religion; he must, however, give notice to the clergyman of the persuasion to which he has hitherto belonged, and must continue four weeks before taking the final formal step. All improper inducements to proselytism, whether by bribes or intimidation, are severely punishable.

Of what remains of GERMANY—that great centre of the intellectual activity of Europe—after deducting those greater kingdoms which are entitled to the dignity of a separate consideration, we still find no less than twenty-four independent states, each preserving its own internal laws, though portions of the one great federal alliance. In each of these it is competent to differ from its neighbours by enacting intolerant laws, and, therefore, the decision of each is a distinct expression of opinion.

It is not our object to swell the number of Protestant tolerant states, by counting these *per capita*, as no less than twenty-two are Protestant, and but two are Roman Catholic; but it would be equally unreasonable to omit the aggregate as a unit, when it represents more than six millions of men, and conveys their decision all the more forcibly that it has been taken in detail. The degree of toleration differs in particulars, especially in the amount of civil privileges accorded to the mi-

nority; but in none is there any impediment to the free exercise of any form of the Christian religion. In Baden, where, strange to say, there is a much larger proportion of Roman Catholics than in any other state, there are some singular regulations as to convents. None are allowed to take the monastic vows for more than seven years; and a government inspector, at the appointed time, presents himself to each inmate, and proffers the means of escape, should any be so inclined. Doubtless, the *power* of obtaining freedom often checks the longing that would spring up within the bosom, were it hopelessly lost for ever; and, at the same time, it must insure a management in harmony with the wishes of the inmates. In some other states no new convents are allowed to be established; but it does not appear that there is any occasion for more than those that exist at present. Their ideas have not, in many respects, expanded to our latitudinarianism; but they seem to distinguish, not unreasonably, between allowing the essentials of a religion, and encouraging its ornaments or luxuries. There is also a general notion, that, as man is not to be suffered to voluntarily take away his own life, so he is not to be permitted to vow away his liberty; or, at least, the step should not be irrevocable—there should be left some *locus penitentiae*.

SWITZERLAND—the cradle of the Reformation, and the champion of freedom—is not without peculiarities. The general federal government has formed no regulations as to religion; each canton acts independently. Out of its twenty-two cantons, there are but seven Roman Catholic, and about four-fifths of the population are of the reformed faith. All, however, adopted the same principles, and did not suffer religious opinions to be made any ground of disqualification. Thus they lived in harmony till about 1830, when a series of political revolutions commenced, that led to a permanent conflict of religious interests. To the intrigues of the Jesuits, who sought to abuse the liberty accorded them, by obtaining an exclusive and ascendant power, these internal dissensions were attributed. We cannot pause to discuss how far they were its sole cause; but, unquestionably, they exasperated

* These are prescribed by a mandate of Frederick Augustus, dated January 20, 1827.

differences, and flung themselves into the turmoil of political agitation. This led to a retaliation by the Protestant cantons, carried to an undue excess—as all popular retaliations are—and the Jesuits were expelled by force, as the *causa teterrima belli*. It should, however, be observed, that these acts had their origin in political causes, and not in any intolerant laws; and it should be remembered, that there is no Roman Catholic country that has not, at some time, been compelled to adopt the same course towards these too-active politico-ecclesiastics. Even conceding the injustice of individual acts, it is impossible to deny the perfect freedom that is allowed to the ordinary exercise of every Christian religion in Switzerland. An establishment of Jesuits can hardly be called an essential to any, after the solemn declaration of a Pope to the contrary.*

For a moment we must cross the Atlantic, to dismiss almost in a sentence the mighty nation that overspreads the western world, the UNITED STATES. Neither the federal government, nor any of the individual states, permit any laws either for the encouragement or the suppression of any particular form of religion. They have cut the gordian knot of legislative difficulty, rather than arrived at its philosophical solution. It is not for us here to discuss how far a nation can abjure all national character or re-

sponsibility, and become purely a political association; it is enough to notice the fact that such is there the case. We need here only remark that the states must, undoubtedly, be classed amongst the Protestant countries. It derived the foundation of its laws from England; from thence it drew its spirit of freedom, and its religion it still retains. In a country whose growth is so rapid, it is not easy to be precise; its population changes day by day; but we may safely assume the Roman Catholics as not more than one-eighth of the entire.†

Were we anxious to swell an already overwhelming majority, we might fairly add Canada to the list of Protestant countries. Though but a colony, it has been entrusted with large powers of self-government; and recent legislation has placed in the power of the Assembly to deal with, as it pleases, the property held for years by the Established Church, under the name of the clergy reserves. As, however, we are determined to deal more severely with our own than with our opponents' side, we shall not press it into our ranks.

Thus have we made the grand continental tour of Europe, and traversed the entire globe, in the effort to condense from each, into our panorama, the striking features that bear on this great question, that each day more and more agitates the heart of Europe.

* It is so common to confound the Jesuits with Roman Catholicism itself, that it is well to advert to an often-quoted document that proves the contrary—we mean the brief of Clement XIV., July 21, 1783. Speaking of his predecessors' efforts to control the turbulence of the Jesuits, he says:—"In vain did they endeavour to restore peace to the Church, as well with regard to *secular affairs*, with which the company ought not to have interfered, as with regard to the missions which gave rise to great disputes on the part of the company with the ordinaries, with other religious orders, about holy places and communities of all sorts in Europe, Africa, and America, to the great loss of souls, and scandal of the people; as likewise concerning the practice of certain idolatrous ceremonies adopted in certain places, in contempt of those approved by the Catholic Church; and further, concerning the use of certain maxims, which the Holy See has, with reason, *proscribed as scandalous*, and manifestly contrary to good morals. . . . Complaints and quarrels were multiplied on every side; in some places dangerous seditions arose, tumults, discords, scandals, which, entirely breaking the bonds of Christian charity, excited the faithful to all the rage of party hatreds and enmities. Desolation and danger grew to such a height, that the very sovereigns, whose piety and liberality towards the company were so well known as to be looked upon as hereditary—we mean our dearly beloved sons in Christ, the Kings of France, Spain, Portugal, and Sicily—found themselves reduced to the *necessity of expelling from their states* these very companions of Jesus, persuaded that this step was necessary to prevent Christians from rising against one another, and from massacring each other in the very bosom of our common mother, the holy Church." As he appropriately concludes by abolishing and suppressing the order, we may infer, that a state may amply tolerate Roman Catholics, and yet expel the Jesuits.

† This is the report of the Rev. Mr. Mullen, who was sent over last year to make a collection for the projected Newman University. He conceives that, out of more than fifteen millions, there are less than two millions of Roman Catholics. He would be more correct in making the numbers twenty-three and three millions. See *Freeman's Journal*, April 24, 1852.

We have at length returned home, and find ourselves, not displeased if somewhat fatigued, in GREAT BRITAIN again. It is but a unit in the account, but one that surpasses in magnitude the aggregate of nearly all the rest. Circling the wide globe with its dependencies, embracing under its sway some portion of every quarter of the earth, its 160 millions would outnumber the inhabitants of all the states that own Roman Catholic rule.* Its free institutions are therefore of incalculable value to the progress of the human race, and its scattered possessions are centres whence a kindred spirit may diffuse itself amid surrounding oppression. It, therefore, fitly closes our list of tolerant states, and enables us to pause and view the general result.

Out of eleven Protestant countries we have found but *one* intolerant, and *not one* such as we have called above "exclusively intolerant," or wholly forbidding the profession of any but the established religion.

Out of twenty-two Roman Catholic, we could detect but *seven* tolerant, and there were *ten* "exclusively intolerant."

Thus the in-tolerance of Protestantism is *one-eleventh*, and the toleration of Roman Catholicism is but one-third of their respective numbers; or, to reduce them to a common standard of comparison, Roman Catholic intolerance is just *thirty-three* times more general than Protestant!

We write not the words in triumph, or in any spirit of self-laudation; it is a fact that suggests much to both sides—a fact elicited not by any one-sided examination, or by any advocacy of argument; it has flowed inevitably from a simple statement of things as they really exist. Let those ponder well on its significance, who stir up the wild passions of the ignorant by vague declamation on fancied persecutions, and on an ideal freedom. If they be sincere in their Utopian aspirations, let them expand their sympathies, and find in Protestantism their best friend—that which first developed in the world the principle of toleration, and fostered the growth of rational liberty. If they but raise a senseless clamour to extort further civil concessions, let them learn by the contrast of what they

have allowed to others, to value what they possess at home.

What is there for the legitimate objects of their religion, that they do not amply enjoy? Their churches raise their stately fabrics in our most frequented streets; their towers and spires fling forth the pealing summons to prayer from the vantage ground of the most conspicuous hills; within the heart of London rises a cathedral destined to revive in mimic grandeur the colossal fabric of St. Peter's. Could the early Christians look forth from their tombs, they would gaze in wonder to see the simplicity of their faith enshrined in such temples and ceremonial pomp, and would justly pause to question its identity.

Nowhere are the signs of oppression or degradation. Their ministers freely teach, and freely preach, and draw their education from the bounty of the state. Their hierarchy almost rent the kingdom with the outburst of their indignation, because they were asked to prefix the words "Roman Catholic" to their title, or else state that they were bishops not "of," but "acting in," a particular diocese. Even this law they are freely allowed to violate; but the outcry it raised proves plainly how light their grievances must be when this was one of unparalleled magnitude. Their writers attack the dominant faith with every effort of argument—load it with every abusive epithet, and too often seek to degrade it by unscrupulous misrepresentations. They freely propagate their own faith, and too commonly reply to the like efforts of Protestants by boldly crushing them in the violence of popular intimidation. Their ecclesiastics fling themselves into the troubled waters of politics—deliver from the hustings exasperating speeches against Protestants and governments, and often wield the spiritual weapons to rally together voters against both; yet both government and Protestants make no laws to restrain such violence that would not equally affect themselves. They gather public meetings unchecked, and wax eloquent in defence of principles which here, as Roman Catholics, they can safely propound, but which in Rome would soon consign them to the dungeons of St. Angelo.

There, who would permit it to be

* These do not exceed at most 150 millions. Those under Protestant laws are about 220 millions.

taught that any but the one religion—the true one, of course, for such each man thinks his own—should be publicly tolerated? When will a Protestant church raise its head in the Corso or the Ripetta, proclaiming the existence of a heretic sect, or rather its permission, for its wide-spread growth no Italian doubts? True, the English are permitted to worship in a room—their creed demands no more ostentatious temple; but if this were not connived at they would not reside at Rome. The government proclaims the principle, but makes an exception in favour of our advantageous wealth. Our travellers fill the half-deserted palaces, and purchase the treasures of Italian art. English gold is scattered freely, and therefore a solitary exception is made in their favour. Lest, however, it should be turned into a precedent, or cited as a breach of the sacred principle of intolerance, it is an exception not avowed; and the ubiquity and piercing eyes of the Roman *sbirri* are supposed not to be aware of so grave a breach of discipline. The answer to an application for compensation for damage done in the revolutionary tumults was, that his Holiness was not aware of the existence of any Anglican chapel, and could not permit its continuance if any such came to his knowledge! We fear, therefore, this is the *exceptio quæ probat regulam*, and can hardly be cited as a set-off for the chapels that freely rise here at home.

We have as yet said nothing of the civil disabilities that are imposed throughout the world by the dominant religion on the minority. This is a question fraught with practical difficulties, and on even whose fundamental principles there is no general agreement. It is one thing to permit to each all that his conscience teaches him is necessary for the exercise of his religious belief; it is quite another question how far the state is to afford facilities or encouragement for the teaching of what it conceives to be error. This will be at once seen by pushing the supposition to an extreme case. If a number of persons were to establish a sect of Atheists, no one would propose to imprison or hang them, nor should we vainly endeavour to change their unbelief by resorting to violence; we should leave the sect to die out in its impotent scepti-

cism. But it by no means follows that they should not feel the weight of public opinion. The nation is not so far to sink into indifference, under the semblance of a false liberality, as to promote them to places of honour and responsibility as readily as its other members. We are not bound to seek among them our legislators or our rulers—those who are to dispense the laws of education, or to watch over the purity of morals. The limits of civil toleration—for it has limits—we have not blended with the subject of this paper; the one is often confounded with the other; but, to arrive at any sound conclusions, the two questions should ever be kept apart.

We have seen that religious freedom is sheltered under Protestant rule, and withers in those Roman Catholic countries where the overweening power of their ecclesiastics is suffered to crush the independence of the laity. All persecuting national laws first flowed from admitting the principles of papal usurpation. Its code sprang originally from its pretensions to temporal power, and is too apt to be upheld by a priesthood who fancy they descry in the splendour and power of their order the best guarantees for the progress of their religion. It is to the Roman Catholic laity, then, we must look to check the assumption of their ecclesiastics, and to prevent a return to their antiquated tenets. It is they who must—as they often did of yore—smite down the extravagance of their spiritual rulers. It is they who should extort a clear declaration of their principles, and not lie under the imputation, before their fellow-men, of being blindly linked to a system of utter intolerance, that in their hearts they detest, but have not the courage to overthrow. The honourable manliness of some isolated few will not suffice; the timid silence of the many, the ominous reserve of their leaders will more than counterbalance such scattered protests. If they would for ever silence the calumny, they must disprove its truth; they must either, by a public movement *en masse*, separate themselves from the political principles of their clergy, or they must compel their clergy to renounce, in an authoritative form, the intolerant doctrines that they so long permitted to pervert and degrade Christianity.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1853	655
THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE	663
ON THE ANCIENT MUSIC OF THE HEBREWS IN GENERAL, AND THEIR TEMPLE MUSIC IN PARTICULAR.—PART I.	675
THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM	684
ANCIENT SOPHISTS AND MODERN LIBERALS	691
A PILGRIMAGE TO THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS. PART II.—A DAY UPON THE "HORN," AND A RIDE AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS	701
THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN	718
SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT. CHAPTER XXIII.—A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE. CHAP- TER XXIV.—"THE HERR ROBERT"	726
NINEVEH—SECOND ARTICLE	740
OUR COLONIES	758
INDEX	777

DUBLIN

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THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1853.

If some one of those, who, a few years ago, broken in fortune and bankrupt in hope, had fled from the famine, and the pestilence, and the poverty, which, like dark spirits, brooded over this his native land; if some such one were now suddenly to return from a distant clime, and find himself placed on the western side of Merrion-square, we can fancy many of the sensations which he would experience. Possibly, he would first rub his eyes, and give himself a shake or two in order to discover whether he was in a state of wakefulness or somnambulism. Then, finding that he was really awake, the thought would, for a moment, cross his bewildered imagination, that, like Rip Van Winkle, he had been reposing in some "sleepy hollow" for half a century or so, and had now opened his eyes upon a world that had played him a trick in his sleep, and gone a-head of him and his generation. But this phantasy, too, would quickly pass away, for he sees much around him just as he left them: the houses do not look an hour older, nay, he thinks they look a year or two younger and smarter; the windows are all particularly bright and cheery, and have quite a wide-awake air; the wood-work has the cleanly look of recent painting; and the whole external appearance is very much that of a man who has just got a suit of new clothes, which he is ostentatiously ventilating in public. And the people themselves are dressed much in the same fashion as when last he was in the metropolis; neither do they look upon him, as they pass with ill-suppressed astonishment, nor put their hands to their chins and stroke down imaginary beards. But his per-

plexity would not, for all this, be a whit the less, nay, it would be the greater, as he misses many a familiar object. Where is the pleasant *solitude* of the thoroughfare, wherein he used to enjoy, undisturbed, his own sombre thoughts? Where is the luxuriant spring of tender grass-blades that, in this sweet month of May, was wont to shoot up between the pavement, checquering its whiteness with a refreshing green, and making the walk along the iron paling look like mosaic work? Where is the shabby dwarf wall that fenced in the fine lawn of the Royal Dublin Society, by the side of which, in by-gone days, the old blind clarionet player, so often wearily marched to and fro, performing some incomprehensible *melody*, every note of which his asthmatic breath converted into a spasmodic shriek, and his trembling fingers into an endless shake? Where is the little old man, with the white apron and the tray of oranges, whose voice, as he proclaimed his merchandise to the half dozen people who thronged the neighbourhood, was "*Vox clamantis in desertis*," as the voice of one crying in the wilderness? Where, oh! where, above all, is that stately and classic building, fronted by its ample verdant lawn—that building, of which every Irishman, and, above all, every Dubliner, was justly proud—the House of the Royal Dublin Society? Gone, all gone! At least, so far as the eye can discover. And what sees he in their place? A vast pile of building, novel in its character, having little in common with the long-established styles of old-world architecture, yet not without a beauty of its own, and a magnificent lightness that savours

somewhat of Orientalism. His eye first runs along the light arcade which, in alternating straight lines and curves, forms the basement front, thence he looks upwards and traces the outline of a large and lofty dome, standing out against the sky, and hiding from the view every object beyond it; this is flanked, at either side, by a dome of similar structure and smaller dimensions; beyond, are other domes, rising in depressed gradations, while from the summit of the central dome, a gay flag streams upon the air. Again, his attention is turned eastward, and he sees a busy festive throng pressing into the interior, through numerous doors, while hundreds loiter outside, gazing and gaping, like himself, at this unwonted spectacle. At length he espies in the crowd some old familiar face; he precipitates himself upon the body to which the face belongs; he clutches him by a projecting button of his coat; he stoppeth him, as did "The Ancient Mariner" stop "one of three." How impatiently the arrested man turns round and demands—

"Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The entrance door is opened wide,
And I must get within;
The Marshal's there, and the Lord Mayor—
May'st hear the civic din."

But the new-arrived is not to be so easily shaken off—

"He holds him with his skinny hand."

He points in speechless wonder at the scene before him; he looks with an air of bewildered inquisitiveness into the face of his friend, who at length begins to have an inkling of what the other would be at, and so he exclaims—

"God save thee, ancient comrade mine,
What maggot's in thy skull?
Why look'st thou so? Pray, don't you know
THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL HALL?"

Yes, the transition within the last few years has been rapid and gratifying in Ireland. She has indeed rebounded from beneath the pressure which crushed her down to the dust, with an elasticity that is at least characteristic of the genius of her people, who step from beside the corpse in the wake-house to dance in the outer chamber—that resembles her changeful skies, where tearful clouds are so often dissipated by the laughing sunshine. Yes, the transition has been great and fills us with hope for the future; for we confess we are of those who hope

much for the future of Ireland, and who can see, in the pestilence and famine, the ultimate purifier and regenerator. And here is an evidence to our minds that the recuperative process has set in strongly in Ireland. Five short years since and we had great temporary buildings erected in this our city, even as we have to day, but they were the fever-sheds and the soup-kitchens. The structure which has, within the last few months, sprung up, like the palaces of Eastern fiction at the bidding of the magician, is that which one, who may fitly be called the high-priest of INDUSTRY, has raised as a temple in which all nations may minister to her.

It is quite true that the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1853 is the achievement of an individual, and as such may afford no true test of the improvement of the country, inasmuch as individual wealth is quite consistent with national poverty. Nevertheless, as nations are composed of individuals, the riches, the virtues, the public spirit of the individual, to some extent, more or less as the case may be, affects the state. Besides, in an instance such as the present, we doubt that the wealth or the exertions of any individual could bring an undertaking of the kind to a successful issue, if there were not a full response on the part of the nation at large—if the national pulse was not again beating with somewhat of its former health, and the spirit of trade and enterprise were not again renescent. And thus we feel that we are justified in saying that this Great Industrial Exposition is an evidence of national improvement.

Perhaps there is no fact of modern times that more emphatically exhibits the marvellous resources and progress of the age, than these great world-marts which Britain alone has as yet been able to establish, though to another state is due the honour of first conceiving the idea. With all the wealth which the ancient dynasties of the earth—Egypt and Babylon, Persia and Greece, and Rome—each in their turn possessed; with their myriad vassals, their extended territories, their absolute power, how impossible would it have been to accomplish in years what we now see done in months!—nay, before the era of steam-power, and the establishment of railways, how vain and chimerical would it have been to attempt to bring together, as has been

recently done in London, and is now doing in our own metropolis, the products, and the works, and the sciences of the world; and to congregate the denizens of every land, at a remote insular city, that they might interchange knowledge and thought, each learning something, each teaching something! What a glorious idea in the abstract is this great cosmopolitan congress of men and things. What a mighty traveller!—what a centenarian in years is he who visits and ponders over a scene such as this!—ay, travelled as none could have been a generation ago, and aged as was never an antediluvian, although he may not have come a day's journey to our city, or counted a score years since his nativity. He has now practically traversed all the regions of the earth; he has compassed the wide world; examined all its productions in their natural state; inspected the arts and machinery by which these productions are modified and utilised. He has conversed with the people of every land, and made himself acquainted with the physical condition of every region; and so he has practically journeyed thousands of leagues, and seen and learned the sights and the knowledge which a patriarchal life could not have attained to.

The conception of these great cosmopolitan exhibitions was undoubtedly one of the most enlarged, as it was one of the most important of the age. To execute that conception, and carry it out in all its completeness and entirety, in its generalities and its details, as we have since seen it executed and carried out in London, may well be deemed a marvel—the triumph of industry, and art, and science, all acting in the most harmonious and energetic concert. The spirit evoked, then, has not passed away, and it is a subject of no small or unjustifiable pride for Irishmen, that amidst the difficulties and depression from which our country was only then emerging, one of our own provincial cities, in the following year, got up an exhibition of arts, manufactures, and materials, which, though limited to Ireland, was nevertheless a highly creditable display of native industry; and now Ireland endeavours to follow the great example of the sister country, and institute an Industrial Exhibition, to which she invites the contributions of all countries.

It may be as well that we should briefly state the circumstances from which the present Exhibition originated. The Royal Dublin Society has, as is well known, been for more than a century the active and earnest promoter of the objects for which it was established, previous to the existence of any similar institution in the empire—"the improvement of husbandry, manufactures, and other useful arts and sciences." Amongst other means of promoting those objects, the Society has for the last twenty-five years held Triennial Exhibitions of Manufactures, which were productive of the most beneficial results. This year would, in due course, have been that for a similar exhibition, but one of the members of the Society conceived the great idea which he has carried out, and made the following proposition in June last:—

"Mr. Dargan understanding that the year 1853 will be the year for holding the Triennial Exhibition of Manufactures of the Royal Dublin Society, and being desirous of giving such Exhibition a character of more than usual prominence, and to render it available for the manufactures of the three kingdoms, proposes to place the sum of £20,000 in the hands of a Special Executive Committee, on the following conditions."

The first of these conditions was, "that a suitable building should be erected on the lawn of the Royal Dublin Society." The last, that if the proceeds of the Exhibition should not amount to £20,000, and interest at 5 per cent., Mr. Dargan should receive the proceeds, less all expenses incurred, while any surplus over the expenses and interest should be at the disposal of the committee—a disinterested and generous proposal, by which he might lose, but could not gain. This proposal was cordially accepted by the Royal Dublin Society, and that body referred it to their council to take the necessary steps, in conjunction with Mr. Dargan or his appointees, to carry out the views contained in his letter. The design of Sir John Benson was adopted—the building commenced in September; but during its progress the views of the committee were enlarging. From an imperial, it was determined to make the Exhibition one for the contributions of all nations. More funds were continually required, and instantly supplied from the same mu-

nificent source, till at length the structure, such as we now see it, was opened at an expenditure, by Mr. Dargan, of over £50,000—an expenditure which must necessarily be still further largely added to.

That we should, upon the whole, be able to present to the world a display such as that which was, in the year 1851, exhibited to mankind, could not for a moment be expected. Neither our resources nor our position render that possible; nevertheless, we have followed, with no laggard steps: and in some respects we have even outstripped our elder and wealthier sister. We have, for instance, brought together, in the fine-arts hall, collections of pictures, both of ancient and modern European schools, such as we dare confidently affirm were never before seen in one apartment; and he who now visits our Exhibition, will be able to inspect and study the works of art from the era of the ancient school of Byzantium, to the modern schools of France and Belgium; of Prussia, and Germany, and England.

In this respect, as we have said, Ireland has gone a step beyond England, and in our judgment that step has been taken in the right direction. The Directory of the Great Exhibition of 1851, considering that their relations were far more extensive with the industrial occupations and products of mankind than with the fine arts, circumscribed the latter within very narrow limits. In their introductory observations to the fine arts class, 30, they make the following statement:—

“Those departments of art which are, in a degree, connected with the mechanical processes which relate to working in metals, wood, or marble, and those mechanical processes which are applicable to the arts, but which, notwithstanding this, still preserve their mechanical character, as printing in colours, come properly within this class. Paintings, as works of art, are excluded; but as exhibiting any improvements in colours, they become admissible. When admitted, they are to be regarded not so much as examples of the skill of the artist, as of that of the preparer of colours.”

The consequence of this rule of exclusion was, that very few paintings indeed found a place in the Crystal Palace, and those were necessarily only very modern, and, as paintings, of only secondary merit. The Executive Com-

mittee of our Industrial Exhibition of 1853 have taken a different view of the matter; and, while they admit that the primary objects are those of a utilitarian character, they have admitted the fine arts, both of sculpture and painting, into the Exposition to an extent not before conceded to them. The Committee have stated the reasons that induced them to take this step, and we think those reasons are abundantly satisfactory:—

“It has not been without consideration,” say they, in the introductory remarks prefixed to the Fine Arts’ Catalogue, “it has not been without consideration that the claims of the fine arts, in their abstract character, and viewed apart from utilitarian industry (if, indeed, they can ever be justly so viewed), have been recognised. The difficulty of exclusion appeared at the least as great as of admission. It is not easy often to draw the line of demarcation between objects which come within the strict limits of the fine arts, and those arts which are purely utilitarian in their character. There are few of the latter which do not, to a greater or less extent, include or intimately ally themselves to the former; and, therefore, were the boundary to be defined with a scrupulous determination to exclude every article whose object is solely utilitarian, the result would be to reject from the Exhibition much that now finds a place within it. When the mere necessities of life have been satisfied, civilisation superadds to the useful the ornamental, and soon learns to recognise it as a necessity of life also; for the perception of the beautiful is innate to the mind of man, and when the useful has been achieved, the cravings for the beautiful will seek to be satisfied. Hence sculpture, in the most extended acceptance of that term, enters into the composition of a vast proportion of the articles designed for utilitarian purposes. The same may be said of painting. In truth it is difficult, when once we have emerged from the rudest and most elementary state of society, to deny that the fine arts are themselves utilitarian. The desires of the eye for that which is beautiful in form and colour, if not essential to mere existence, assuredly are so to the enjoyment of life; and hence sculpture and painting, in the abstract, may, it is presumed, be fitly exhibited without transgressing the strict limits which should be assigned to an Industrial Exhibition.

“Under this conviction, the committee have admitted works of fine art which are not utilitarian, in the ordinary sense of the word; and they have done so the rather that the study of sculpture and painting is essential to the ornamentation of almost every-

thing in ordinary use. Nor let it be forgotten, as one of the *uses* of the fine arts unconnected with industrial objects, that the statuary and the painter contribute to the pages of history as well as the scribe or the printer. The former perpetuates and diffuses the forms and the character of historical persons and events of natural history, and scenery, and costume, as the latter cannot do."

In our judgment, the committee have taken a very just view of the subject, and we believe the public will be of the same opinion. Indeed it is not easy to understand how, in the Crystal Palace, casts of many of the finest works were admitted pretty freely as specimens of "plastic art," while pictures were excluded, though one would think they might be considered as specimens of the art of colouring. The former, as every one knows, and the Directory themselves admitted, "greatly tended to relieve the general aspect of the Exhibition, and their happy and judicious arrangement in the great structure formed one of its most interesting features." The latter, we believe, especially with our present experience, would have been a feature equally interesting, and highly instructive. Certainly, in traversing our own halls, one cannot but be struck with the fine effect on the one hand of the paintings, classed in the several apartments allotted to them, and on the other, of the enlivening relief of the sculpture which everywhere meets the eye, and contrasts most agreeably with the various industrial objects near which they are placed.

It is not our intention to enter into the details of the Exhibition. Indeed, as yet, the arrangements are not sufficiently complete to enable us to do this even if we were so disposed. Whoever has been present at the Great Exposition in Hyde Park—and who has not?—will comprehend readily the general disposition and classification of objects under their different heads of raw materials, manufactures, machinery, and fine arts. For ourselves, we prefer to record the feelings with which a first view of the interior inspired us, as we believe it must inspire every one who is in the habit of reflecting upon what he sees.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the architectural effect of the building, as seen from without, there is but one estimate of the interior.

Every person whom we have heard, competent to pronounce upon it, admits that it is not only artistically fine, but admirably suited for its purposes. And it would be difficult to accord too much praise to the genius and ability of its architect, Sir John Benson, who has carried out in its integrity his original design, varied only by such additions as the increasing exigencies of the Committee required with the enlargement of their views. The central hall is a noble apartment, longer and wider than the transept of the Crystal Palace, and but two feet less in height. The roof springs from coupled pillars, and spans the room in a semicircular arch. From the top flows in, through fluted glass, faintly tinged with green, a cool, mellow light in an abundance amply sufficient for the full display of every object, and yet so admirably toned, that the most delicate fabrics will not suffer from exposure to its influence. In nothing does the building in Dublin more strongly contrast with the Crystal Palace, than in the quantity of light admitted. And, though the effect of the latter may have been more gorgeous, the former is, on the whole, preferable. Entering through the eastern extremity, let us pause for a moment as our eyes traverse the vast range presented to them. On either side run light galleries over the aisles that separate the great hall from the smaller ones, and through many a graceful shaft and light lattice-work the vision penetrates north and south far away into aisles more distant still. In the far front, stands within the apsis, the noble organ; and all around are banners and escutcheons charged with heraldic devices. And now turn from the survey of the halls, to a contemplation of the objects that fill them. Do not at first endeavour to fix your attention upon any solitary subject—let not statue, or fabric, or rich tapestry, or glittering jewellery engross you, but take in the mass as a whole, as you would take in the expanse of some fine diversified landscape without lingering to count the hills, or make acquaintance with each individual tree. Then will you feel an emotion at once sublime and solemn. You will feel that you are in a great and noble temple—one of the greatest and noblest that man can rear—a temple of *INDUSTRY*; and you will know that she, the divi-

nity, is in her temple, and that her countless works are around her. Yes, she is, indeed, the true "Venus Genitrix," more fruitful in all lovely things than the ideal goddess of Grecian mythology, the fair mother of a thousand beautiful children which she has borne to the Vulcan of toil—he of the sinewy arm and hot brow. These two have been given to man, and they have walked with him ever from the day that the cherubim with his flaming sword barred his return to Eden; and they have sustained him in his sorrow, teaching him bitter lessons of knowledge—not pleasant, indeed, to the eye, as was that fruit which grew upon the tree in Paradise, nor sweet to the mouth as was the scroll to the seer of Patmos—yet wholesome, and good, and elevating, leading him day by day back again towards the land of his birth and the golden age of his creation, when knowledge was intuition, when art was heaven-taught, and science filled his soul—a divine light flowing unobscured from Deity. In all ages men have honoured Labour and Industry, and hymned their praises; have acknowledged that, without their aid, neither the good nor the beautiful can be achieved. The poet, Menander, thus exhorts man to honourable toil—

Εργοῖς φιλόπονός ἐσθὴ, μὴ λόγοις μόνον.
 Ἐν μυρίοις τὰ καλά γίγνεται πονοῖς.
 Μοχθεῖν ἀνάγκη τοὺς θελοντας εὐτεχεῖν.
 Φιλόπονός ἐσθὴ καὶ βίον κηρὸς καλόν.

"Love thou to labour, not in words alone,
 But ever with a constant heart and hand.
 Out of much labour all things lovely spring;
 And they that would be prosperous and great
 Must toil incessant. Love thou labour, then,
 So shall thy life be full of loveliness."

And Claudian shows us by a figure that without risk and toil neither that which is grateful to the senses, nor useful for the sustentation of life, can be attained:

"Non quisquam fruitur variis odoribus,
 Hybleos latebris nec spoliatur favia,
 Si fronti caveat, si tement rubos,
 Armat spina rosas, mella legunt apes."

And here shall you see around you the grandeur and the nobility of Industry; here you shall see how man has won back again, by the ordinance of God, what the great principle of Evil had ravished from him, drawing forth from the now niggard earth her fruits, her metals, her jewels, even in an abundance that exceeds all that she spontaneously poured forth ere the curse came

upon her; here shall you see the elements and the powers of nature subjugated to the indomitable energy of man—fire and water, the ambient ether, and those subtler essences which permeate creation, and yet cannot evade the strong will of man—the Prospero, whose knowledge has discovered those "delicate spirits" imprisoned within their material dungeons, and frees them by his art, teaching and compelling them, Ariel-like, to

"—— be correspondent to command,
 And do their spiriting gently.
 —— to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
 To run upon the sharp wind of the North;
 To do his business in the veins of the earth,
 When it is baked with frost."

Here shall you see, as it were, new creations from the combinations of primal matter, moulded and modified in endless variety by the power of those mighty mechanic agencies, till beautiful things rise up before you—beautiful beyond the dreams of poets, or the wildest fancies of the speculators of olden times. Yes, look around you on every side; fill your heart with these marvels that crowd upon you; then pause a while, and meditate upon them. And when you acknowledge the potency of man when he toils—the elevation which he has painfully climbed up to, as Titan-like he piles up the material world to reach the intellectual heaven—forget not to recognise, in all these things, in the art and the artificer, a greater than man—He who breathed into his nostrils the breath of life—forget not that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." So shall you spiritually find in those thronged courts all the mute, insensate things around you become vocal; so shall you spiritually hear them uniting in a canticle of praise, as sublime and universal as that which the three Children sang in the furnace flames upon the plain of Dura: "Oh, all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever."

Passing, after a time, from contemplations such as these, when the enthusiasm of the mind has abated, one strays about through hall, and court, and aisle, and gallery, not as yet minutely inspecting anything, but endeavouring to acquire a superficial acquaintance with the location and classification of the various objects that

solicit his attention. Then he most probably begins to speculate upon the influences, moral and social, which exhibitions of this nature are calculated to exercise over mankind. Unquestionably such influences must be very great and very beneficial. When nations far removed from each other, and enjoying but little intercourse, pursued each the arts and sciences, the progress of knowledge was comparatively slow and limited. The discoveries and inventions of one country were not, for a considerable time, made known to other nations, who had often to work out for themselves what was previously known to others. Familiar examples of this, such as the mariner's compass, and various applications of mechanical powers, will occur to every one. But as the facilities of intercommunication were increased, knowledge became generalised, and every nation contributed its quota to the general stock. One step still remained to be taken, to enable man to investigate the acquisitions—natural, artistic, and scientific—of his fellow-men, throughout the world; not by the slow process of visiting every land in succession, but by bringing men and things of all climes together, at a given day and place; thus, as it were, crushing time into a moment, and space into a locality of a few acres. A great step, indeed; one which required the mind of a giant age to conceive—the stride of a giant age to accomplish. A mighty step; and yet it has been taken. Henceforth one may expect—and surely it is no wild speculation—that the advance of knowledge shall be accelerated beyond what has heretofore been witnessed. A thousand intellects are applied—not desultorily, and in perhaps opposing directions—to direct the progress: a thousand strong arms pull all together to speed the movement. To exhibit objects in juxtaposition, enables mankind to estimate the relative positions which the industrial and scientific works of the nations of the world have attained to, and thus to ascertain their abstract advance, in a manner which nothing but juxtaposition could effect; while a personal congress of the great intellects of the age, amid the great productions of the age, may be looked upon as a vast lecture-room of an œcumenical university—an university, to adopt the

felicitous thoughts of Dr. Whewell, in relation to the Exhibition of 1851, of which the colleges are all the great workshops and workyards, the schools and societies of arts, manufactures and commerce, of mining and building, of inventing and executing in every land—colleges in which great chemists, great mechanists, great naturalists, great inventors are already working in a professional manner to aid and develop all that capital, skill, and enterprise can do. Coming from such Colleges to the central University, may we not well look upon it as a great epoch in the life of the material arts, that they have thus begun their university career; that they have had the advantage of such academical arrangements as there have been found, and still more, that they have had the greater advantage of intercourse with each other?

And who shall say what emulation shall be excited in such a place, and upon such an occasion as that which we have now offered to us?—who shall say what knowledge shall be interchanged, what great thoughts shall be evoked by some stimulated intellect; what great incipient scientific discoveries or artistic applications shall be consummated by the operation of many minds in combination? Who shall say what the polished and scientific European may learn from the simple Polynesian, what the gorgeous East may teach the more energetic and practical mind of lands that lie far west of Europe!—what lessons uncultured life may give to those who believe that they are thoroughly civilised! “May we not expect,” to quote the words of Dr. Whewell again, “from this time, the eminent producers and manufacturers, artisans, and artists in every department of art, and in every land, will entertain for each other an increased share of regard and good-will, of sympathy in the great objects which man's office, as producer and manufacturer, artisan and artist, places before him—of respect for each other's characters, and for the common opinion of their body?”

Such are amongst the most obvious benefits which one may safely calculate must result from a great international Exhibition; and these we may hope that our Irish Exhibition will share with that which preceded it. But there are other advantages still peculiar to our condition, which, without

being over sanguine, we may expect to follow in the train of a Great Industrial Exhibition in Ireland. We deem it of the last importance to the prosperity of this country, that her resources should be known and investigated, that her lovely regions should be explored, that her people should be understood, that her manufactures should be encouraged, that the wealth of other countries should find its way into Ireland and remain there; not passing her from east to west, and from west to east, in the constant intercourse of commerce. This can never be the case till Ireland be visited—not by a casual tourist to prepare a guide-book, or an occasional man of literature to partake of her hospitality, to rush through a portion of her romantic scenery, and to eke out his ignorance of her people, their capabilities, and their wants, by gross caricatures, or libellous and ungenerous misrepresentations, as some have done in recent times. No; she must be seen and explored in a philosophic and philanthropic spirit by the man of science, the man of art, the trader, and the capitalist. When Ireland becomes like other countries—like Scotland, like Switzerland, like France—an European thoroughfare—and ceases to be a *terra incognita*, then, and not till then, will she have her fair chance of rising as other lands rise, of taking her legitimate place amongst the nations of the earth. In this Great Industrial Exhibition we believe that an opportunity for Ireland

is now afforded, such as never has been, never may be again, presented. Hundreds have come from England and the Continent, to witness the inauguration; they have seen that Ireland is not behind-hand in many of the arts that civilise and beautify life; they have beheld a great structure raised by the patriotic energy and genius of one large-minded citizen; they have seen our city and its fine edifices; they have associated with our people, and can estimate their genius and their worth; and many of them have penetrated into the interior of the country, now no longer a difficult task, and carried away with them, we believe and hope, memories of its loveliness and its capabilities, that will not readily pass away. Thousands more, we trust, will daily and weekly follow their example during the summer and the autumn. Let them but do so, and we have no fear for Ireland—no distrust of the impression which her visitors shall receive; and so, when at length this vast structure which stands upon the lawn of the Royal Dublin Society shall be removed—when it shall have passed away, even as it arose, like a beautiful vision, still may its influences be permanent and beneficial; may it have served, like the exquisite invention of modern science, to gather together the images of every beautiful and luminous object that came within its field, and so fixing them by the light of truth, leave an enduring picture of itself upon our native land.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Listen, now, a wonderful thing."—LAYAMAN'S BRUT.

"Cælum ipsum petimus stulti."—HORACE.

* * * * *

It was already evening—one long line of melancholy light was stretched out wild and wide upon the distant hill-tops; and, over head, the first stars, few and faint, and one by one, were brightening over the darkened and solemn valleys below us.

The old man, who seemed tired, paused, and, drawing his cloak closer about him, sat down upon one of the long shelving ledges of the rock, motioning me to do the same. I did so, and we remained silent for some time, both, perhaps, wrapt in similar reflections.

Never had Melchior appeared to me more brilliant or more eloquent than he had been that day. This extraordinary man, whose research seemed to have exhausted every branch of human knowledge, infused into whatever subject he touched on—the most abstruse or the most trivial—a profound and varied erudition, and the clear and vivid common sense of genius. But Nature seemed chiefly to have absorbed his attention, and when he spoke of *her*, he was eloquent.

From the star to the clod—from the belt of Saturn, and the path of the Pleiades, to the fringes of a fern—no knowledge, however vast or however humble, had been unattempted or unfathomed by his daring and comprehensive intellect; and his learning no less embraced the healing laws of the smallest simple which we crushed beneath our feet, than the wizard teachings of the antique strata over which it blossomed.

Yet through all that Melchior said there flowed a vein of such profound and unutterable melancholy, and so apparently crushing a sense of the utter nothingness of that learning, which so astonished me by its scope and accuracy, that, musing over our past conversation, I exclaimed, half unconsciously, aloud:—

"Alas! how transcendent, and yet how impotent, is human knowledge! In the measureless distances of space,

what more than a mere point of light is even the orbit of the world? I doubt if Galileo, blind with gazing into heaven, was, in the eyes of Originative Wisdom, much nearer to the secrets of the moon, than the peasant who still believes she shines to make beautiful the fields he knows."

"Yes," said Melchior, with bitterness, "our knowledge is like those thieves whom the Egyptians call Philotes; and she tickles and caresses, only to strangle us at last."

"At least," I answered, "she is but the warden of the outer gate. We scale heights on heights, we descend precipices, we traverse gulfs; but the fortress of wisdom would seem to be an enchanted one, and looks further off the nearer we approach it. Yet to me is it, indeed, both dear and natural to cherish the belief, that human energy is never in vain exerted in the pursuit of what is great. If it fail in one object, does it not obtain others in the effort, and sometimes no mean prizes? The athlete who has been trained for the Olympic goal may never attain it; but he, at least, gains strength and vigour for a lifetime. Surely it is not in vain that we hunger for the unknown. Is it for nothing that Science already stretches out her arms into the future?—for nothing that we have levelled the hills, and bound the earth with an iron girdle, and tamed the lightnings to be our messengers?"

"Ah," replied my companion, "we are only moving in a circle; and if human intellect could illuminate the world, still as dark and as fathomless would lie the spaces beyond. We trace effects to causes, and link from cause to cause the chain of speculation; but the most daring research drops at last, baffled and paralysed before that mysterious and inscrutable First Cause, of which the worlds are but the mystic expressions!"

Again we sat silent for many moments, till Melchior suddenly exclaimed—

"Look me in the face, young friend:

you see my hair is thin and white, and my features ploughed with wrinkles, and my step feeble, and my back bowed. What age do you take me to be of?"

"You cannot," I said, be less than sixty; but, in the full possession of a most rare and gifted intellect, many years of life are, I trust, yet before you. Why not devote to some generous and practical purpose your declining years? What a noble heirloom might not such a mind bequeath to the world of thought."

He shook his head. "You take me," he replied, "for sixty, yet it was but yesterday that I entered on my five-and-fortieth year; and seven years ago my head was wellnigh as erect, and my step as firm as your own."

"Impossible!" I could not help rather rudely exclaiming.

My friend passed his hand convulsively over his heart.

"Have you not read," he replied, in a voice broken by some strange emotion, "of men in cells, condemned to death, whose hair has whitened in a night; of Eastern dreamers who have fed on opium, and grown unnaturally old before their time; of criminals, haunted by the knowledge of some haggard crime that palsies their hand, and wrinkles their brow, and makes them falter in their walk?"

"But you," I answered, with surprise, "are neither a criminal, nor an opium-eater."

"Yet, perhaps, worse," said he, "than either. You, young aspirant after knowledge—you, who still struggle to the Far, and would grasp the unattainable—who, consuming the rushing years of youth in earnest and solemn meditations, still believe in the embodiment of that type of Perfect which has alike allured and baffled the wisdom of your forefathers, listen to the strange and marvellous history of the being who is now beside you; and, if it may be, while yet spared the suffering, learn wisdom from that blighting lesson which experience has seared and graven here."

I could scarcely contain the curiosity with which these words inspired me; for everything connected with this singular person—his strange and reserved habit of life, the impenetrable mystery, the wild rumours which were afloat in the neighbourhood—all combined to surround him with unusual interest.

I therefore urged him eagerly to begin the tale, and, while the night stole downward through the silent and starlit spaces above us, and the glow-worm lighted in the weeds his goblin lamp, Melchior thus began:—

THE HISTORY OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

What loiterer on the Rhine is unfamiliar with the little university town of B——? Do you remember its white walls and houses, glimmering through the purple shadows of the distant mountains, below the quiet river banks? Its quaint roofs, and picturesque and narrow streets, its merry market-place, its venerable scholastic gardens? It was here that the early years of my life were passed. Here, young as yourself—like you, I thirsted for knowledge, and foolishly dreamed to trace it to its mysterious sources. With this ardent desire, I was not long in making myself familiar with all the general branches of science; and, as I was constantly reading books and attending lectures, I soon acquired a reputation in the university both greater and graver than that of any of my fellow-students.

My professors, especially the venerable Herr Inkleman, who was my

tutor, were charmed with my proficiency. Every one prophesied for me a brilliant future. Great thoughts then agitated the German mind, and events which have since shaken the whole of Europe had already cast their shadow upon the time. Not a few looked to the young student of B—— to play a prominent part in the opening drama of the future; for learning in Germany leads oftener to power than is the case in your land.

Far otherwise did I myself regard my own attainments and my own fate. Science and metaphysics, which seemed to me to open the noblest paths to the human intellect, chiefly interested me; but in these, as in every other branch of knowledge, all that I had learned dissatisfied and saddened me—so much was yet to know, so little really known. The understanding of those laws which unfold the leaf and suspend the globe brought no nearer to my com-

prehension the original *causative* law of their existence; and without the knowledge of this law, thought I, all nature is still but as a dead carcass, which I can dissect, but am unable to vivify. All knowledge but this plays only with trifles. This is the true To-Kalon of science, and this science has hitherto failed to teach me.

So I mused; yet not wholly despairing of the end, I continued eagerly to absorb whatever information I could obtain from books, or from Nature herself. In such occupations, the hue of health left my cheek; I grew wan, and sickly, and feverish; the sense of youth deserted me, and I neglected food and exercise, grudging every hour lost from study.

My tutor, who loved me as a son, did not fail to observe this change, and he regarded it with apprehension and concern.

"My dear Melchior," said he, one day, affectionately passing his arm about my waist, "I must really insist upon your giving yourself a holiday. You are not strong enough for the intense study you pursue. We owe a duty, my dear friend, to the body as well as to the mind, for the body is the workman of the intellect; and I am sadly afraid you overtask your slave."

I smiled, and, pressing his hand tenderly, I spoke of my daring hopes and my constant disappointments.

"Knowledge," said he, with a half sigh, "is the lamp which burns in the temple, by whose light we worship the divinity. But it is not itself the divinity; and, if irreverently approached, it becomes only a will-o'-the-wisp, whose meteor-light allures, but ever deceives us."

Thus conversing, we reached the professor's house. It was a large, low-gabled building, on the bank of the Rhine, surrounded by one of those stiff, old-fashioned gardens, so rare in Germany, and which contained a shallow square pond, or fish-tank, in the middle. As we approached the gate, I observed the old man's daughter leaning from the bank, and endeavouring to pluck a white, flat-leaved lily, which was floating on the surface of the water almost beyond her reach.

As I watched her, thus leaning, the wind, lightly pushing one soft brown ringlet from a face radiant with pure and delicate health, and that warm and witching bloom which, in the beauty of

girlhood, is so great a charm: the white neck curving downward — one arm stretched out to the flower, and revealing the perfect outline of a bosom which would have enchanted even a duller book-worm than myself — the light and lustrous shadows of the rose and lilac bushes falling on her from above, she looked so young, so fresh, and fairy-like a thing, that I felt a new pulse of life rushing into my heart, and a sudden warmth upon my cheek. With a nimbleness wholly new to me I leaped the gate; a moment more, and I had plucked the flower and given it to her. She smiled and thanked me with a slight blush; our eyes met, and I felt my own were moist.

In my frequent visits to the house of my tutor, I had sometimes seen and conversed with Margaret before; and, indeed, that sweet, young face, with its soft blue eyes, and happy laughing lips, had often come between me and the schoolman's page — haunted me sometimes in my lonely walks, and even visited me in dreams.

The intense application and study, however, to which I had lately surrendered all my time and mind, had banished from me every thought but that all-absorbing one — the desire of knowledge. Two very strong, and dissimilar emotions cannot exist at the same time in the human heart; and, in mine, indeed, the beauty of Margaret Inkleman had never created any very strong emotion, but rather a vague sense of happiness for which I had never cared to account to myself, like the echo of a tune which is familiar — the quiet light of a summer evening — the perfume of hidden violets in Spring. Now, however, as I beheld her suddenly, after the lapse of some months, during which time the thought of her had never once been present to my mind, standing beside me in all that pomp of youth and beauty, my own lost and squandered youth seemed to rush back upon me at the sight of her.

As we passed into the house, she reproached me playfully for my long absence, and I faltered blundering excuses, and felt foolish and afraid.

The old professor watched us, and smiled.

"There is no knowledge, my dear Melchior," said he that evening, "more worth possessing than the knowledge of our own youth, with all its bound-

less wealth of sensation. Believe this, though it is an old man who speaks. Alas," he added, with a sigh, "all eternity cannot supply the sum struck from a minute!"

From that day my visits to the house of the professor were more and more frequent, and with each I felt myself grow younger. Indeed I seemed to gather youth from the youth of Margaret, and become child-like as she was.

Often did we sit together below the lilacs in the little quaint old garden; and to me it was a strange and new pleasure even to feed the gold fish in the pond, or hear the humming of the bee in the rose, or watch the golden-winged butterflies swimming down the sunshine. Often did we sup upon the open terrace in the happy, balmy air of June; and, while the old scholar smoked his quiet meershaum, Margaret, with her rich, low voice, sung to us wild, heart-stirring songs of the dear fatherland. Often, too, did we linger together in the long summer evenings, when the fading landscape glimmered down the twilight gloaming, and the first stars grew bright above the sweet and solemn Rhine. For her I recalled my old recollections of its legends and its tales, and told her fairy stories of the haunted hills. We peopled the ruined castles with mailed barons and silken pages. We had marvellous histories of the old romance—ladies guarded by dragons in fortresses, and lovers lost in Palestine far away.

I showed her, too, the secrets of the flowers she cherished—their wondrous formation, their mystic properties. I taught her to know the solemn signs of the midnight, and count the stars in Orion. And while I hinted of the message of a moonbeam, or speculated on the formation of a world, she looked up into my face with her large, wistful, wondering eyes, or, clinging closer to me, hid her young cheek in my bosom.

Strange, too, it may seem, that, as we grew more familiar, I found that the mind of the child better understood my own vague dreams and desires than that of the grey scholar.

Herr Inkleman, who observed all with a kindly eye, one day spoke to me.

"I have ever loved you as a son," he said, "I would gladly look on you as one. I think you love Margaret; I see the girl loves you. I am old, and cannot but daily look to see the dark angel waiting at the door. To you I

would bequeath the innocence and the happiness of my child. I have large hopes of your future career, but even should these never be realised——"

"Ah, sir!" I exclaimed, interrupting him, "if I have your child's heart, the future can offer me no greater prize. Here let me garner up my hopes, and cry, eureka! Surely the lore of sages offers no holier mystery for the contemplation of a lifetime, nor can ambition lure me with any fairer promise than a true woman's heart!"

And every one envied me. "He is the wisest scholar," said they, "and the happiest lover." And Margaret, with her soft eyes, looked into my own, and beyond that gaze I saw no future; I knew that I was loved, and, for the time, I cared to seek no other knowledge. Idiot! idiot that I was! had my spirit then folded her wings, and reposed in that sweet faith, happiness, rare indeed, might have been mine. But the demon desire of knowledge, which had so long consumed me, now only slumbered for a time. An accident, which changed the whole current of my thoughts, and all my future destiny, soon re-awakened it.

In the course of some chemical experiments which I was making, I had occasion to charge several large jars with electricity. One day, in passing through certain substances a *positive* current of this fluid, I was struck by the singular form of the marks which it left behind in its passage. These bore a strange and very striking resemblance to the foliage of a tree, imitating, with a marvellous mimicry, not only the stem and branches, with their varied and intricate ramifications, but even the individual leaves, with those minute fibres and reticulated veins which conduct the sap to the most delicate extremities of the plant.

Never before having observed this phenomenon, it greatly astonished me, and I resolved to try the effect of a negative current. This was no less startling. Now the marks mocked another phase of vegetation, and assumed the appearance of a root. Every time that I repeated the experiment I produced an infinity of different but similar forms; and, by altering the arrangement of the conducting wires, as well as of the substances on which the magic pictures appeared, I obtained—now the spreading and fringed—now the clumped and bulbous root.

Why the electric action evinced itself in these, and only these peculiar forms, was to me for days a subject of incessant speculation.

I could not but call to mind the fairy-like and fantastic tracery of branch and leaf which often, in the bitter winter mornings, the white wizard frost had woven on my window pane; and I now began to look upon these as the result of an electrical action, occasioned by the evaporation which takes place in the process of freezing. It occurred to me, also, that the atmosphere which we breathe, and which is the great sustainer of all life, whether animal or vegetable, is constantly charged with *positive* electricity, while the earth, in which germination takes place, is, on the contrary, *negatively* charged. My experiment, which I was never wearied of repeating, seemed to me to be in striking relation to this great electrical law.

"If," thought I, "the type of vegetable forms be no less uniform and universal throughout the globe than is this law of electricity invariable, is it not, surely, to combinations of the electrical forces that we must trace the development and growth of all the plants, trees, shrubs, and flowers which we behold?"

I found myself constantly repeating this question; for days I mused and brooded over it, and daily it seemed to me more and more suggestive of great ideas. I believed myself on the threshold of a vast discovery, and determined to proceed.

I made several other experiments in the same direction, and each increased the interest with which the first had inspired me.

I secluded myself from all companionship except that of science. The new source of wonder and speculation thus suddenly opened to me wholly absorbed my thoughts; but the ideas which it gave rise to were as yet too vague and undefined to find expression in words, and I resolved to communicate them to none.

At last a strange and daring hope took possession of my mind. What, if by further developing and combining the results I had already arrived at, I should at last reach the knowledge of the original cause and germ of vegetable life? Why not, indeed, having possessed myself of the laws which create, as well as

those which sustain, the being of a plant, put those laws into special operation? Why not myself create a plant?—some new species, perhaps, that should be an era in the botanical world, and puzzle all the savants! This idea literally intoxicated me. It filled my thoughts by day, my dreams by night; it never left me time for food or relaxation; it haunted me like a familiar; in the street, in the lecture-room, in the fields, in my own chamber, wherever I moved or rested, it was for ever with me, and whispering to me. Alas! that for such evil whispers the whispers of love were silenced in my heart. Poor Margaret was now almost forgotten!

With what money I could get together I at once commenced improving and enlarging the little room which I had already fitted up as a laboratory.

To subject the materials with which I had resolved to commence my experiments to a constantly uniform electrical action, it appeared to me necessary to keep the place in which they were deposited entirely free from all sudden changes of temperature, such as might be occasioned by currents of cold or heat in the atmosphere; and in order to effect this securely, I determined to construct a sort of chamber of glass, heated from below, and furnished with thermometers, by which I was enabled to regulate and sustain the degree of heat which I deemed suitable to my purpose. The formation of this structure occupied some weeks, during which I continued my experiments with avidity.

Inkleman, who could not fail to observe my continued absence from his house, and the marked alteration in my manner, reproached me affectionately with the change. I did not, however, in any way remit my labours on that account, but rather pursued them with redoubled energy, almost regarding the friendship of Inkleman, and the love of Margaret—so besotted was I with this delirium of discovery—with querulous suspicion, as though they were in league to decoy me from my great work.

Having, as I thought, established the vivifying cause in the action of electrical currents upon substances in such a condition as, under the influence of that action, to develop the result which we call life, I considered that my first care must be to ascertain—

first, what were those substances; secondly, what the particular condition into which they were to be brought; and thirdly, what were the natural laws by which such a condition was produced.

In ascertaining these, I experienced great difficulty, and met with constant disappointments. Nevertheless I was not disheartened.

That there are many conditions in which life develops itself, independently of the *usual* process and mechanism, which Nature seems to have established for its propagation, as in the case of polypi, and many plants which seem to have an internal force of self-generation wholly apart, and widely different from the general system of development from seed, was a fact which greatly encouraged me.

In the inquiry which I now fearlessly entered upon, I had to go back to the first simple and elementary substances which are held to enter, more or less, into the formation of all *animated* matter. And, thoroughly convinced as I was from varied observation, that all natural effects, however rare, are rather the development of general principles, than the result of special laws, I commenced a series of very complicated experiments for the purpose of ascertaining what are the effects by which life first evidences itself in its most simple forms, whether animal or vegetable. The result thoroughly satisfied me, that the *original* germ of life, in all its varied and different phases, is *a globule developing a globule*; and, I further convinced myself that this *vital* action, viz., the formation of a globule within a globule, producing in its turn another; and, so on, *countless* other globules could be effected by *electricity*.

I will not weary you with a detailed account of the long and intricate process by which I arrived at the almost magical results which I shall soon have to relate.

It was many months before I was able to commence the work itself, which I did by laying down in my crystal chamber several strata, composed of those materials which a series of experiments had proved to be best adapted to the influence of the electrical laws, which it was my intention to bring to bear upon them. It was necessary to reduce these materials to a certain condition by the action of

heat; I therefore had my furnaces at work both day and night, but I had not yet put the batteries into operation. I should tell you, that I had taken the precaution of fitting into the glass sides of the chamber three or four apertures of different sizes, air-tight when closed, and which I was able to shut or open at will. I had also formed the flooring of several porcelain trays, running upon grooves, one below the other, by means of which I could remove and change the materials on which I was at work, without disturbing the general arrangement.

One morning, after the strata of which I have spoken, had been exposed for several days to the influence of a steadily increasing temperature, I observed, to my great delight, that a thick, white mist, which seemed too heavy to rise far, had begun to exhale from them, and was floating and undulating over the surface. In the course of the day, this vapour seemed to become rarified, and lifted itself slowly up until it filled the whole chamber. I watched it with intense interest for several days, but no further phenomenon presented itself. I observed, however, with some surprise, that the thermometers had risen slightly—a fact for which I was unable to account, as I had not increased the heat of the furnaces, though I have since thought that it might have been occasioned by the heat thrown up in the process of evaporation.

After some days had elapsed, I resolved to gradually decrease the temperature. As soon, however, as the thermometers were fallen two degrees, the mists began to thicken again, and assume its original appearance. The next day a further change took place; and it seemed to me that condensation had commenced, for small aqueous particles were fast depositing themselves upon the glass sides of the chamber. The surface at the bottom seemed, also, partially decomposed, the component substances being separated from each other, and overspread with a strange glutinous fluid of a bluish grey colour.

While the vapour was condensing, I was foolish enough to open the aperture in the framework, and put my head down for the purpose of examining the process more minutely. Scarcely had I done so, when I was seized with a deathly faintness; thick darkness came over my eyes; my throat rattled; I

staggered, and fell to the ground. How long I remained insensible I know not; but when I awoke, it was to a dull aching sensation of extreme physical pain, which, however, I was too weak thoroughly to realise. My temples were throbbing violently; my eyes felt as though they were starting from their sockets. I found myself stretched upon a bed, from which I was too feeble to lift a hand. All the place seemed strange and unfamiliar. Now and then figures, which to my aching sight looked dim, and indistinct, and dream-like, flitted and hovered near me. I heard them whisper, too, among themselves, and though I could not catch the words, I guessed from their gestures that they spoke of me. Utterly impotent as I felt myself to be, my first idea was that I was dead, and that these were already planning my burial; yet, strange to say, this idea, horrible as it was, more amused than alarmed me.

Thus days passed away without account. Life strengthened in me once more; then came fever, burning pain, and delirium.

In this terrible prostration, both of body and mind, I never once alluded (as I afterwards heard) to the strange circumstance which had caused it, but in my ravings, they told me, I often called on Margaret; and when, at last, from these days of anguish and madness I awoke, as from a fearful dream, the thought of Margaret haunted me mournfully when I lay weak and languid, in the long, long twilight hours. Once, when the shadows were gathering and darkening about me, and the window-pane was glimmering in the melancholy starlight, the sense of loneliness which oppressed me became insupportable. My thoughts trembled into sound, and stretching my weak arms over the coverlet, "Alas!" I murmured, "sweet vision, were you like the rest, but the fading fancy of a sick man's mind, and do I awake from you for ever? Ah! Margaret, Margaret, where are you now?"

There was a slight movement in the curtains round me, and a soft voice, tremulous with emotion, whispered, "Here! here, my betrothed, my adored; here, where my own heart has led me; where she whom you love should be, by your side, dearest, in sickness and in suffering; not upon

your great occupations, not amid your majestic fancies and stately dreams, Melchior, did I ever dare to intrude this lowly companionship! Unworthy to understand, I have sat apart, love, and nursed in solitude the thought of your greatness—so proud, so proud, when others spoke of you with praise, to whisper to myself, 'And this man loves me!' But now, now when pain and sickness have come to you, why not I? These, at least, I may share with you; whose more than mine that right—whose more than mine in evil and ill health, the privilege to be near you and to console? And, O Melchior," she said, "in the dreadful hours in which I have been by your side and you did not know it, I have grown so old—so old, and wiser too, I think, and more able to understand you. And once, O God, I feared that I should lose you!" She burst into passionate tears; my own voice was choked—I could not answer; and we both sobbed together like children.

When my servant, as I afterwards learned, found me senseless in the laboratory, he at once, in his alarm and surprise, sent for Inkleman, who was almost the only person in whose society he had ever seen me. The old professor, who was not unlearned in the healing art, immediately had me conveyed to his own house; and there Margaret, her noble heart forgetting in the knowledge that I was ill, perhaps dying, all other feeling but that she was a woman and loved, watched and tended on me night and day, and nursed me back to life, as she had once led me back to youth.

O God! that I had then died—died in some sweet dream of her, while her warm breath yet fanned my cheek, while her soft eyes watched my slumbers, ere yet I had learned to turn with dread and loathing from the lips I loved!

Slowly and with pain I recovered. When I did so, I observed that a change had taken place in Margaret. She was no longer a child. Her heart seemed to have suddenly blossomed into womanhood. So true is it that we live by moments rather than by years. Love moves through time, as the gods of Greece through space; it makes a step, and ages have rolled away.

Inkleman questioned me closely as to the cause of my sudden illness, and the strange apparatus which he had

found in the laboratory. I replied briefly, that in the course of some chemical experiments I had accidentally inhaled certain noxious gasses, to which I attributed the attack that had thus paralysed me. He seemed dissatisfied with my answers, but observing the reluctance with which they were given, he soon desisted from further inquiries.

To Margaret, under promise of secrecy, I confided all that had taken place; but even this confidence I afterwards regretted, for, with a woman's timidity, she implored me not to proceed any further in so dangerous and, as it seemed to her, so unhallowed an experiment.

I resisted, however, all entreaties; and as soon as I could return to my house, I set about recommencing the operations there, which had been so suddenly suspended.

I found the door of the glass chamber still open, as it had been left by me in my fall. The vapour had long since escaped. Many days elapsed before I was able again to bring my experiment to the state in which it had been arrested. I now, however, worked more calmly, and spent much of my time with Margaret.

When the vapour, which now exhaled from the bottom of the chamber precisely in the same manner as before, was thoroughly condensed, I applied the batteries, which I had so constructed as to be of an immense power. After these had been in action for some days, I observed, at night-time, a pale blue lustre, like that produced from phosphorescence, radiating out from the decomposed matter. This apparition was too wan and faint to be visible in daylight; but in the dark it burst forth with a fitful pulsation, now feeble, now strong, and sometimes so bright as to illuminate the whole room.

I was convinced, that in certain substances which enter into the composition of organic matter, there is a latent tendency and inclination in their inorganic state to the exercise of those functions which they develop in the organic, although such development may require some special condition not of frequent occurrence. That I was able to produce such a condition I fully believed; nor was I deceived. At the end of five weeks the dewy globules, which the vapour, in condensing, had deposited on the surface of the sub-

stances from which it had exhaled, having congealed into gelatinous granules, appeared agitated. Upon close observation I then discovered, that these granules formed a minute system of cells, which were bursting, and delivering themselves of other and yet smaller granules. In fact, an organic action had commenced.

I now separated from the myriads which covered the surface one single cell, and placed it under a loose covering of rich manure, continuing to keep the electric action directed upon it. Three days afterwards, two small pulposus leaves, something like those of a lupin, pushed themselves above the ground. Day by day their growth increased. They were not, however, green in colour, like the leaves of other plants, but of a sickly white hue, almost like dead flesh. Within a week the little plant put forth other leaves, and then long fibrous arms, more like roots than stems, which pushed off from the parent shoot, and struck into the ground.

After the second week there appeared in the middle of the plant a small bulbous head, covered up with long downy leaves. In time these leaves expanded and fell off, and the young bud burst into flower—a flower of a deep sullen purple hue—in shape and colour something like an anemone, but of a thick and fleshy texture.

I observed that when I watered the ground the plant seemed to experience delight, for its colour deepened to a tenfold brilliancy, and seemed to burn; the leaves too, swelled, and the blossom broadened. This change, however, never lasted longer than an hour.

I no longer made a secret of my discovery. Like Alexander, I awoke one morning and found myself famous—famous certainly, but universally abused.

The vocabulary of scientific contempt was exhausted against me. I was an impostor, a charlatan, a juggler, a shallow coxcomb, a deranged enthusiast, a humbug, a take-in. The professors of chemistry called me a trifler; the professors of logic called me a twaddler; the professors of philosophy called me a dreamer; the professors of botany called me an ignoramus; the professors of theology called me an Atheist.

Nevertheless the tree grew. Strange, uncouth, mis-shapen as it was—half plant, half polypus—I loved it like a

human thing. I transplanted it into my garden. Margaret would sometimes water it, but I think she was half jealous of it; and, indeed, there seemed to be an unnatural and weird antipathy between the girl and the strange flower—it drooped in her presence, and shrunk from her touch.

One evening, when we were all sitting together in the garden of the professor—myself, and Margaret, and her father—the old man complained of cold, and went within. The next day he sickened and took to his bed, from which he never rose again. The constitution of Inkleman was, in fact, too enfeebled by age to throw off this slight attack. He grew weaker and weaker, and at last died without pain.

In the last hour we both stood by his side. He joined our hands in silence, and turned his face to the wall. One low sigh we heard, and in that sigh the spirit of the old man passed away. We were alone with the dead. In that hour, and with the icy sense of our great mutual loss at my heart, and in the thought of Margaret's lonely and unsheltered youth, and the knowledge that henceforth I was the sole protector left to the fatherless child, the false unnatural love which I had borne to my own monstrous creation fell suddenly from me, and left behind no feeling but the deep, fathomless, and almost fatherly tenderness which I felt for the poor girl who was sobbing on my shoulder. And then and there, in that sick chamber, by the mute death-bed, and below the light of the dying lamp, once more our solemn troth was plighted. And we laid the old man in the churchyard by the river. And to that grave the students followed his coffin at night, by torchlight, and in silence. For he had been greatly loved, and the whole place mourned for him, but chiefly we. And Margaret sat alone, tearless and speechless in her orphan weeds, in the melancholy house, in the dim chamber where he had lived and died. And, noiseless through that silent room I stole to her side, and touched her hand, and looked into her face; and, seeing me, she burst into tears, the first she had shed since she was an orphan.

“Look up, dearest!” I stooped and whispered; “death at least hath not robbed thee of one heart that yet lives only to love thee, and whose highest pulses are all thine. Let the loss, dear child, which we both so deeply mourn,

make us only cling nearer and closer to each other, and strengthen in us that divine affection which even death cannot darken, nor corruption make less beautiful! Are we not all to each other, darling? Margaret, my wife, look up! gazing in these eyes thou shalt never remember that thou art fatherless.”

And so I kissed the tears from her poor pale cheek, and led her, weeping and clinging to me, into the little garden outside.

The soft twilight was deepening through the tender stars—the grass was deep in dew—the beetle boomed about the air—far off the nightingale was singing up the lawns—and “see,” I said, “darling, Nature feels no loss. Is it because God is always present to her?”

She did not answer, but smiled faintly, and though this smile was a wan one, I saw that the first anguish of loss was over. So we were both silent; and, deepening far above through her solitary signs, the night stole over us.

But I must hurry on to those fearful events which crowded the close of that evil history which I am relating.

A distant female cousin was the only relative that remained to Margaret. For her we sent immediately. She came and lived with the orphan till the year of mourning was over, after which time I was to be married to my betrothed. The old house had associations which were now become too painful to us both. So I hired another for the two women until such time as I could prepare, in some distant land, a fairer residence for our future life.

And the grass grew green over the grave of the professor, and, save by two solitary mourners, he was forgotten before the year was out. And the tree, the weird tree, each year of whose growth seemed marked by human calamity, grew and spread in height and foliage daily. And night by night I sat beneath its solemn shadow, and watched the stars through its wild branches; and, as gazing upwards, I saw heaven over heaven above me stretching far into the luminous infinite, there fell upon me a crushing sense of the impotence of that knowledge for which my youth had so feverishly yearned, seeing that it availed not to rescue one human life or save a single tear.

The day was fixed for our nuptials. I had prepared for Margaret, in a golden climate of the south, and below a riper sun, a new home.

"And here," I said, "by these purple seas, and below these rosy skies, my hopes shall anchor. Here I will learn no lore but what love teaches. Whatever knowledge can give me, I have already obtained. Once I thought to benefit my race by dauntless discoveries, but I see the world is still the same world that imprisoned Galileo and laughed at Hervey. Deprived of friendship, love is yet left to me; I am content—I will devote my life to Margaret. Her child's heart is the fairest book that I can read, for it is new-written by God himself. The future, at least, shall be more sufficient than the past."

So, for the last time, I returned to B——, to fetch my bride. And, standing, on the evening before my marriage morning, by the wizard tree—

"Thing," I said, "of the mistaken past, good-night and good-bye! A fairer future is already dawning to me in yon dark east. To-morrow I shall leave thee for ever."

That night, from restless thoughts, I fell toward morning into a tired slumber. And in sleep I dreamed a dream, and the dream was thus:—I thought that I had wandered far into the heart of a strange and beautiful garden. Flowers of all hue and trees of every foliage blossomed up about my path. Bright green humming-birds, crimson butterflies, and all the legendary winged things that I had read of in fairy tales, floated, and flashed, and hovered in the rosy air. And, as I paused to breathe the fragrance of the flowers, and marvel at the wonder of the place, I heard the voice of Margaret calling to me through the dreamy bowers. I listened, and again, and again, and again the voice called me by my name. So I followed the sound till at last I found myself below a mighty tree, and before me was a form like an angel. Radiant wings, that seemed to have been dipt in rainbows, cast a warm and glowing shadow over the lucid shoulder. The white feet hardly crushed the purple flowers. So graceful, too, and so harmonious in all proportion was the form beside me, that it seemed to contain an undulous and ever-varying motion hidden in rest. And, gazing at the dazzling apparition, I recognised,

with eyes softer than stars, and smiles warmer than summer, the face of Margaret. Yes; the face was hers, but a glorified change seemed to have passed over it. It seemed to me to be such as her face would be, had we met, not on earth, but in heaven.

"Taste," she said, in a voice of the strangest melody, "taste of the marvellous fruit which grows upon this tree. For surely this is that other fairer growth which flourished in Paradise long ago, and which was guarded by the watchful cherub with the flaming sword, lest man should eat and live. But eat, you," she said, "for no warning angel forbids to pluck from yon ambrosial branches their glowing burthen. Eat, and become as I am, fairer than the children of earth whom we have dwelt among—fair as the love we bear each other, O, my adored!"

Wondering, I looked upward, and, lo! I stood beneath a tree, in shape, in foliage, and in flower, the counterpart of my own created plant! The same, but fairer; the same in all, but laden with a golden fruit that already intoxicated me by its fragrance. I stretched my arm, plucked from the boughs above a dazzling apple, and put it to my mouth. No sooner did it touch my lips than, O wonder, O magic, O delight! earth reeled beneath me; tenfold glory rushed down upon the air; tenfold warmth came with the summer wind upon my cheek; music filled my ears, and light my eyes; my feet spurned the ground; I felt wings behind me; I mounted in the air, and, with the lovely vision at my side, flew upward, upward, upward, till, in soaring, I awoke.

I awoke, and it was morning. The window-pane was already reddening in the first flush of the dawning east. The recollection of my dream, which was very vivid, excited me too much for sleep. I arose, and unfastened the casement; and, wafted from breezy uplands and dewy river-banks, the fresh morning air fanned my cheek and blew the sleep from my eyes. Then I remembered that it was my marriage morning. I dressed myself and descended into the garden. The day was fast gathering light. The dew was deep on blossom and bell; and where I walked, the fragrance of the awakening meadows seemed to fill me with health.

Instinctively my steps led me to the weird tree; and then, for the first time, I perceived with astonishment that, hitherto unobserved—for the poor plant had been sadly neglected of late—perhaps even during the past night-time, the tree had burst into fruit.

Gorgeous golden globes were hanging on the boughs, like pomegranates, of a fiery red. As I looked at them wistfully, my dream of the past night occurred to me, a voice even seemed to whisper in my ears. Scarcely knowing what I did, I extended my hand and plucked one of the fruit. The tree shivered in branch and leaf, and seemed to shrink up. This I hardly heeded. The apple was of a most delicious and aromatic fragrance, and I began, with great curiosity, to eat it. The sensations which followed it is difficult to explain, but I conceive them to have been similar to what I have heard described as the effects of opium. A serene and tranquil sense of enjoyment, to which everything about me seemed to suggest new sources, began to pervade my whole being, and, as it were, to flood every nerve with pleasure. Such, too, was the happiness which I experienced, that I was unable to conceive how I could ever have felt otherwise; it seemed to me, indeed, that nothing could contain sufficient cause for the most trivial annoyance. "For the first time," I said, "I breathe the breath of life!" And, save in an unwonted elasticity of movement, there was, in what I felt, no symptom of intoxication. On the contrary, never had I felt more clear-headed or self-possessed. Not only every physical sensation, but every mental perception seemed expanded to its fullest development.

While I thus stood, basking and sunning myself, so to speak, in the realisation of these new sensations, I cast my grateful and wondering eyes upon the tree, and it was not without surprise that I observed that the broken stem, from which I had just plucked the fruit, had already swollen, and turned purple and livid, presenting an appearance not unlike a tumour on a human body; and emerging from the orifice of the wound, I saw a small, green insect crawl forth, about the size of a common fly, but snouted and pig-shaped, and covered with diminutive bristles.

At any other time the first impres-

sion which this would have caused me would probably have been one of disgust, for, small as the creature was, it was preternaturally monstrous in its appearance, being both hideous in form and loathsome in colour. My next impression might have been one of scientific curiosity; but now the only sensation which I felt was that of great amusement, and I laughed inordinately at the sight of this diminutive deformity.

I gathered more of the fruit, and thrust it into my bosom. In each case the same phenomenon occurred. Wherever an apple was plucked the stem swelled, and turned a livid purple hue, and forth came a small green insect of the most loathsome appearance.

Not regarding this, I turned away and walked back to the house. As I reached the threshold the joybells began to ring out clearly from the distant spire, and I found that I had only just time to seek my bride, and accompany her to the church.

I hardly dare go on; but the end is nearly come. Still I think I hear the mad bells clashing clamorously and cheerily as they rang in my merry marriage morning. And we were wed. And I became for ever through life, till death—in health, in sickness, in wealth, in want—the sworn guardian of another gentler life than mine; a fair young life, whose fate was given to my hands.

Oh, but it was a merry morning, that! And they pelted us with flowers in the porch, and flung them in our path as we walked by. Just emblems! perishable blooms, that died before the night fell, and withered up like all my hopes!

Far and far into the distant, dreamy south we went to find our future home, my young wife and I. And I breathed my love upon her cheek, and folded her to my heart, and felt her light arm tremble on my own.

And softly—oh, so softly—from the darkened hills rose up our nuptial night! And brightly the stars lighted their bridal torches for us. "And would," I whispered, creeping to her side as she gazed into the loving and lustrous spheres above, "would, dearest, I were heaven, to gaze on thee with all those myriad, myriad eyes!"

Then I spoke to her of my dream, and told her how that I had eaten of

the fruit of the tree, and how marvellous were its properties. And I showed her the golden apples, and fed her on their delirious juices. Ha! ha! was ever fairer marriage-feast than that?

And I watched the colour flush into her cheek, and the light rise into her eyes, and the delicious intoxication tremble through her veins. And we were so happy that night—so happy! And when sleep came at last, it seemed so sweet and natural to slumber on her breast, knowing that I should wake to look into her eyes. And so I *did* sleep, and I *did* wake, and for ever the dream was over!

I awoke; but an iron pain was hanging on my lids. My cheeks were burning, and my lips were cracked and swollen, and my breath was like fire, and my tongue seemed bursting in my mouth.

With pain and difficulty I lifted myself up, and looked around me, and cold, cold and corpse-like, in my arms lay my beautiful young wife! Beautiful no more; for the grey, ghastly morning fell full upon her brows, and they were white and livid, and blotched all over with loathsome, loathsome purple spots. And, pah! from every ulcerous wound were crawling forth hideous, green, mis-shapen, insect reptiles! Ha! ha! She was not even a lovely corpse—my bride. I had not given her beauty to the grave.

Must I go on? Will you have the horrible details? The lying poison had done its work: the frailer, weaker constitution of the two was destroyed. Mine survived—wracked, shaken to its foundations—a wreck for ever!

Margaret was dead. I lived; if that be life in which time was stricken and razed from my perception. I know not how many terrible days, or weeks, or months, thus whitened my hair, and crushed me into sudden age. But years have passed since then—long, awful years—and still, as though but yesterday she died, the anguish of that morning is fearfully present to me. Would to God the malignant fate which robbed me of my bride and my youth, had taken from me, in the same hour, my memory and my mind!

Melchior paused; he was greatly agitated; and so entranced was I by the extraordinary history which he had just unfolded to me, that it was many moments before I could find

voice to falter out a few barren and silly common places, meant for consolation.

But no, he said, I have sinned, and it is justly that I suffer. I was filled with evil arrogance, in the blind estimation of my own powers. I thought, in the pride and folly of my heart, to mount on knowledge to the spheres, and stand face to face with Divinity! Impotent boaster that I was! I have found that it is only through death and suffering that man draws near to God.

At first, and when the agonising realisation of all my loss was somewhat deadened, I endeavoured, with the brutal egotism that had characterised my youth, to forget, in active life and amid crowds, the misery of the heart.

I dwelt amid thronged cities, and wrestled with my fellow men for their miserable prizes: the suffering at my heart lent me a wild energy. I succeeded in all I undertook; I became the counsellor of kings; I trod the floors of costly palaces; I learnt to look into the dark heart of states; princes sought my favour; I was renowned, and—miserable!

To some, suffering brings a tender and melancholy sympathy with their kind; it was not so with me. I felt that the mystery of a great sorrow hung about me, and shut me from communion with the lesser griefs and joys of others. I knew that I was disliked and feared, and I scorned and crushed those who made me feel it. The barren life which surrounded me, with its noisy struggle for its puny and unworthy objects, chafed and irritated me. I said, "I will seek repose in solitude;" so I travelled far, and fled to the desert.

To its antique sources I tracked the course of the mighty and mysterious Nile, till my foot sounded in the palaces of the Ptolemies, and I saw the great sand seas stretched around me. Then the silence was too awful, for I felt myself fearfully alone with God; and at night I dared not gaze into the vast heaven above me, knowing He looked down on me through the stars. Neither in cities nor in solitude had I yet learned the true lesson of grief. So I returned to Europe, and, in my wanderings, halted among these hills. Here I have dwelt for years; and with years have come repentance and patience.

I was silent, and we walked on.

"You have read," said Melchior, suddenly, "of a Spartan general, who, on the night that he was wed, murdered—innocently murdered, if murder be ever innocent—the woman that he loved; and her spirit, they say, haunted him through life. Think you his guilt was equal to my own? or his suffering to be measured with what I have felt?"

I could not answer.

"The tree," he resumed, "the evil tree is withered up, and dead; and the evil desires that created and nourished it are at rest for ever. And Margaret lies in yonder valley (for there I caused her body to be

brought), where daily, by her grave, I may mourn and pray; and there, too, daily renew flowers fairer than those which bloomed and perished on our bridal path. And if to those that have sinned, and in sorrow repented, the All-wise One, in His infinite mercy, has vouchsafed forgiveness, then is it not in vain that I have wept, and prayed, and hoped upon that grave.

"I think that the sands have nearly run out, and that my hour must be at hand; I think, and hope so; for I have fulfilled the life of man. I have loved, and sinned, and suffered, and repented: What remains? Death. And the rest is there!" He pointed to the skies.

That evening Melchior died.

ON THE ANCIENT MUSIC OF THE HEBREWS IN GENERAL, AND THEIR TEMPLE MUSIC IN PARTICULAR.

PART I.

WHEREVER we open the pages of the Old Testament, there we find indications of the fondness with which the art of music was cultivated by the Jews of old, and the Bible not only confirms the accounts of profane writers respecting the splendour of their public musical performances in the palmy days of the Jewish empire, but also gives evidence that the peculiar aptitude which so many modern individuals of the Hebrew race have displayed in almost every branch of the musical art, is one of the many valuable qualities which they have inherited from their forefathers.

The ancient Jews appear, indeed, to have been pre-eminently a musical people. From the days of Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," down to the times of lamentation, "when we hanged our harps upon the willows," music, both vocal and instrumental, constituted one of the chief sources of pleasure to the sons and daughters of Israel, and the fame of their skill had gone abroad amongst the nations, so that even their Babylonian captors required of them a song, "saying: Sing us one of the songs of Zion" (Ps. cxxxvii. 3). It appears from the book of Job, which is probably the oldest of all sacred

writings, that more than three thousand years ago "the harp, and the timbrel, and the sound of the organ" were constantly heard at the feasts of the rich; and in course of time this fondness for music increased so immoderately as to become a real abuse, and call forth most severe rebukes from the pious men of God. At the time of Isaiah, music was no longer a source of innocent pleasure to the Jews, but had become the handmaid of lasciviousness. "The harp and viol, the tabret and the pipe and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the works of the Lord," exclaims the holy writer (Is. v. 12), and a contemporary prophet is equally severe upon them "that chant to the sounds of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music like David; that drink bowls of wine, and anoint themselves with costly ointments" (Amos, vi. 5, 6). For such purposes, however, the royal singer had not invented his instruments of music; nor is it a reproach to the art of sound itself, that in days of old, as in our times, it has often been pressed into the service of vice and lasciviousness.

Had music been exclusively a source of sensual pleasure to the Jews, it would be a matter of little interest—except, perhaps, to the musical anti-

quarian — to know how they handled their harps, or what tunes they sang over their bowls of wine. But that art, whose abuse and profanation excited the anger of the prophets, had long before been sanctified by being devoted to the service of the Lord, as the authorised medium of praise and adoration; and though the Christian reader care little for the mirth and tabret of the ancient debauchees, he cannot help taking a lively interest in those songs of Zion which sounded through the vast spaces of the temple upon the holy hill, and which the sons of Juda remembered with tears when they sat down by the waters of Babylon.

Who of us can read the affectionate addresses of the royal singer to his beloved psaltery and pleasant harp, without feeling a desire if not to hear, at least to know something about those instruments which were his solace in nights of sorrow, and in the morning awoke with him to “praise the Lord among the people?” Or who can listen to the description of that greatest of all musical performances, during the consecration of the first temple, without experiencing a laudable feeling of curiosity respecting the nature of that music, at the sound of which the house of the Lord was filled with a cloud, “so that the priests could not stand to minister”?

The interest which not only the professional musician or historian, but every reader of the Scriptures must feel in an art so intimately connected with the social and religious life of the oldest and most peculiar nation on earth, so frequently alluded to in the pages of the holy book, and so fondly cherished by the sweetest of all inspired singers, cannot fail to cause a regret that our means of arriving at a tolerably accurate knowledge of its real nature and condition are so exceedingly limited. Almost the only reliable source of information on this subject is the Bible itself, and in this book, so minute and circumstantial on many other matters, no trace of a musical system, not even a single musical character, has been handed down to us. And even if such had been the case, it would still have been almost a matter of impossibility, after the lapse of more than two thousand years, to form a

correct idea of the state of an art which employs such an evanescent medium of expression as the undulating wave of sound. “The nature of music, as of language,” says Herder,* “consists in the modifications of a mere breath of air, which no visible sign is able to fix. For this reason we cannot arrive at a correct and complete knowledge even of the music of those nations whose musical characters and rules of musical combination have come down to us; how much more difficult must it be to form a proper conception of the music of those nations who have left us not even these dead means of information?”

It is true, the difficulties are great; still, they are not such as to form an absolute barrier to our acquiring any knowledge of the music of the ancient Hebrews, nor have they deterred a number of learned men from entering upon an investigation, whose results, though they may fall short of our wishes, have still been important enough to reward their labours, were it only for the light they have thrown upon passages in Holy Writ, which otherwise must have remained altogether unintelligible. In order that this investigation may lead to a tolerably correct result, it is necessary that the investigator should not only possess an intimate and extensive knowledge of the Hebrew and other Eastern tongues, and great experience in exegetical criticism, but he should also be well acquainted with the theory and practice of the musical art, and its state of cultivation amongst other nations of antiquity. It is difficult to find these two qualifications united in one and the same individual; a great linguist and brilliant expounder is rarely versed in the science of music, whilst very few excellent theoretical and practical musicians can boast of extensive philological knowledge or exegetical experience. This is the reason why so many earlier attempts have proved failures. The pious and learned divine, who had only the *word* of the Bible for his guidance, was led into errors which a thorough musician would have perceived at once, whilst the mere musical inquirer too often hazarded conjectures which laid bare his utter ignorance of everything else

* Herder: *Geist der Hebräischen Poesie*.

but his professional art. In more recent times, however, this interesting subject has engaged the attention of individuals who were in a position to avail themselves of the resources of both classes of investigators, and the result has been a gradual diminution of those great discrepancies which characterise all earlier attempts of clearing up the darkness.

Without professing to add anything new, we shall endeavour to give a *cur-sive*, and *generally intelligible* report of the results of these investigations on the nature of the ancient music of the Hebrews, hoping that such an account will be acceptable to a number of readers, to whom other sources of information are inaccessible, or who are not sufficiently acquainted with ancient languages, or skilled in music, to follow and appreciate the arguments of philological critics, or professional writers on musical history. We do not think it necessary or advisable to fill the few pages which we have at our disposal with quotations, or everywhere cite our authorities. The reader who wishes to verify our statements, or obtain further information on the subject, will find at the end of this article a list of the principal works which have been consulted.

Let us, before we enter upon the examination of the nature of the ancient Hebrew music, take a hasty glance at its historical development.

Of the precise time when music was invented, we have no account; but as music and poetry are the most universal, so they are undoubtedly also the oldest arts; and both are so intimately connected with language, that it may safely be asserted that they commenced with the creation of man. Music, in fact, is a necessity of man's existence. As speech is the organic medium given to him to express his thoughts, so the changing feelings and emotions of his heart find an organic means of expression in the modulations of his voice; man speaks because he thinks, and sings because he feels. This kind of music, therefore, in which man is "his own instrument," must have been inborn to him, though years may have elapsed before it assumed the character of an independent art. Instrumental music commenced at a much later period, because here no such internal necessity existed as in the case of vocal music. The Bible names Jubal,

the son of Lamech, as the "father of all that handle the harp and the organ" (fife), which appears to imply that he was the inventor of musical instruments, though some critics assert that the Hebrew text refers to stringed instruments only. The knowledge both of vocal and instrumental music must have been preserved through the Flood; for we find that, six hundred years after this event, not only all three classes of instruments (stringed, wind, and pulsatile) were already in use, but that their employment in connexion with song and dance on occasions of festivity was looked upon as something quite common. This appears, not only from the passage in the book of Job already quoted, but also from Genesis, xxxi. 27, where Laban says to Jacob, "Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp?"

We have no means of ascertaining what progress the children of Israel made in the art of music, during their sojourn in Egypt. Some profane writers, indeed, assert that at the time when Moses led them back to the land of promise, their musical performances were so excellent and grand, that we can form no conception of them; but this assertion is wholly without foundation. In fact, if we consider the general degradation and inertness of the Jews, which caused a break of more than 400 years in the history of the Pentateuch, and when we reflect that the succeeding times of bloody warfare were little calculated to favour the progress of music or any other art, we cannot hesitate to set down the panegyrics of those writers as gross exaggerations.

At the time of Moses, the music of the Hebrews probably consisted in a kind of chanting or recitative singing, without harmony or rhythm, in the modern sense of the terms, and accompanied, as the singers thought proper, mostly upon pulsatile, but also sometimes upon rude kinds of wind and stringed instruments. Of the pulsatile instruments—i. e., those which were beaten with the hand or a stick—the timbrel was, and continued to be, the favourite instrument with the women, as appears from Gen. xv. 20; Judges, xi. 34; Ps. lxxviii. 25, &c.

Of the other instruments, then, in use amongst the Hebrews, we shall speak further on.

Except that Moses introduced the use of silver trumpets on special occasions of public worship, there is no indication of his having made music an essential element of Divine service; nor does it appear to have become such until the establishment of the prophet-schools by Samuel. With the establishment of these schools, however, a new era commenced in the history of the Hebrew music, as well as the whole culture of the Jewish nation. In the schools founded by Samuel, the young, besides being made acquainted with the Thora, and the then existing prophetic oracles, were also regularly instructed in the composition and singing of sacred songs. Music was made an essential and prominent element of worship, and being carefully cultivated by priests and Levites, and greatly patronised by some of the kings, made rapid strides in advance. Under David and Solomon it attained its highest degree of excellence and splendor. David, who was himself a great singer and performer upon the harp, perfected the musical arrangement of the temple-service; appointed 4,000 performers, under 288 leaders, who were to instruct them in singing and playing upon harps, psalteries, and cymbals (1 Kings, xxvi.), and frequently took himself an active part in the musical performance. At this time the number of instruments had also much increased. Solomon, a great patron of music, who "spoke three thousand proverbs, and whose songs were a thousand and five" (1 Kings, iv. 32), not only got for his own amusement "men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men as musical instruments, and that of all sorts" (Eccl. ii. 8), but also increased the number of performers in the temple, and imparted to the service a grandeur and splendor such as it had never before or afterwards. To the players upon harps, psalteries, and cymbals, he added "an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets," and a great number of other performers, so that there were, at the consecration of the temple, eight thousand singers and twelve thousand in-

strumentalists—a number compared to which, as a German writer observes,* the bands and choruses of our greatest musical festivals dwindle into nothingness.

The Babylonian captivity, and the dispersion of the Jews arising out of it, caused also a decline of their national music. Ezra did, indeed, re-establish the Mosaic form of worship, and with it also the musical service; but the latter was only a shadow of its former splendor. The old men wept bitterly on recollecting the glorious temple-service of former days, and especially the festive sounds of the instruments. The high, triumphant strains and thundering clang of the trumpets had died away; in their stead were heard the lamentations of Jeremiah, accompanied upon weeping lutes and muffled psalteries. Under the reign of the high priest Simon, the musical art recovered some of its former excellency, but during the subsequent times of degradation and demoralisation, it again sank lower than it had been before. Under Herod, who introduced foreign musicians, it lost its national character, and with the destruction of Jerusalem may be said to have ceased altogether; for the tunes which are heard in modern synagogues are of doubtful origin, and cannot be considered as authentic specimens of ancient Hebrew music.

Having thus taken a cursory glance at the history of the national music of the Hebrews, we now shall endeavour to give to our readers an idea of its nature and mode of performance, especially during the palmy days of the Jewish empire under David and Solomon.

1. *The Nature and Characteristic Features of the Music of the Hebrews in general.*

In the absence of all traces of a musical notation or any fragment of written composition, the only means of arriving at a tolerably correct idea of the nature and condition of the ancient Hebrew manner is an examination of the nature and capabilities of the musical instruments employed by the Jews, and some few musical expressions and observations on music scattered through the pages of the Old

* Schubart's *Ideen*.

Testament, and some profane writings of antiquity. To give an accurate description of the musical instruments of the Hebrews is a matter of great difficulty, and has engaged the time and labour of many a learned antiquary. It requires, above all, a considerable knowledge of the oriental languages and those ancient instruments which have been preserved amongst different oriental nations. Although much of the following is still a matter of conjecture, yet it may be considered as a summary of the most satisfactory results at which the learning and industry of the most distinguished and trustworthy investigators have been able to arrive.

According to the assertions of the Talmudists, the ancient Hebrews possessed a greater number of musical instruments than we do even at the present time. In a work, bearing the title of "*Shilte Haggibborim*" (*Tract de Mus. Heb.*), the number of instruments known and in use amongst the Hebrews at the times of David and Solomon is stated to have been thirty-six. Of these, however, only sixteen are mentioned in the Bible.

These instruments, like those of our modern orchestras, may be divided into three principal classes—viz., stringed, wind, and pulsatile instruments.

A. STRINGED INSTRUMENTS (*Neghinoth*).—To this class belonged—

a. *Kinnor* (or *Kinnuræ*, as the LXX. spell it), the most ancient harp in use amongst the Hebrews. It was either of a triangular or quadrangular form, the latter being the original, and the triangular species a later invention of the Levites, who preferred it on account of its greater lightness. According to Hieronymus, it had the shape of a Greek delta (Δ), and was strung with twenty-four strings. Pater Kircher says that he saw a representation of it on an old painting, according to which the strings were stretched, not from the top to the bottom of the instrument, but horizontally from one side to the other. This, however, is not probable; for the LXX. in some places translate *cithern*, which they would not have done if the instrument had been so materially different from the common Greek harp. The frame and body of the *Kinnor* were made of the wood of the Indian *Heben* or *Almuggim* tree (1 Kings, x. 12), a species of pine

or fir tree, and usually embellished with elaborate carvings. Josephus says the *Kinnor* had only ten strings; but in the work *Shilte Haggibborim*, it is stated that it had as many as thirty-two. When played upon, the broad end was held downwards, and the strings were usually made to sound by means of a *pectrum* (a piece of wood or ivory) being struck near the lower end.

b. *Asor* (or *Asoor*), a stringed instrument which had the shape of an oblong square, and was mostly used by the Levites in the accompaniment of the choruses. A great diversity of opinion has been expressed on the nature and construction of this instrument. Some have considered it identical with the common nabel or psaltery, and so the Septuaginta also translate it, but with the addition "of ten strings." It appears, however, from Ps. cxliv. 9, that it could not have been the same instrument as the ordinary psaltery; for this reason others are of opinion that it was a peculiar kind of harp, and quote Ps. lci. 3, in their favour, where the harp and *Asor* (instrument of ten strings) are classed together in opposition to the psaltery. This, however, is the only passage in the whole Bible where harp and *Asor* are named in conjunction; in all other places (e.g., Ps. xxxiii. 2) the *Asor* and psaltery are named together as distinguished from the harp. That the *Asor* could not be identical with the ordinary harp appears from 1 Sam. x. 5, and 1 Chron. xv. 16 and 28, where it is mentioned amongst those instruments that could be played upon whilst being carried about, which was not the case with the harps. For these reasons it is most probable that the *Asor* was a peculiar species of lute or psaltery, larger than the ordinary one, and strung with five pairs of strings, each pair being tuned in unison. This supposition removes the apparent great difference between the common lute of three strings and another of ten, whilst it also prevents the *Asor* from being confounded with the harp. The double strings producing a much louder sound than single ones, it is accountable why the *Asor* was generally employed to accompany songs of a loud and merry character, such as would be sung at feasts and banquets (see Isaiah, v. 12, and Amos, vi. 5). Another circumstance in favour of this supposition is

Josephus's statement, that the strings of the Asor were touched or struck near the upper end, like those of the lute, and not near the bottom, like the harp.

c. *Nabel* (*Nebel* or *Nevel*), the psaltery or lute. This ancient stringed instrument was introduced into the temple by David, and soon became one of the most favourite accompanying instruments of the Levites. It was called *Nebel* (a bottle), because, like the ancient lute of the Greeks, it resembled in shape the hollow belly of a flattened bottle. It was made of wood, and had usually three strings, which were played with the fingers, like those of a guitar, each string producing four different notes by being stopped at different places. There was also a *Nabel* of ten strings, which had great resemblance to the Asor, and was frequently used, together with the smaller psaltery to which it served as a kind of bass (1 Chron. xvi. 5).

d. *Minnim* (or *Minim*).—This word occurs only once in the Bible, viz., in Ps. cl. 4, where the English translators have rendered it "stringed instrument." That it was a stringed instrument is, indeed, all we know about it, all opinions hazarded about its construction, and the manner in which it was played upon, being conjectures supported by no evidence or show of reason.

e. *Michol* (or *Mahol*), another stringed instrument, of which we know little or nothing. Most writers on Hebrew music appear, however, to be of opinion that it was played with a bow like the old *Viola da Gamba* (English viol), as it is represented on different ancient sculptures and wood-carvings.

B. WIND INSTRUMENTS (*Ughab*).—Of these, six different kinds are mentioned, viz. :—

a. *Chalil* and *Nekabhim*, or flutes.—It is certain that the *Chalil* was a small flute, similar in size and shape to the *bombyx* of the Greek, or the common *flute à bec*, which is now only seen in the hands of children, having been superseded in our orchestras by the German flute. On the nature and construction of the *Nekabhim* the opinions are divided, some supposing it to have been a larger species of *chatil*, whilst others seem to think that it was intoned by means of a mouthpiece, consisting of two vibrating reeds. If the latter opinion be correct, the instrument was

not a real flute, but a kind of hoboy or clarionet. Both species of instruments were made of a peculiar kind of hollow cane, the best of which grew near Orchomenon, where flute-making constituted an important branch of industry.

b. *Keren* (or horns).—These were made of the horns of rams or oxen, resembled in shape and size the old cornett, and produced only two or three exceedingly loud and penetrating sounds, for which reason they were usually employed to announce the commencement of the service.

c. *Shophar* (or *Takoa*).—In the English and other versions this instrument has frequently been confounded with the next (*Chatzotzeroth*), and called a trumpet (Exod. xxix. 10; Jos. vi. 5, 6). It was, however, not a trumpet, but the most ancient kind of trombone; the difference between these two instruments consisting in this, that the tube of the ancient trumpet, as that of the one now in use, was throughout of the same width, whilst the tube of the *shophar* or trombone grew gradually wider towards the lower end. This difference of shape caused a corresponding difference of tone, that of the trombone being grand and majestic, whilst the sounds of the trumpet were more shrill and piercing. The *shophar* was either straight or bent; both the Jews and Egyptians generally preferred the latter shape, for which reason the Greek translators call it *herotine*, or bent horn. The division of this instrument into two separate parts is a comparatively modern invention. The ancient *shophar* consisted only of one piece; and, therefore, could produce only a limited number of sounds—viz., one fundamental natural sound (the lowest) and four or five harmonies (octave, fifth, third, and minor seventh). The Jews held the *Shophar* in high veneration, and used it only on occasions of great solemnity. It was to the sound of this instrument that God spoke the words of the first covenant on the top of Mount Sinai. At the sound of the trombones the walls of Jericho "fell down flat," and trombones are always mentioned as the instruments that shall waken those that sleep in their graves, and call them before the judgment-seat of the Eternal. (See Exod. xxix. 13; Joshua, vi. 4, 5; Lev. xxv. 9-16; Ps. xlvii. 5, and lxxxi. 4; also 2 Chron. xv. 14).

d. Chatzotzeroh (or *Chatzootzeroh*).—According to the description of Josephus, this instrument, which was a real trumpet, had a straight and narrow tube, not quite two feet long, with a small round mouthpiece at one end, and a wide bell at the other. In the Greek translation of the LXX. it is called *salpinxas*, and Pollux (*lib. iv. cap. 9*) asserts, that it was made of copper and iron. This, however, is evidently an error, for in Exodus, xxv. 36, it is distinctly stated that it was to be made of “one piece of silver.” In the temple service, trumpets were only blown by priests of Aaron’s family, and not by Levites.

e. Mashrokita (or *Mastrachita*). When it is stated in our version that Jubal “was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ,” it is plain that this cannot mean that he was the inventor of that most complicated and wonderful instrument, which fills our modern temples with its majestic sound. The Greeks applied the word *organon* to all kinds of wind instruments; and more particularly to those on which several different sounds could be produced simultaneously. The most simple kind of wind instrument on which this could be effected, was a row of tubes (reeds) of different dimensions, which were made to sound by an artificial current of air. According to Augustinus and other ancient writers, there was an instrument of this kind in the temple as early as in the fourth century before Christ, and it is possible that it had been in use a considerable time before. This instrument evidently owed its origin to that most primitive of all wind instruments, to the sound of which our itinerant athletes are still accustomed to perform their feats of strength and agility—viz., the ordinary Pandean pipes, which are blown by the mouth. It is easily to be comprehended how the perfection of this instrument may gradually have led to the construction of a rude kind of organ. The playing upon a row of Pandean pipes required a constant motion either of the head or hands; as this must in the end become fatiguing, it is probable that some inventive mind, at an early time, hit upon the idea of placing the pipes upon a box, into which the wind was blown through a small tube. Those pipes which were not to sound had then to be stopped with the fingers. As the

number of pipes increased, they could no longer be stopped by means of the fingers alone, nor the breath of man produce a sufficient quantity of wind to make them sound. Hence arose the necessity of inventing artificial contrivances, both for the production of a greater quantity of wind and the regulation of its admission to the pipes. The one led to the use of bellows, and the other to that of slides and valves, opened and closed by means of levers (keys). This was probably the utmost degree of perfection to which the Jews had brought their *Mashrokita*; for those improvements which led to the construction of hydraulic organs, are, by common consent, ascribed to Ktesibus, of Alexandria, who lived about 120 years B.C. Some writers have, indeed, expressed the opinion, that another instrument which also stood in the temple, and which was called

f. Magrepha (or, better, *Migrepha*), was a real hydraulic organ; but this supposition is based on no authority. All we know with certainty of this instrument is, that it was employed to summon the Levites to their place on the singing stage. The Talmudists state, that it stood in a subterranean vault under the temple, and a great many fables are told of the extraordinary powerfulness of its tone. According to some of the later rabbines, whose opinion, however, is not worth much, the *Magrepha* consisted of an oblong box, ten yards long, the upper side of which had ten holes, in which were placed ten reed pipes of different dimensions.

C. INSTRUMENTS OF PERCUSSION.—Of these favourite instruments, the following four kinds were most in use:—

a. Maanim, which might be translated *ball-drum*, consisted of a round or oval cylinder, made either of wood or brass. A string or wire was stretched across one of the open ends, from which depended a number of hollow metal balls, which produced a kind of jingling noise when the instrument was shaken or struck with the hand.

b. Toph or *Adufe* (timbrel), a very ancient pulsatile instrument, and, like the preceding one, a great favourite with the Hebrew women. It consisted of a circular wooden frame, with a skin or membrane stretched over one of the open ends, as on a tambourine, and rings or small bells placed all round. It had a handle attached to it, by which

it was held with the left hand, and alternately shaken or struck with the right. The Jews received this instrument from the Egyptians, who ascribed to it the power of driving away the evil spirit, whom they called Typho or Topho. From this circumstance it probably derived its name.

c. Theltselim. Common cymbals, consisting of two metal disks, which were struck against each other.

d. Methrilothe, consisted of a frame, to which were attached a number of bells, which were either struck singly with a mallet, or caused to sound simultaneously by shaking the frame.

Let us now see what conjectures the above description of the instruments, mostly in use amongst the Hebrews, enables us to form of the nature and character of their music. Here it must strike the reader, as an interesting circumstance, that those instruments were quite capable of forming a combination fully answering the idea of our modern orchestra. There were bow instruments, lutes, small harps, and flutes, to perform melodious passages upon; large harps, and deep-toned horns, to sustain the bass; sonorous trumpets to impart energy and brilliancy to the music, and loud-sounding instruments of percussion to mark the rhythm. It is, however, a different and more difficult question, whether the Hebrews did, indeed, employ their instruments in the way in which we combine them in our orchestra, so as to produce that variety of expression which the difference of tone and character impart to our modern instrumental music. Several important circumstances appear to make such a supposition improbable.

In the first place, the instruments of the Hebrews, although possessing all the characteristic features of those which we employ, were almost all still so imperfect in their construction, and so limited in their capabilities, as to make the execution of extensive melodious strains, or interesting harmonious accompaniments, a matter of impossibility. Of most of those instruments, counterparts are still existing, and in use amongst oriental nations; but, although it may be reasonably supposed that they have undergone at least some improvement since the time of David and Solomon, still the descriptions we have of them show that they are altogether unfit for the production of extensive and connected

melodious strain, or any harmonious accompaniment in the modern sense of the word.

In the second place, it appears from different passages in the Bible, and the superscriptions of several psalms, that the Hebrews were guided in their employment of different kinds of instruments, not so much by a consideration of the *combined effect* which might arise from their simultaneous employment, as rather by a consideration of the *individual* character of the instruments employed, some of which seemed to them more suitable for this kind of music, and others for that; whilst all were made subservient to the *singing*, which formed the chief and predominant part of all their music, and which the instruments were merely intended to support or relieve. It may be reasonably supposed, that where only one class of instruments is mentioned in the superscription of a psalm (*e. g.*, “upon Nehiloth,” “on Neginoth,” &c.) it was intended, that this psalm should be accompanied upon no other. Of a *real orchestral* accompaniment, in which different instruments were employed, with a view to their combined effect, no trace is to be found anywhere. When several kinds of instruments are mentioned as being used simultaneously, we always find that they belong to the same class, with the exception of the pulsatile instruments, of which one or the other appears to have been employed in every musical performance.

Of the *internal* character of the ancient Hebrew music we know, indeed, very little. We sometimes meet with this superscription — “A Psalm upon Alamoth and Sheminith,” which, as we shall see further on, has reference to two different classes of voices. This leads to the question — *Was real harmonious part-singing known to, or practised by, the Jews?* Certainly not. The “*virgin* (or *boy's*) *part*,” which is indicated by the word Alamoth, and which is identical with what we call soprano, or canto, was accompanied by the men, singing the same melody an octave lower (upon Sheminith), and to this kind of accompaniment the instruments, probably, were confined also, perhaps with the occasional intermixture of a fifth or a fourth. The intervals of the third and sixth were not yet known, far less that of a minor seventh. As to the melodies, it is almost certain that they were based exclusively upon

the diatonic scale; for the enharmonic scale is an invention of much later times; whilst the chromatic scale, whose age may, perhaps, reach to the times of David, was prohibited by the Lacedemonians, amongst whom it was invented, soon after it had come into use.

In order to remove one of the chief obstacles which prevent us from arriving at a more certain and definite knowledge of the nature of the ancient Hebrew music—viz., the absolute want of every trace of a musical notation, it has been supposed that the accents of the written Hebrew language served, at the same time, as musical characters or notes. Thus, it is stated in the above-mentioned work, *Shilte Hag-gibborim*, that “these accents were much more convenient for the notation of artificial song than even Guido’s system of solmisative, inasmuch as a single Hebrew accent indicated a whole musical phrase.”

If this was really the case, it would be a proof rather of the imperfection, than the perfection, of the ancient Hebrew music; for it must be evident, that a language which can be represented by hieroglyphics, to which such a musical notation might be compared, cannot have arrived at such a state of perfection and richness, as another which requires a special character (letter) for every articulate sound. It is, moreover, a question still to be decided, whether the Hebrew accents now in use are not an invention of later times. Many respectable philologists doubt that the ancient Hebrews employed any accents at all, and Nathan (*Hist. of Music*) distinctly asserts, that the latter were introduced as late as the fifth century after Christ, by a certain Rabbi, Aaron Ben Asher. However this may be, we here give a list of those accents which have been considered as serving in the stead of special musical characters. There are eighteen of them, the signs of which are to be found in every Hebrew grammar, and

which are distinguished by the following names:—1, *Silluk*, with the *Soph-Paruk*; 2, *Merca Mapachatus*, which has a high and low sound, differing at least a semitone; 3, *Atnach*; 4, *Bbhia Gereshatur*, which has two acute sounds; 5, *Psik Shalshaleb*; 6, *Sarka Postpositions*; 7, *Tiphcha*, the foremost; 8, *Paser*; 9, *Psik Kadmatum*; 10, *Psik Mapachatum*; 11, *Merka*; 12, the lower *Munach*; 13, the upper *Munach*; 14, *Mabach*; 15, *Kadma*; 16, *Tipcha Tonicus*; 17, *Jerach*; 18, *Sarka* (the “fellow-servant”).

In the *Musurgia Universalis* of the learned, but credulous, Father Kircher, explanations are given of the manner in which this supposed musical notation of the Hebrews is to be deciphered; but up to this day, no Jew has been able to sing a psalm according to Kircher’s directions; and almost all deeper thinkers on this subject are agreed, that if those accents really had a musical signification, it was not to indicate the exact pitch and duration of sounds, but merely to facilitate an expressive and harmonious declamation, for which purpose, in modern languages also, accents and other characters are frequently employed. Only one writer goes still further than Father Kircher; this is the French historian, Pierre Bonnet, who asserts, that the ancient Hebrews actually used a special kind of musical characters resembling those which we employ. He states this on the authority of a certain Abbé Fleury, who told him that he had himself seen ancient Hebrew manuscripts containing fragments of melodies noted in such characters, and possessing considerable musical merit. It is only too probable that the Abbé made a great mistake as to the age of those manuscripts he spoke of; or, like Father Kircher, allowed himself to be persuaded by some enthusiastic rabbi, whose exaggerated ideas of the incomparable beauty and perfection of the music of their forefathers, no argument is able to moderate.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE VILLIERS, the first Duke of Buckingham, was born on the 28th of August, 1592. His mother, a person of great ability and knowledge of the world, afforded him the first rudiments of education. He was afterwards sent to school till he was thirteen years of age. At this period his attention was chiefly directed to music and the French language. At eighteen he was sent to France, but displayed little ability, and even less desire for improvement. On his return he again was domesticated with his mother. She probably never omitted the inculcation of those lessons of worldly prudence in which his extraordinary and rapid elevation may have had their chief origin. He himself soon perceived that his future advancement was more likely to be obtained by the grace and beauty of his person than the cultivation of his mind. For this reason it has been quaintly said of him, "He did not addict himself to morose and sullen bookishness, but his chief exercises were dancing, fencing, and vaulting."* He was early brought under the notice of James I., at a theatrical exhibition at Apthorpe, near Cambridge. The King was perfectly fascinated by him, and instructed his friend, Sir John Graham, to adopt several plans to render as attractive as possible the graces with which nature had endowed him. It has been observed, "that no reason for the King's choice appeared, but handsomeness; for the love the King showed was as amorously conveyed as if he had mistaken the sex and thought him a lady."† Indeed all authorities written at the time, and subsequently, agree, that to his personal beauty alone he was indebted for the impression he made upon the King, and which ultimately, but with great rapidity, led to the surprising position he was permitted to attain.‡

The Queen had perceived the favourable impression that Buckingham

had made upon the King. She well knew that, under any circumstances, his mind and habits required a close connexion with some favoured subject. She had long disliked the Earl of Somerset, who had hitherto swayed the monarch's acts. Under the guidance of Archbishop Abbot, she adopted the means that were deemed necessary to supply the place of one favourite by the attractions of another. No representation of the power that Buckingham rapidly exercised over the King, could sufficiently display the debasing acts which one party practised, or the humiliating childishness of the other. The correspondence that passed between them can alone reveal the prostration of position and mind to which James humbled himself. And except for the indulgence of the most debasing propensities, it is hard to understand that any mind, however mean, could grovel so low as Buckingham to attain advancement, even the highest which kings could profligately bestow.

This correspondence is full of the most obscene language; and surely there cannot be conceived any inconsistency more disgusting than between such compositions and those devotional tracts which the King published for national edification—indeed for the improvement of Europe, for, by the order of James, they were translated into Latin and French. We cannot defile these pages with any extracts.

Dr. Welwood has well described these letters. He says, the King, for the most part, called Buckingham his "dear child and gossip," and his "dear child and gossip Steiny," and subscribing himself his "dear dad and gossip;" sometimes his "dear dad and Stuart;" and once, when he sends him partridges, his "dear dad and purveyor;" and when Buckingham replies, the termination of his letter is, "Your Majesty's most humble slave and dog, Steiny." In one of James's letters he tells the

* Sir A. Wotton's Court of James I.

† Osborne's Memoirs of James I. p. 534.

‡ Birch's View of the Negotiations, p. 884; and Clarendon's Hist. vol. i. pp. 9, 10.

favourite that he wears Steiny's picture under his waistcoat, next his heart; and in another he bids him, his only sweet and dear child, hasten to him that night, *that his white teeth might shine upon him*. It may not be useless to copy one entire letter. It is as curious as melancholy to read it:—

"MY ONLY SWEET AND DEAR CHILD,—Blessing, blessing, blessing on thy heart's roots, and all thine, this Thursday morning. Here is great store of game, as they say, partridges and stoncoleurs: I know who shall get their part of them; and here is the finest company of young hounds that ever was seen. God bless the sweet master of my harriers, that made them to be so well kept all summer—I mean *Tom Badger*. I assure myself thou wilt punctually observe the dyet and journey, I set thee down in my first letter from Theobald's. God bless thee, and my sweet Kate, and Mall, to the comfort of thy

"Dear Dad,

"JAMES R.

"P.S.—Let my last compliment settle to thy heart, till we have a sweet and comfortable meeting, which God send, and give thee grace to bid the drogues adieu this day."

To show the awful mixture of religion and corrupt sentimentality that prevailed in the mind of James, it is well to mention the origin of the name of Steiny, which he gave to Buckingham. It was on account of his personal attractions. Steiny was the diminutive of St. Stephen, who is always painted with a glory about his face. And the authority or the foundation of this designation has been assigned to be derived from Acts, vi. 15, where it is said of St. Stephen—"All that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face, as it had been the face of an angel."

Buckingham, though deficient in ability and knowledge, had the good fortune to have a mother who abounded in both. She was a member of the Church of Rome. And the celebrated Gondamor, the Jesuit, who managed the affairs of Spain in England, recounted to his government the position of his Church in the country in which he was resident, with his usual pointed and witty observations. In observing upon the court and homage paid to Buckingham's mother, on account of her influence on the son,

he says—"There never was more hope of England's conversion to Rome than now, for there are more prayers offered here to the mother than to the son."

His titles multiplied so rapidly upon him, that he must have found it difficult to remember the last. It may amuse, or even instruct our readers to repeat them. The Right High and Right Mighty Prince George Villiers, Duke, Marquis and Earl of Buckingham, Earl of Coventry, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Wadden, Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, and the Principality of Wales; Governor of all the Castles and Seaports, and of the Royal Navy; Master of the Horse to his Majesty; Lord Warden, Chancellor, and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, and the Members thereof; Constable to the Castle of Dover; Justice in the Eyre of all His Majesty's Forces, Parks, and Chaces on this side of the River Trent; Constable of the Royal Castle of Windsor, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber; Counsellor of Estate of the Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; Lord President of the Council of War; Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; Steward of the City and College of Westminster, and Lord General of His Majesty's Force in the Isle of Rhee.

His various titles, to that of Marquis, and many of his other honours, were conferred upon him between the age of twenty-four and twenty-six, and all were given and taken in the space of twelve years. He was given, besides the salaries of his numerous places, one thousand a-year from the Court of Wards, a great manor in Buckinghamshire, which had belonged to Lord Grey, attainted of high treason along with Sir Walter Raleigh. To support the vast expenses attendant upon his elevation, the most distinguished of the nobility were removed from their high places, as the Earl of Nottingham and the Earl of Worcester. Sir Henry Wotton well describes these honours thus:—"Here I must breathe a while, to satisfy some that, perhaps, might otherwise wonder at such an accumulation of benefits, like a kind of embroidering of one favour upon another"

* Sir H. Wotton's Life and Death of the Duke of Buckingham. Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, p. 211. 1685.

The King procured him the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland in marriage. But even this great distinction he did not become possessed of, till he had stained the reputation of that high family. The old earl, her father, compelled Buckingham to respect what he knew not how to prize. He told him, if he did not marry his daughter, and repair her honour, that no greatness should protect him from his justice. The celebrated Archbishop Williams was chiefly instrumental, not only in bringing this match to completion, but converted Lady Catherine Manners to the Church of England. Bishop Hacket, in his quaint language, says, "that Williams told him that this negotiation of this match was the last keystone that made the arch in his preferment."^{*} But lest the lady should again become a member of the Church of Rome, Dr. Williams, by order of the King, "drew up the Elements of Orthodox Religion," and twenty copies only were printed, with no name, but only "by an old prebend of Windsor." Williams sent one of these copies to Buckingham, with a letter, which is still preserved. After describing the different parts and objects of the work, Williams says, in language common in those days—"Of the rest, I received my best grounds from his Majesty, and such as, I protest faithfully, I never could read the like in any author, for my own satisfaction."[†]

It may not be here uninteresting to give some account of another conversion, in which Buckingham was deeply concerned. It was not a conversion from the Church of Rome, but to it. His mother was the convert. It was by Bishop Williams's advice that public means were resorted to, in the attempt to recall the Duchess of Buckingham to the right path. He feared that his own patron, the Duke, and even the King, might deeply suffer; and therefore he advised a public discussion on the question at issue. Fisher, the Jesuit, was the lady's champion, and White, the Dean of Carlisle, but especially Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop Williams. The whole of this discussion is well known, and has been often reprinted, but never by the Roman Catholic

Church, but always by members of the Church of England. Yet, at the time, no impression was made upon the mother of Buckingham; she remained a convert to the Church of her adoption.

It was not only by titles and estates, by power and place, that the King pandered to the ambition, and pride, and passions of his favourite; he sought, in the most ignominious manner, to gratify all his vicious propensities; he did so on many occasions, by being personally instrumental in enabling him to gratify them; nay, he even suggested the mode of accomplishing the most abandoned schemes, and was the minister in securing their success. Sir Edward Peyton[‡] states more instances than one, in which the King carried Buckingham to the houses of the noblest of England's peers, and facilitated the corruption of beautiful women. On one occasion, the sons of Sir Nicholas Bacon conveyed a lady out of the window, into a private chamber, over the roof of the house, to escape the conspiracy that had been planned by the monarch and the peer for the invasion of the lady's honour.

So favoured by a weak and wicked king with the possession of unbounded power, his riches, and thereby the means of indulgence, were increased to an unlimited degree. He now lived in greater pomp than any nobleman of his time. He used always to appear with six horses to his carriage, which so exasperated Henry Earl of Northumberland, that he drove through the city of London with eight, to the wonder and amusement of the people.

Buckingham now introduced the practice of being carried on men's shoulders. This so shocked the people, that he was hooted in the streets; yet, like other vices or silly habits, so corrupting is evil example, that soon the displeasure ceased to be manifested, so common had the practice become.

There is an amusing description given in an old chronicle of these times of the sumptuousness and extravagance of his dress, which was beyond all precedent or example:—

"It was common with him, at any ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with

Life of Archbishop Williams, p. 48.

[†] *Hacket's Life of Williams*, p. 46.

[‡] *Divine Catastrophe*, p. 17.

great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings to be yoked with great and manifold knots of pearl—in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels; insomuch that, at his going once to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes, made the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute, one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat-band, and spurs.”*

We shall gather up into the shortest space we are able, the character of this wanton favourite of fortune, and comment in general terms upon it, rather than attempt any accurate history of his life, unsuitable alike to this publication, and the design we have in view in writing this sketch.

The Duke of Buckingham, thus raised suddenly to the highest dignities in the state, had neither abilities to sustain him in his giddy exaltation, nor prudence to conceal his want of them. He loved and hated with reckless inconsistency. The friends whom he honoured with attachment to-day, he persecuted with fierce antipathy to-morrow; nay, even the homage which is the inheritance of genius, he scrupled not to discard or disown, if the degradation of its possessor could facilitate the indulgence of his extravagant caprice, retard for a due season his own disgrace, or hide his shame from public condemnation. Whether it were the illustrious Bacon, whom his own genius and learning, without his patron's magic influence, could not, in that age, have elevated to be Lord Chancellor—or Middlesex, who, from being an humble tradesman, he had made a peer, and appointed Lord Treasurer, and afterwards impeached—or Archbishop Williams, who, through his interest had attained the loftiest dignity in the state, and an equally elevated position in the Church—Buckingham hurled them all from their fortunes, degraded them from their rank, and tarnished their fame with the same blind and senseless impetuosity, as he would dismiss a menial, or accuse him of an ordinary omission of duty. He dandled the reputation

and fortunes of his country with the reckless vivacity with which he prosecuted an amorous enterprise. In both cases he was regardless of the means by which he attained his purpose, and utterly thoughtless of the consequences which resulted from them. When his unrestrained passion provoked him to insult the Queen of France, he revenged the dignified virtue† which blushed and shrank from his proposal, by seeking to embroil his own country in a war with hers. He revealed this passion for the Queen to Henrietta Maria, when escorting her to England to her husband, Charles I.; and Madame de Motteville states, that the Queen of England told her that the Duke excited unpleasant feelings between herself and Charles, and also, that the object he had in view in making a division between the two crowns, was, that there would be a necessity of his returning to France, to effect a treaty of peace, and thus enjoy the opportunity of once more seeing the Queen of France, and prosecuting his insane attachment. At one time Buckingham pledged James to relax the penal laws against the Roman Catholics, and then united with their direst foes, the Puritans, to insult the King. Whilst he ruined James by his frowardness, abandoned vices, and immoderate expenditure, he devised and arranged the project of his future despotism over his son and successor, by tutoring the child to disobey his father, not only in his character of parent, but of king. Against the interest and commanding position of England, as well as the feeling and wish of James, he seduced Charles to Spain; doubtless, the King was aware of their departure, but not until the design had been so far matured, that it appeared, at least to the vacillating sovereign, easier to advance to its fulfilment, than to retire from it. Buckingham was convinced that if Charles were removed from his father, vain and weak though he knew him to be, but more especially if separated from the casual intercourse with noble minds that cherished attachment to the religion and constitution of England, he would have full scope, “and verge enough for more,” to work out his selfish and disastrous specula-

* In the Harleian Library, B. H. 90, c. vii. fol. 642.

† De Retz Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 186, 290. Rohan's Memoirs, p. 131. London, 1660.

tions. The entire design of this hazardous experiment of the heir of one crown, without solicitation, or even previous arrangement, visiting the kingdom of a neighbouring sovereign, was for the sole purpose of ingratiating himself with the future King of England by ties and engagements that would continue to operate in his favour, so long as a woman's power can influence a man's decisions. Buckingham fondly hoped that, by this propitious exploit, if carried to successful issue, he would enjoy an inheritance of honours, which, if not the rewards of his ability and care, would in future be, as at least hitherto they had been, the unexampled attendants upon his selfishness and cunning.

The account of the arrangements of their departure, and the vacillating conduct of James—at one time joyously adopting the plan, and at another irresolutely rejecting it—is not suited to so brief an account of historical transactions. They passed through France to Spain. They were in disguise as to dress, occupation, and name. They wore periwigs to overshadow their foreheads, their beards were disguised, and they, Charles and Buckingham, assumed the humble names of Thomas and James Smith. In passing through France, Charles saw his future consort. She appears to have impressed him most advantageously, though his intercourse was but momentary.

When the parties arrived in Spain, it is still difficult to ascertain whether the charges made by the Earl of Bristol against the Duke of Buckingham are true. Hume* rather boldly states that Bristol had never said that Buckingham had professed himself a Papist. Why, it is with all order and precision alleged by the Earl of Bristol, that Buckingham plotted with the Jesuit Gondemar to bring the Prince into Spain to change his religion—that in Spain he absented himself habitually for eight months from the service of the Church of England in the Earl's house, and frequented the Popish service, adored their sacraments, and conformed to their rites—that the Duke prevailed upon King James to write to the Pope for a dispensation to the marriage, and to style him “*Sanctissime Pa-*

ter”—and that the Pope sent to the Duke a letter to encourage him in the perversion of the Prince.†

These accusations and these terms are alleged by Bristol against Buckingham, and reported by Mr. Whitlocke.‡ And how did the fickle favourite carry out his designs? Why, when the honour of James as king, and Charles himself, as well as that of England, by her now accredited minister, had been pledged for the consummation of the marriage with the Infanta of Spain, he precipitately abandoned the contract. It is supposed, indeed, that his visit to Spain had not been opportune in amorous enterprise. Even disgraceful misfortunes attended his meditated intrigue with the wife of Olivares. And, besides this, he began to fear that his popularity might be endangered by the future revelation of his political manœuvres, to which he anticipated a possible failure, and, therefore, certain disgrace. Yet, so skilled had he become in turning crooked devices into prosperous plans, that he made the hour of his discomfiture the period of his success and triumph. He now ingratiated himself with the nation, by showing that the interest and religion of England would be damaged by such a connexion. So great was his success in this tortuous diplomacy, that Sir Edward Coke called him the saviour of his country. Thus his enemies became his advocates; and they were now his panegyrists who had been loudest in condemnation. So intoxicated had he become with the fever of popular approbation, by which his previous career had never once been influenced or excited, that he entered into disreputable intrigues with the Puritanical members of Parliament, who, to this time, had been the decided foes of regal supremacy. To promote the designs of his new companions, the adoption of conduct that involved a departure from principle, was no difficult experiment for one so well practised in all the arts and sophistry of deceit.

To prosecute his selfish and insane designs, and avenge his disappointed hopes, he threatened to invade the property of the Church, to abolish her hierarchy, and to sell the chapter lands of her cathedrals for the benefit of the

* History of England, vol. vi. note to p. 217.

† Memoirs of George Villiers, p. 85.

‡ Memorials, p. 5. Edit. 1682. See also his Mem. of English Affairs, 1709, p. 300–303.

King. This was his part of the promised bribe. To accomplish his nefarious projects, he had actually entered into treaty with Dr. John Preston, the reputed chief of the party.* And what were the real objects of this wicked craft? To provide the means of levying war on Spain, not because she had injured or dishonoured England, but because for his own personal ends he had first insulted, then betrayed, and at last maligned and persecuted the nation that refused to administer to national degradation by the sacrifice of the virtue of the highest born among her female aristocracy. Of one crime we must admit the Duke of Buckingham was not guilty. He was unalloyed by the vice of dissimulation, because he would not even pretend to have any respect for virtue. Therefore he had the undisguised effrontery to publish his private vices, which might have remained in obscurity but for his strange passion for proclaiming his abandoned profligacy. He dared to brave the hatred of his country, and the scorn of all the virtuous on earth for his public wrongs. These had not even the common apology of ambition or patriotism for their perpetration. They originated in the hateful passion of doing and inflicting insult.

For these reasons it may be alleged, that so far as the destiny of a nation, even for ages, can be influenced by a single man, to the Duke of Buckingham adhere the shame and guilt of being the author, not alone of his country's dishonour in the time of one king, but of the immeasurable catalogue of calamities that throng the page of the Stuart dynasty. For it was he established the precedent of ruling without parliaments; it was he that filled the treasury with the price of the new honours of baronetage; he gathered golden harvests for the King by the sale of patents, monopolies, and vexatious grants, and then enticed him to squander them with remorseless extravagance. It was he revived the use of impeachments, unpractised, except for the indulgence of royal vengeance, for nearly two centuries.

It is strange that James I. should have cherished and loved the man that dishonoured his name and ruined his reputation. But it is a greater source of wonder that Lord Clarendon, the accurate anatomist, more than all other historians, except Tacitus, of the mind and dispositions of men, should have praised and even admired him.

Death now summoned James to the final retribution of all men. Suspicion, and to some well-founded, has fixed on the character of Buckingham, some circumstances that do not leave his name quite free from the charge of having been instrumental in the death of his too generous and profligate patron. Even the public rumour, though without justifiable foundation, that so enormous ingratitude, and accompanied by a deed of blood could exist, is sufficient to testify to posterity the odiousness that attached itself to his guilty character.

A new reign begins, and Charles ascends the throne. The greatest events, the noblest results, the glorious fame of ages of glorious men have arisen out of his grave. Overshadowed as his life with some transgressions most doubtless was, who can say that his destiny was not too terrible a punishment for his many imputed crimes? But we cannot dwell on these points. One man, however, had forecast his destiny, under the new king, with cunning and success. New honours awaited the companion of the royal traveller to France and Spain, and disgrace soon assailed those whom Buckingham could not succeed in ruining in the opinion of the late king. The Lord Keeper Williams was displaced. He had attended the death-bed of James, and administered great consolation to the suffering monarch; but he had been, at this period, a determined opponent to all the machinations of the Romish Church. Bishop Hacket thus describes the activity of the priests:—

Upon Friday, his Majesty grew sensibly weaker, so that now the Keeper stirred very little out of the chamber, and that not only to comfort the departing King, but likewise to keep off some of the Romish Church that crept much about the chamber-door, w 1.0

* See Coke's *Detection*, vol. i. p. 139. Hacket states, in his life of Williams, that he deserves the credit of preventing the sale of crown lands, by Buckingham, on a previous occasion, p. 202. He tried afterwards to do the same respecting the Church lands, but lost for ever the patronage of his great friend.

as a privy counsellor, he commanded to keep at a greater distance."^{*}

Buckingham feared that Williams had completely discovered the opinion that James had formed of him. He, therefore, as soon as possible procured his removal from intercourse with Charles. For the late King had exhibited such partiality for the Lord Keeper, that the Duke was well aware that he had revealed all his mind to him, for the King had, without solicitation, caused an unusual act of council to be entered, that the archbishopric of York should be conferred upon him at the *next* vacancy. It was, therefore, when he saw that the Lord Keeper was not indebted for all his distinctions to him, that he put in practise that memorable sentence which he had employed to Lord Bacon at the time of his advancement, "That if he did not owe his preferment to his favour, he should owe his fall to his frown."[†]

The Duke did succeed in removing Williams from his great office, and in producing a disinclination in the new King towards him. But the Earl of Bristol pertinaciously proceeded in his accusation against Buckingham, and among other charges one was the poisoning of the late King. But all weapons used against him seemed of no avail but that of the assassin. It was at the moment of new honours, which ingenuity appeared to have been exhausted in devising, being heaped upon him, that the fatal blow was struck. An unexpected war had arisen between France and England. Divisions had taken place in the King's family as well as in the government. The Queen had insisted upon the appointment of her own servants; this the King refused, by Buckingham's advice. As a punishment for her not succeeding, her priests had compelled her to walk to Tyburn. This so provoked Charles that he dismissed all the foreign retinue.

It may be remembered that the Duke had threatened once more to return to France. He believed that the

Queen was not insensible to his passion for her. And this was his plan of carrying out his design. The first act was a war with France; the next, a reconciliation with the enemy; and that he, as an ambassador of peace from England, would plead his own cause under most exciting chances of victory. But before this imagined drama was enacted, the assassin Felton had struck the fatal blow. Seldom have persons, with the blood of others on their hands, been, in their former life, so free from the imputation even of an abandoned life—upon the contrary, he was considered of a religious habit of mind. And it is related by Osborn,[‡] that he heard the Earl of Pembroke aver, that he never saw piety and valour more temperately mixed in one person.

Charles paid all honour to his memory by the erection of a monument to him in King Henry VII.'s chapel. It is of the finest marble; at the four angles are Mars, Neptune, Pallas and Bounty, at full length, all of brass, and numerous other strange devices.

The following lines were written under the body of Felton, while hanging in chains, and are a suitable conclusion to the present sketch:—

"There, uninterr'd, suspends (though not to
save
Surviving friends the expenses of a grave)
Felton's dead earth, which to itself must be
His own sad monument, his elegy;
As large as fame, but whether bad or good
I say not—by himself 'twas wrought in
blood;
For which his body is entomb'd in air,
Arch'd o'er with heaven, and ten thousand
fair
And glorious diamond stars, a sepulchre
Which time can never ruin, and where
Th' impartial worms (not being brib'd to
spare
Princes wrapp'd up in marble) do not
share
His dust, which oft the charitable skies
Embalm with tears, doing those obsequies
Belonging unto men, while pitying fowl
Contend to reach his body to his soul."[§]

^{*} Hacket's Life of Williams, p. 223.

[†] This sentence is, perhaps, as happy an illustration of the effect of alliteration, in sense and sound, as any that could be repeated.

[‡] Works, p. 224. 1673.

[§] Harleian Miscellany, vol. x. p. 324.

ANCIENT SOPHISTS AND MODERN LIBERALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I had hoped that when Colonel Mure, in his elaborate critical work on the "Literature of Ancient Greece," came to speak of the Sophists, he would have passed a strong condemnation upon the new theories respecting that class of teachers which Mr. Grote has given to the world in his eighth volume of the "History of Greece." I find, however, in the fourth volume of Colonel Mure's work, which has just been published, a note which expresses rather concurrence of opinion with Mr. Grote than the contrary. "Mr. Grote's discussion," he says, "of the subject, is marked by the same defect which pervades so many parts of his able work, that of exaggerating or overstating almost every doctrine or theory of his own. But though he may have overstepped the bounds of impartial criticism in the very flattering picture which he has drawn of the character and influence of the Sophists, he has effectually exposed the injustice with which they have been treated, both by the leading disciples of the Socratic school in their own age, and by the great body of modern critics and commentators."

I confess I have read this note with considerable disappointment, and I cannot but regard it as another sign of the defection of some of our ablest writers from the standard of elevated moral sentiment. To me it appears that scarcely at any other period since the revival of letters, could such "new lights" upon the character of the Sophists have been put forth without serious rebuke from the literary defenders of religion and morality. It is a remarkable sign of the times that a writer so respectable by his position and acquirements as Mr. Grote, should be permitted, without censure, to make a grave historical work the vehicle of teaching which is not less opposed to sound morality than that of Gibbon was to revealed religion. It must, indeed, be admitted that from the danger which lurked in Mr. Gibbon's book on account of the fascination of its style, Mr. Grote's defence of the So-

phists is free. This is the only palliation I can find in comparing the two together. Strange it is that at a time when so much earnest research and critical vivacity are devoted to the discussion of religious doctrine or of ecclesiastical theory, scarcely any warning has been given to the public respecting a popular book of no mean authority in modern literary circles, the tendency of which is very unfavourable to fixed moral principles, though, most probably, no intention beyond that of the propagation of ultra-liberal opinions actuated the author.

For what Mr. Grote inculcates is this—that the Sophists, though they did not teach sound theoretic principles of morality, as Plato did, yet well deserved all the praise and all the profit which they derived from their profession as teachers, because they taught young men how to succeed in life according to the prevailing opinions and tastes of the particular time at which they taught, and in the cities in which their lectures were delivered. Aristotle, who was, doubtless, a wise and considerate man (though in the present age he seems to be going out of favour), and one very well qualified to judge of such matters, censures Protagoras, and all the sort of him, who undertook openly to teach young men the art of making the worse appear the better reason. But Mr. Grote, in his turn, censures Aristotle as following the Platonic vein, and thinks that the teachers of this art may be regarded very favourably if looked at from the proper "point of view." "It was," he says, "neither the duty of the Sophists to reform the state or vindicate the best theory on ethics! They accepted, as the basis of their teaching, that type of character which *the public approved* in Athens; not undertaking to re-cast the type, but to arm it with new capacities, and to adorn it with fresh accomplishments." This Mr. Grote appears to uphold as perfectly justifiable; and he contends that Plato was actuated by "prejudice," because he insisted upon the necessity of a

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE VILLIERS, the first Duke of Buckingham, was born on the 28th of August, 1592. His mother, a person of great ability and knowledge of the world, afforded him the first rudiments of education. He was afterwards sent to school till he was thirteen years of age. At this period his attention was chiefly directed to music and the French language. At eighteen he was sent to France, but displayed little ability, and even less desire for improvement. On his return he again was domesticated with his mother. She probably never omitted the inculcation of those lessons of worldly prudence in which his extraordinary and rapid elevation may have had their chief origin. He himself soon perceived that his future advancement was more likely to be obtained by the grace and beauty of his person than the cultivation of his mind. For this reason it has been quaintly said of him, "He did not addict himself to morose and sullen bookishness, but his chief exercises were dancing, fencing, and vaulting."* He was early brought under the notice of James I., at a theatrical exhibition at Apthorpe, near Cambridge. The King was perfectly fascinated by him, and instructed his friend, Sir John Graham, to adopt several plans to render as attractive as possible the graces with which nature had endowed him. It has been observed, "that no reason for the King's choice appeared, but handsomeness; for the love the King showed was as amorously conveyed as if he had mistaken the sex and thought him a lady."† Indeed all authorities written at the time, and subsequently, agree, that to his personal beauty alone he was indebted for the impression he made upon the King, and which ultimately, but with great rapidity, led to the surprising position he was permitted to attain.‡

The Queen had perceived the favourable impression that Buckingham

had made upon the King. She well knew that, under any circumstances, his mind and habits required a close connexion with some favoured subject. She had long disliked the Earl of Somerset, who had hitherto swayed the monarch's acts. Under the guidance of Archbishop Abbot, she adopted the means that were deemed necessary to supply the place of one favourite by the attractions of another. No representation of the power that Buckingham rapidly exercised over the King, could sufficiently display the debasing acts which one party practised, or the humiliating childishness of the other. The correspondence that passed between them can alone reveal the prostration of position and mind to which James humbled himself. And except for the indulgence of the most debasing propensities, it is hard to understand that any mind, however mean, could grovel so low as Buckingham to attain advancement, even the highest which kings could profligately bestow.

This correspondence is full of the most obscene language; and surely there cannot be conceived any inconsistency more disgusting than between such compositions and those devotional tracts which the King published for national edification—indeed for the improvement of Europe, for, by the order of James, they were translated into Latin and French. We cannot defile these pages with any extracts.

Dr. Welwood has well described these letters. He says, the King, for the most part, called Buckingham his "dear child and gossip," and his "dear child and gossip Steiny," and subscribing himself his "dear dad and gossip;" sometimes his "dear dad and Stuart;" and once, when he sends him partridges, his "dear dad and purveyor;" and when Buckingham replies, the termination of his letter is, "Your Majesty's most humble slave and dog, Steiny." In one of James's letters he tells the

* Sir A. Wotton's Court of James I.

† Osborne's Memoirs of James I. p. 534.

‡ Birch's View of the Negotiations, p. 884; and Clarendon's Hist. vol. i. pp. 9, 10.

favourite that he wears Steiny's picture under his waistcoat, next his heart; and in another he bids him, his only sweet and dear child, hasten to him that night, *that his white teeth might shine upon him*. It may not be useless to copy one entire letter. It is as curious as melancholy to read it:—

"MY ONLY SWEET AND DEAR CHILD,—
Blessing, blessing, blessing on thy heart's roots, and all thine, this Thursday morning. Here is great store of game, as they say, partridges and stoncoleurs: I know who shall get their part of them; and here is the finest company of young hounds that ever was seen. God bless the sweet master of my harriers, that made them to be so well kept all summer—I mean *Tom Badger*. I assure myself thou wilt punctually observe the dyet and journey, I set thee down in my first letter from Theobald's. God bless thee, and my sweet Kate, and Mall, to the comfort of thy

"Dear Dad,

"JAMES R.

"P.S.—Let my last compliment settle to thy heart, till we have a sweet and comfortable meeting, which God send, and give thee grace to bid the drogues adieu this day."

To show the awful mixture of religion and corrupt sentimentality that prevailed in the mind of James, it is well to mention the origin of the name of Steiny, which he gave to Buckingham. It was on account of his personal attractions. Steiny was the diminutive of St. Stephen, who is always painted with a glory about his face. And the authority or the foundation of this designation has been assigned to be derived from Acts, vi. 15, where it is said of St. Stephen—"All that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face, as it had been the face of an angel."

Buckingham, though deficient in ability and knowledge, had the good fortune to have a mother who abounded in both. She was a member of the Church of Rome. And the celebrated Gondamor, the Jesuit, who managed the affairs of Spain in England, recounted to his government the position of his Church in the country in which he was resident, with his usual pointed and witty observations. In observing upon the court and homage paid to Buckingham's mother, on account of her influence on the son,

he says—"There never was more hope of England's conversion to Rome than now, for there are more prayers offered here to the mother than to the son."

His titles multiplied so rapidly upon him, that he must have found it difficult to remember the last. It may amuse, or even instruct our readers to repeat them. The Right High and Right Mighty Prince George Villiers, Duke, Marquis and Earl of Buckingham, Earl of Coventry, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Wadden, Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, and the Principality of Wales; Governor of all the Castles and Seaports, and of the Royal Navy; Master of the Horse to his Majesty; Lord Warden, Chancellor, and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, and the Members thereof; Constable to the Castle of Dover; Justice in the Eyre of all His Majesty's Forces, Parks, and Chaces on this side of the River Trent; Constable of the Royal Castle of Windsor, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber; Counsellor of Estate of the Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; Lord President of the Council of War; Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; Steward of the City and College of Westminster, and Lord General of His Majesty's Force in the Isle of Rhee.

His various titles, to that of Marquis, and many of his other honours, were conferred upon him between the age of twenty-four and twenty-six, and all were given and taken in the space of twelve years. He was given, besides the salaries of his numerous places, one thousand a-year from the Court of Wards, a great manor in Buckinghamshire, which had belonged to Lord Grey, attainted of high treason along with Sir Walter Raleigh. To support the vast expenses attendant upon his elevation, the most distinguished of the nobility were removed from their high places, as the Earl of Nottingham and the Earl of Worcester. Sir Henry Wotton well describes these honours thus:—"Here I must breathe a while, to satisfy some that, perhaps, might otherwise wonder at such an accumulation of benefits, like a kind of embroidering of one favour upon another"

* Sir H. Wotton's Life and Death of the Duke of Buckingham. Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, p. 211. 1685.

The King procured him the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rutland in marriage. But even this great distinction he did not become possessed of, till he had stained the reputation of that high family. The old earl, her father, compelled Buckingham to respect what he knew not how to prize. He told him, if he did not marry his daughter, and repair her honour, that no greatness should protect him from his justice. The celebrated Archbishop Williams was chiefly instrumental, not only in bringing this match to completion, but converted Lady Catherine Manners to the Church of England. Bishop Hacket, in his quaint language, says, "that Williams told him that this negotiation of this match was the last keystone that made the arch in his preferment."^{*} But lest the lady should again become a member of the Church of Rome, Dr. Williams, by order of the King, "drew up the Elements of Orthodox Religion," and twenty copies only were printed, with no name, but only "by an old prebend of Windsor." Williams sent one of these copies to Buckingham, with a letter, which is still preserved. After describing the different parts and objects of the work, Williams says, in language common in those days—"Of the rest, I received my best grounds from his Majesty, and such as, I protest faithfully, I never could read the like in any author, for my own satisfaction."[†]

It may not be here uninteresting to give some account of another conversion, in which Buckingham was deeply concerned. It was not a conversion from the Church of Rome, but to it. His mother was the convert. It was by Bishop Williams's advice that public means were resorted to, in the attempt to recall the Duchess of Buckingham to the right path. He feared that his own patron, the Duke, and even the King, might deeply suffer; and therefore he advised a public discussion on the question at issue. Fisher, the Jesuit, was the lady's champion, and White, the Dean of Carlisle, but especially Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop Williams. The whole of this discussion is well known, and has been often reprinted, but never by the Roman Catholic

Church, but always by members of the Church of England. Yet, at the time, no impression was made upon the mother of Buckingham; she remained a convert to the Church of her adoption.

It was not only by titles and estates, by power and place, that the King pandered to the ambition, and pride, and passions of his favourite; he sought, in the most ignominious manner, to gratify all his vicious propensities; he did so on many occasions, by being personally instrumental in enabling him to gratify them; nay, he even suggested the mode of accomplishing the most abandoned schemes, and was the minister in securing their success. Sir Edward Peyton[‡] states more instances than one, in which the King carried Buckingham to the houses of the noblest of England's peers, and facilitated the corruption of beautiful women. On one occasion, the sons of Sir Nicholas Bacon conveyed a lady out of the window, into a private chamber, over the roof of the house, to escape the conspiracy that had been planned by the monarch and the peer for the invasion of the lady's honour.

So favoured by a weak and wicked king with the possession of unbounded power, his riches, and thereby the means of indulgence, were increased to an unlimited degree. He now lived in greater pomp than any nobleman of his time. He used always to appear with six horses to his carriage, which so exasperated Henry Earl of Northumberland, that he drove through the city of London with eight, to the wonder and amusement of the people.

Buckingham now introduced the practice of being carried on men's shoulders. This so shocked the people, that he was hooted in the streets; yet, like other vices or silly habits, so corrupting is evil example, that soon the displeasure ceased to be manifested, so common had the practice become.

There is an amusing description given in an old chronicle of these times of the sumptuousness and extravagance of his dress, which was beyond all precedent or example:—

"It was common with him, at any ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with

Life of Archbishop Williams, p. 48.

[†] *Hacket's Life of Williams*, p. 48.

[‡] *Divine Catastrophe*, p. 17.

great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings to be yoked with great and manifold knots of pearl—in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels; insomuch that, at his going once to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes, made the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute, one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat-band, and spurs.*

We shall gather up into the shortest space we are able, the character of this wanton favourite of fortune, and comment in general terms upon it, rather than attempt any accurate history of his life, unsuitable alike to this publication, and the design we have in view in writing this sketch.

The Duke of Buckingham, thus raised suddenly to the highest dignities in the state, had neither abilities to sustain him in his giddy exaltation, nor prudence to conceal his want of them. He loved and hated with reckless inconsistency. The friends whom he honoured with attachment to-day, he persecuted with fierce antipathy to-morrow; nay, even the homage which is the inheritance of genius, he scrupled not to discard or disown, if the degradation of its possessor could facilitate the indulgence of his extravagant caprice, retard for a due season his own disgrace, or hide his shame from public condemnation. Whether it were the illustrious Bacon, whom his own genius and learning, without his patron's magic influence, could not, in that age, have elevated to be Lord Chancellor—or Middlesex, who, from being an humble tradesman, he had made a peer, and appointed Lord Treasurer, and afterwards impeached—or Archbishop Williams, who, through his interest had attained the loftiest dignity in the state, and an equally elevated position in the Church—Buckingham hurled them all from their fortunes, degraded them from their rank, and tarnished their fame with the same blind and senseless impetuosity, as he would dismiss a menial, or accuse him of an ordinary omission of duty. He dandled the reputation

and fortunes of his country with the reckless vivacity with which he prosecuted an amorous enterprise. In both cases he was regardless of the means by which he attained his purpose, and utterly thoughtless of the consequences which resulted from them. When his unrestrained passion provoked him to insult the Queen of France, he revenged the dignified virtue† which blushed and shrank from his proposal, by seeking to embroil his own country in a war with hers. He revealed this passion for the Queen to Henrietta Maria, when escorting her to England to her husband, Charles I.; and Madame de Motteville states, that the Queen of England told her that the Duke excited unpleasant feelings between herself and Charles, and also, that the object he had in view in making a division between the two crowns, was, that there would be a necessity of his returning to France, to effect a treaty of peace, and thus enjoy the opportunity of once more seeing the Queen of France, and prosecuting his insane attachment. At one time Buckingham pledged James to relax the penal laws against the Roman Catholics, and then united with their direst foes, the Puritans, to insult the King. Whilst he ruined James by his frowardness, abandoned vices, and immoderate expenditure, he devised and arranged the project of his future despotism over his son and successor, by tutoring the child to disobey his father, not only in his character of parent, but of king. Against the interest and commanding position of England, as well as the feeling and wish of James, he seduced Charles to Spain; doubtless, the King was aware of their departure, but not until the design had been so far matured, that it appeared, at least to the vacillating sovereign, easier to advance to its fulfilment, than to retire from it. Buckingham was convinced that if Charles were removed from his father, vain and weak though he knew him to be, but more especially if separated from the casual intercourse with noble minds that cherished attachment to the religion and constitution of England, he would have full scope, “and verge enough for more,” to work out his selfish and disastrous specula-

* In the Harleian Library, B. H. 90, c. vii. fol. 642.

† De Retz Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 186, 290. Rohan's Memoirs, p. 131. London, 1660.

tions. The entire design of this hazardous experiment of the heir of one crown, without solicitation, or even previous arrangement, visiting the kingdom of a neighbouring sovereign, was for the sole purpose of ingratiating himself with the future King of England by ties and engagements that would continue to operate in his favour, so long as a woman's power can influence a man's decisions. Buckingham fondly hoped that, by this propitious exploit, if carried to successful issue, he would enjoy an inheritance of honours, which, if not the rewards of his ability and care, would in future be, as at least hitherto they had been, the unexampled attendants upon his selfishness and cunning.

The account of the arrangements of their departure, and the vacillating conduct of James—at one time joyously adopting the plan, and at another irresolutely rejecting it—is not suited to so brief an account of historical transactions. They passed through France to Spain. They were in disguise as to dress, occupation, and name. They wore periwigs to overshadow their foreheads, their beards were disguised, and they, Charles and Buckingham, assumed the humble names of Thomas and James Smith. In passing through France, Charles saw his future consort. She appears to have impressed him most advantageously, though his intercourse was but momentary.

When the parties arrived in Spain, it is still difficult to ascertain whether the charges made by the Earl of Bristol against the Duke of Buckingham are true. Hume* rather boldly states that Bristol had never said that Buckingham had professed himself a Papist. Why, it is with all order and precision alleged by the Earl of Bristol, that Buckingham plotted with the Jesuit Gondemar to bring the Prince into Spain to change his religion—that in Spain he absented himself habitually for eight months from the service of the Church of England in the Earl's house, and frequented the Popish service, adored their sacraments, and conformed to their rites—that the Duke prevailed upon King James to write to the Pope for a dispensation to the marriage, and to style him “Sanctissime Pa-

ter”—and that the Pope sent to the Duke a letter to encourage him in the perversion of the Prince.†

These accusations and these terms are alleged by Bristol against Buckingham, and reported by Mr. Whitlocke.‡ And how did the fickle favourite carry out his designs? Why, when the honour of James as king, and Charles himself, as well as that of England, by her now accredited minister, had been pledged for the consummation of the marriage with the Infanta of Spain, he precipitately abandoned the contract. It is supposed, indeed, that his visit to Spain had not been opportune in amorous enterprise. Even disgraceful misfortunes attended his meditated intrigue with the wife of Olivares. And, besides this, he began to fear that his popularity might be endangered by the future revelation of his political manœuvres, to which he anticipated a possible failure, and, therefore, certain disgrace. Yet, so skilled had he become in turning crooked devices into prosperous plans, that he made the hour of his discomfiture the period of his success and triumph. He now ingratiated himself with the nation, by showing that the interest and religion of England would be damaged by such a connexion. So great was his success in this tortuous diplomacy, that Sir Edward Coke called him the saviour of his country. Thus his enemies became his advocates; and they were now his panegyrists who had been loudest in condemnation. So intoxicated had he become with the fever of popular approbation, by which his previous career had never once been influenced or excited, that he entered into disreputable intrigues with the Puritanical members of Parliament, who, to this time, had been the decided foes of regal supremacy. To promote the designs of his new companions, the adoption of conduct that involved a departure from principle, was no difficult experiment for one so well practised in all the arts and sophistry of deceit.

To prosecute his selfish and insane designs, and avenge his disappointed hopes, he threatened to invade the property of the Church, to abolish her hierarchy, and to sell the chapter lands of her cathedrals for the benefit of the

* History of England, vol. vi. note to p. 217.

† Memoirs of George Villiers, p. 35.

‡ Memorials, p. 5. Edit. 1682. See also his Mem. of English Affairs, 1709, p. 300–303.

King. This was his part of the promised bribe. To accomplish his nefarious projects, he had actually entered into treaty with Dr. John Preston, the reputed chief of the party.* And what were the real objects of this wicked craft? To provide the means of levying war on Spain, not because she had injured or dishonoured England, but because for his own personal ends he had first insulted, then betrayed, and at last maligned and persecuted the nation that refused to administer to national degradation by the sacrifice of the virtue of the highest born among her female aristocracy. Of one crime we must admit the Duke of Buckingham was not guilty. He was unalloyed by the vice of dissimulation, because he would not even pretend to have any respect for virtue. Therefore he had the undisguised effrontery to publish his private vices, which might have remained in obscurity but for his strange passion for proclaiming his abandoned profligacy. He dared to brave the hatred of his country, and the scorn of all the virtuous on earth for his public wrongs. These had not even the common apology of ambition or patriotism for their perpetration. They originated in the hateful passion of doing and inflicting insult.

For these reasons it may be alleged, that so far as the destiny of a nation, even for ages, can be influenced by a single man, to the Duke of Buckingham adhere the shame and guilt of being the author, not alone of his country's dishonour in the time of one king, but of the immeasurable catalogue of calamities that throng the page of the Stuart dynasty. For it was he established the precedent of ruling without parliaments; it was he that filled the treasury with the price of the new honours of baronetage; he gathered golden harvests for the King by the sale of patents, monopolies, and vexatious grants, and then enticed him to squander them with remorseless extravagance. It was he revived the use of impeachments, unpractised, except for the indulgence of royal vengeance, for nearly two centuries.

It is strange that James I. should have cherished and loved the man that dishonoured his name and ruined his reputation. But it is a greater source of wonder that Lord Clarendon, the accurate anatomist, more than all other historians, except Tacitus, of the mind and dispositions of men, should have praised and even admired him.

Death now summoned James to the final retribution of all men. Suspicion, and to some well-founded, has fixed on the character of Buckingham, some circumstances that do not leave his name quite free from the charge of having been instrumental in the death of his too generous and profligate patron. Even the public rumour, though without justifiable foundation, that so enormous ingratitude, and accompanied by a deed of blood could exist, is sufficient to testify to posterity the odiousness that attached itself to his guilty character.

A new reign begins, and Charles ascends the throne. The greatest events, the noblest results, the glorious fame of ages of glorious men have arisen out of his grave. Overshadowed as his life with some transgressions most doubtless was, who can say that his destiny was not too terrible a punishment for his many imputed crimes? But we cannot dwell on these points. One man, however, had forecast his destiny, under the new king, with cunning and success. New honours awaited the companion of the royal traveller to France and Spain, and disgrace soon assailed those whom Buckingham could not succeed in ruining in the union of the late king. The Lord Keeper Williams was displaced. He had attended the death-bed of James, and administered great consolation to the suffering monarch; but he had been, at this period, a determined opponent to all the machinations of the Romish Church. Bishop Hacket thus describes the activity of the priests:—

Upon Friday, his Majesty grew sensibly weaker, so that now the Keeper stirred very little out of the chamber, and that not only to comfort the departing King, but likewise to keep off some of the Romish Church that crept much about the chamber-door, w 1.0

* See Coke's *Detection*, vol. i. p. 139. Hacket states, in his life of Williams, that he deserves the credit of preventing the sale of crown lands, by Buckingham, on a previous occasion, p. 202. He tried afterwards to do the same respecting the Church lands, but lost for ever the patronage of his great friend.

And, indeed, it must be admitted, that there is some consistency between the advocacy of such teaching as that above described, and the admiration which many very clever persons profess for a certain kind of modern statesmanship. Such persons put the exercise of an independent judgment on the part of a modern statesman wholly out of the question. It is not for him to consider what is most wise, most just, most honourable for himself, and most glorious for the nation. His business is to carry into effect, with administrative ability, the *will* of the people. The management of the "Great Beast" is to be his only care. He is to watch its habits, to study its humours, and to prepare his measures at first, and to modify them afterwards, solely with a view to give it satisfaction, and to preserve its favour. Not only can the collective people do no

wrong — none at least that the statesman should presume to correct — but the popular mind can wish for nothing that the statesman should refuse to give. If the popular mind be in love with error, so let it be; *populus vult decipi, decipiatur*. This is certainly the theory upon which a great deal of very plausible modern political writing is founded, and if this be reasonable, it is not surprising that men who think so should think the teaching of the Sophists not only excusable, but something more.

If, however, there be sound moral principles which should govern men in public and in private life, wholly irrespective of advantage or disadvantage; of probable success, or of probable failure; of popularity, or of unpopularity, then both the sophistical teaching of old, and the modern defences of it, should seem odious in the sight of just men.

W. JOHANNESVILLE.

POSTSCRIPT ON SOPHISTICAL PHILOSOPHY AND MODERN ADVOCACY.

I must return to Mr. Grote, and his eighth volume, for the purpose of noticing the comparison which he suggests between the Sophists of Athens, and the barristers or advocates of our own time. Aristotle, he says, following the Platonic vein, calls the power of making the worse appear the better reason "the promise of Protagoras." To this he objects as an argument against rhetorical teaching generally; against all the most distinguished teachers for active life throughout the ancient world, from Protagoras, Gorgias, Isocrates, &c., down to Quintilian. Socrates, he says, complains of it in his defence before his judges, characterising such accusations, in their *true point of view*, as being the "stock reproaches against all who pursue philosophy." He then proceeds in the following strain, of which it may be remarked, that the modesty of its manner corresponds with that of its spirit:—

"They are, indeed, only one of the manifestations, ever varying in form, though the same in spirit, of the antipathy of ignorance against dissenting innovation, or superior mental accomplishments, which antipathy intellectual men themselves, when it happens to make on their side in a controversy, are but too ready to invoke. Considering that we have the materials of defence, as well as

of attack, supplied by Socrates and Plato, it might have been expected that modern writers would have refrained from employing such an argument to discredit Gorgias or Protagoras, the rather, as they have before their eyes, in all the countries of modern Europe, the profession of lawyers and advocates, who lend their powerful eloquence, without distinction, *to the cause of justice or injustice*, and who, far from being regarded as the corrupters of society, are usually looked upon, *for that very reason*, among others, as indispensable auxiliaries to a just administration of law."

I know not whether gentlemen of the bar, in general, have felt themselves flattered by this allusion, but to myself, I must own, the compliment seems to be rather less than equivocal. Bishop Sanderson, we know, addressing a legal auditory, instead of telling them that their bright example was a modern justification of the ancient Sophists, inveighed against such as "Protagoras, who boasted that he could make a bad cause good when he listed." Such modern advocates, he, without hesitation or scruple, remits to the fate of the "false tongue," and the punishments not very dimly shadowed forth in the book of Psalms, to wit — "mighty and sharp arrows, with hot, burning coals." But without, I trust, presuming too much in favour of the

profession of the bar, I venture to doubt Mr. Grote's correctness, when he says that the members of that profession lend their aid, without distinction, to the cause of justice or of injustice. Their advocacy, as regards persons, is indeed, as I understand the rule of the profession, all but totally indiscriminate. They must not refuse to plead a cause which is entrusted to them in the regular professional manner, whatever their own opinion of its merits may be.* But then, their theory is, that it is not the injustice of it for which they plead, but the justice. No case is so utterly bad as to be on all sides without defence or extenuation. No charge is brought to them by a client for their support, without, at least, some amount of foundation, which they may bring before the judges. Their skill as advocates, and their usefulness in a court of justice, depend upon the industry and discrimination which they exercise in finding out and urging such points of law and of justice as are in favour of their client; but to urge the judges to pronounce as law what is not law, or to persuade juries to decide for injustice instead of for justice, that is what, I apprehend, the profession would, as a theory, altogether repudiate. And indeed, whatever the theory of the legal profession may be, it seems to me that the theory of Mr. Grote is manifestly opposed to common reason; for, how could the fact of an acute arguer, giving the aid of his eloquence on the side of *injustice*, in any given cause, make such an arguer an indispensable auxiliary to a *just* administration of law in that cause? Yet that is the theory which Mr. Grote lays down.

That the practice of the profession often falls short of its theory, cannot, I fear, be truly denied; but whenever

the practice degenerates into "the promise of Protagoras," it becomes an abuse. It may be true that a large proportion of those who exercise the profession of advocates are men who, for certain fees or rewards, undertake to use all their ingenuity in order to cause judges or juries to believe what they do not believe themselves. In so far as this practice extends, the profession is one of which the morality is something more than questionable. Whenever the members of the bar so act, they do not aid in the great administration of the law, but they aid in preventing the forms of law from arriving at the ends of justice. To get a verdict by any means which can be made available for that purpose is, no doubt, a too common topic of self-gratulation among members of the bar. To gain a favourable decision from a judge, no matter by what concealment and dexterous evasion of points in the case, which would have led to a different decision, is too often regarded as a triumph. But these are abuses, and no man who estimates highly the dignity and honour of the profession, and who desires to avoid the reproach of seeking, merely to make money by the *tradesmanship* of advocacy, would ever join in such wretched triumphs, or wish to have any share in them. There is a pride in mere success, the snare of which, it is, perhaps, difficult to escape; but it should be escaped from by the aid of the instinctive feelings of a gentleman. Perhaps it was an exaggerated sense of the difficulty of keeping these feelings unblunted and unsullied, while following the profession of the law, which led Horace Walpole to say, that it would be more to his own credit to keep a shop, and sell either boots or shoes, than to be a professional advocate, and *tempted* to sell himself.†

* "I must, however, here observe upon something wholly unprecedented. For the first time in my professional life, I heard a member of the bar say that he would not have undertaken a cause, unless he had been satisfied that the charges brought against his clients were unfounded. He would have you believe, not that he looked at the *outside* of his brief, before giving up that happy leisure which he only rarely leaves, to make an occasional appearance in court, but that he painfully laboured through all the evidence which you have had before you, and came to the conclusion that his clients were injured and persecuted! If any one had stated to me that an advocate would say this, I should have laughed in his face."—*Sol.-Gen. Sir A. E. Cockburn, Court of Exchequer, 17th Feb., 1851.* The learned Solicitor (now Attorney) General, thought it an absurd and ridiculous pretence that an advocate would consider anything but the *outside* of his brief, before undertaking a cause. On the outside, the fee is endorsed; it contains no other information, except the names of the litigating parties. The barrister who had made the "unprecedented" declaration was Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

† Letters to Mason.

I believe it to be the opinion of those who have had long experience at the bar, that there is less of high feeling in the profession than there once was, and a more general desire to turn it to profitable account by any opportunity that it may afford. This is an observation which will probably apply to most professions and ways of life, arising from the advance of the mercantile spirit through all classes of society, and the unwonted activity in getting, and profusion in spending money. There is, doubtless, in our day, plenty of work done at the bar which would not well bear open scrutiny *in foro conscientie*, but that men dare publicly hold themselves forth as the indiscriminate advocates of justice or injustice, or that so doing they would escape general contempt, I must take leave to deny; nor would they much mend the matter, if in such a case they should plead the example of Protagoras, or Gorgias, or any other of the Sophist tribe.

There is, however, another point of view—to use Mr. Grote's favourite expression—in which considerable resemblance may be traced between the ancient Sophists and modern advocates. It lies in the ill effects produced upon the faculty of moral judgment, by carrying to excess the habits of discussion and argumentation. The man who is accustomed in almost all the questions which come before him to take one side, and to look at it principally with a view to the maintaining of the side which he is bound to support, is very likely to impair his power of judging fairly upon the whole matter. At all events, in proportion, as he has been a painstaking partisan, when that was his business, he will lose the power of readiness of judgment, when he comes to decide causes; for the process of his mind will be, from habit, to examine each side as an advocate, and to give judgment in favour of that side upon which the arguments appear the strongest. But others who, perhaps, have been less successful as advocates, will find their way to a right judgment by a

shorter road. Experience teaches that the smartest advocates do, by no means, make the best judges; and, on the other hand, men who never appeared to advantage in the open strife of argument, have been found both the most accurate and the readiest in deciding upon the arguments of others, when a judicious promotion has given them the task of trying causes. One of the most careful and philosophical of the observers of modern life† has remarked, that in all but purely scientific questions, arguments are not to be submitted to by the judgment as first in command, but rather they are to be used as auxiliaries and pioneers. The judgment should profit by them to the extent of the services they can render, but after their work is done, it should come to its conclusions upon its own free survey. He then proceeds to the following more particular statement, which may be more easily submitted to the test of ordinary experience:—

“I have seldom known a man with great powers of argumentation abundantly indulged, who could attain to an habitually just judgment. In our courts of law, where advocacy and debate are most in use, ability, sagacity, and intellectual power flourish and abound; whilst *wisdom* is said to have been disbarred. In our Houses of Parliament the case is somewhat otherwise; the silent members, and those who take but little part in debate, and, indeed the country at large, which may be said to listen, exercise some subduing influence over the spirit of argumentation, and the responsibility for results restrains it; so that here its predominance is much less than in the courts of law; yet, even in the Houses of Parliament, wisdom has been supposed to have less to say to the proceedings, than a certain species of courage.”

It appears to me that these remarks are substantially just, and, therefore, I am of opinion that something else than “the antipathy of ignorance against superior mental accomplishments” may be the cause of the distrust with which the artifices of the Sophists of old, or of those who are

* “It is said that Wyndham, when he came to the end of a speech, often found himself so perplexed by his own subtlety, that he hardly knew which way he was going to give his vote. This is a good illustration of the fallaciousness of reasoning, and of the uncertainties that attend its practical application. Ever since the time of the Sophists, logic has been too ready to maintain either side of a question; and that, not merely in arguing with others, but even within our own bosoms.”—J. C. HARE, *Guesses at Truth*.

† Henry Taylor, Author of “Philip Van Asteveld.”

said most to resemble them in modern life, have been so frequently regarded.

It has been argued that the cause of justice runs no risk from the practice of advocacy, since the adverse advocates state fully the points of the case on each side, and an impartial judge presides and gives his decision after duly weighing the arguments of both, and correcting them by his own knowledge. This theory, however, assumes that the advocates are equally matched in all respects, and that the judges and juries are incapable of being led away by the eloquence or adroitness of a favourite advocate, or of being put out of humour by one who has not the good fortune to be so well received. But it often happens in practice that advocacy is not very equally balanced, and sometimes it happens (perhaps inevi-

tably) that one advocate has the ear of the court more than another. Then, as advocacy is avowedly purchasable, the litigant whose money is first presented to the influential advocate has more chance of success than that which he derives from the amount of law and justice which is on his side. Such points as these, which are only occasionally apparent, we bear with, remembering that all things human must be imperfect. But they teach us also to remember that unconditional and unqualified praise, of even the most accomplished advocacy is fulsome and unjust; and that ability, acuteness, and intellectual power should, by no means, receive that unbounded admiration, which rightly is reserved for wisdom and virtue.

W. J.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS,

IN A LETTER TO ANTHONY POPLAR, ESQ.

PART II.—A DAY UPON "THE HORN," AND A RIDE AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

DEAR MR. POPLAR,—Are you an early riser?—or, haply remembering the days of your youth and your syntax, do you recal the time when you used to construe and parse "*Diliculo surgere saluberrimum est*," when all the while you mentally dissented from what you conceived the atrocious and highly revolutionary sentiments contained therein? Now, that this is *not* the case, I think your own MAGAZINE exhibits unmistakable internal evidence, for from its pages there ever breathes a matutinal freshness—a lark-like liveness—and a six-o'clock-in-the morning vivacity easily recognisable by all true worshippers of the orient sun. Surely you are one of us, Mr. Poplar!—matin philosophers, "*albente die*" brethren, and confraternity crepusculan, sworn to wait upon and welcome the "rosy-fingered morn;" and being such, you, no doubt, are well acquainted with all the pains, perils, pleasures, profits, and perplexities which attend the early riser at all seasons of the year. You know, Brother Poplar—for we will take a very extreme case—what it is to leave your warm nest in

winter, at the grisly and loathly hour of five in the morning, "when all the world is sleeping;" the first plunge into the cold black chamber air, not the infidel's "leap in the dark," but the spring of an energetic mind, bent on "redeeming the time." Then the grope to the toilet-table; the fizz of the phosphorus-box; the pandemonium glare for a moment, settling down into the mild blue radiance emitted from a wax taper, by the light of which you perform your ablutions and other morning duties; then the descent to the study, where the air is cold, and you catch yourself beginning to quote, chatteringly, "*Frigora mordent jam matutina parum cautos*;" but the remedy is near, for the neat-handed Phillis of your establishment, who is now in the arms of Morpheus in the culinary regions, has *laid your fire* with pyrotechnic skill—"Arches on arches," as Byron says of the Colosseum, only these are of whity-brown paper, and resinous wood, and turf from the brown bog, and coal from the sable mine; all igneous, and ready, like Lombardy or Hungary, to burst into

a flame as you apply the match, and softly fan the nascent fire with streams of oxygen, propelled from the leathern lung and windpipe of an octogenarian and highly asthmatic bellows. Then, when the fire is established, comes the delicate cooking of the coffee, the first cup of which mounting to the brain cleanseth the whole cerebral process; sweeping away cobwebs, lubricating the faculties, arousing the memory, quickening the fancy, invigorating thought, and with its condensed aromatic steam-power setting into play the whole intellectual machinery, for, in despite of the penal edicts of German doctors against those innocent fluids, and in contradiction to many a medical anathema, allopathic, hydropathic, or homœopathic, I am ever a warm advocate for tea, coffee, and the whole family of harmless stimulants. And on an occasion like the present, I would say of coffee, what I recollect Sganarelle says of snuff in the "Festin de Pierre" of Corneille, only with a qualification—

"Quoi qu'en dise Aristote, et sa docte cabale,
Le café est divin, il n'est rien qui l'égale."

With such a delightful stimulant, and your fire burning briskly, and the certainty of no interruption for at least two good hours—

"How happily the days of Thalaba go by,"

whether you bend over the "Sanctæ Literæ" (and every Christian scholar ought to begin his day with a chapter in the Greek or Hebrew Scriptures), or hive-matured and weighty wisdom from Bacon's page of gold, or admire the noble old sublimity of the Greek tragedians*—those ancient cliffs which tower erect and grand in the far horizon of time, still visible, and ever pre-eminent above all that the later drama has produced; or sketch a paper for Maga, till all too soon the day comes on—

—————"Jam clarum mane fenestras
Intrat et angustas extendit lumine rimas:
Stertimus!"

Certainly we were not inclined to do so, or linger in our bedrooms on the

beautiful bright morning which witnessed our domestic *rendezvous* in our friend's breakfast-parlour at six o'clock, in the lovely vale of Glen Swilly.

The view from the windows was delightful: on the hills lay the mists half drawn up, like grey silk wimples, transparent to the sun's rays and spangled with dew; the river ran shiningly in silver—the meadows were steeped with the vivid green freshness of emeralds. The avenue and gravelled walks were wetted with a most copious dew, which lay in innumerable diamond globules on every branch, and leaf, and tiny spray in the lawn; the birds had been up for hours, singing hallelujahs to Him who made them and careth for them; and from every tree, or green nook, the richest gush of song and sweetest melody was poured: it was the very life of music. We had a hasty breakfast; and at seven o'clock, our chivalry being all mustered, and our cavalry pawing and plunging for the start, and our single vehicle—"the thing you know"—an Irish car "at the door," we gave the word "*andiamo*," and set out for the mountains, and the Ocean-Aricle, and Horn Head. We had five or six horsemen, one gentle lady equestrian, beautifully mounted on a thoroughbred mare, and the aforesaid "thing you know," or outside jaunting-car, drawn by two long-trotting, "broad-breasted, high-maned sons of the hill," *alias* a couple of tall bays, who, unlike Cuchullin's steeds in the above citation from Ossian, were driven tandem fashion—not abreast. In the *well* of this car (in which I can testify there was no water, but something stronger) were stowed away sundry articles intended for the refreshment of nature, and the sustenance of life, viz., as a lively youth in our party described it, cold beef and mutton for the pastoral and bucolical; dead turkeys and defunct chickens for the ornithologist; a lobster salad for the botanical and conchological section; hams, which had long ceased to trot, for the quiet and sedentary; and tongues which had never uttered falsity or bitterness, and whose value appeared, like that of Cromwell, only to be acknowledged after their death,† for the mora-

* The Rev. George Croly has a beautiful remark on the comparative merits of the Greek dramatists. He says, "Sophocles and Euripides were sons of men, but Æschylus was the Titan."

† I think it was Dr. Spratt who said of Cromwell, "Time will whiten him;" this time has done, with the assistance of Messrs. Merle D'Aubigne and Carlyle.

lising members of our company ; and a few bottles of sherry, before alluded to, to illustrate and evidence the old saying of " truth being in a well," by comparing it with another ancient adage, "*in vino veritas*" — this was our young Collegian's merry classification of the viands.

Our horses were in delightful spirits and very fresh, yet we rode them slowly, to let them get breath, as we had two or three-and-twenty miles to go before we pulled rein. We crossed a bridge a little below the glebe grounds, and rode up the opposite side of the valley, pursuing the same route we had taken on the preceding day, till we arrived at Rachedoge, where we turned off at right-angles across the picturesque bridge, green with ivy and ash-trees, which here spans the Swilly. Our road now lay northwards, running up a high hill, from the top of which we looked back and saw Glen Swilly, and all its woodland beauties, lying deep in the hollow behind us, and spangled with myriads of dew-drops. On our left was Fox Hall, the seat of Mr. Chambers, a most picturesque spot. On the ascent here we encountered a flock of sheep, driven by a bare-legged boy and two collies ; afterwards came the owner, a farmer on the shady side of forty years of age, with a florid face, and seeming as if he were suffering under a perpetual perspiration of bashfulness. His steed was evidently an old soldier (having served in the victualling department)—a tall, flat-sided, yew-necked, hammer-headed steed of a chesnut mare, with a tail cocked stiff out like a carbine, having an upward curve at the extremity, and exhibiting hairs like angels' visits, short and far between. The one eye of this brute was a singular compound of intelligence and malignity, with a retrograde squint that conveyed the idea that its owner was ever looking back to see if any person was laughing at her tail. The rider saluted my friend eagerly but shyly, blushing most vividly, old Commissariat glaring at us fearfully with the eye, and executing a lame kind of pompous, spavined caper as she passed us by. This man, my friend told us, was, in the truest sense of the term, a "modest boy," and what the neighbours called "sheamed." He had a large farm, and was a remarkably honest, industrious, and pious man ; but simple and timid to a fault, and easily

bullied. My friend, whose parishioner he was, exhorted him often to marry, as his homestead was in a lonely place called Clooncarney, and the "*fugaces anni*" were beginning to frost his pow ; but Simon would get violently crimson at the idea, till one day at Ramelton fair he met Miss Jane M'Corkodale, a pretty little giggling lass of seventeen, who made such an impression, that next week he mounted "the meare" and rode off to old John M'Corkodale's house to ask him for his daughter. Here he remained a month, during which time he was duly wedded. Shortly afterwards my friend met him sitting erect on "the meare," whose eye and gait appeared to have acquired a double portion of malignity and pomposity from the circumstance of there being a marriage in the family. Simon blushed crimson as carnations when congratulated on his new estate, but looked a little less joyous than the occasion warranted, which was accounted for when he informed my friend that "it was the older, not the younger Miss M'C." whom he had "got married on." It appears that M'Corkodale, who was a Covenanter, and a warm, wealthy farmer, proved "verra steff" on the occasion, and pronounced "the Geggler" to be altogether and out of the question "ow'r young" for wedlock ; and being rather a stickler for the rights of primogeniture, he insisted upon Simon, "*if he had ony mind to marry at a',*" taking to himself his *eldest* daughter Sarah, a comely sensible woman of thirty, declaring, in tones that could not be disputed, "the ould one must go first," and adding, by way of consolation, "that such was his regard for Simon that *if he had an oulder one* he would have gi'en her him."

My friend had hardly concluded his sketch of the modest benedict when we came in sight of Temple Douglas, a ruined church with rather a fine window ; and a little in its rear a noisy fall of water, occasioned by a stream rushing between two huge rocks. Here it was St. Columbkille was nursed, and probably built a cell, the place being then called Teampull Dubheglas, which being interpreted, is the "dark green church."

The country all about is wet and wild, exhibiting much bog, backed with barren mountain, yet reclaimed in partial patches here and there. It

is much cut up with roads, intersecting each other in all directions, as if they had lost their way, and did not know where to run to. Here is some tillage, productive principally of oats and bere, or barley, along with a few large fields of flax—a beautiful crop—belonging to the better class of farmers, and the never-failing potato. Presently we came on the banks of the Lennan River, rapid as an arrow, and running distractedly over a channel broken by thousands of dark boulders standing loosely in the water on a rocky bottom, and causing a perpetual whirl and foam in the stream. This river rises, or rather issues from Lough Fern, which is north of Ramelton; and flowing past Kilmacrennan, and under the base of the great mountain-Lough Salt, so well described by Cæsar Otway, it passes near the Rock of Down, where the O'Donels were once crowned; and thence rushing on, fretting and foaming, it washes the wild rock-piled townlands of Clooncarney and Traintagh, runs roaring beneath the broken bridge of Trainbeg, till at last, confined between steep and wooded banks beyond Ballibolother, it begins to be what its name imports, Lennan signifying “still water,” as it quietly ripples and circles under the arches of Churchill Bridge, and is lost in the bosom of the beautiful Lough of Gartan, the Lake Leman of Donegal.

We had ridden by its side for nearly two miles, the road running on the top of the western bank, and we now called a halt to survey the lovely sheet of water which received it. Gartan Lough is backed on the north and west by fine hills, which contain innumerable little lakes or tarns—Glendoean Mountain apparently frowns over it. In some of the famine years the Government constructed admirably engineered roads on the south and west side of it, opening out these dusky highlands, and rendering accessible what had not been trodden by foot of man for time untold. The value of land, formerly so depressed (that I was told the *fee-simple of a mountain and moorland estate was offered for a shilling an acre* purchase-money), has, since these roads were made, increased a hundred-fold.

The few peasantry who inhabit these wilds are not an imaginative race. “Common sense” prevails more than “genius” in their character. In an

exploring ride my friend and his lady had lost their way among the hills; they had been ascending a bridle-path for nearly a mile, and on reaching the summit, a panorama of mountain, lake, and wild rock scenery, stretching off towards the Rosses, suddenly lay before them. Here they were accosted by a peasant who knew them, and the following dialogue ensued:—“Is not that a wonderful scene?” “True for your raverance, it is a wonderful cauld country.” “But is not the prospect beautiful and grand?” “I’m doubting if thon land would be ow’r good for the crops—its all rushes, rocks and the black water—the pleave has no heart.” “Now tell me, my friend, whether would you rather look at this fine view, and that lofty Glendoean Mountain over there, or see a plate of hot potatoes on your table to-day?” “I’m thinking, sir, *the payaties is more usefuller.*”

On another occasion, my friend wishing to give a young horse a few weeks’ grass, went to a farmer’s house who grazed cattle, to inquire his terms, &c., &c.; the good man was from home, but his blunt, honest, clever wife refused to have anything to do in the transaction. “What does the beast want with grass here when you have hard oats at home; besides you ought to know something of our Glen Swilly boys, they might tak’ your horse some dark night and never ask your leave. Keep your horse in your stable, he’ll thrive best when your hand’s upon his mane, and ’twill be better ony day to say “*here he is, than there he was.*” All the time that my friend was narrating these traits of peasant life and character, we were admiring the Lake of Gartan. A handsome house called Belleville stood on its left bank, and opposite was the glebe house of Gartan parish; the first belonged to Mr. Chambers, the second was the residence of the Rev. H. Maturin, a relation of the author of “Bertram.” The lake, I should say, from a bird’s-eye view, was about three miles long, but I cannot be certain; it is an exceedingly beautiful piece of water, with the smile of the sun-light and the frown of the hills meeting upon its fair face, from its banks being both of a flat and a precipitous nature. It has a deep interest as well to the lover of nature as to the archæologist and the Irishman; for by these waters was Columbkille reared, and in Gartan was he born.

In Kells they have his stone-roofed house standing and in good preservation, but in Gartan I could not find a visible vestige of him. He was born in the beginning of the sixth century, of royal lineage, for his father was grandson of Connel, from whom Tyr-Connel or Donegal was named, who was son to the celebrated O'Niall of the nine hostages, King of Ulster.

This district was at that time, as I said, called Tyr-Connell, the land of Connell. It did not receive the name it now bears until Sir John Perrot, in 1584, erected it into a county, and called it Donegal. Its original name had been Eargal, or Eircael; but Ptolemy makes it to be peopled by folk whom he designates by the musical appellations of Vennii, and Rhobogdii; which our young Collegian said should be translated "the inhabitants of the fens and the bogs!" and Horn Head, unto which we were bound, was styled by this ancient authority, Promontorium Venniennium. However, to return from this geographical heathen, to our good saint—his mother, too, was of noble birth. He was baptised at Turluch Douglas, probably Temple Douglas, and had his name of Columba Kille, "Dove of the churches," from the religious houses he founded in Ireland. One was where Derry now is; another was in Offaly, or the King's County, where now is Durrow Abbey, lately the seat of Colonel Stepney, now of Lord Norbury.

The Venerable Bede mentions this latter quaintly enough, in his chapter on St. Columbkille—"Fecerat monasterium nobile in Hibernia quod a copia roborum Dearmuch lingua Scottorum, hoc est Campus Roborum (Oakfield) cognominatur."—Eccles. Hist. lib. iii. caput 4. The saint seems to have been fond of "the greenwood tree," for Derry signifies "the place of oaks;" and in the neighbourhood of Gartan is a range of mountains called Derry Veagh, or "the Oakwood of Deer," where the remains of very ancient wood are to be found, as well as the bones of the red deer. When Columbkille was about forty-four years old, taking pity on the isles of Scotland, and the northern highlands of that benighted land, he came as a minister and a missionary into an all but heathenish country. Take the words of Venerable Bede himself:—
"Venit de Hibernia, presbyter et

abbas insignis Columbanus Britanniam predicaturus verbum Dei provinciis septentrionalium Pictorum, gentemque illam verbo et exemplo ad fidem Christi convertit."—Eccles. Hist. lib. iv. cap. 3. Here the island of Iona (amidst the ruins of whose churches and tombs Dr. Samuel Johnson became enthusiastic and eloquent, though he omits to say that the founder of their fame was an Irishman) was given to him by the grateful Picts, his converts, and here he died, having built and originated the monastery, afterwards so illustrious as the seat of learning, and the burial-place of kings and nobles. His life is briefly but fully given by Bede, who may be depended on; his death is as faithfully narrated by Adamnanus, one of his successors; what are called his "prophecies" are a mere myth. His last days were passed in diligently reading the Holy Scriptures, which formerly he had copied out entirely in his own handwriting, especially the Psalter, taking much delight in the beautiful thirty-fourth Psalm, which begins with "I will bless the Lord at all times, his praise shall continually be in my mouth;" and he died upon his knees in the church, praying to his Heavenly Father. Such was the end of a saint of whom Ireland may justly be proud. He was "angelic in aspect, pure in his converse, holy in his employments, of excellent abilities, and eminent in wisdom." Thus holily he lived and died: may our last end be like his! and, as one said at the interment of good Bishop Bedell (whom Columbkille much resembled in his simplicity, austerity, blamelessness of life, and love for the Bible), so I would say now, "O sit anima mea cum Columbano."

But, dear Mr. Poplar, I have kept you and my readers a long time standing on the bridge of Gartan, while I have been descanting concerning Saint Columbkille, yet a lovelier spot for a resting-place could hardly be imagined. This lake is called in the Donegal map, prepared under the Ordnance Survey, Lough Beagh South. Some of these charts are extremely incorrect, and names are most carelessly given; the word is Lough Veagh, not Beagh. Some of the highest mountains about here are not even set down on the face of the map, which, on the whole, is a singularly unsatisfactory document.

I had forgotten to state that since starting we had passed near no less than four school-houses, and my friend told us there were five more in the parish; of these, six belonged to the London Hibernian Society, and three to the Kildare-place Society—they were all Scriptural schools, and much frequented by the peasants' children. I had many stories of the almost miraculous memories of these young people, and how they were in the habit of "committing" to memory sixteen, eighteen, or twenty chapters of the Old or New Testament, every three months; and it was universally allowed that the "Roman children," *i.e.*, the Roman Catholic, were far and away the "keenest at the learning, and varra greedy at the Scriptures;" another proof, if such be wanted, that the Roman Catholic laity, if left to themselves, are glad to receive and read the Word of God. My friend occasionally held an evening lecture at some of these school-houses, and in order to show us how widely extended the critical vein was among these Northerners, he narrated an anecdote, as we walked our horses up a hill, which made us smile. A clerical friend from town was staying with him—a good man, though a little flowery in his mode of preaching; on one of these occasions he occupied the school-desk, and next morning my friend, meeting the schoolmaster, inquired how they had liked the new minister? Sam shrugged his shoulders, and made answer—"Why, your raverence, the hearers think you have the beggest voice, but they all hold thon man from Dublin to be *better edicated*."

He gave us also a graphic account of the packing of one of these evening school lectures, to which all "denominations" crowded, under the auspices of his litigious steward, Jeakie, who, mounted on the schoolmaster's rostrum with ruler in hand, and desk before him, composed, like a second Neptune, the crowding waves of an overflowing congregation, delivering a kind of lay address before the arrival of the minister, and what he himself would call the "lifting of the service"—

"Work up—work up—men and weemen—work up—mak room for Mr. M'Craub and the mistress, mak room for auld Tam Elliott.

Mrs. M'Coy, ma'am, you munna sit in thon pleace, I wouldn't allow you to be in the air of the door; let the Meeting + people have the stools" (with a grin), "they're na that fond of standing. Jackie Logan you munna be falling asleep the night, its na manners. Work up—work up—my oh, but you're that throng! Mak room there for Mrs. Colhoun—puir craythur, she's but donsie. Yees men must stand now, the weemen may set down, and tak their wee chillst† on their laps, but if they cry ye must quet the apartment. Master, you must left the hymn. Betty Spratt, you have a muckle voice, mind you sing oop—and dunna be sheamed—my oh, will yees work up," &c., &c.

The singing was awful, stentorian and stertorous, in nasal harshness long drawn out, and a regular kicking of the gamut to death; yet some sweet voices were there, and all was hearty, sincere, and much enjoyed by the poor people themselves;—the prayers responded to with real devotion, and the sermon heard throughout with intelligence and earnest attention. Unlike more fashionable auditories, the longer the minister preached the more pleased seemed the people—any reference to the "five points," eliciting from the critical part of the congregation, among whom sat M'Craub, a self-congratulating nod of the head; while many of the gentler portion of the audience, among whom was Margaret Colhoun, would melt into tears, and scarce suppress an audible "ech, my," at any mention of the grand and touching scenes of Mount Calvary.

An old woman, who occasionally came down from Gartan to this meeting, was rather "a difficulty" to my friend; her name was Hatty Gallasp, and Jeakie defined her well when he called her "a fulish auld Methody body." She was daughter to a by-gone parish clerk, and was born, and bred, and suckled amidst psalm tunes. Her voice, once good, was now cracked; besides she was as deaf as a post, and would not give in to any of the modern tunes, but persisted in obstinately rejecting all but those "her feayther and her sung on Sabbaths, in the wee gallery of Conwall parish church, when Rector Span was in it." Thus, any little harmony the singing possessed was jeopardied by the eccentricity and intractable voice of this intense amateur, who generally was half-a-

* Presbyterians.

† Wee chillis, wee children.

dozen notes before, or a bar behind the other choristers. On one occasion, my friend ventured to expostulate, but very gently (for singers, like bards, are an "irritable genus"), and suggested that she should not sing *quite* so loud, when she answered — "I had a cowl, my dear, I had a cowl thon time; but now Ise got quet of it, and praise be to the Maker if I do not gie them a skirl on the 'Auld Hundredth,' next Sabbath, I'll gie you leave to say what naebody ever said of Hatty Gallasp, or of her feayther before her, that she canna sing oot." Accordingly, when the occasion came, she dashed out in *medias res*, upsetting every voice about her, setting time, harmony, and tune at defiance, and when the rest had concluded, continuing the strain as she executed a prolonged solo, her poor old shaking voice quivering and quavering amidst the rafters of the school-house, like an insane skylark in bronchitis.

On leaving Gartan Bridge, the road becomes interesting from its wildness. We passed a sheet of water called Lough Akibbon, and got over the ground rapidly; though, having no observant Xenophon with us, we did not count the Parasangs; the car acting as our oriflamme, and leading the way—now disappearing in some winding or hollow, now seen climbing some distant hill, the two bays performing gallantly. And now we saw the car stopping on a flat part of the road, near a bridge, and all the good folk thereon standing up—some on the seat, and some in the well, in various attitudes of admiring attention. We immediately pushed on and joined them *en grande gallope*. They were opposite to Glen Veagh, and looking up into its gorge; behind them, on the right hand of the road, was a river, the Owen Carrow, issuing from Lough Glen. It flows westward into Glen Veagh, which is a valley of water, half in light, and half in deepest shade; walls of towering rock rise black, abrupt, and broken on the north side, out-topped by Dooish Mountain. The lake resembles the gigantic lock of a canal on the one side, while on the south, the banks, scarcely less precipitous, are green with copse and natural wood, and once were covered thick with ancient trees, chiefly oak, where troops of red deer were to be seen; but this was some hundred years ago, hence its name Glen Veagh, which signifies in Irish, "The Valley of the Deer."

For long years, the deep loneliness and utter inaccessibility of these wilds, favoured the growth of the trees, as well as the existence of the deer, and few living creatures ever penetrated into these morasses, save the fox, the eagle, or some bog-trotting M'Swine, to whose chieftaincy the region appertained. The lack of roads, and the total absence of all drainage, formed a kind of negative "national defence" here; but now the last deer has been shot, and the old oaks, planted by some O'Donel or M'Swine, cut or blown down (except in the Mullengore wood, which lies up on Glen Veagh—by the little lake of Nambradden there are old trees still standing). Thus civilisation builds up and destroys, *diruit et ædificat*; and if she carries a silver trowel in the one hand, she brandishes a woodman's axe and a rifle with the other.

In the little green island, which sits in the water of Glen Veagh, like an emerald in a setting of blue enamel, lived John M'Swine, the representative of that ancient race. He is cleverly and effectively described by Cæsar Otway, who visited Glen Veagh in the year 1822. He *was* a "princely-looking peasant," and far beyond Big King Joyce, whom I saw and had the honour of shaking hands with last year near the top of the Killery in Galway, and whom I considered a burly and rather clownish personage, without anything striking but his enormous physique.

The M'Swine was well known in Donegal, making his annual circuits among the gentry, and always insisting on having a glass of claret, as a gentleman and noble by descent. Their property had dribbled away through extravagance, but had never been escheated for rebellion against the English government.

The family were secondary princes under the O'Donels, and gave their name to M'Swine's Bay, M'Swine's Country, and M'Swine's Gun. The word seems to be originally Scandinavian—probably Swino; Anglicised, it is Sweeny. No doubt there was occasional immigration from the north of Europe to this part of Ireland. The ancestor of Mr. Olpherts, of Ballinconnell House, was a Dane, and came to Ireland with a friend and countryman, by name Wybrants. This latter settled in Limerick, as Olpherts did in Donegal, and their descendants are

now high among the gentry of either county. Glen Veagh is *now* the property of James Johnston, Esq., of Stranorlar, but is held by a Mr. Foster, who resides there. On its east end is a fine mountain, called Losset, which I believe means "Light." We were loath to leave lovely Glen Veagh, and its charming combinations, and peculiar variety of brilliancy, and shadow, and vivid green grass, and fairy island, and mist, and sparkle, and duskiness, and rock, and water, and wood, and slope, and cliff, all grouped together; and we all agreed that we had never seen in any country a gorge and glen of so imaginative and diversified a character as the sweet Valley of the Deer. We started again, "the car-borne" taking the lead. At each step now the mountains opened upon us. On the right rose Muckish. It has been compared to the long ridge of a barn, a haystack, &c.; but its Celtic name is best—Muckish, *quasi* Muckanish, that is, Pig's Island, for it looks like a long-backed Irish pig when seen from sea. The ridge or back is nearly two-thirds of a mile long, and the mountain is 2,200 feet high. On the south side, half way down, is found the whitest and finest sand; in fact, it is the hard silex of the mountain decomposed by the action of the weather. Great bags of it are rolled down and exported to Dumbarton, where it is made into splendid crown and plate glass. We had this mountain a long while in view, but it was some time before its lofty brothers opened on us, and then it was quite a sudden burst and most sublime; for, on rounding a flat mountain called Largah-Veagh, or the "Track of the Deer," at the termination of an extensive plain which opened out to the left, rose four gigantic conical mountains in distinct and separate masses, yet exhibiting a great likeness one to the other. These were Arigle, or "The White Arrow," next to Arigle was Altan, and then the two Aghlas—grand and noble-looking sisters were they, and evidently of the same original formation.

Kerry can boast of loftier mountains no doubt, but none so singular in shape and hue and peculiar in position as these four strong, solitary, stone giants, which, standing up from a desert of rock, and grass, and swamp, and bog, and tarn, so spectral and so strangely similar in the outline of their conical

precision, have the wildest appearance of any mountain landscape I have ever looked at. I confess, Mr. Poplar, I am jealous that these sublime solitudes should be so little known, and while tourists are pouring from our Holyhead steamers, and flowing down to Connemara or Kerry, so few, if any, penetrate into the Donegal glens; yet here is everything to attract and satisfy the sportsman, the lover of nature, or the man of science. The fish swim thickly in the bright loughs; the grouse crow amidst the heather of the solitary hills; the otter lurks in the tarn and stream; the rabbits burrow here in millions; hares and foxes abound, and even the brock and the stoat are to be seen; the ocean swarms with turbot and every choice fish; the country is rich in botanical treasure—many Alpine plants blossom on the mountain tops, among which is the blue gentian, which is to be met on the summit of Muckish; and there is the largest possible field for the mineralogist as well as for the geologist. The roads are first-rate, the country perfectly safe. The two inns are excellent; that at Letterkenny, which is the starting-post, is kept by Mr. Hegarty, a most respectable, intelligent, and obliging man, and one who knows the country thoroughly, and who, when he furnishes you with a vehicle, will add every requisite information with it. The inn at Dunfanaghy is, I hear, also well kept; and if this page of mine could induce any tourist to pass into these grand wilds, he would indeed be richly repaid for his trouble.

Crossing the bridge of Calabber we proceed, and soon arrive at the Gap of Muckish. Here we met two men, sons of the M'Swine, mere peasants, and illicit distillers by trade—wild-looking kerne, and in good pictorial keeping with the rocky, desolate scenery around them. "Spur your horses, gentlemen, now; the Gap of Muckish is past and left behind, and you have a long reach before you ere you arrive at the cross-roads, and nothing to detain the eye till then. Keep in the trot—never mind cantering if you can help it; steady now, our horses are feeling the bracing influence of the keen air which rushes from the Atlantic. Look at the thoroughbred—how she 'clears the lea'—what beautiful action; look at her arching neck—her long silken mane—the snow-flakes on her chest—her

graceful head—her wide, red, open nostril—her taper flying limbs—her thin glossy skin—her round eager eye, full of fire—her small erect ears—what a splendid spanking trot she goes at, so that two of our gentlemen mounted on shelties are obliged to press them into a hard gallop to keep up with her flying pace." We are now in Cloghaneely* (which means the "stone of slaughter"), composed of disjointed rocks and dark heath; and before us, to the right, is "Bloody Foreland," the most north-western point in Ireland, and 1,035 feet above the sea, according to the Ordnance survey. The legend says, that after the death of Brian Boiromhc, the Danes fled to what they conceived to be the remotest corner of Ireland, which they called the Farland; but being followed by their victors, they had so cruel a battle with them that it was called "the Bloody Farland," since corrupted into Foreland, by which latter title it is commonly quoted in the proverb, "from Cape Clear to Bloody Foreland." Cloghaneely also at that time saw such fighting as tinged her stones with blood. Soon we arrived at the cross-roads; here the Atlantic first met our eyes as it thunders on the beach of Ballyness Bay. Gemmed with a little archipelago of islands, the sea here looked, breathed, smelt, glittered enchantingly. Innisbofin, Innisbeg, and Innisdoey lay near the shore; but Torry, like a black gothic castle, with tower, and turret, and ruined stairs, and broken wall, rose far amidst the waves, at a distance

of ten miles from the mainland. Some of our party who had seen the wonders of the Horn before, decided on remaining at the little cross-roads inn, and from thence passing over to Torry,† where is some magnificent cliff scenery, while the remainder pushed on to the Head. Our road now lay eastward and along the coast, the sea breaking in melodious thunder on our left. On our right the great mountains Arigle, Muckish, and their serfs, looking calmly down from their altitudes; and Horn Head before us rising bluff and bold at a distance of about six miles. We kept our horses at their pace, rapidly passing Ballinaconnell House, the seat of Mr. Olpherts, and the glebe-house of the parish of Raymonterdony. As we neared Horn Head we came upon an immense rabbit-warren lying on the sea shore, and containing millions of these little animals. I heard that the skins and fur produce a good annual income to Mr. Stewart, who is the lord of the soil here, or rather of the sand; and that the servants covenant on hiring with him, that they are not to have rabbit for dinner more than three days in the week—but this may be mere gossip for aught I know. In fact, the whole promontory of the Head, containing 4,000 acres, is more or less one vast warren, though the population is thinned by gun and gin, as well as by hawk and fox, and falcon and eagle, and other wild animals who carry game certificates from nature, and whose right to kill is never questioned.

* "Cloghaneely"—this "stone of blood" is yet to be seen on Mr. Olpherts' grounds, with its sanguine streaks. The legend is too long for insertion, and the interest of the story will scarce justify the occupying of the space—"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." It is, however, well given in the "*Ulster Journal of Archæology*," published in quarterly numbers by Messrs. Archer and Sons of Belfast—a delightful issue, which has been just commenced, and is likely to succeed from its great merit. The plate in the first number of "*Balor's Castle and Prison*" in Torry (which Balor is the hero of the Cloghaneely legend) is a beautifully executed lithograph, and gives a good idea of the height and wildness of the Horn Cliffs opposite on the mainland, with a whole cloud of sea-birds flying round them.

† I am aware that any information I may have concerning Torry is very imperfect. Even the derivation I elsewhere adopt for its name is dubious, though certainly the most agreeable to the imagination. I have never been on the island; but I would refer the reader to a pleasant little volume, part of which appeared in a late number of this Magazine, entitled "*Hours in Vacation*," by Alfred M'Farland. This gentleman visited Torry very lately, and seems to have threshed out the whole sheaf connected with its history, scenery, laws, legends, habits, &c., &c., with diligence and accuracy, and the reader will find much matter to interest, amuse, and even astonish in Mr. M'Farland's sketchings of this wild Atlantic isle. The reader should also consult the first and second numbers of the "*Ulster Journal of Archæology*" (a work referred to in a former note); each part contains a full, learned, and graphic article on Torry, illustrated by a map and some exquisite lithographic plates. It is a curious fact that neither rat nor frog will live on Torry, which seems to imply that St. Columbkille effected even more than St. Patrick in respect of the reptiles!

We turned aside to put up our horses at Dunfanaghy, intending to visit the cliffs on foot. Between this village and the Head an arm of the sea intervenes, which is crossed by a long bridge of many arches. Beyond the bridge is the gate of "Horn Head House," a handsome mansion belonging to Mr. Stewart, the representative of an ancient family and large property in Donegal. The house and its inmates are proverbial for hospitality, gentleness, and kindness, and some of our party being known to Mr. Stewart we were certain of a cordial welcome from him and his most amiable lady; but we had much to see, and our time was scant and stint, so we pushed over the hill to reach the cliffs, and turned our steps to the left to visit M'Swine's Gun, which we had some difficulty in finding as it was not shooting, at which time the jet of water it throws up to a great height, and the noise which accompanies the discharge, designate its locality. It is a crater on the top of a rock—like a monstrous stone wine-funnel—the orifice opening down to a sea-cave below of about 150 feet in extent. The mouth at which the water boils and rushes in is triangular-shaped, and thirty or forty feet in height; it is a long, narrow slit in the face of the rock. When the wind blows from a particular point, vast volumes of seawater roll into this cave, filling it to the roof; and, Orcus-like, there being no "*superas ad redditus auras*," from the sea continuing to beat in, the water so pent up gets desperate, and, as it were maniacal, because it "can't get out," and, assuming the form of a water-spout, is whirled through the orifice at top in a superb column three or four hundred feet high, which puts to shame the fountains at Alton Towers, or the jet d'eaux of Versailles, and is accompanied by a noise equal to the discharge of a broadside of a man-of-war.

Up, up, up, the Head still advances, like a monster smoothing-iron elevated upon its broader end, or rather in shape like what the French call in fortification a *ravelin*.

We had some wet walking, and a good deal of jumping and climbing. Once, on topping a little sand-hill, we saw in the hollow a large eagle tearing a rabbit; she was not four yards below us, and her eaglets were with her, and probably she was teaching them a les-

son in gastronomy unknown to Ude or Mons. Soyer. Our party ran shouting down towards her, when, deserting her prey, she strove to rise, sweeping the sand with her strong, long wings, and half-running, half-flying, till having attained sufficient air beneath her pinions, she rose to a great height—at times lying still on the air, and uttering a wild cry like barking, her young ones circling round her, and presently we saw the male bird sailing majestically from the cliff to join her. It was really a magnificent sight, these two noble birds in all the pride of their strength and native wildness, hovering over us, which they continued doing the whole time we remained on the Head—the incomparable splendor and majesty of the proud eye; the broad, brown, strong shoulder; the fierce crook of the ridged, yellow beak; the wild bark or cry; the huge flap of the powerful wing; the round legs, feathered thickly to the very toes, and the claws crooked and cruel—these were all plainly recognised by us, both as we had observed the female on the ground, and now as they both crossed and recrossed over our heads, watching us as if we had come as a storming-party to sack and destroy their eyrie.

What is the reason, Mr. Poplar, why these noble birds are so often accompanied by crowds of small birds? I have frequently seen eagles on the wing in Donegal, and have seldom missed this anomalous companionship. Yet Mudie, a Scotch writer, says, that "when the shadow of an eagle passes over a valley not a wing moves but her own." And again, he writes, "that even in mountain lands they always *soar aloft*." Now, I distinctly recollect meeting an eagle on the wing in a wild pass in Glendoe Mountain, and he sailed over my head so closely that in the enthusiasm of the moment I flung my hat at him, which absurd action of mine I confess the monarch appeared to treat with thorough and becoming contempt.

But the whole subject of the haunts and the habits of these grand birds is treated in a very delightful way by the late William Thompson, of Belfast, in his "Natural History of Ireland," a work combining the accuracy and intelligence of a philosopher, with the graphic power of a painter, and the warm colouring of a poet; and I would especially mention this work, inasmuch as

Mr. Thompson traversed all these Donegal highlands and headlands with an eye full of gratified admiration, and is never so enthusiastic and so eloquent as when he describes them. In glowing language he paints the ocean, the mountain-peaks, the sky, the peculiar air-tints, the vast illimitable wilds, the countless lakes, loughs, bays and headlands; the white sand tracts, the "magnificent range of cliffs," and last of all the "stupendous Horn," with its lofty, precipitous sides, where builds and breeds the golden eagle (*chrysætos aquila*), an aristocrat even in his diet, and seldom in his wild state being known to prey on the sea birds, which his magnificent brother, the great sea eagle (*haliaëtus albicilla*) regales upon; while the osprey (*pandion haliaëtus*), less fastidious than either, and an expert though violent sea-angler, is as fond of fish as a lord of the treasury at a Greenwich white-bait dinner. These three kinds of eagles frequent the Horn, building in inaccessible parts of the cliff—the osprey being the least wild, and now and then perching on the trees in Mr. Stewart's lawn. Here, too, are jer-falcons, and kestrels; immense foxes also live in these cliffs. From the 10th of April, till about the middle of July these shores are visited by millions of rock-nesting and other aquatic and migratory birds. Among them are the puffin (*fratercula artica*); the skart, or cormorant; the shearwater (*puffinus anglorum*); all the tribe of laridæ, or gulls—the herring gull; the common gull; the brown gull (*larus fuscus*); the great black-backed gull; the razor bill (*auk-alea torda*); the kittiwake (*larus rissa*); the skua, a fierce gull, and not a frequent visitor; the colymbus, or diver; the common and black guillemots; the penguin (*apterodytes*); the gannet, or *sula bassana*; the shag, or *cristatus Phalacrocorax* (that fellow must have a splendid bass voice, if there be any faith in names); the oyster-catcher, or *hematopus ostralegus*; and the petrel, which has an Italian derivative, and is called, from *Petrellus*, or little Peter, from the way the creature has of walking on the water. These and many other marine birds come to the Head for incubation and feeding the three spring months of every year; but what is a most singular physiological fact, some few of them visit Horn Head in December, for about fourteen

days, it is supposed to meet a peculiar shoal of fishes which are here at that month; and some of the guillemot tribe remain all the year. In May these cliffs are lined with birds, sitting in myriads on their eggs on the narrow horizontal shelves of the mural rocks, ledge under ledge all thickly tenanted, and every available spot occupied. Little patches of earth rest on these shelves soddled with grass, on which grows thickly the sea pink (*statice armeria*); and the ox-eye (*chrysanthemum leucanthemum*). "The birds are as close together as they can sit, and the lines of snowy whiteness, of various lengths, which they present against the grey sterile surface of the cliffs have a very singular appearance, as strata of flints in a limestone quarry are not more horizontally disposed." We noticed the Auk, especially in its black and white livery—a pompous, heavy, and conceited-looking creature, stuck up on its nether end, with its great bill protruding like a beggarman's dish.

While some are thus stationary, others are seen flying confusedly up and down the face of the cliff, or floating or splashing on the waves, like the guillemot, who has his name from a Welsh word signifying to whirl about, or winging their way back to the rocks, either bringing fish in their large bills to their mates, or heavily gorged themselves; some of the latter, like the Puffin tribe, may be seen making tack after tack in their homeward flight, to enable them to rise sufficiently high to reach the ledge of rock on which their fair ladies and small families are looking out for their arrival, the weight of the bird and its habits of gourmanderie hindering it from flying either long or high without rest. And, should there be a mist on the sea, spreading half way up to the Horn, the effect of watching these birdsemerge, like spirits, and sink back again into the vapour, thousands of them rising and falling every moment, is most singular. While now will come a light breeze, and dissipate, for a few seconds, the mist, revealing the horizontal ledges—grey stone mingled with green sod—where, from the brow to the base of the cliff, sit the feathered myriads in all the fixedness and inflexible pertinacity of their incubatory habits. They are thus easily snared, or, as the phrase is, "dulled," by the game-keepers at Horn Head. I should have before mentioned, that

most of the birds were gone when we visited the Head; I had seen them, however, before and since. We now stood upon the out-jutting platform of rock which is called the Western Horn, and is nearest to Ummara Head. There is no difficulty in reaching the edge of this cliff, as the ravelin of rock is more than thirty feet broad. We hauled up a large round stone, and when we had got to the edge of the point, we heaved it over; it fell, smoking and scintillating adown the flinty face of the cliff, but as if it had been a feather, we neither heard its splash, nor saw its immersion in the sea. Having tested our heads at the edge of the Western Horn, we returned down the platform. A portion of the party determined now to attempt going to the point of the centre horn, which is, in fact, *THE HORN*, and to perform which would be the feat of the day. It has a considerable elevation towards the point, jutting out about forty feet; it is extremely narrow the whole way along, and, indeed, in many places is not more than three feet in width, while on either side the precipice to the sea sinks down sheer 833 feet—this is the Ordnance Survey measurement; the map of the Society for Useful Knowledge makes the Horn 921 feet high. A few of us essayed this dizzy path; we could only do it one by one, crawling on our breasts and faces, the breadth of the platform not admitting two at once. Our gentle equestrian, neither daunted nor dizzy, succeeded in reaching and touching the tip; others followed her example, among whom I had “most luck,” according to our guide, for when I had gained the end of the Horn, and was looking over the brink, a pair of large sea eagles rose from the abyss. I saw their eyrie, about forty yards down, with white bones lying on it. They ascended quite close to my face, as I lay on the cliff, and the shadow of their great wings was on me for a moment; and to this day I can recall, after twenty long years, most vividly to mind the sensation I had then and there—a scruple of fear, no doubt; but the predominant and absorbing feelings were wild excitement, enthusiasm, and admiration. The eagles, however, were gentlemanly birds, and did not swoop—as they after-

wards did on a clerical friend of Mr. Stewart's, though without hurting him—but suffered me to retrograde back again down the slope, till I reached my party. It is, indeed, a most sublime, heart-stirring, and magnificent sight; this grand old cliff,* so vast, so proud, so strong, standing up to endure the lash and thunder of the great Atlantic Ocean, and night and day to battle with the cold, unceasing billows, which, like mad Arctic wolves, rush up its sides, or rave around its base; like some gigantic bison, this majestic Head lifts its brow of stone, and sublime, stupendous Horn, and butts against the northern blast; or, throned on its rocks, sits calm and undisturbed in the might of its monarchy, while the vanquished waves of five thousand years are murmuring at its feet. The view all around is in keeping;—on the right, Sheephaven, the sands of Ross-penna, where, Pompeii-like, Lord Boyne's house lies buried; the islands near Rosgull, the Elagh cliffs in Fanet, and Mulroy Bay, curving, and winding, and twisting amidst its rocks and its shores, like a great glittering silver sea-serpent; and farther still, the entrance to Lough Swilly, and Ineuran Bay, and the lofty Point of Malin, which sits like a crown on the head of Innishowen, the O'Dogherty's country, terminating the landscape to the east; while behind Arigle, and Dooish, and Muckish, and all the highlands we had passed, with a hundred blue tarns gleaming or darkening amidst their hollows, as the light or shadow fell, formed a noble back-ground to the scene.

We lingered on the cliffs till evening, and though we all had gone through much exercise, yet so bracing and elastic was the air, that no one felt at the time the least fatigue. On our way home we witnessed a striking sunset, accompanied by some of those atmospheric phenomena mentioned by Mr. Thompson, as peculiar to this region—the most gorgeous hues, topaz, and ruby, and emerald tints dying earth and air, and strand and water; Torry Island, black and defined, and all its castellated outlines standing out and looking like one of the five hundred and forty wizard halls where dwelt the Scandinavian

* It is composed of mica slate, and quartzose, and sandstone.

thunder-god Thor, after whom the island is named; the sea, a deep green, but in the line of the sunset, gold and crimson; and the long range of mountains, robed in a veil of spangled and sparkling mist, a scene of intense beauty and spirituality, which I still carry pictured on my heart, and one scarce to be forgotten for life.

At Dunfanaghy we had poor accommodation, though *now* the first-rate hotel, kept by Leonard, gives everything in the nicest style—at the time we visited the village the inn was tenth-rate; but we had dined on the Head, having carried our provisions thither from the car, and all we needed was tea, which was so excellent as to awaken the suspicion that probably it had never paid the king's duty; we had brought good bread with us, and the cream, and eggs, and butter of the little dingy hospice were delicious: and though our couches were not inviting, they were clean, and we were too tired to be fastidious. And so we slept well, and assembled all in good condition next morning at eight o'clock to breakfast.

Our servant made us smile by narrating how the innkeeper and his family had been questioning and cross-questioning as to *who we were*, and whence we came, with a curiosity in its detail worthy of a Yankee Down-wester.

My friend told us how this habit of *finding you out* prevailed in the country, illustrating it by what happened in his own case after his first coming to Donegal. He had ridden (dressed in a rough coat and wearing a grey cloth cap on his head) up the steep long causeway which climbs Lough Salt; had heard, as he turned into the hollow basin on its summit, the lapping and plash of waves, and seen its blue lake, cased in stone, fully a mile in length, and two hundred and four feet deep;* had ridden along the "sea wall," by the lake's margin, till the second tarn appeared, glittering amidst its deep, verdant banks, like a mirror in a case of shagreen velvet; then ascending a small hill on the left, the glorious Atlantic opened on his view, booming and breaking over long tracts of sand, one thousand five hundred feet beneath where he stood; then paid a visit to Briny O'Dogherty's cabin, which lies on the top of the northern ascent to Lough Salt, and found said Briny

rather sulky against travellers in general, and especially irate and bitter against Cæsar Otway, for impugning deponent's sobriety, although in this case it was manifest the greater the truth the greater the libel; and had just turned his horse's head homeward, when, spurring up from the Glen-side of the mountain, a horseman joined him, of the better order of farmers, when the following dialogue took place:—*Traveller*—"Thon's a brawe day for the craps." *My friend*—"It is." *Traveller*—"I reckon you're from Strabane side." *My friend*—"I am not." *Traveller*—"Where are you going to?" *My friend*—"Not far." *Traveller, seductively*—"Likely you're in the saft goods line in Darry?" *My friend*—"I have not that honour." *Traveller*—"Well, well, I woul'nt wonner if you might be one of Ractor Stopford's skulemeasters from Latter-kenny?" *My friend*—"You are quite wrong." *Traveller, getting desperate*—"I'm no that sure but you're an exciseman?" *My friend*—"I have not such happiness." *Traveller*—"Eh, but you must be the musiek man that's come from Dublin to settle the pyanny-forts for Lady Skewart, at the Lough Side?" *My friend*—"I have not that felicity." *Traveller, quite excited*—"My, oh—my, oh, man, but you're steff!—*Who care ye at all?*" Here my friend spurred on, his tormentor in a perfect agony bellowing after him, "What's your name—ech, man, what's your name?" To which my friend, turning in his saddle, answered in a loud and sonorous voice: "Ton dapameibonemos—poluphloisboio thalasses," and then trotted on, leaving the baffled catechist in a state of mingled amazement, curiosity, and despair.

As we sipped our tea, one story (illustrative of the manners and feelings of the peasantry) succeeded another, as the waves of the sea. My friend described a sudden descent made by his neighbour, M'Grain, and his two sons, upon him one day, when with a number of labourers he was engaged in ramming a huge tall whinstone rock with gunpowder, in order to get it out of the way, and thus suffer a mountain stream to fall without hindrance over a high rock which lay in the water-course below it;—he described Zeacky's

* See Ordnance Survey Map.

insane anxiety as he questioned him—
 “Is it for a mell, man—is it for a mell? Yees have na’ watter for’t.”
 Zeacky was a miller himself, which sharpened his questions. When my friend quietly told him it was to make a waterfall, it was impossible to describe the open, undisguised snorting contempt of M’Grain—“A waterfa’l ech and my oh, but *that* bates a’ that ever I heerd tell on—ten men at eight pence a-day, and powther, and blasting tools to mak a waterfa’l! My oh, man, but I’m thinking you have the money more plentiful than the wit. A waterfa’l! The Lord be gude to us,” he continued, as he stalked up the hill from the glen, his nose wrinkled to its very but; and the palms of his hands turned out from his body, while nodding his head to each son, as if to enforce his utilitarian principles on them, he exclaimed—“Thon man is daft—he’s na reicht—yes, dootless he’s *clane* daft.”

We sounded to boot and saddle at about ten o’clock, and rode back along the sea road to the little inn at which we had left our friends yesterday. We found them waiting for us; they had much to tell of Torry and its battle-mented cliffs, and how their boat had nearly foundered coming through the dangerous surf which boils between the mainland and Torry Island. This name is of Runic etymology, called from “Thor of the Hammer,” the son of Woden the Scandinavian deity; he presided over stormy and desolate places, and this island is especially to be classed among such. In ancient days, no doubt the war barks of the Norsemen and Vikings visited Torry. It is likely, too, that the superstition of the old Saxons darkened these regions (there were oaks and mistletoes in great abundance in Donegal), as the remains of a Druid’s temple are yet standing on Horn Head; but in the sixth century St. Columbkille preached and taught the pure Gospel of Christ on this island; and here he built a tower* and church, the ruins of which remain, and to which he alludes in an ancient Irish versicle, which he was in the habit of singing when expatriated to Hye, or Iona—

“Oh would to God I were in Derry,
 Or on my Gartan’s native lea,
 Or in mine ancient cell at Torry.
 Surrounded by the Atlantic sea.”

The saint was fond of rhyming, it seems, for speaking of Derry he thus sings:—

“My fragrant fields, and fruitful trees farewell—
 My sloe, my nut, my apple, and my well.”

This is pretty and graphic, and better than the above doggrels.

The Torry islanders, I believe, number 500; and till lately were ignorant of any law but their own ancient Brehon code.

Our aim now was to visit Arigle, and the Hollow of Dunlewy and its lakes. Our road lay at first due west, going towards Bloody Foreland or Farland. The meaning of this name I have before discussed, for, as Dr. Primrose took pleasure in giving to Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, the whole platitude of her name, so do I delight in endeavouring to ascertain the etymology of all places I pass through, so as to connect them, if I can, with a link in the chain of Irish history, antiquities or legends; and I recollect with what pleasure I once heard an old Wicklow crone relate, that in her grandfather’s days, our two beautiful Sugarloaf Mountains, with their stupid Saxon mercantile name, and tea-table title, were called, in our noble Irish tongue, the “Slah an Oir,” that is, “the Spears of Gold,” from the reflection of the rays of the rising and setting sun. In the same way, after having turned to the left, southward, at a place called Falcarragh, on Ballyness Bay, we rode through two localities, successively rejoicing in the eccentric titles of Bedlam and Beltany. Surely these names were originally taken from the New Testament, adopted probably by some pious Presbyterian settler, and in the lapse of time tortured from Bethlehem and Bethany into their present nomenclature by some Donegalian Mrs. Malaprop. As we rode towards Dunlewy, we had on our left the naked, sharp, skeleton, backbone of Arigle; the mountain here looking as if it had been all shattered by the thunderbolt, and blanched by the north gales, which split themselves against its spine. On our right rose the Mountain of Carntreenagh, or “the Strong Fort,” nearly 1,400 feet high, frowning over Lough Logha; and between the other side of this mountain and the western Atlantic, lies the inte-

* See Petrie’s “Round Towers of Ireland,” pp. 14 and 406.

resting locality of "Gweedore" which the genius, the beneficence, and the determination of a noble Irishman has converted from a moral and physical desert, into a land of comparative plenty and of certain promise.

Between the part of the road we were now traversing and Carntreenagh, was a mountain hollow, or long valley — here was a large eagle sailing up and down. We thought of that exquisite little *bit* of wild and beautiful painting in "Waverley," where Scott seems to have snatched the pencil from Edwin Landseer, when he paints the gloom of the tremendous Highland Pass of Ballybroagh. The party traverse it at sunset, and Evan Dhu fires his piece, but without effect, at an "earn, which yon Southrons call an eagle," as the kingly bird sailed majestically through the gorge on the dusky evening air.

Much of Arigle belongs to Mr. Stewart, of Horn Head, who should be called "The Laird of Earnscliff," and who has certainly more living subjects within the ring of his territorial dominions than any monarch in Europe. I believe if the quality of this gentleman's land was equal to the surface of its acreage he would be one of our wealthiest proprietors. The tenantry in this neighbourhood are of a superior class, especially the Protestant farmers. And report says, that the present Bishop of O——, when Rector of Clondeborky, in which Dunfanaghy is, was heard to express himself of the *morale* of his parishioners as of a purer order in general than he had met among any peasantry before. Nor is enterprise or industry wanting, for, on a late occasion, when a flax fair was established here, on the first day's opening of the market £500 worth of flax was bought and sold. This I heard from Mr. Stewart, the *present* proprietor, himself.

We had to ride round Arigle to arrive at Dunlewy, which is in a concave on the south side of the mountain. Here is a chain of lakes — Dunlewy Lake, and the Upper and Lower Nacung Lakes, from whence the Claddy issues, running over a granite bottom, and falling into the Atlantic at Bunbeg. Here is also a village of huts built of white marble, the streets roughly paved with the same snowy material, taken from a quarry which lies above the

upper lake. The thatch of the houses is secured by thick hay-bands, slung from side to side over the roofs, and terminating at each eave with an enormous stone, weighing fifty or sixty pounds; this novel and precautionary process of architecture was to guard against the tremendous blasts which in winter come raving up amidst these mountain gorges. Sir James Donbraine had a handsome lodge built here, belted by plantations, gemmed by the diamond waters of the lakes, and faced by the "White Arrow," which went up before his windows, steep, sudden, and seemingly inaccessible, to the height of 2,500 feet. On the east is Dooish, or the "Black Hill," 2,100 feet high; and on the south-west Crockatarrive, and next it, and about ten miles distant, soars Slieve Snacht, or the "Hill of Snow," upwards of 2,000 feet high, with its mural precipices of rock, peopled with eagles. Of the geological features of this wild and secluded spot I am not qualified to speak — I cannot discuss "porphyry and basalt, trachyte, amygdaloid;" but I learned that copper ore and iron pyrites may be traced round Arigle, and I believe this is rich in mineralogical treasure. The peasantry are as wild as their rocks; the women wearing bright blue coats of stuff, tight to their shape, like a modern frock coat, and short petticoats *a la Suisse*; their hair curiously arranged, and their tongue altogether Celtic. Here we tethered our steeds to the gable end of a house, and having found a soft carpet of tenderest grass, we sat down and dined on the remnant of what viands the "well" larder still produced, slaking our thirst with the most delicious cold, clear diamond water I ever tasted, which gushes from the rock a good way up the mountain. Two of our party, despising Dr. Kitchener's digestive directions, and outraging the whole code of "peptic precepts," started up the mountain after dinner, determined to reach the top; the remainder read, reclined, strolled about to catch new points of view, or sketched the mountains and their passes, which every moment became more interesting as evening came on with her shadows. The sun was well down towards the west when our cragsmen returned from their climb;

* See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for January, 1853.

they had been on the very top of Arigle, which they told us runs up to such a point that you may bestride it like a saddle, and fling a stone down from either hand.

We saw, also, the beautiful "Poisoned Glen" of Dunlewy, but could not ascertain the legend, except that it was connected with "M'Swine's Wars." We had a quiet trot back to the cross-roads, where we proposed resting till the sun had set, and then riding home, under the influence of a bright full moon. At tea—which was here as good and as high-flavoured as any we had ever drank at the best private tables—one of our party spoke of a daring feat performed by young Mr. —, in this county. When quite a lad he had accompanied our old friend M—, the Glen Swilly "Traveller," into the Rosses in search of eaglets, till he reached the top of one of those gigantic Slieve Snacht cliffs which we had seen from Dunlewy. Here old M— had driven a wooden stake deep into the earth, to which he fastened a stout rope, passing the other end under his young companion's armpits. The cliff is 800 feet of sheer height, and in the face of it, a considerable way down, was the eyrie; and over its edge the youthful adventurer was now canted by M—, lowering him by the tackle, with as little ceremony as a Liverpool warehouseman would a bag of New Orleans cotton. Mr. — was armed with a short gun, and clothed in a shooting-jacket, and reaching the nest in safety, succeeded in capturing and bringing up the eaglets, in despite of the old birds, which he kept at bay with his gun; and old M— had the pleasure of hauling him up in safety, and landing him on the cliff, with an eaglet in each pocket of his shooting-jacket. This story was told us by old M— in our ride up Glen Swilly.

I may add, as not altogether irrelevant to the subject, that this same bold cragsman, some years ago in the Mauritius, *with a simple coil of rope, and by himself*, succeeded in accomplishing the fearful ascent of the Peter Botte mountain, a feat rarely performed, and which three gallant Englishmen, in 1832, with every available assistance from rope-ladders, crowbars, guys, training-lines, and climbing negroes, accomplished only with the greatest difficulty, and of course tremendous risk of life.

We were sorry we had not time to visit Ards, the splendid seat of Mr. Stewart, nephew to Lord Londonderry, and private secretary to the late Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna. This noble old place, immense in its extent, lies on the shores of Sheephaven Bay, about three miles south of Horn Head. The property was an original grant from James I. to John Wray, the scion of an ancient family in Cornwall. He and his descendants had a princely estate in Donegal, and were allied by marriage and blood with the noblest and best families in the north, whither they had emigrated along with the Gores, the Cunninghams, the Kingsmills, the Harts, the Stewarts of Fort Stewart, the Brookes, the Vaughans, the Crawfords, and the Mansfields, who were among the earliest settlers under bonnie King James's Plantation Act. The last owner of Ards was William Wray, one whose wealth, munificence, and hospitality are to this day remembered in Donegal among all ranks, keeping the gates of his place always open, as a "fine old Irish gentleman," a school now defunct—so profuse, that he had always twenty stalls for his guests' horses, and twenty covers at his table for their masters. So precise and orderly, that walking in his pleasure-ground one day, he cried to his gardener—"John, I cannot proceed;" to which the other answered—"No wonder for you, sir, for I see a straw in the way." So proud and dignified, that once in the grand jury room, when a young dandy squire desiring to know what time of day it was, asked him lightly—"What are you?" he struck the floor with his gold-headed stick, and answered, "I am William Wray, of Ards, sir." So public spirited, that he made many of the great public roads, not like Agmondesham Vesey—

"Who out of his bounty
Built a bridge, at the expense of the county"—

but at his own proper cost, running them right over mountains, straight up and straight down; witness the causeways over Mongarry and Lough Salt, where, in utter scorn of all engineering science, he drove the road, straight as a bird would fly, up the mountain, creating an ascent sharp and rectilinear, and visible from a great distance; the Lough Salt Mountain road he partly paved with square flags, setting up huge milestones, eight or ten feet high—I saw the last of them

some twenty years ago : and so ardent an engineer, that he made his labourers work at these causeways even by torchlight, till all was completed. This old gentleman spent a most princely fortune in a short time, as may well be imagined from what I have said. With all his dignity of deportment he was so facile, and had so much of the easy-going old Irish gentleman about him, that he suffered the coast smugglers to run their vessels under the sea-wall which bounded his lawn at Ards, and to secure them by hawsers passed round the trunks of his old trees, which still grow within a few yards of the ocean in that sheltered place. In his day, Ards was a little city in itself, and being removed so far from any town or haunt of men, the offices contained almost every kind of shop and requisite, as if for sale. After William Wray's "reign," most of his great estates were sold, when Ards was bought by old Mr. Stewart, of the county of Down, *circa* 1781.

We had no adventure coming home : our horses were wild with spirits, and the night was soft and delicious. On starting, the red, round moon had slowly risen, all crimsoned, and as if heated amidst the mists which attended the sunset ; but soon ascending high, she hung clear as a circular target of purest silver in the purple sky. Heavy had been the shadows in the mountain passes and the black "Gap of Muckish," yet our road for the most part was hard and dry, and bright with moonshine. On our right, the giant "Arrow" Argle, and his three brother mountains, all standing together so high, so still, so solitary, looked like Titans death-stricken to stone in that savage wilderness. Glen Veagh was all in gloom as we passed, and profound silence reigned amidst its hills ; we did not meet a living being for ten miles, and scarcely exchanged a word, enjoying the deep solitude, and the calm, refreshing night ; yet we were not sorry once more to hail the rush of the Lennan, as it twisted and curled, like a stream of glittering quicksilver, into Gartan Lough, all whose southern shores and waters wererevelling in the exuberant sheen of the night-planet, which was raining its rays upon it, and

bathing them all in silver light and glory. On descending a long road, at the base of which lay two or three hamlets, we perceived a crowd of people standing and walking by the way-side. My friend guessed who they were ; they had been aroused by the noise of the car, which had preceded us fully half-an-hour, and were now waiting to give us the "good night." We pulled rein on coming up, and immediately commenced numerous and hearty greetings, such as—"How is it wi' you the night?" "Is that yersells?" "Well, but I'm proud to see you, ony way." "Thon's a pleasant, saft night." "What way are ye, sir?" "My oh, to think of seeing the young mistress, too, and in the derk! I would not allow* her to be out so late." The women crowded round our lady equestrian, shaking hands, and arranging the folds of her riding-habit, and offering her pins for the purpose. I recognised the pale face of the schoolmaster, a Methodist and a polemic, who spent his time after school-hours in solemnly perambulating through the cottages, and doling out scraps of pompous wisdom among the old women, chiefly on theology. In this he took a totally different side from our friend, Alaac M'Craub, who was frequently heard to say, that "The skulemeaster knew as much aboot the true Goospel doctrine as the thong of his (Alaac's) owld shoe;" for he was ever tilting against Calvinism, and "the five points," and even when manifestly conquered, would calmly and conceitedly express his "trust in his Maker that he had the strong side of the eargiment."

But now our steeds, with that homeward impetus which characterises horses at night, were beginning to fret, especially the thoroughbred, which seemed most indignant at the manipulations of the old dames, and their freedoms with her mane and neck, whisking her long tail, and pawing and plunging most impatiently. "Good night," "good night," "good night" and "God be wi' you, and send you safe," burst from twenty kind voices and hearts, as we rode rapidly away ; passed old Temple Douglas, looming in the moonlight ; descended the wooded

* To allow is to advise.

road which skirts Foxhall; recognised once more the liquid music of the Swilly, as its waters ran shiningly between the ivied buttresses of Rachedoge-bridge; heard the hollow gurgling of Asmashen under its rocks, like a miserable captive complaining to the night through his stone bars; and after treading the glen road, came in sight of the peaceful little glebe-house, standing on its graceful eminence, amidst its belt of trees, with the moon-light shining on its window-panes, and the black mountain behind it, and within gentleness, and learning, and

refinement, and piety, and such "perfect peace" as God keeps the good man in "who trusts in Him."

And our pleasant dreams that night were of the blue Atlantic, and its long, thundering surges; and of Arigle, and Muckish, and "the mighty Horn," and Glen Veagh, and the shining tarns, and the oaks, and the cliffs, and the eagles; and thus we lived the day over again in our sleep, which, perhaps, may have conduced to freshen and preserve the impressions of memory here offered to the public. And I am, dear Mr. Poplar, yours faithfully,

B.

THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.*

If we look at a map of America on a small scale, the great mountain-chain of the Andes and that of the Rocky Mountains seem to be but parts of one connected and continuous mountain range, extending from near Behring's Straits down to Terra del Fuego. When, however, we examine large maps, which enter more into detail, and thus give a rather more accurate representation of nature, we find that this view is not literally and strictly correct. The great chain of the Andes, which often forms a double, and, in some places, a triple range of mountains, when running north from the parallel of Quito, instead of striking west through the Isthmus of Darien, travels rather towards the north-east through the state of New Granada into Venezuela. The waters that flow from the western flanks of the Cordillera here, instead of running west into the Pacific, run due north, like the large Rio Magdalena, and fall into the Caribbean Sea.

The line of volcanoes runs not only through Venezuela to the shore of that sea, but volcanic action seems more or less to extend due east along that shore through the Caraccas to Trinidad. Here it is taken up by the line of volcanic islands, and partly volcanic islands, forming the West Indies, bend-

ing round again in a great horse-shoe to the west, and striking directly through Mexico, nearly due west to the small islands of Revelligegado in the Pacific. South of that Mexican line, however, are the volcanoes of Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, running south-easterly in the direction of the isthmus, and as if to join the northern part of the Andes; instead of joining them, however, they end with the volcano of Barua, near the Golfo Dolce, leaving the narrowest part of the Central American isthmus, forming the three territories of Veragua, Panama, and Darien, free from volcanic influence.

This tract of country has a general east and west direction, bending, however, to the north, so as to form the large Bay of Panama on the south.

From this description we perceive that geological reasons combine with geographical ones, in pointing out this narrow tract of Veragua, Panama, and Darien, as the one where it will be most likely that we should be able to connect the two oceans by a ship canal. We see that we have already passed the line of volcanic action in sailing through the West Indian islands, and that this bow-shaped isthmus is a gap some four hundred miles in width, between the volcanic ranges of the

* "The Isthmus of Darien in 1852." By Lionel Gisborne. London: Saunders and Stanford. 1853.

northern Andes and those of Central America. Just about the centre of that gap is the narrowest part of the isthmus—the part where is the oldest and best known route across it, namely, that from Navy Bay, or Chagres, to Panama. This route, however, although perhaps it may admit of the railway now commenced being continued across it, yet passes over land too high to allow of the construction of a ship-canal.

The idea of a ship-canal across the isthmus, which has hitherto remained a magnificent dream, has lately received impulse and direction from the report of Dr. Cullen, who avers that he passed along a route hitherto unexplored except by the old buccaneers—namely, across the Isthmus of Darien between San Miguel Harbour and Caledonia Bay. This district is still held by an unconquered race of Indians, who are very jealous of any white man visiting their territories, but look upon the English, from old recollections, with greater favour than any other nation. From Dr. Cullen's report, Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and other public-spirited men, determined on endeavouring to get a regular survey of the ground between the two points indicated; and they despatched Messrs. Lionel Gisborne and Forde, civil engineers, for the purpose of making this survey. The result of their expedition is given in Mr. Gisborne's book, entitled, "The Isthmus of Darien in 1852;" and we propose in this article to examine the value of this result.

Caledonia Bay is the site of the old disastrous Scotch settlement, by the well-known Darien Company in William III.'s reign. It is said to have good anchorage and tolerable shelter, and Port Escocès, five miles south of it, is described as an excellent harbour. San Miguel, again, on the other side of the isthmus, is described as all that could be wished as a harbour. Now, for a ship canal, a harbour at each end is indispensable; if, therefore, the country between these two localities do not offer insurmountable obstacles, it is obviously the best part to select for the construction of a canal.

Mr. Gisborne, at the commencement of his work, discusses the question of a canal, its requirements, and capabilities, with considerable acumen.

He also gives a summary of the va-

rious projects that have been started for crossing Central America, from which we extract the following:—

"In vol. 20 of the Geographical Society's Journal, Captain Fitzroy has collected all the information relative to the various inter-oceanic routes proposed, and the difficulties connected with their execution.

"The following is a summary of his paper on the subject:—

"Four principal lines have been hitherto recommended, to which may now be added three more.

"1st, the *Mexican* line, to connect" [the Bay of Campeachy in] "the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of Tehuantepec.

"2nd, the *Nicaragua* line, to form a navigation up the river St. Juan to Nicaragua Lake, and from thence to some port in the Pacific, of which no less than six have been named as eligible.

"3rd, The *Panama* line, from Chagres to Panama.

"4th, The *Atrato* line, to form a water communication between the river Atrato and Cupica Bay, on the Pacific.

"The three other lines lately brought into notice are—

"A. From the Chiriqui Lagoon to Dolce Gulf.

"B. From St. Blas, or Mandingo, to Chepo, in the Bay of Panama.

"C. And from Port Escocès, near Caledonia Bay, to St. Miguel Harbour, in the Pacific."

Of the first, or Mexican line, Mr. Gisborne says that it has been abandoned as a canal, but that the Mexican and American governments have determined to construct a railway across it.

The second, or Nicaragua route, has a fair harbour on the Atlantic side, at Greytown, or St. Juan. The river St. Juan, however, is shallow, rapid, and difficult of navigation even for boats; and when by voyaging up it, the Lake of Nicaragua is attained, there is still a ridge to be passed between it and the Pacific; and this ridge appears, from all accounts, to be an obstacle of no slight character.

The Panama line is now partly traversed by a railroad, for twenty-one miles, from Chagres, or Navy Bay, leaving twenty-three miles to be travelled by mules over a wretched road. Navy Bay is an open roadstead, surrounded by a swamp.

The Atrato line proceeds up the River Atrato, which falls into Choco

Bay at the head of the Gulf of Darien. The river is supposed to have a depth of eight or ten feet for a considerable distance up, but a canal twenty miles long is then required across a ridge, whose height is not known; the whole distance from one sea to the other being 140 miles.

Of the three newly suggested lines, the one across the Isthmus of Darien, from St. Miguel Harbour to Caledonia Bay, is the only one that has a good harbour at each end, and seems to offer facilities for a ship canal.

This route, which Mr. Gisborne was sent out to *survey*, Dr. Cullen was the first to explore and to bring any positive information about it to England.

Mr. Gisborne somehow contrives not to meet him anywhere on the ground, and when he does meet him, on his return from it, refuses to consult with him, or to communicate to him any of his plans or observations. It does not appear to us that Dr. Cullen lost anything by this refusal, but it strikes us as uncourteous and impolitic, to say the least of it, especially when we consider that it was in consequence of the information communicated by Dr. Cullen, that Messrs. Gisborne and Forde were employed to examine the country at all.

If we were to attempt to criticise Mr. Gisborne's book as a literary production, we could find several serious faults with it, both as to style and tone. We have, however, no wish to summon it to a literary court of justice. We looked to it for information, and provided we could extract from it a sufficient amount of knowledge of fact, we cared little about the style in which it was communicated, and could pardon the introduction of a considerable amount of irrelevant or impertinent matter.

In our search after facts, however, we must confess to having met with considerable disappointment; and though we have not the least wish to say anything harsh or unnecessarily to wound anyone's feelings, we feel bound, from the importance of the subject, to examine Mr. Gisborne's statements closely, and to state our opinion of them fairly and openly.

The two principal points on which Mr. Gisborne offers to give us information, are, first, the geography; and

secondly, the geology of the Isthmus of Darien.

As to geology, he acknowledges his own want of acquaintance with the science, notwithstanding which he makes several sweeping assertions utterly unsupported by any evidence. For instance, at p. 63 he says, speaking of the mud volcanoes of Turbaco, near Carthagena, long ago described by Humboldt:—

“As you proceed towards the volcanoes, along the ridge of disturbance, a fault occurs in a shallow cross valley; and a sandstone, apparently belonging to the carboniferous series, forms the basis of the narrow backbone, with steep sides, near the summit of which the volcanoes rise.”

In that sentence there are three assertions: first, that there is a ridge of disturbance; secondly, that a fault occurs; and thirdly, that the sandstone *apparently belongs to the carboniferous series*, without a single atom of evidence as to the truth of these assertions, or any statement as to the grounds on which the conclusions have been arrived at. If the sandstone appeared to belong to the carboniferous series, it could only be from its containing fossils which appeared to be of carboniferous age; but it is not said that it contained any fossils at all; and without them no geologist would presume to make any assertion as to the age of the sandstone.

Again, at p. 121, when speaking of the neighbourhood of Carthagena, he says:—

“In a note I have taken of the geology of this neighbourhood, I consider it probable that these rocks belong to the so-called Peruvian formation; the coralline limestone being that known in the county of Durham as magnesian; and the underlying sandstone, that found in parts of Germany as the lowest of the series, and overlaying the coal measures. It is sometimes called the lower new red. Should this classification be correct, it adds to the probability of the volcanoes at Turbaco, originating in carboniferous strata, as they lie at the outcrop of this sandstone, on the summit of a ridge separated from the limestone by a valley of denudation.”

We conclude “Peruvian” in the above quotation is a misprint for Permian; but how, in the name of all that is rash and hasty, does Mr. Gisborne arrive

at the conclusion that "these rocks are Permian," and that the "corralline limestone" is the same as "the magnesian limestone of Durham?" Why might they not just as well be of tertiary age; or, indeed, for all that is stated, belong to any other geological formation? Mr. Gisborne does not give us a single reason to draw any conclusion whatever as to their place in the series, and yet takes upon himself to make an assertion as to this very interesting and difficult point, which the most practised geologist would shrink from making.

There is, however, matter yet more curious—ignorance and confidence still more intimately united and displayed in a way which becomes actually offensive, more especially as it involves the name of a gentleman deservedly high in the scientific world. For this reason we will, at the risk of fatiguing our readers, discuss the subject a little more fully. Mr. Gisborne, while waiting at Carthage for the arrival of Dr. Cullen, seems to have amused himself with scribbling in his journal observations "*de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis.*" He had, of course, a perfect right to do so for his own amusement; but we must protest against its all being printed for the annoyance of his readers, who wish to learn something about the Isthmus of Darien. Among much other rambling matter, the following passage occurs:—

"Magnetism, electricity, and galvanism have been proved to be different states or stages of the same power; the Newtonian theory of attraction, and the known magnetic power of repulsion are explicable by the polarity or negative and positive state of the bodies acting on each other. I was much interested with a work published by Mr. Hopkins, the present Secretary to the Geological Society, in which he propounds a theory, that a constant magnetic current is passing through the centre of the earth into the north pole, and out of the south one. And by this one power he explains the various magnetic, electric, and *gravitic* phenomena, whose irregularity and incongruity he attributes to the disturbing power of the atmosphere in its various stages of humidity or rarefaction, and the cross currents caused by ascending and descending vapour, &c. &c.

It is two or three years since I read the work; and it was brought to my recollection by some mining reports of this country, compiled from Mr. Hopkins's personal examina-

tion. I believe it was in relation with the direction of mineral lodes in South America, that he first propounded this theory," &c. &c., &c.

We really cannot inflict on the reader the whole of this specimen of rhodomontade. He will at once see that it is made up of half-understood facts and theories, mixed and chopped up together into what a Yankee would call an "almighty smash." What we are concerned with is, to rescue the name of Mr. Hopkins, late the President (not secretary) of the Geological Society of London, from the obloquy of being described as the author of it. Mr. Hopkins, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, well known as one of the most able mathematicians of the day, and as having done vast service to geology, by bringing the aid of mathematical reasoning to the investigation of some of its more abstruse problems, never was in South America, never published any mining reports thereon, and, most certainly, never published the book which Mr. Gisborne says he was so much *interested* in reading. The real culprit was a Mr. Evan Hopkins, who had been engaged in some cognate pursuits in South America, and who, on his return to England, published a little book, entitled, if we recollect rightly, "Electricity and Galvanism applied to Geology." It was a crude, superficial, nonsensical production, in which the writer's ignorance of true science, his misapprehension of the facts, and his utter lack of power to understand the theories, were concealed under a cloud of long words and scientific terms, vague assertions, and misty, illogical, and unintelligible sentences, that would have rendered his refutation a work of very considerable perplexity, even if any one had thought it worth his while to attempt it. We recollect being informed, that about the same time this gentleman read a paper at the Geological Society of London, on the structure of some portion of the Andes, conceived in the same spirit, and written in the same style as his book. The eminent geologists present that evening, accustomed to the care, caution, and deliberation of their own labours, hardly thought such vapouring statements worthy of much notice; and the few questions that were put to the writer

were waived off with such a high-handed disdain of all doubt and opposition, that he was suffered to have his fling, and depart uncriticised. As a natural consequence, one or two friends passed elaborate eulogies on his powers and attainments; and the paper obtained a degree of credit with the unthinking, which is much to be regretted.

Mr. Evan Hopkins afterwards set up as a mining engineer, being much puffed in the *Mining Journal*, and is now, we believe, in Australia, where he has been sent out by a company with, as we have heard, a fee of £5,000 for going out to establish it.

All professions, doubtless, have their quacks, but we think there is hardly one in which they more abound, in proportion to the number of sound practitioners, than in that of mining captains and engineers. Many so-called captains are quite ignorant even of practical mining. Good practical miners are the last to indulge in crude hypotheses — mining pretenders are among the first; and when men of this stamp step beyond the very narrow limits of what they do know, and endeavour to pass themselves off by means of high-sounding theories and confident assertions, as *men of science*, they lay themselves open to rebuke which we think it our bounden duty to take every opportunity of administering.

It appears that partly by the similarity of the name, and partly by the nature of the subject, Mr. Gisborne, and no doubt many other persons, have been deluded into taking Mr. Evan Hopkins's nonsense, as the unquestioned and commonly received belief of men of science, and as the production of a high and acknowledged authority such as Mr. W. Hopkins of Cambridge.

We would, in all friendliness, advise Mr. Gisborne to be a little more cautious for the future, as to the nature of the authorities he takes as guides in matters of science; and also to beware how he makes assertions as to the precise nature of things he does not thoroughly understand.

No one would quarrel with him for describing different sorts of rock by their ordinary characteristics; but when he attempts to classify them, he undertakes a task the magnitude and importance of which he does not seem

to be aware of, any more than he seems to be acquainted with the grounds on which geological classification is based.

When we come to questions of geography, we expect to meet Mr. Gisborne on his own ground, and to receive from him information which, as far as it goes, shall be definite and precise, and shall only fail being complete for the purpose in hand, on account of insurmountable obstacles. We cannot say that this reasonable expectation has been gratified in any way. A civil engineer ought to be something of a surveyor, and ought to know, at all events, what are the requisite data on which an accurate survey should be founded, and how far it is practicable, under any given circumstances, to secure any of those data, and what are the limits of error consequent on the want of any or all of them. If Mr. Gisborne has clear and conscientious ideas on these points, he never by any chance gives his readers a notion of them. We propose, then, to examine his statements with a view of extracting from them the actual new facts ascertained by him, and how far his conclusions are warranted by those facts, or how far his account of them, however honest it may be, is dependable for the establishment of those facts.

We will conclude, that in his map No. 1, the coast lines are correct, that they have been taken from the best hydrographical surveys, and that the latitudes and longitudes are accurate within a very small limit of error, say less than a mile. If this be true, it follows that the distance across the isthmus is also correct within that limit, and that the compass bearing of Port Escocès from Miguel Harbour is similarly accurate. The bearing is very nearly N.E. and S.W. true; and the distance by Mr. Gisborne's map is about 40 geographical miles; or from Port Escocès to the mouth of the Savannah River (at his A), 37 geographical miles, or nearly 43 statute miles. Let us assume that from the shore of Port Escocès to the mouth of the Savannah River is 42 statute miles, in a *straight* line, running N. 34° E., and S. 34° W., true bearings.

Now, let us see how much of this space, according to his own account, has been explored or looked over by Mr. Gisborne.

After anchoring in Port Escocès, he says:—

"The next morning, the 16th, we were up early, and Forde and I went aloft to see as much as we could of the interior. First, were a range of hills, from 800 to 700 feet high; behind them came mountains, apparently over 1,000 feet high; towards the S.W., in the direction of the Gulf of St. Miguel, these mountains appeared to dip until they were lost behind the first range of hills. . . . We landed at the mouth of a river, which evidently rose in the first range of hills, and ascended it for over a mile, until it became a regular torrent. . . . For about half-a-mile we cut our way through the wood with matchetoes (a sort of short sword) we had brought with us, and I found the task easier than I anticipated."

They accordingly land the next morning with three men, at seven o'clock.

"Forde carried a mountain barometer, a compass, and a linen bag with some small things in it. I had two plaids wrapped in an oil-silk cloak, and slung over my shoulders, a bag with dressing utensils, and a few things out of the canteen. The rest of the baggage consisted of two hammocks, two blankets, a small bundle of dry clothes for each sailor, with a blanket in it. We took five days' provisions with us, which were all cooked, and wrapped up in waterproof cloaks. After taking a barometric observation at the sea-side, we commenced our journey direct for the lowest summits we had seen on the first range of hills. I went first, cutting a path through the wood with a matcheto; Forde, compass in hand, directing the route. It took us nearly two hours to reach the first hill-top, which was determined by barometric observations to be two hundred and twenty feet above the sea. After a short rest, an hour's hard walking brought us to the next hill-top, which is two hundred and seventy-six feet high."

Now, how far were they then in the country, and in what precise direction had they gone? It appears that they carried with them no means of ascertaining their position *absolutely*, not even a sextant to determine their latitude; while no mention is made of any attempt to fix the position of any of the hill-tops *relatively* to points on the coast, either by cross-bearings, or in any other way.

From our own experience, in forcing a passage through such a country as described by Mr. Gisborne, encumbered as they were with baggage, we

should not be inclined to estimate their distance from the coast at more than three miles in a straight line.

They then descended into a valley, and met a stream, thirty feet wide coming *from* the S.W.—the direction they wanted to follow—with a range of mountains N.W. of them. They saw a plain (the river valley) stretching to the S.W. for six miles by estimation. Then they follow the river, and appear to lose all consciousness of their exact position—certainly mistake all the features of the country by which an apt or experienced explorer would be guided in such a case; and, after one night in the bush, they walk down the river to an Indian village on the coast, which they reach at ten, a.m., where they are ordered out of the country, taken on board their vessel, and, on pain of death, "instructed never to come there no more."

So little do they seem to have been capable of appreciating the features and forms of a new country, that when they first met this river behind the coast range of hills, they actually flattered themselves that they had crossed the watershed of the isthmus, and that the river would lead them to the Pacific.

All the facts we gain on this side of the isthmus, therefore, are, that there is a range of hills at least two or three hundred feet high, at the back of Port Escocès, but that a valley comes through these, containing a river of some ten or twenty yards in width, which empties itself into Caledonia Bay; that this river comes down a valley from the S.W., sufficiently wide and large to be described as a plain, extending six miles in that direction; and that the mountains which were seen some miles in the N.W., sink down in the direction of that "plain."

Messrs. Gisborne and Forde then proceeded to the Isthmus of Panama, which they crossed by the ordinary route; and at Panama they hired a small schooner of twelve tons, in which they proceeded to Miguel Harbour, on the S.W. side of the Isthmus of Darien. Inside this harbour is another, spoken of in the highest terms by Mr. Gisborne, which he calls Darien Harbour; and into this flows the River Savannah, on which they seem to have depended for taking them into the in-

terior of the country. He describes the mouth of the river as—

“Two miles wide, with a depth of nine fathoms at low water. The left bank (looking up stream*) is elevated from one hundred to three hundred feet; but on the right side, a mangrove wood is flooded every high tide for nearly a mile inland. The soundings for the first five miles (reduced to low water) varied from six to nine fathoms, with soft, blue mud—the river narrowing to less than a mile. This tide took us about nine miles up the Savannah. We anchored at four, p.m., when it began to ebb; and about eight o'clock we were left high and dry on a gravel bank. Shortly before midnight we were again afloat, and, with the assistance of sweeps—there being no wind—we reached the junction of the River Lara at two, a.m.; and at half-past three we anchored near an island, about four miles higher up.”

Now, as to this passage, we have one or two questions to ask. How was the first distance of nine miles ascertained? They seem to have gone up with the tide, so a log would be useless, unless it were a *ground* log, of which no mention is made. Was the distance guessed at nine miles? If so, we can only say it requires very great practice to make even a tolerable guess under such circumstances; and in no instance should a guessed or estimated distance be stated without a caution. The second question is, how far was it from the end of these nine miles to the junction of the Lara?—this distance is not even guessed at; and how did they know the little island was four miles above that junction? It must be observed that these two latter distances were traversed by night.

According to the map, the junction of the River Lara is fifteen geographical miles from the mouth of the Savannah, in a straight line, bearing N. 13° E. from it. We must, therefore, conclude the distance from the place where they grounded to the mouth of the river Lara to have been estimated at six miles.

This brings us to the last and most important question—how the position of any of these points was fixed? In other words, how was the mean or average direction of the river Savannah ascer-

tained? To make sure of the mean direction of a winding river simply by the bearing and distance of its several reaches, requires very careful measurement and observation, and much practice; when running up hastily, with a tide of unknown velocity, and doing half the distance by night, the difficulty is increased. Even with every care it is not by a cautious surveyor considered as settled, unless he get astronomical observations at the two ends of his journey, or connect them by a few angles or bearings on fixed points. Even if we suppose, therefore, that the *distance* up the winding course of the river may be taken as sufficiently accurate, and set that down as twenty miles, we see no reason to fix the point they had now attained at more than half that distance from the coast in a straight line, or to be more sure of its position than to say that it was somewhere between north and east from the mouth of the river.

It must be observed that they were still within the influence of the tide, which appears to flow two miles further up at least, or to a point which Mr. Gisborne places near the centre of the isthmus. Now, to suppose that the tide flows so far up a river which rises in mountains just beyond, and has only a few more miles of country to come from, is, to our mind, a geographical absurdity. We must, therefore, until we see much stronger evidence to the contrary than the very rough map appended to Mr. Gisborne's report, believe that the spot marked “I” instead of being where he places it, is down much nearer the coast, and within a very few miles of the mouth of the Savannah River, its bearing from it being uncertain.

From this spot they walk a distance assumed to be five miles, cutting a path all the way with blunt matchetoes, when they reach what is presumed to be a “summit,” which is stated to be one hundred and thirty feet above the main level of the sea by barometric measurement, and beyond this they come on a stream flowing east, and eventually north-east. This stream Mr. Gisborne takes for the Caledonia River, about six miles above the point where he came down on it from the

* This, then, is the *right* bank, according to the usual method of describing rivers.

other side of the isthmus. The grounds, however, for this assumption are so very slender that we must really decline to accept it as even probable. It appears to us much more likely that this stream, flowing north-east, was either a tributary to the upper part of the Savannah River, or, perhaps, even a bend of that river itself, which is described below as "very tortuous," although it is drawn very straight in the map. They return very shortly on their path, and soon after lose their way, and come upon a part of the Savannah River they had previously gone up, but "doubted if it could be the Savannah; first, because we had not expected to reach it so soon; and, secondly, because we could not recognise any of its features."

The coming on it sooner than they expected, *after losing their way*, speaks strongly for the slight distance they had ever left it; and we cannot understand the existence of two rivers close together, and of the magnitude described, in such a tract as the Isthmus of Darien, with so very narrow and slight a watershed between them as must be the case if Mr. Gisborne's notions be true.

His subsequent examination of the river Lara seems to us equally unsatisfactory as to the fact of the watershed of the isthmus having been ever approached by our explorers. So far, therefore, from the two farthest points, reached from each side of the Isthmus, being only six miles apart, and the view from the two "overlapping," as stated in the report, we can see no reason to be assumed that they are not twenty or thirty miles apart, and by no means in the straight line, or near it, between the mouth of the Savannah River and Caledonia Bay. Mr. Gisborne does not say that he recognised any points he had previously seen from the other side, but merely speaks of "plotting the map;" and his descriptions give us anything but confidence in the value of the "data" or observations thus put upon paper that confidence being diminished rather than increased by the rough and most unnatural (we had almost said im-

possible) appearance of the map, and the directions of the hills and rivers thereon portrayed.

We do not mean to quarrel with the heights given, as determined by the mountain barometer, as they might be true within twenty or thirty feet; but these observations, taken by themselves, would only become valuable had they been fairly carried all across from sea to sea, without the travellers ever having passed over an elevation greater than a certain maximum height. In order to determine the direction of the route travelled, however, and the position of any of its points, there are only three ways:—first, a set of lines, the bearings of which were accurately taken, and their lengths correctly measured; secondly, a series of triangles depending on two or three known points; thirdly, a few points fixed by independent astronomical observations, with bearings and estimated distances between them. The latter would, probably, be the easiest plan. It would only require two extra men, one to carry a chronometer with great care, and another to carry a sextant and artificial horizon.

We have the less compunction in stating our doubts of the trustworthiness of Mr. Gisborne's survey of the isthmus (if such a superficial glance at it can be called a survey), because throughout his book he exhibits such a readiness to criticise others,* and so jaunty and self-satisfied an estimate of his own capacity in entertaining, and his own correctness in deciding all sorts of questions, that we think a word in season may somewhat abate his pretensions to his manifest advantage.

We have been given to understand that Mr. Gisborne meditates another journey to the isthmus. If so, we hope he will exhibit more care and perseverance in acquiring accurate data, and more caution in making statements the truth of which he has not rigorously tested and established.

He will then, doubtless, return with a harvest of fact and observation more useful to the world, and more conducive to his own fame and reputation,

* Some of the depreciating remarks made by Mr. Gisborne on the previous reports and schemes of other people at the beginning of his book, are most singularly applicable to his own report, and the account of his own proceedings at the end of it.

than the results of his last expedition are likely to prove.

There is one part of this scheme of a ship canal across the isthmus on which it would not be right to withhold our opinion, and that is, its profit as a commercial speculation to any company that may be formed to undertake it. If a certain number of public-spirited capitalists subscribe a certain sum to test the practicability of the scheme, we can both appreciate and applaud their liberality, and can so far sympathise with them, at all events, as to regret our want of sufficient capital to aid their undertaking.

If, however, any public company were ever to invite us to invest a portion of our diminutive peculium in a Darien ship canal, with a view to our ever deriving any profit from the transaction, we should feel it incumbent upon us, for the sake of our small family, to rub up our arithmetic, and to make a little calculation on the pro-

babilities of the matter. Mr. Gisborne's estimate, from his very imperfect data, for a ship canal, without locks, is £12,000,000. Suppose it completed for that; the interest on that sum at 5 per cent. is £600,000 per annum, or £1,644 per diem. That is to say, that over sixteen vessels paying £100 a-piece for toll, or a larger number paying a less sum, must on an average pass through the canal *every day of the year*; or, in other words, no fewer than 6,000 ships per annum, paying £100 a-piece on an average.

We might go on to speak of the cost of superintendence, collection, repair and maintenance; but after talking of six thousand ships, we hardly think it worth while entertaining the question of profit any longer, and shall most unquestionably decline applying for even one of the shares in a Darien Ship Canal, should such a company be started.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

WHY do we all refer to the period of boyhood as one of happiness? It is not that it had not its own sorrows, nor that they were really so light—it is simply because it was the season of hope. In after-life, as deception after deception has checked us—when disappointment has dulled expectancy, we become more practical, less dreamy, and, alas! less happy. The possible and the probable of youth are not the possible and the probable of manhood, still less those of riper age. The realms of boyish fancy are as wide as the great ocean; and we revel in them in all the plenitude of unrestricted power. There is not a budding effort of intellect that we do not magnify to ourselves as the origin of future distinction. We exalt our feats of strength and courage into deeds of heroic daring; and we fancy that the little struggles and crosses we meet

with are like the great trials and reverses of after-life; and, in our pride of success, we deem ourselves conquerors. Oh! for one day—for even one short hour of that time of glorious delusions! Oh! that I could once more look out upon the world, as one gazes at a sunset at sea, wondering what beauteous lands lie afar off in the distance, and imagining the time when we should be journeying towards them—buoyant—high-hearted—hopeful. Who has ever achieved any success that equalled his boyish ambitions? Who has ever been as great or as good as his early visions have pictured him?

I have already told my reader that my youth was not passed in affluence. Our means were limited to the very merest requirements of existence—our food and our clothing were humble as our dwelling; and I believe that many

a sore privation was needed to escape the calamity of debt. Of all these hardships I knew nothing at the time—my experience pointed out none who seemed to possess an existence happy as my own. I had all that unvarying affection and devoted love could bestow. My little turret in winter, the fields and the mountains in summer, made up a glorious world full of interest; and the days seemed never long enough for all my plans of pleasure.

I had no companions of my own age, nor did I feel the want of them; for when my school-hours were over, I was free to follow the caprices of my own fancy. There was in my isolation a sort of independence that I gloried in. To be alone with my own day-dreams—my own ambitious hopes—my own high-soaring thoughts—was an ecstasy of delight that I would not have exchanged for any companionship. The very indulgence of these humours soon rendered me unsuited for association with others, whose ideas and habits appeared to me to be all vain, and trifling, and contemptible. The books of travel and discovery which I loved to read, had filled my mind with those stories of adventure which attend the explorer of unknown lands—the wonders of scenery, and the strange pictures of life and people. There was in the career itself, that blending of heroism and philanthropy—that mingled courage and humanity which appealed to my heart by its very strongest sympathies; and I felt for these noble and devoted adventurers not less admiration than love. All my solitary rambles through the wild valleys of the neighbourhood—all my lonely walks over mountains were in imitation of these wanderers, whose hardships I envied, and whose perils I longed to share. Not a rugged crag nor snow-capped summit that I did not name after some far-away land; and every brook and rippling stream became to me the Nile, the Euphrates, or the Ganges. The desolate character of the scenery amidst which we lived—the wide tracts of uninhabited country favoured these illusions; and for whole days long not an incident would occur to break the spell which fancy had thrown around me.

My kind mother—for so Polly always taught me to call her—seemed to take delight in favouring these self-delusions of mine, and fell readily into

all my caprices about locality. She made me, too, with her own hands, a little knapsack to wear; bought me an iron-shod staff, such as Alpine travellers carry; and made me keep a kind of journal of these wanderings, noting down all my accidents and adventures, and recording even the feelings which beset me when afar off and alone in the mountains. So intent did I become at last on these imaginings, that the actual life of school and its duties grew to seem visionary and unreal, and my true existence to be that when wandering through the lonely valleys of the Alps, or sitting in solitude in some far-away gorge of the mountains.

As I grew older I pushed my journeys farther, and carried my explorings to the very foot of the Splügen, through that dreariest of all mountain passes, the “Verlohrnes Loch.” The savage grandeur of this desolate spot—its gloom, its solitude, its utter desertion—its almost uninhabitable character, gave it a peculiar attraction in my eyes, for there nothing ever occurred to dispel the colourings of my imagination. There I revelled at will, amidst the wildest flights of my fancy. An old castle, one of the many feudal remains of this tract of country, stood upon a lone crag in the centre of the valley. It seemed as if nature herself had destined the rock for such a structure, for while there was barely space sufficient at the top, the approach lay by a zig-zag path, rugged and dangerous, cut in the solid granite. When I first saw this rude old tower, the melting snows of early summer had flooded a small rivulet at the base of the crag, and the stream being divided in its course against the rock, swept along on either side, leaving the castle, as it were, on an island.

I had long resolved to scale this cliff, the view from the summit of which I knew would be magnificent, extending for miles both up and down the valley; and, at last, took advantage of my first holiday from school to accomplish my purpose. The Forlorn Glen, as the translation of the name would imply, lay about thirteen miles away by taking the mountain paths, though its distance by road was more than double, and to go and return in the same day required an early start. I set out before day-break, having packed my knapsack with food to last me while I should be away.

I never remember to have felt a greater degree of exhilaration than as I set forth that morning. It was in the month of June, that season of all others the most beautiful in Alpine scenery, since it combines all the charms of spring, with the balmy air and more genial atmosphere of summer. The cherry-trees were all in blossom in the glens, and the rich pink of the apricot peeped out from many a little grove. I went along, happy and light-hearted, passing many a spot to which I had given some name of a far-away scene, and recognising places which once had been to me the utmost limits of my wanderings. So, thought I, shall it be in after life, and we can look back upon efforts that we once deemed stupendous, and regard them as mere tiny steps in the great steep we are climbing.

I breakfasted at a little waterfall in the midst of the wildest mountain, not a sound save the plashing waters to break the stillness; the birds gathered round me for the crumbs of my meal, and ate them within a few paces of where I sat. There was something that I felt as indescribably touching, in the trustfulness of the humbler creation, in scenes deserted and forsaken of men; and musing on the theme, I arose and pursued my way.

When I reached the Verlohrnes Loch it was still early, and I was delighted to find that the stream at the foot of the castle rock was dwindled down to a mere rivulet, and fordable with ease. I crossed, and at once began the ascent of the crag. Before I had spent half-an-hour at my task, however, I found that its difficulties were far greater than I had anticipated. The path was often interrupted by masses of fallen rock, and frequently, from long disuse, difficult to hit upon when once lost. Brambles and prickly pears, too, formed terrible obstacles at some places, while at others the rocks were rendered slippery by dripping water, and the danger of a false step was very great. In no wise discouraged, I struggled on; but to my astonishment I could perceive that it was wearing nigh to noon before I had accomplished more than half the ascent. I had therefore to take counsel with myself whether I should abandon my enterprise at once, or resolve to pass the night on the crag, for I readily saw that before I had reached the level plain again it would be too

late to resume my homeward road over the mountain, many parts of which required daylight to traverse. Although I had never passed a night away from home, I had often told my mother that I should probably be led to do so, and that she should not feel any alarm at my absence; and she who well knew the honest character of the mountaineers, also knew that I was known to them for miles far around. My resolve was at length taken to pass the night in the shelter of the old castle, and take the following morning for my return.

As the day wore on, the heat grew more and more oppressive; occasional gusts of wind would sweep past, followed by a dead, unbroken stillness, in which not a leaf moved. It seemed as though mysterious spirits of the elemental world were conversing together in this lone region, and the thought impressed me more powerfully as at intervals a low, half-subdued murmuring seemed to rise from the deep glens around me. At first I deemed they were self-delusions, but as I listened, I could distinctly trace the sounds as they rose and fell, swelling now to a deep, rolling noise, and then dying away in soft fading cadences.

My mind was stored with stories of supernatural interest, and if I did not implicitly believe the existence of such agencies, yet I cannot affirm that I altogether rejected them. I was in that state, in which, while reason is unconvinced, the imagination is still impressed, and fears and terrors hold sway, when the very causes of them were stoutly denied reality. One of the commonest of all the superstitions of mountain regions is the belief in a certain Genius, who invariably resists the intrusion of mortals within the precincts of his realm. The terrible tales of his vengeance form the subject of Alpine horrors, and the dreadful miseries of those who have incurred his displeasure point the moral of many a story, and "the Kobold of the Lost Glen" held a proud pre-eminence among such narratives. The heat, as I have said, grew oppressive; it became at last almost stifling, for the clouds descended near the earth, and the atmosphere became dense and suffocating. A few heavy drops of rain then fell, pattering slowly and lazily on the leaves, and then, as if at the word

of some dread command, the thunder rolled forth in one long, loud, continuous peal, that seemed to shake the very mountains. Crash after crash followed, till the very rocks seemed splitting with the loud artillery, while through the darkness of the murky air, great sheets of yellow lightning gleamed, and long chains of the bright element zig-zagged through the sky; the rain, too, began to fall in torrents, and almost at once the mountain streams swelled and bounded in foamy cataracts from cliff and precipice. The din was deafening, and the loud crashing thunder, with the hissing rain, the rushing rivers, and the dense shaking forests, made up a grand and awful chorus. For a while I found a shelter beneath the thick foliage of the hollies, but the sweeping wind at last rent this frail sanctuary in twain, and in a moment I was drenched thoroughly.

Although still early in the afternoon, a premature night seemed to have set in, for the air grew darker and darker, till at length the mountains at either side of the glen were lost to sight, and a dense watery vapour surrounded the crag on which I stood. My position was not without peril, since if the waters did not abate at the end of some hours, I should be left to starve on the rock. This danger at once occurred to me, and my mind was already overcome by gloomy forebodings. One thing was, however, certain—I must endeavour to reach the castle before nightfall, for to pass the dark hours where I was would be impossible. The difficulty of the ascent was now increased fourfold; the footing was less secure on the rocks, and dashing torrents tore past with a force that strength like mine could never have combated. It is with pride that I remember to have looked all those perils boldly in the face; it is, I say, a proud thought to me, even now, that as a mere boy I could meet danger boldly and undauntedly. More than once, indeed, the fatal terrors of my position stood arrayed before me, and I thought that I had seen my dear home and my kind mother for the last time—I could even speculate upon poor Raper's affliction when he came to hear of my calamity. With thoughts like these I wended my way along, ever upwards and ever more steep and difficult. Although the storm had spent much of its fury, the rain con-

tinued to fall in torrents, and the roar of the swollen streams almost equalled the deafening clamour of the thunder. The sudden transition from unbroken silence to the crash and tumult of falling waters is one of the most striking features of Alpine scenery, and suggests, even at moments of the greatest calm and quiet, a sense of foreboding peril. The sudden change of temperature, too, from intense heat to an almost biting cold, induces terrific storms of wind, almost tornadoes, by whose violence great trees are torn up by the roots, and vast rocks hurled down from crag and precipice. In turning the angle of a cliff, I came suddenly upon one of these gusts, which carried me completely off my legs, and swept me into a low copse of brushwood, stunned and senseless. I must have remained a considerable time unconscious, for when I came to myself the stars were shining in the dark blue sky of night, and the air calm, serene, and summer-like. It was with difficulty I could remember where I was, and by what chances I had come there; and it was indeed with a sinking heart that I arose, not knowing whither to turn my steps, nor whether my chance of safety lay above or below me.

I was sorely bruised besides, and one of my arms severely injured by my fall, as I discovered in attempting to use my staff. It was at that moment, thoughts of my home came full and forcibly before me; the little chamber where I used to sit for hours in happy occupation; my seat beside the hearth; my place at my mother's wheel, for she used to spin during the hazy days of winter; and, in my despair, I burst into a flood of tears. The excess of grief passed off, and there now succeeded a dogged resolve to accomplish my first purpose, and I again set out for the summit.

I had not proceeded far, when on looking upward towards the sky, I saw, or thought I saw, a light twinkling through the trees above me. The foliage was dense and thick, and grew around the base of the rock which formed the immediate foundation of the castle, so that it was only at certain spots a light, if such there was, could be visible. Onward I pushed now, with a new impulse given by hope; and, to my inexpressible joy, as I rounded the corner of a crag, I

came full in sight of the old tower, and saw, from one of the narrow windows, the sparkle of a bright light, that, streaming forth, formed a long line upon the grass.

The window was fully twenty feet from the ground, nor was the entrance door more than a few feet lower—being one of those fastnesses to which access was had by a ladder, drawn up for safety after entering. Many of these ruined castles in the valley of the Reichenau were I knew occupied by the shepherds; some indeed had been converted into refuge-houses for lost travellers, and supplied by the government of the canton with some few appliances of succour. The situation of this one, however, refuted all such possibility, since its very difficulty of approach would have rendered it unavailable for either purpose. As I stood on the little level table-land in front of the old ruin, and gazed upwards at the narrow window from which gleamed the light, all my former superstitious terrors returned, and I felt that cold shrinking of the heart that comes of a danger undefined and incomprehensible; nor am I certain that I would not rather have looked upon the ruin dark and desolate, than with that yellow streak that told of some inhabitant within.

The northern side of the Alpine ranges have few if any traditions of robbers. The horrors with which they are peopled are all those of an immaterial world, so that my mind ranged over the tales of wood-demons, Kobolds, and mountain imps, without one single thought of the perils of banditti; nor was I altogether without a strong prompting of eager curiosity to know what precise shape and semblance these strange creatures wore. Thus impelled, I set about examining the spot, and seeing in what way I might be able to approach the window. The trees on either side were too low, and the ivy which grew against the ruined wall itself offered the only means of ascent. I was an expert climber, and well knew that, though the ivy will often afford good and safe footing, it will always give way beneath the grasp of the hand, and that the stones of the wall would afford me the only security. In this wise it was, therefore, I began the ascent, and, with slow and careful steps, I arrived at last within a few feet of the window-sill.

My impatience at this moment overcame all my prudence, and, with an eager spring, I tried to catch the stone. I missed it and grasping the ivy in my despair, the branches gave way, and, after a brief struggle, and with a loud cry of terror, I fell backwards to the ground.

The stars seemed to flit to and fro above me; trees, mountains, and rocks seemed to heave in mad commotion around; my brain was filled with the wildest image of peril and suffering, and then came blank unconsciousness.

I was sitting rather than lying on a low pallet-bed stretched against the wall; in front of me a window curtained with a much-worn horseman's cloak; and around me in the room, which was lofty and spacious, were a few rudely-fashioned articles of furniture, and two or three utensils for cooking—all of the very meanest kind. My arm was bound with a bandage where I had been bled, and my great debility, and a sense of half-incoherence in all my thoughts, told of severe illness. At a table beneath the window, and bent over it as if writing, sat a tall, very old man, in a coarse woollen blouse of red-brown stuff, with a cap of the same colour and material; sandals, fastened round the ankles with leather thongs, formed the protection of his feet; these, and a belt with a gourd for carrying water attached to it, made up his whole costume.

His face when he seemed to look towards me was harshly lined and severe—the lower jaw projected greatly, and the character of the whole expression was cold and stern; but the head was lofty and capacious, and indicated considerable powers of thought and reflection.

There was over me a sense of weakness so oppressive and so overwhelming, that though I saw the objects I have here mentioned, and gazed on them for hours long, yet I made no effort to speak, nor ask where I was, nor to whom I was indebted for shelter and succour. This apathy—for it was, indeed, such—held me entranced, even when the old man would approach the bed to feel my pulse, to bathe my temples with water, or wet my lips with a drink. After these visits he would take his staff from the corner, and leave the room, to which he frequently did not return for many hours.

Thus went day after day! monotony over everything; till my head ached with very weariness, as the lazy hours went by. Where was I? Was this state of suffering, malady? Or was it imprisonment? Why was I thus? How long should I still continue so? Such were the puzzling questions which would present themselves before me—never to be solved—never replied to.

In my dreamy debility, when my faculties tottered like wearied limbs, I often wondered if I might not have entered upon some new kind of existence, in which long years of such wakeful sorrow should be gone through; and in a mood like this, was it that I lay one day all alone, when from the open window there came the thrilling notes of a blackbird, which sat on a tree close by. Not even the kindest words of a fellow-creature could have filled my heart with more ecstasy than those sounds, reminding me of my once happy life—my home, the little garden of the chateau, and its tangled alleys of fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. I struggled to arise from my bed, and after some efforts I succeeded, and with weak step and trembling limbs, I reached the window and looked out.

Sudden as the change from blackest night to the light of breaking day was the effect that came over me, as I gazed down the valley, and recognised each well-known crag, and cliff, and mountain peak of the Verlohrnes Loch. At once now came back all memory of my adventure and the night of the storm; and at once I saw that I was standing at the window of that old ruin which had been the goal of my wandering.

How I longed to learn what interval of time had gone over! I tried to calculate it by remembering that it was early summer when I came, but still the trees wore no tokens of coming autumn. They were bright in foliage, and leafy, and the streams that traversed the valley were small and tiny rills, that showed no touch of the season of rains. From these observations I now addressed myself to an inspection of the interior. Well used as I had been to habits of poverty, the aspect of this chamber still struck me with astonishment. The only thing like food was some Indian corn meal, carefully covered up in an iron vessel,

and a jar of water; of clothing, the cloak which formed the window-curtain, and a sheepskin fashioned into a rude resemblance to a coat, were all that were to be seen. The furniture consisted of a low stool and a single chair, the trunk of an elm tree representing a table. On this, however, an attempt at a desk had been made, and here, to my astonishment, were now masses of papers, covered with figures from top to bottom—algebraic signs and calculations without end! Not one word of writing, not a phrase in any language was to be met with, but page after page of these mystical sums, which seemed to be carried on from one sheet of paper to the other. How eagerly I sought out something which might give me a clue to the writer of these figures, but in vain; I pored over them long and carefully—I studied their form and their size. I tried—how hopelessly—to trace out some purpose in the calculations, and to divine their object and end—but to no avail! I had heard tell of persons whose intellects had been deranged by the intense study of a difficult problem—the search after some unattainable object in science. I had read wonderful stories of long years of toilsome labour—whole lives passed in an arduous struggle, till death had at last relieved them from a contest with the “impossible.” Could the writer of these be the victim of such a delusion? Might he have sought out this lone spot, to live apart and away from all the distracting influences of life, and to devote himself to some such task? Had his mind given way under this pressure, or had weakened faculties first led to this career? All these doubts presented themselves to me in turns; and again I turned to the complex pages of figures to assist my conjectures.

Alas! they could convey nothing to me—they were symbols only of so much toil and labour, but to what end or object I could not guess. As I sat thus, I thought that I detected an error in one of the calculations. It was an algebraic quantity mis-stated; and, on looking down, I remarked that the mistake was repeated over and over, through a long series of figures. Any proficiency I had ever attained at school was in matters of this kind, owing, as I did, everything to Raper's guidance and instruction; so that I found little difficulty in ascertaining

that this error had really occurred, and in all likelihood marred all the deductions to be hoped from the calculation.

To escape from the dreamy vacuity of my late life, by an actual occupation, was an unspeakable relief; and I felt in the pursuit all the interest of an adventurer. There was something positive, tangible, real, as it were, here, instead of that boundless expanse of doubt over which my mind had been wandering, and I addressed myself to the task with eagerness. The error first discovered had led to others; and I diligently traced out all its consequences, and making the fitting corrections, I set forth the results on a slip of paper that I found, happily, clear of figures.

So tired was I with the unaccustomed exertion that, when I had done, I had barely reached my bed ere I fell off in a deep and heavy sleep. I awoke late in the night, for so I judged it from the starry sky which I could see through the open window. The old man sat at his usual seat beside the desk; and with his head supported by his hands, seemed to study the pages before him. The flickering lamp-light that fell upon his worn features, his snow-white beard, his wrinkled forehead, and thick-veined hands, together with the heavy folds of the cloak which, for warmth, he had thrown over his shoulders, made him resemble one of those alchemists or astrologers we see in Dutch pictures. I had not looked long at him till I saw that he was pondering over the corrections I had made, and trying to remember if they were by his own hand. At last he turned suddenly round, and fixed his eyes on me. Mine met the glance, and thus we remained for some seconds staring steadily at each other. He then rose slowly, like one fatigued from exertion, and, with the paper in his hand, approached the bed. How my heart beat as he drew nigh; how I wondered what words he would utter — what accents he would speak in, and in what mood of mind.

He came slowly forward, and seating himself beside my bed on the low stool, he pointed to the figures on the paper, and said, in the Romaic dialect of the mountaineers, the one word, "Yours?" Though the word was uttered in the peasant dialect, the tone of the voice was not that of a "Bauer;"

and, re-assured by thinking that he might be of superior condition I answered him at once in French.

"Is that your native tongue?" said he, replying to me in the same language.

I shook my head in negative.

"You are a German boy, then?" said he.

"Nor that, either," replied I. "I am English."

"English! you English, and in this place!" cried he, in astonishment. "From what part of England do you come?" said he, in English, which he spoke as a native.

"I came from Ireland. My father was of that country. My mother, I have heard, was French.

"You have heard! So that you do not know it of yourself?"

"I never remember to have seen either of them."

"Your name?"

"Carew—Jasper Carew."

"I recollect one of that name," said he, pondering for some time. "But he could not have been your father. And how came you here?"

In a few words I told him of my adventure, and in doing so revealed such habits as appeared to interest him, for he questioned me closely about my wanderings, and the causes which at first suggested them. In turn I asked and learned from him, that several weeks had elapsed since my accident; that numerous scouts had traversed the glen, evidently sent in search of me, but that for reasons which regarded himself, he had not spoken with, nor, indeed, been seen by any of them, but still had written a few lines to the Curé of Reichenau to say that I was in safety, and should soon be restored to my friends. This he had conveyed to the post by night, but without suffering any clue to escape from whence it came.

"And these figures are yours?" said he, referring to the paper.

I nodded, and he went on:—

"What toilsome nights, boy, had I been spared, if I had but detected this error. These mistakes have marred whole weeks of labour. I must have been ill. My head must have been suffering, to have fallen into error like this; for see, here are far deeper and more abstruse calculations—all correct, all accurate. But who can answer for moments of weakness!"

He sighed heavily, and the stern expression of his features assumed a look of softened, but suffering meaning.

"I have often thought," said he, hastily, "that if another were joined with me in this task, its completeness would be more certain; while to trust myself alone with this secret is both unwise and unjust. Human life is the least certain of all things. To-morrow I may be no more. I have already passed through enough to have brought many to the grave. You, however, are young. You have yet, in all likelihood, long years of life before you. What if you were to become my associate?"

I gave no reply for some seconds. When he repeated his words still more forcibly—

"I should first learn what it is I should be engaged in," said I. "I should be satisfied that the object was just, reasonable, and, above all, practicable."

"You speak like a sage, boy," cried he. "Whence came such wisdom as this?"

"All my teachings of this kind," said I, "have come from her who now calls herself my mother, and whom I love with a son's affection."

"And how is she called?"

I could not tell him. I only knew her as one who was as a mother to me, and yet said she had no title to that name. Once or twice I had heard her addressed as the Countess. There ended my knowledge of her condition.

"She is rich, then?" asked he.

"Far from it," said I, sorrowfully.

"Then can I make her so," exclaimed he. "Joined with me in this mighty enterprise, you can be the richest and the greatest man of the age. Nay, child, this is not matter to smile at. I am no dreamer—no moon-struck student of the impossible. I do not ponder over those subtle combinations of metals that are to issue forth in yellow gold, nor do I labour to distil the essences which are to chrystalise into rubies. What I strive at has been reached already—the goal won, the prize enjoyed! Ay, by my own father. By him was this brilliant discovery proclaimed triumphantly before the face of Europe."

The exultation with which he uttered these words seemed to carry him away in thought from the scene wherein he stood, and his eyes gleamed with a

strange fire, and his lips continued to mutter rapidly. Then ceasing of a sudden, he said—

"I must seek her—*she* will recognise me, for *she* will have heard our history. She will give her permission, too, to you to join me in my great design. The fate that sent you hither was no accident. Boy, there are none such in life. Our passions in their wilfulness colour destiny with fitful changes, and these we call chance; but in nature all is predetermined, and by plan."

Now, rambling on this wise—now, stopping to question me as to who we were, whence we came, and with what objects, he continued to talk, till, fairly overcome by weariness, I dropt off to sleep, his loud tones still ringing in my ears through my dreams.

The following day he never left me; he seemed insatiable in his desire to learn what progress I had made in knowledge, and how far my acquirements extended. For classical learning and literature he evinced no respect. These, and modern languages, he said, were mere accomplishments that might adorn a life of ease and luxury; but that to a man who would be truly great there was but one subject of inquiry—the source of wealth, and the causes which make states affluent. These, he said, were the legitimate subjects for high intelligence to engage upon. "Master these," said he, "and monarchs are your vassals." I was amazed to discover that amid the mass of prejudices which encumbered his mind, it was stored with information the most various and remarkable. It was evident, too, that he had lived much in the great world, and was familiar with all its habits and opinions. As time wore on, I learned from him that his present life, with all its privations, was purely voluntary—that he possessed sufficient means to support an existence of comfort and ease; "but," added he, "if you would give the intelligence a supremacy, it must be done at the cost of animal enjoyment. If the body is to be pampered, the brain will take its ease. To this end came I here; to this end have I lived fourteen years of toil and isolation. I have estranged myself from all that could distract me—friendships, pleasures, the great events of the age—I know none of them! I am satisfied to toil and think now, that, in after ages, men should hold my name

The hint thus thrown out made a deep impression on my mother. It served to explain not only many circumstances of Herr Robert's position, but also to account for the strange glimpses of a great and glorious future in which, at moments of excitement, he would indulge. A life of intrigue and plot would naturally enough suggest ambitious hopes, and conduce to the very frame of mind which he appeared to reach. That I should become the follower of such a man, and the disciple of such a school, revolted against all her feelings. The spy, no matter how highly accredited and how richly rewarded, was, in her eyes, the most ignoble of all careers; and she would rather have seen me clad in the sheepskin of an Alpine shepherd than wearing, in this capacity, the decorations of every order of Europe.

From the moment, therefore, the suspicion crossed her mind that Herr Robert had been such, she firmly determined to withdraw me altogether from his intimacy. Nor was the step an easy one. He had become to be a recognised member of our little household; each evening saw him seated at our hearth or board; on every Sunday he dined with us. His little presents of wine and fruit, and occasionally of books, showed that he intended reciprocity to be a basis of our intercourse, of which, indeed, the balance lay in our favour. How, therefore, was such a state of things to be suddenly arrested? How bring to an abrupt conclusion an intimacy of which nothing had hitherto interrupted the peaceful course. This was a matter of no common difficulty, and for several days did she ponder over it to herself.

It chanced that, for the first time since her arrival at Reichenau, Herr Robert had been slightly indisposed, and being unable to come and see us, had sent for me to come each evening and read to him. At any other moment "my mother" would have thought no more of this, but coming now, at the very time when her feelings of doubt and suspicion were torturing her, she regarded the circumstance with actual apprehension.

At first, she thought of sending Raper along with me, in the guise of protector, but as Herr Robert had not requested his company, there seemed an awkwardness in this; then she half resolved to refuse me permission, on

pretence of requiring my presence at home—this, too, would look ungracious; and when at last she did accord her leave, it was for a very limited time, and with strict injunctions to be back by an early hour.

It chanced that Herr Robert felt on this evening a more than ordinary desire to be frank and confidential. He related to me various anecdotes of his early days, the scenes he had mixed in, and the high associates with whom he was intimate; and when he had excited my curiosity and wonderment to a high degree, by gorgeous narratives of the great world, he stopped short and said—"I would not have you think, Jasper, that these dukes and princes were more gifted or more endowed than other men; the only real difference between them is, that they employ their faculties on great events, not little ones; and all their pleasures, their amusements, their very vices, react upon the condition of mankind in general, and consequently whatever goes forward in their society has a certain amount of importance, not for itself, but for what may follow it."

These words made a profound impression upon me, leading to the conviction, that out of this charmed circle life had no ambition worth striving for, no successes that deserved a struggle. From "my mother" I had no concealment, and before I went to my bed I told her all that the Herr Robert had said to me, and showed how deeply this sentiment had sunk into my mind.

I conclude that it must have been from some relation to her former fears she took immediate alarm at the possible bent my mind was receiving. Assuredly she deemed that his influence over me was not without peril, and resolved the following morning to send for the Herr Robert, and in all frankness avow her fears, and appeal to his friendship to allay them.

I was about to set off for school when the old man was ascending the stairs, and taking me by the hand, he led me back again into the little chamber, where my mother awaited him.

"Let Jasper remain with us, madam," said he; "the few words of your note have shown me what is passing in your mind, and it will save you and me a world of explanation if he be suffered to be present."

My mother assented, not over wil-

little or nothing of his own story. Such was indeed the case, and I can remember well a little scene, in itself unimportant and of no consequence, which can both portray my mother's intense curiosity on this theme, and display some traits of him for whom it was excited.

It happened that at the period when her little quarterly pittance came due, my mother was confined to home by a slight feverish cold, and Herr Klann, the banker and money-changer of the village, was condescending enough to come in person and hand her the amount. In spite of her narrow fortune, my mother had always been treated with a marked deference by the village, and Herr Klann demeaned himself on the occasion with every show of courtesy and politeness. He, indeed, did not scruple to display that he was the great depository of riches for miles and miles around;—that all the relations of trade and commerce—all the circumstances of family fortune—the dowries of brides, the portions of younger sons, were in his charge and keeping. He talked much of the responsibility of his station and its requirements, and, like many others, while encomiumising his secrecy he exhibited the very opposite quality. There was not a house in the village or its neighbourhood of which he did not incidentally relate some story or incident. He became, in fact, candid himself in his confessions. It is but fair to own that my mother looked most becomingly in her half invalid costume, and that the little straw-wrapped flask of *Tieben berghe* with which she regaled him was excellent. Herr Klann was a man to acknowledge both such influences. He possessed the Hebrew weaknesses, both as regards gold and beauty. He therefore became largely confidential—taking a survey of the whole neighbourhood, and revealing their circumstances with the minute anatomy that a surgeon might have employed in displaying their structure. My mother heard him with no peculiar interest, till by accident he alluded to the “Herr Robert;” it was a mere reference to the toll-house, where he lived, but the name at once awakened her attention.

“With *him*, I conclude,” said she, “your monied dealings are few. He does not appear to be wealthy.”

“He is a mystery in every way, madam,” replied Klann, “his very cash

does not come through a banker or an agent; he has no credit, no bills—nothing. He comes down to me at times, say once a-month or so, to change a few gold pieces—they are always ‘Louis’ I remark, and sometimes of the time of the late reign. They are good money, and full weight invariably, that I must say.”

“And what may be your own opinion of all this?”

“I can form none—positively none, madam. Of course, I need not say that I regret the vulgar notion in the village, that he is in communication with supernatural agencies; neither you nor I, madam, are likely to fall into this absurd mistake.”

“And so you rather incline to suppose——” She drew out the words tardily, and fixed on Herr Klann a look of ineffable softness and intelligence together.

“I do, madam—that is my private opinion,” said he, sententiously.

“Would that account for the life he has been leading for some years back—should we have found him passing such a long term in isolation from all the world?” asked she.

“I think so, madam, and I will tell you why. The agents employed by the regency, and in the beginning of the present reign in France, were all men of certain condition—many of them belonged to high families, and, having ruined their fortunes by extravagance, were fain to take any occupation for mere subsistence. Some of them resided as nobles in Vienna, and were received at the court of the Empress. Others gained admittance to St. James's. They were supplied with money, both for purposes of play and bribery; and that they used such means to good account is now matter of history. When the game was played out, and they were no longer needed by the government, such men were obliged to retire from the stage whereon they had only played a part. The Duc De Senneterre went into a monastery; Count Leon De Rhode set off for the New World; and there was one taken ill in this very village, whose name I now forget, who had gone into the priesthood, and was head of a seminary in Flanders. What more likely, then, than that our friend at the bridge yonder was some great celebrity of those times, of which I hear he loves to talk and declaim?”

ed, the grandest exemplification of the principle of credit that has ever been promulgated by man, was his invention. He farmed the whole revenues of France, and at one stroke annihilated the peculation of receivers-general, and secured the revenue of the nation. He fructified the property of the state by employing its vast resources in commercial speculations; from the east to the west, from the fertile valley of the Mississippi to the golden plains of Asia, he opened every land to the enterprise of Frenchmen. Paris itself he made the capital city of the world. Who has not heard of the splendour of the regency of Chantilly, the gorgeous palace of the Duc D'Orleans, the very stables more magnificent than the residences of many princes? The wealth and the rank of Europe flocked thither; and in the pleasures of that paradise of capitals lies the history of an age! He who did all this was my own father, and his name was John Law, of Lauriston! Ay, madam, you see before you, poor, humbly clad, and grey-haired, going down to the grave in actual want, the son of a man who once counted his revenue by millions, whose offerings to the Church of St. Roch would have made a meet dowry for a princess, and whose very menials acquired fortunes such as modern nobility cannot equal."

As he spoke, he drew forth a large silver-clasped pocket-book, and opening it, took out a mass of papers.

"I do not ask you to take any part of this on trust," continued he. "There, with the seal of the chancellor, and the date, January the 5th, 1720, is his patent as comptroller-general of France. Here are letters from the Regent, the Prince of Deux Ponts, the Duke of Rohan; I leave them in your hands, and will send you others that authenticate all I have stated. Of my own life, humble and uneventful, I have no wish to speak; more than this I know, for I have long studied the great principles of my father's secret. The causes of his reverses I have thoroughly investigated; they are not inherent in the system, nor are they reasonably attributable to it in any way. His discovery must not be disparaged by the vices of a profligate prince, a venal administration, and an ignorant cabinet; nor must the grandeur of his conception be charged

with the rash infatuation of a nation of gamblers. Law's system stands free from every taint of dishonesty, when dissociated with the names of those who prostituted it. For years long have I studied the theory, and tested it by every proof within my power. To make the fact known to the world; to publish abroad the great truth, that credit well based and fortified is national wealth, and that national wealth, so based, is almost boundless — this became the object of my whole life. I knew that a certain time must elapse, ere the disasters that followed my father's downfall were forgotten; and that I should, in all likelihood, never live to see the day when his glorious system would be revived, and his memory vindicated; but I hoped to have found one worthy to inherit this secret, and in whose keeping it might be transmitted to after ages. I will not weary you with the story of all my disappointments, the betrayals, and the treachery, and the falsehoods I have endured. Enough! I became a recluse from mankind. I gave myself up to my old pursuits of calculation and combination, undisturbed; and I have lived on, to this hour, with one thought ever before me, and one fear — is this great secret to die out with me, and are countless millions of men destined to toil and slavery, while this vast source of affluence and power shall lie rusting and unused?"

The intense fervour of his voice, and his tone of self-conviction as he spoke, had evidently impressed my mother strongly in his favour; and when she turned over, one by one, the letters before her, and read passages penned by the hand of Du Pin, the chief secretary of the Regent, D'Argenson, Alberoni the Cardinal, and others of like station, and then turned to look on the feeble and wasted figure of the old man, her eyes filled with tears of pity and compassion.

"My heart is now relieved of a weary load," said he, sighing. "Now I shall go back to my home, and tomorrow, if I be not able to come here, you and Jasper will visit me, for I have still much to tell you."

My mother did her utmost to detain him where he was. She saw that the excitement of his narrative had greatly increased the symptoms of fever upon him, and she wished to tend and watch over him; but he was resolute in his

determination, and left us, almost abruptly.

Raper and myself went several times that evening to see him, but he would not receive us. The reply to our inquiries was, that he was deeply engaged, and could not be disturbed. I remember well how often during the night I arose from my bed to look out at the little window of the toll-house, which was that of Herr Robert's room. A light burned there the whole night through, and more than once I could see his figure pass between it and the window. Poor old man!—was it that he was devoting the last few hours of his life to the weary task that had worn him to a very shadow? Towards day-break I sank into a heavy sleep, from which I was suddenly awakened by Raper calling on me to get up and dress at once.

“Herr Robert is dying!” said he, and wishes to see you and speak with you. Be quick, for there is not a moment to lose.”

I dressed myself as speedily as my trembling limbs would permit, and followed Raper down the stairs, and into the street. My mother was already there, waiting for us, and we hurried along towards the toll-house without a word.

The toll-keeper's wife beckoned to us impatiently as we came in sight, and we pressed eagerly on, and entered the little chamber where Herr Robert lay, half-dressed, upon his bed. He knew us, and took each of us by the hand as we came forward. His face was greatly flushed, and his eyes stared wildly, and his dry, cracked lips muttered frequently and fast. Several large packages of papers lay beside him sealed and addressed, and to these he made a motion with his hand, as if he would speak of them.

“Tell us of yourself, Herr Robert,”

said my mother, in a kind voice, as she sat down beside him. “Do you feel any pain?”

He seemed not to hear her, but muttered indistinctly to himself. Then turning short round to me he said—

“I have forgotten the number of the house, but you can't mistake it. It is the only one with a stone balcony over the entrance-gate. It was well enough known once. John Law's house—the ‘Rue Quincampoix.’ The room looks to the back—and the safe. Who is listening to us?”

I re-assured him, and he went on—

“The ingots were forged, as if coming from the gold mines of Louisiana. D'Argenson knew the trick, and the Regent too. They it was who wrecked him. They and Tencivi.”

His eyes grew heavy, and his voice subsided to a mere murmur after this, and he seemed to fall off in a drowsy stupor. The whole of that day and the next he lingered on thus, breathing heavily, and at intervals seeming to endeavour to rally himself from the oppression of sleep, but in vain! Exhaustion was complete, and he passed away calmly, and so quietly, that we did not mark the moment when he ceased to breathe.

My mother led me away weeping from the room; and Raper remained to look after his papers, and make the few arrangements for his humble burial.

The same day that we laid him in the earth, came a letter from the Count de Gabriac, to say that he would be with us on the morrow. It was the only letter he had written for several months past, and my mother's joy was boundless at the prospect of seeing him. Thus did sunshine mingle with shadow in our life, and tears of happiness mingle with those of sorrow!

NINEVEH—SECOND ARTICLE.*

MR. LAYARD's first discoveries at Nineveh were too important not to be followed up by further researches. In commissioning him to continue his labours, the trustees of the British Museum have complied with the wishes of the whole cultivated community of the United Kingdom; and although it was hardly to be expected that novelties so profoundly interesting as these at first disinterred should reward a second exploration of the same ruins, all parties concerned have reason to be satisfied with the result. Mr. Layard, himself, seems to think that operations on a greater scale than those sanctioned by the trustees, were demanded by the magnitude of the subject; but, looking at the extensive survey he has made of the adjoining country, as well as at the great excavations he has been enabled to effect, and the numerous objects he has succeeded in disinterring, and considering that, after all, we cannot lodge the remains of a whole city in the gallery of a museum, we cannot but say that both trustees and explorer have deserved well of the community of intelligence, and we willingly accept Mr. Layard's new volume† as by no means unworthy of its predecessor. Indeed, if we could persuade ourselves that the readings of some newly-discovered inscriptions given in this volume, could be depended on as genuine translations, we would give it the palm for historic interest, not only over the first volume, but over any other work of similar scope in our own generation; for if these inscriptions have been rightly deciphered, we are introduced directly into the halls and temples of Sennacherib, the cotemporary of Hezekiah, see before us the very effigy of the Assyrian monarch, and read in detail the narrative of his wars and conquests engraved on the walls and floors of his palace. It is true we cannot bring ourselves to rely implicitly on those readings, but many of our readers may; and, in either case, the work is one which challenges attention, and must receive

it more or less accompanied by admiration, as we accept it with or without credence in this particular.

We would briefly remind our readers that the principal scene of these discoveries lies on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite to, and in the neighbourhood of, Mosul. Three vast mounds, rising at different points of a plain still partially encumbered with debris, seem to mark this as the site of Nineveh. The northernmost is that of Khorsabad, the scene of M. Botta's explorations, and source of the Assyrian riches of the Louvre; the midmost, immediately opposite Mosul, bears the inharmonious name of Kouyunjik; and is, by Mr. Layard, on the authority of the readings to which we shall presently advert, identified as the palace of Sennacherib. The southernmost, called the mound of Nimroud, stands at a considerable distance further down the Tigris, near its confluence with the Zab; and is, though with less confidence than in the former case, ascribed to Sardanapalus.

These mounds are of vast extent, and from 80 to 100 feet high. On digging through the envelope of rubbish with which they are overlayed, they are found to contain numerous courts and chambers, the walls of which are lined with slabs of stone covered with sculptures; and the doors and entrances to which are usually flanked by colossal winged and human-headed bulls. The sculptures on the stone panelling represent battles, sieges, processions, religious rites, and other ceremonial subjects, such as we see painted and engraved on the walls of Egyptian tombs and temples. Inscribed on these panels and portal figures, and also on the slabs which form the flooring of many of the apartments, are numerous and long inscriptions in the cuneiform (wedge-shaped) or arrow-headed character. Some of those inscriptions contain several hundred lines of this kind of writing. The deciphering of it has been a bow of Ulysses to some of the most

* See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for April, 1849, p. 41.

† "Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert; being the results of a Second Expedition, undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum." By Austen H. Layard, M.P. 8vo. London: Murray. 1853.

learned and ingenious men of the age. First, or amongst the first of those most distinguished in this difficult exercise, we must rank our countryman, the Rev. Dr. Hincks, who evidently himself believes that he has bent the bow, and sent the arrow through all the rings. For the present we cannot think that our Ulysses has done more than chafe his weapon into some show of suppleness. Mr. Layard, himself, appears to admit some considerable doubt as to whether the exploit really has been achieved, but offers nothing on his own authority, and vouches Dr. Hincks for all his readings. We do not think he has expressed his own misgivings with as much candour as he ought to have done; and we regret this the more, as his material was rich enough to secure its eager perusal, whether read by the steady light of direct records, or the occasional gleams of collateral history.

We say this of Mr. Layard's material, notwithstanding its ill-arrangement; for the volume is confusedly put together; the subjects are incongruous, and the thread of narration and disquisition so looped upon itself and entangled, as to defy unravelling. The narrative is, however, lively, even to the extent of gossiping, and the scenes and manners described are, in many respects, novel. From Mosul, as his head-quarters, Mr. Layard made excursions as far as Lake Van on the north, and the Arabian frontier on the south, returning from time to time to superintend his principal excavations at the mounds of Kouyunjik and Nimroud. To follow him in these various routes, up and down, back and forward, would perplex ourselves and our readers. We shall, therefore, confine our remarks in a great measure to the results of his labours at the principal point of exploration. On quitting Mosul for England in 1848, Mr. Layard had left the forepart of a human-headed bull of colossal dimensions partially uncovered on the east side of the Kouyunjik palace. Judging, from the position of this figure, that it formed one side of a doorway, Mr. Layard, on his return, directed the workmen to clear away the surrounding rubbish. It was then found that adjoining it were other sculptures, and that it formed part of an external façade corresponding exactly with that removed by M. Botta from Khorsabad, and now deposited in the Louvre.

The Assyrian Hercules, strangling a serpent with his right hand, and a lion with his left, stands in those façades between winged human-headed bulls: these in the façade so discovered, were found to flank other colossal bulls, between which a spacious entrance, fourteen feet broad, led to the interior of the palace. On the opposite side of this entrance, a similar façade next presented itself. Ten colossal taurine figures in all were disclosed in this cutting, constituting a continuous face of 180 feet, with one grand central entrance and two minor lateral ones:—

“There were no remains whatever of the superstructure that once rose above the colossal guarding this magnificent entrance. . . . The bulls were all more or less injured. . . . Fortunately, however, the lower parts of all, and consequently their inscriptions, had been more or less preserved. To this fact, we owe the recovery of some of the most precious records with which the monuments of the ancient world have rewarded the labours of the antiquary. On the great bulls, forming the centre portal of the grand entrance, was one continuous inscription, injured in parts, but still so far preserved as to be legible almost throughout. It contained 152 lines. On the four bulls of the façade were two inscriptions—one inscription being carried over each pair, and the two being of precisely the same import. These two distinct records contain the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, besides numerous particulars connected with the religion of the Assyrians, their gods, their temples, and the erection of their palaces, all of the highest interest and importance.”

Undoubtedly, if this be so, Mr. Layard has no cause to be dissatisfied with the limited extent of excavations which, at the very first breaking of the ground, have yielded him the greatest historical discovery of modern times:—

“The inscriptions begin with the name and titles of Sennacherib. It is to be remarked that he does not style himself ‘King or rather High Priest of Babylon,’ as his father had done, in the latter part of his reign, from which it may be inferred, that at the time of engraving the record he was not the immediate sovereign of that city, although its chief may have paid tribute to him, and, no doubt [observe with what confidence these matters are spoken of], acknowledged his supremacy. He calls himself ‘the subduer of kings from the upper sea of the setting sun (the Mediterranean), to the lower sea of the rising sun (the Persian Gulf).’ In the first year of his reign he defeated Berodach-Baladan, a name with which we are familiar; for it is this king who is mentioned in the Old

Testament, as sending letters and a present to Hezekiah, when the Jewish monarch in his pride showed the ambassadors 'the house of his precious things, the silver and the gold, and the spices, and the precious ointment, and all the house of his armour, and all that was found in his treasures; there was nothing in his house, nor in all his dominions that Hezekiah showed them not.' An act of vain boasting which led to the reproof of the Prophet Isaiah, and to his foretelling that all this wealth, together with the descendants of its owner, should be carried away as spoil to the very city from whence these ambassadors came. Berodach-Baladan is styled King of Kar-Duniyas, a city and country frequently mentioned in the Assyrian inscriptions, and comprising the southern part of Mesopotamia. . . .

This king, with the help of his Susianian allies, had recently recovered Babylon, from which Sargon, Sennacherib's father, had expelled him in the twelfth year of his reign. The battle appears to have been fought considerably to the north of that city. The result was, that Sennacherib totally defeated Berodach-Baladan, who fled to save his life, leaving behind him his chariots, *wagons* (?) horses, mares, *asses*, (?) camels, and *riding horses with their trappings of war* (?). [It seems that to the extent of the italicised words, the translators are willing to admit the existence of some obscurity.] The victorious king then advanced to Babylon, where he plundered the palace, carrying off a vast treasure of gold, silver, vessels of gold and silver, precious stones, men and women-servants, and a variety of objects which cannot yet be satisfactorily determined. . . .

Sennacherib having made Belib, one of his own officers, sovereign of the conquered provinces, proceeded to subdue the powerful tribes who border on the Euphrates and Tigris, and among them the Hagarenes and Nabachæans. From these wandering people he declares he carried off to Assyria, probably colonising with them, as was the custom, new-built towns and villages, 208,000 men, women, and children, together with 7,200 horses and mares, 11,068 *asses* (?) 5,280 camels, 120,100 oxen, and 800,500 sheep."

Such is a portion of the exploits of the first year of the reign of Sennacherib, as Mr. Layard assures us they are recorded in these inscriptions at his palace gates. But, amazing as the record is, so far, it becomes still more so as it proceeds. We pass over a series of conquering expeditions, and come to one event, in the third year, which cannot be read without emotions of astonishment. Sennacherib is supposed to speak:—

" 'Hezekiah, King of Judah, who had not submitted to my authority, forty-six of his

principal cities, and fortresses and villages depending on them, of which I took no account, I captured, and carried away their spoil. I *shut up* (?) himself within Jerusalem, his capital city. The fortified towns, and the rest of his towns which I spoiled, I severed from his country, and gave to the Kings of Askelon, Ekron, and Gaza, so as to make his country small.' The next passage (continues Mr. Layard) is somewhat defaced, but the substance of it appears to be, that he took from Hezekiah the treasure he had collected in Jerusalem, thirty talents of gold, and 800 talents of silver, the treasures of his palace, besides his sons and his daughters, and his male and female servants or slaves, and brought them all to Nineveh. The city itself, however, he does not pretend to have taken. There can be little doubt (he proceeds to add) that the campaign against the cities of Palestine, recorded in these inscriptions of Sennacherib, at Kouyunjik, is that described in the Old Testament. We are told in the Book of Kings, that the King of Assyria, in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, 'came up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them,' as he declares himself to have done in his annals. And, what is most important, and, perhaps, one of the most remarkable coincidences of historic testimony on record, the amount of the treasure in gold taken from Hezekiah, thirty talents, agrees in the two perfectly independent accounts—'And the King of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah, King of Judah, 800 talents of silver, and thirty talents of gold.—2 Kings, xviii. 14.' "

But, not to want still more palpable corroborative testimonies to the Scripture narrative, Mr. Layard finds, in one of the inner chambers of this palace, not only the inscribed record, but the actual pictorial representation of Sennacherib, engaged in the siege of Lachish, one of the Jewish cities mentioned by name as having been besieged by him, in the passage above cited from the Book of Kings, as well as elsewhere in the Old Testament Scriptures. The bas-reliefs on the walls of the chamber "represented the siege and capture by the Assyrians of a city, evidently of great extent and importance. It appears to have been defended by double walls, with battlements and towers, and by fortified outworks. The country around it was hilly and wooded, producing the fig and the vine. The whole power of the great king appears to have been called forth to take this stronghold."

"Here, therefore," says Mr. Layard, "was the actual picture of the taking of Lachish, the city, as we know from the Bible, besieged by Sennacherib, when he sent his

generals to demand tribute of Hezekiah, and which he had captured before their return; evidence of the most remarkable character to confirm the interpretation of the inscriptions, and to identify the king who caused them to be engraved, with the Sennacherib of Scripture."

It is impossible to go further in wonder. If this was the palace of Sennacherib, and these be records and representations of his wars against the Jews, we certainly have placed before our eyes one of the most astonishing and delightful discoveries possible to be made in history. But, before yielding to this pleasing idea, one naturally looks at the inscription containing the names of the king and of the city, and asks how does this combination of arrow-headed characters spell *Sennacherib*, and that, *Lakish*?

Now, for the solution of this very necessary preliminary, Mr. Layard has given us but very slender materials. His book contains no alphabet; but at the end are tables of the names of persons, places, and deities, with their cuneiform equivalents. Dr. Hincks, however, has written on the subject copiously in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," and to his principal papers, those which we may distinguish as his first, second, and third essays, we may refer for anything left in obscurity by Mr. Layard. What reason is there, then, to suppose that the six characters at the commencement of this inscription, and which are set down in the table of proper names as standing for *Sennacherib*, have that phonetic force or value? The first two, it appears, are only honorary expletives: one being merely introductory, and the other indicative of the next coming one standing for the name of a deity. The four that remain, then, must, by phonetic value of some sort, either syllabic or vocalised, express, at least, the consonantal values of *s*, *n*, *k*, *r*, *b*. Now the first of these, consisting of three chevrons or boomerang-shaped characters, with their angles to the left, being preceded by the character we have mentioned as the determinative prefix of god, is said to represent the name of the god *San*; and we find in the list of gods, a god of this name with the character in question as his representative. But we never heard of this

god before,* and must own our doubt whether he has not got his name in the god's list, opposite the three chevrons, because three chevrons occur in the commencement of this other name, which ought to commence with that combination of sounds if it be *San*, or Sennacherib. A god *Sen* in any authentic record, would be a god-send to us in this perplexity. But the reader will naturally inquire, if three chevrons spell *San*, what does one chevron spell? and getting for answer, out of Mr. Layard's table, that one chevron spells *Adra* (name of Adramelech, p. 624), or *Yav*, the equivalent of Jehovah (page 629), and that the sound *n* is not represented by any combination of chevrons, but by one perpendicular arrow-head, with two or three smaller wedge-shaped marks at the left hand (name of Sargon, p. 624), or by one horizontal arrow-head alone (*Essarhaddon*, *ibid*), and that the three chevrons themselves have also the power of *ish* or *yish* (third essay, "Tr. Royal Irish Academy," vol. xxii. p. 324), he will conclude, if not confounded by the copiousness of his materials, that this compound figure of the three chevrons is not itself composed of any alphabetic equivalents of *s* and *n*, but is, if it signify *San* at all, an arbitrary sign for a syllable having that sound. And such, also, is Dr. Hincks's conclusion, who now states very confidently that the whole Assyrian system of writing is syllabic. Well, supposing it to be so, how are we to make *chr̄b*, or *krib*, or *akerib*, or some such sound, out of the remaining three characters? The first of these consists of two obliquely-crossed wedges, to which the force of *had* appears to be given in the name *Essarhaddon*, and the force of *ak* in the name *Ashurakbhal*, and the force of *dan* in the name *Sardanapalus*, in Mr. Layard's table. If *Assarakbhal* is rightly spelled, then *ak* is the proper force to give the wedges, here; and thus we have got to *Sanak*, which does very well so far, although obtained at the expense of some doubt cast in the process on the names of Sargon and Sardanapalus. But *Assarakbhal* is unfortunately a disputed reading, Major Rawlinson making out that combination to spell Sardanapalus. Therefore we must not be too sure of either our *San* or our *ak*, though so far

* There was a God *Sancus* or *Sangus* at Rome, from whom the *Sanqualis Porta* was called, but he was a deity of the Sabines.

(supposing the two honorary expletives that precede them to have been satisfactorily got rid of) they suit our purpose tolerably well. We now come to the fifth character, an upright arrow-head, with three horizontal wedges attached on the right. This, we would surmise, ought to represent the letter *r*, or some combination of the letter *r*. But in the name of Darius, the first name deciphered in these characters, the letter *r* is represented by three horizontal wedges, with a perpendicular arrow-head at the right, quite a different combination from that before us: and in the latest essay on this subject by Dr. Hincks,* on whose authority those readings of Mr. Layard depend, we find the combination in question set down as having the several forces of *u*, *e*, *in*, *uti*, *ati*, &c., "the plural termination, whatever it may be." There is nothing to prevent it being also the letter *r*, or some of its combinations, if we find it so circumstanced that reading it *r* will alone give propriety to the context; and if we had *Sennak* on one side certain, and *ib* certain on the other, we might reconcile ourselves without much examination to the intermediate character, as *r*, whatever its form might be. Doctor Hincks's idea, however, would seem to be, that its office is not to represent the consonant *r*, but that it gives the plural addition *i* to *ak*, making *Sannaki*, and that we must look for the terminal *rib* in the sixth and last of these characters. This is a character elsewhere regarded as *b*, and having in addition one wedge at the left, which may stand for *r*, if nothing better can be devised; but if we had to detect the name of Sennacherib under so strange a guise, we confess we should prefer taking up with the antecedent character, which after all bears a resemblance to the alleged *r* in the name of Xerxes.

So much for Sennacherib; but to find him alone would be of comparatively little interest if we did not also find him engaged in the siege of a Jewish city commemorated in the Bible. Here, then, as we have seen, is Sennacherib on his throne; there is Lakish; here are the Jewish captives. We have the very event before our eyes, and in the next panel might expect to find portraits of Rabshekah and Hezekiah. "Sennacherib, the mighty king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judg-

ment before (or at the entrance of) the city of Lakish, (La Khisha), I give permission for its slaughter." "So," says Mr. Layard, "the epigraph may be read." Indeed, we dare say it may be read in a great variety of ways; but whether this is the right one is the question on which all the value of Mr. Layard's use of this portion of his materials at present depends.

We have examined the question, whether the six characters we have described designate the name of Sennacherib. We must now inquire whether the three characters alleged to stand for Lakish, yield that sound or anything like it. The characters, it is said, represent the syllables *Lak-hish-ha*, or *Lak-kish-sha*. Now, looking at Dr. Hincks's third essay (p. 327, n.), we observe that the learned author states, of a certain cuneiform character, "I have now no doubt of its having the value *lak*." This we would have expected to lead the way in the name of the Jewish city; but the character which stands for *lak*, in that name, is totally different. The same note, however, informs us that the syllabic sound *lak* is found under the combination of arrow-heads, which forms the character in question. On what grounds this is stated does not appear. Perhaps we will not be guilty of an extravagant theory if we account for the statement in like manner as we have above attempted to explain how it comes that the Assyrian pantheon possesses its god San. Certainly no combination of wedges or arrowheads elsewhere representing the letter *l*, or any power of it, has the least resemblance to this *lak* of the Jewish city. The second character, it seems, has the power of *kish* or *hish*. We see it also forms the terminal portion of the group which is alleged to stand for Mesopotamia; and suppose it means something apposite in the Babylonian dialect. We should not pass it over without further inquiry, were it not that the third character in this name of our supposed Jewish city relieves us, we think, from the obligation of further scrutiny, being unhappily the identical same character to which we found it so hard to reconcile ourselves as expressing the terminal *rib* in the name of our Ninevite king just now. If it spell *rib* at the end of one proper name, it can hardly spell *sha* at the end of another proper name

* "Trans. Royal Irish Academy," vol. xxii. p. 362.

in the same inscription. Lakish, therefore, we fear, must be sacked without Sennacherib on his judgment-seat to permit its slaughter, or Sennacherib must permit the sacking of some other city, and leave his doings at Lakish to the commemoration of more old-fashioned interpreters.

We do not go the length of saying that we place no reliance whatever on any of the readings of these cuneiform inscriptions. The names Darius and Xerxes appear to have been truly deciphered; and if we admit this, we must admit that the characters are in some sort alphabetic, or syllabic at least, and certainly legible, if one had the key. But when the same sound has so many representatives, and the same character so many phonetic values, as in the key proposed, we cannot accept the readings with any degree of confidence. But, it may be said, if the names of Hezekiah, Judea, the Hittites, Tyre, Sidon, Askalon, and Jerusalem, are found in the same inscription, these must remove any doubts as to the authenticity of the names of Sennacherib and Lakish. And so they would, if they were there. But when we come to examine the groups said to represent them, we find each of these just as much in need of corroboration as is either of the corroborates. Sidon begins with the character which constitutes the cardinal exponent of the name of the Hittites. Sidon, Akron, Askalon, Lebanon, all end with characters quite different from one another. We observe the same of the proper names Sargon and Dagon. Can it be that one sound should be represented by six several and distinct characters? We fear we must go back to the Bible for the record of this campaign. If the countenances of the captives even showed us Jewish features it would be a help; but although Mr. Layard assures us "the captives were undoubtedly Jews their physiognomy was strikingly indicated in the sculptures," the drawings he has given must much belie their originals, for they do not at all warrant that statement. The peculiar Jewish physiognomy may, indeed, be seen portrayed with wonderful fidelity on the monuments of Egyptian conquerors; but if any one will take the trouble of comparing the Israelitish captives in Rosellini or Wilkinson with Mr. Layard's drawings of his supposed Jews of Lakish, the disparity will be apparent at a glance. We cannot ap-

plaud the attempt to pass off, as an undoubted discovery, the results of speculations so slenderly founded. It is undoubtedly a source of just gratification to a religious people to find the narrative of their sacred books vouched and corroborated by monumental evidences. It excites a laudable curiosity to be told that the chronicles of King Hezekiah have been discovered engraven on the bulls of Nineveh, and that the possessor of Mr. Layard's volume may peruse an authentic abstract of the Assyrian record in that work. Reading in the table of contents—"Chap. vi. Discovery of the Grand Entrance to the Palace of Kouyunjik—of the name of Sennacherib on the Inscriptions—the Records of that King on the Inscriptions and on the Bulls—an Abridged Translation of them—Name of Hezekiah—Account of Sennacherib's Wars with the Jews—Discovery of Sculptures at Kouyunjik, representing the siege of Lakish—Confirmation of Historical Records of the Bible"—one feels a natural and praiseworthy desire to be in a position to write, "*ex libris*, M. N." in the fly-leaf of so remarkable a volume. That desire would, we need scarcely remark, be considerably reduced in intensity, if the writer inserted the word "supposed" before the name of "Sennacherib;" or the word "conjectural," before "translation;" or the word "probable," before "confirmation." Candour, certainly, would prompt the latter course—commercial instinct is more in favour of the former.

Mr. Layard, as we have observed, does not himself profess to be answerable for the readings. His own eye must have admonished him when making out the titles of names appended to his volume, that discrepancies existed of too patent a character to escape observation. He warns the reader—

"As the name of Sennacherib, as well as those of many kings, countries, and cities, are (is) not written phonetically, that is, by letters having a determinate alphabetic value, but by monograms, and the deciphering of them is a peculiar process, which may sometimes appear suspicious to those not acquainted with the subject, a few words of explanation may be acceptable to my readers. The greater number of Assyrian proper names with which we are acquainted, whether royal or not, appears to have been made up of the name, epithet, or title of one of the national deities; and of a second word, such as 'slave of,' 'servant of,' 'beloved

of, 'protected by,' like the 'Theodosius,' 'Theodorus,' &c., of the Greeks; and the 'Abd-Allah,' 'Abd-ur-Rahman' of the Mohammedan nations. The names of the gods being commonly written with a monogram, the first step in deciphering is to know which god this particular sign denotes. Thus, in the name of Sennacherib, we have first the determinative of 'god,' to which no phonetic value is attached; while the second character denotes an Assyrian god, whose name was San. [How do you know?] The first component part of the name of Essarhaddon, is the monogram for the god Assur. It is this fact which renders it so difficult to determine, with any degree of confidence, most of the Assyrian names, and which leads me to warn my readers that, *with the exception of such as can, with certainty, be identified with well-known historic kings, as Sargon, Sennacherib, and Essarhaddon*, the interpretation of all those which are found on the monuments of Nineveh, is liable to very considerable doubt."

It would not have suited the exigencies of the sixth chapter to have admitted any doubt respecting the besieger of Lakish. The old-fashioned writers had already told us to the same purport:—

"The Assyrians, to all appearance, borrowed their names from their own gods, or from the gods of other nations in repute among them. Their gods seem to have been Bel, or Pul; Chaddon; Haddon; Adon, or Adonis; Melech or Moloch; Atsur or Assur; Nebo, Nergel, Merodach;—as, for instance, in the following, Adra-Melech; Shar-Assur; Nabonassur or Nebo-Adon-Assur; Assur-Adon-Pul, or Sardanapalus; Bel-Adon; Chynil-Adon; Nebo-Pul-Assur, Nebo-Chaddon-Assur, or Nebuchadnezzar; Nebuzaradan, or Nebo-Assur-Addon; Evil-Merodach," &c.

No god San here, nor, we suspect, anywhere else in Assyrian antiquity, except in the necessities surrounding the first monogram of Sennacherib.

The last essay of Dr. Hincks discloses, indeed, such an amount of difficulty in the way of these readings, that if he or his learned fellow-labourers in this department have really succeeded in deciphering any of those inscriptions, we must give them credit for a sagacity all but preternatural. Here, for example (3rd Essay, p. 362), we have three several monograms preceded by the same determinative sign

for "god," to represent *Marduk* (the Merodach of Scripture.) But perhaps the reader will suppose these three characters are merely varied in some slight particular, as we see the characters of other languages written with slight variances in cursive writing, printing, &c. Not at all. The first consists of one perpendicular stroke; the second consists of three perpendicular, and three horizontal; the third, of one perpendicular, three horizontal, three oblique, and one angular; each as unlike the other as it is possible for strokes and lines of the same type to be, in number, arrangement, and appearance to the eye. But this is not all. We find here, at p. 329, a fourth, a fifth, and even a sixth set of representatives, all equally diversified for this same word *Marduk*. "The determinative sign," says Dr. Hincks, "sounds *il*, and signifies 'god.' This character," says he, "is used as a determinative prefix before names of gods, and it forms, with other characters, many monograms, the values of which cannot possibly be known from their component parts. [If not, we are at a loss to understand how they are known.] Thus, with *pa* or *ak*, it is to be read *Na-bi-û*, 'Nebo;' with *mu*, or *mesh*, or *sur*, *tu*, it is to be read *Marduk*, and so in other instances." Further, in addition to these six monograms, we have (*ibidem*) a seventh syllabic form of *Marduk*, composed of two groups of characters, without the determinative prefix, but quite different and distinct from any of the others. With so many methods to his hand, it were, indeed, surprising if the decipherer of these inscriptions failed to find some where or other, the records of Evil-Merodach, King of Babylon. We may make the same remark regarding Nebuchadnezzar. The first component part of his name, "Nebe," or "Nebo," we find in one form, at p. 26 of Dr. Hincks's first Essay;* in another quite different form, at p. 252 of his second essay;† and in addition to the syllabic form in which it is represented in the above passage from his third essay, in three several other equally distinct forms, preceded by the determinative sign for "god" in p. 562 of the same third and last essay. We wish to abstain from indecorous levity, but cannot help recalling another

* Cited by Dr. Wall, "Trans. Royal Irish Academy," vol. xxi. p. 8.

† "Trans. Royal Irish Academy," vol. xxi.

reading familiar to our mind before the gravity of academic pursuits had supplanted the traditions of the nursery :—

" A knife and a rod
Spell ' Nebuchonod ;'
A knife and a razor
Spell ' Nebuchadnezzar ;'
Three pairs of slippers and an old pair of shoes,
Spell ' Nebuchadnezzar the King of the Jews.' "

Nevertheless, it must be said for the Assyrian inscriptions, or the translations suggested for them, that they have much more the air of genuine records than the generality of Egyptian readings. Wherever unsuspected antiquity, or even reputable tradition, has preserved any report of the meaning of an Egyptian inscription, it possesses more or less grammatical matter. Something is predicted of something else :—" I am all that has been, is, and shall be ; and my veil hath no mortal yet uncovered."—" This region I obtained by these my shoulders."—" No one native (Egyptian) laboured on this (work)."—" I, Saurid, the king, built the pyramids, and finished them in six years ; he that comes after me and says he is equal to me, let him destroy them in six hundred years ; and yet it is known that it is easier to pluck down than to build up ; and when I had finished them I covered them with satin, and let him cover them with mats."—Now, we think our best modern Egyptians must admit that they have never met anything half so direct or to the purpose in the Champollionite readings. Here, for example, Mr. Layard finds a number of *scarabæi* at Arbon, the legends on which Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, reads off for him with the freedom (from sense and difficulty) for which that gentleman's Egyptian translations have always been distinguished :—" The sun, placer of creation."—" The good God, the Lord of the Earth, the Sun, the Lord of Truth, rising on all lands."—" The sun, placer of creation, the type of Ammon."—" Truth, the good goddess," or " Lady good and true," &c. &c. Now, as we have said, not only are the Assyrian readings more predicative, if we may use the word, but they really possess something of the style and spirit of those Greek versions of Assyrian, Persian, and Arabian originals, which the classical writers have preserved to us. Let the reader observe how direct, practical, and full of action these real readings are, as

compared with the senseless successions of names and titles which, we are told, convey the meanings of the Egyptian hieroglyphs :—" Sardanapalus, the son of Anacyndaraxis, built Tarsus and Anchiale in one day, but now is dead."—" The sources of the Taurus yield the best and fairest water of all rivers, and hither, in his expedition against the Scythians, came the best and fairest of all men, Darius, son of Hystaspis, King of the Persians."—" I am Osiris, that king who led an army as far as the deserts of India ; and from thence northward as far as the springs of the river Ister, and thence quite to the ocean. I am the eldest son of Saturn, sprung from a noble stock ; cousin to the day. Nor is there a place where I have not been, I, who freely dispensed my benefits to all mankind."—Of course we do not insist on the genuineness of the last, which the indiscriminating Diodorus alleges to have been extant in his time somewhere in Arabia ; but we have no doubt, whoever was its author adopted the known style and tenor of records of the same description at an early epoch. The same mode of narration is used in the trilingual inscriptions at Persepolis, and distinguishes all the translations, or alleged translations, of the Ninevite records. If it do not arise from an obsequious adherence to the model, it constitutes, we think, an argument of some weight in favour of the general tenor of the translation. The following passages, from Dr. Hincks's abstract of the inscriptions in the lion chamber at Nimroud, will exemplify what we mean :—

" On the 22nd day of the month I departed from Calah. I crossed the Tigris. On the banks of the Tigris I received much tribute. In the city of Tabit I halted. I occupied the banks of the river Kerma. In the city of Megarice I halted. From the city of Megarice I departed. I occupied the banks of the Khabour. I halted at the city of Sadikanni. From Sadikanni I departed, &c., &c. The cities of Lutuka I took. I slew many of the men. I overthrew and burned their cities. On stakes over against the city I impaled them, &c. I went to the mountains of Kamena (the Camanus in the north of Syria). I sacrificed to the gods. I made *bridges* (or beams) and *pillars*. From Kamena I brought them to Bethkara, for my own house, for the temple of Sun, for the temple of the Sun. I went to the forests, and cut them down, and made *bridges* (or roofs or beams) of the wood, for Ishtar, mistress of the city of Nineveh, my protectress."

A note informs us, that "the whole of the last passage is very obscure—the translation is partly conjectural." From the circumstance of the god San figuring in it, we should have thought as much, independently of the statement in the note; but, be the translation accurate, or the reverse, in substance, its form is *vraisemblable*, and free from the insipidity of pseudo Egyptian bombast.

All these writings are engraved or stamped by some method of indentation on surfaces of stone, brick, and pottery. No painted or inked writing on papyrus, parchment, or linen has as yet been found. The same legend frequently occurs on all the bricks of a particular building. Thus the name which is read Nebuchadnezzar, is found engraved or stamped on almost every brick of the Mujilibe, or principal ruin at Babylon: how impressed is still a mystery. If we suppose the characters formed by successive applications of a triangular tool, a method by which an expert hand could produce such a combination of strokes in perhaps five minutes, and allow an equal time for cleaning out and polishing the work, the expenditure of literary labour (to speak literally) on one of these edifices must have been almost as prodigious as that of mechanical and constructive toil. It is singular that, so far, no mould for casting these bricks, nor anything resembling stamps for impressing these legends, has been discovered. Neither have we, as yet, any example of the graver or tool which may have served the purpose of a *stylus* in inscribing them. We make

no doubt, however, that the Assyrian collections will ultimately be as rich in objects of this kind as those of Egypt, in which, as at the Louvre for example, we see the very reed pens and paint-brushes employed by the writers of the hieroglyphs. The Chinese have a method of stamping their monograms by separate blocks, a step towards the art of printing, at which they had arrived long before the dawn of European civilisation, but at which they still hesitate. It is not impossible that some such expedient may have lightened what would otherwise have been the nearly intolerable labour of inscribing these millions of Babylonian bricks with their legends, whatever they may be. The engraved side of the brick is turned inward, and, of course, remains invisible while the building stands, just as in the Mexican remains, the impression of the red hand of the builder on each stone is only found after it has been removed from its place in the wall. Short-sighted vain glory, that has waited to boast itself until its works are in ruin, and its legends illegible!

Persons relying on what is already historically known, might argue that Sennacherib most probably was not the founder of the palace in question, decorated as it is with trophies of a life spent in successful warfare; for of all the Assyrian monarchs before Sardanapalus, he was the most unfortunate in military expeditions. The Egyptians certainly overthrew him at Pelusium; whether their god, as they pretended, sent a host of field-rats to gnaw his archers' bowstrings,* or whether the snapping of the Assyrians,'

* On this subject of the discomfiture of the Assyrians by the rats of Pelusium, it is worthy of remark that the Assyrian army appears to have consisted chiefly of bowmen; neither had they, in general, so far as we may judge from their monuments, any other defensive armour than the shield. And we may remember that a plague of mice was not a new visitation in those regions. Even in these northern countries, where the lower species of animal life are not developed with the prolific increase of tropical propagation, rats have appeared from time to time in numbers that, without exaggeration, might be called hosts. Martin, in his tour to the Western Isles, states, that the ancient race of the Island of Rona was, about the year 1700, all destroyed in the following manner:—First, a swarm of rats, none knows how, came into the island and eat up all the corn. In the next place, some seamen landed and robbed the people of what provisions they had left, and all died before the usual time of the arrival of the boat from Lewis. Mr. Curry, in a singular paper lately read to the Royal Irish Academy by Dr. Todd, on the supposed power of certain Irish rhymers to banish rats by their incantations, alluded to by Shakspeare and other writers of his age, communicates the following characteristic account of a battle of Pelusium, on a small scale, at Querin, in his native county of Clare:—"About the year 1776, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, named John O'Mulconry, became a convert to the Established Church, and was appointed curate of Kilrush, in the county of Clare. He was descended from the branch of the O'Mulconry family, who were hereditary satirists and poets. The burying ground of Kilferagh Church was at this time so infested with rats that serious accidents occurred there at interments, from the anxiety of men to kill them, and of the women to fly from them, as it was said that of bodies newly interred nothing but the bones remained after one day. It was generally believed and

bowstrings, and relaxing of their shield-straps, be a figure merely of the destruction made of them by other causes. Bishop Patrick, in his commentary, "takes occasion, with some appearance of passion, to assail Herodotus for telling, in this instance, a horrible lie." We can only say, in the words of a more judicious writer than the bishop, that "as much a lie as it may be, it may be said to confirm what is written in Scripture concerning the sudden destruction of the Assyrian army, and therefore may be borne with;" for we have it on higher authority, that an army of the same Sennacherib, to the number of 185,000, destined for the siege of Jerusalem, was "smitten of the angel of the Lord," but

whether at Jerusalem or at Pelusium is doubtful. However, not to make little of the testimonies, either of profane or sacred history, it seems most likely that the Greek and the Jewish historian relate each an independent fact, and that Sennacherib's western expedition was attended with a double disaster; for it is certain that he returned to Nineveh in a sullen and discontented mood of mind, as the captive Hebrews of his dominions experienced to their cost in cruel persecutions; and it might be thought that he could hardly have been disposed to erect a gorgeous palace in commemoration of an expedition which had been attended with so much dishonour. But we ascribe little importance to these

whispered about, that Father John O'Mulconry, as the people still called him, was endued with the hereditary bardic power of banishing the rats by satire. In the meantime an interment took place, at which the reverend gentleman himself officiated, and seemed horror-stricken at what he saw. This was in the autumn of the year; and in a few days after, an honest respectable farmer, named John Foley, who lived at Querin, about four miles to the east of the Church of Kilferagh—the end of a large bog intervening—was out on an early morning to look after his cattle and corn-fields which skirted the same bog. While thus engaged, he noticed a rather thick and low fog or mist, confined to a narrow breadth, but extending in length almost across the bog. Surprised at such a phenomenon, he stood to observe it more closely; but his surprise was soon increased when he perceived it moving directly towards him, and with remarkable velocity. He immediately thought of his hitherto invisible neighbours, the fairies; and, thinking it would be as well not to stand in their way, he ran as fast he could to get out of their line of march, which, having succeeded in doing, he turned to have a view of them. But his surprise was much greater at seeing in this mist a long compact train of rats, numbering hundreds of thousands, and crushing to the ground everything in the way of plant or shrub that opposed their progress. They quickly climbed over the walls or ditches of John Foley's corn-field, which was nearest to the bog, and passed straight through it, entering another and another of his fields in direct succession, and trampling to the ground the corn to the full breadth of their front, which was several yards. They passed on then through Querin, directly to the flat, low accumulation of sand which is called Querin Head, and which forms within it the handsome fishing-cove of Querin, about six miles below Kilrush, on the Clare side of the Shannon, and about five miles from Kilferagh Church. Having reached the 'Head,' they immediately buried themselves deep beneath the dry sand; there they remained some time without molestation; but the green sandy surface above them being the usual place for the herring fishermen of the cove to spread their nets out to dry, the vermin soon began to gnaw and tear their nets to such an extent as to force the boatmen to abandon the place altogether, though at a great inconvenience. Their depredations of this kind became so serious, that there was a meeting of the men of the parish held on the chapel-green of Dunaha on a Sunday evening, to consider what means should be taken to get rid of the nuisance. Here it was determined, that after the mass on the Sunday following, all the young and able men of the congregation should go in a body to Querin Head, with spades, sticks, hurlies, &c., to dig up the 'Head,' and kill and totally extirpate the colony of rats. The day came, and about one hundred active men, with a large crowd of spectators, repaired to the 'Head,' and forthwith commenced operations. It was some time before they started the *game*, but suddenly, as if by concert, the enemy made their appearance amidst such a suffocating, blinding cloud of sand and sea-fowl feathers as stunned the besiegers for a moment. Soon, however, sticks, hurlies, spades, and feet were at work, and thousands of the vermin were left sprawling and crushed on the field of battle. Still their numbers appeared to suffer no diminution, and after their first surprise was over, they began to crawl and climb up the legs, thighs, and bodies of their assailants in such numbers, and with such pertinacity, as to force them to give way and retreat ingloriously from the battlefield, fully convinced that the action of the rats was governed by an influence against which human force was unavailing. What became of the rats after this day, or how long they remained at Querin Head, I cannot say; but I have often heard my father, Owen Mor O'Curry, William Macguire, and Denis Macgrath, three of the most expert rat-killers with the stick in the parish, and who were at Querin Head on the occasion, talk with wonder and fright of the scene in which they were engaged."

considerations, drawn as they are from imperfect and cursory notices in western history, and would not let them stand for a moment in the way of native Assyrian annals (so far as regards the internal history of Assyria itself), if we only had the assurance of a well-ascertained and consistent key to their interpretation. One thing is indisputable, that Mr. Layard has disinterred the remains of a splendid palace, covered with representations of great civic and military achievements, and with written records, which some of the best scholars of the day think they can read, and have ventured to translate. We have expressed our doubts of some of these readings with sufficient freedom; but we cannot doubt that great names are preserved, and great events commemorated under cover of these characters, and must admit that there is nothing improbable in Sennacherib being so celebrated at Nineveh, and Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon.

To whatever king the palace may have belonged, it takes us back to an era not much later than the foundation of Rome, and exhibits to us the arts and occupations of mankind in one of the earliest civilised nations of the world. Enough of material now exists to enable us in imagination to reconstruct the principal features of the building. Mr. James Fergusson, one of the most active-minded and ingenious men of the day, but whose powers, considerable though they be, are greatly exceeded by his own estimate of them, gave his theory of a restoration of the Ninevite palaces* to the public, shortly after the appearance of Mr. Layard's first volume. The mounds themselves retain the substructures; the painted representations on the walls give outlines of many of the details of elevation; and the sculptured tombs of the Persian kings near Istakhar furnish the design of the 'Tabzar, or Belvedere, on the summit, which constitutes one of the principal features in Mr. Fergusson's designs. The sculptured stone-panelling of the walls, to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, is easily restored; so are the winged bulls and other emblematic figures which form the jambs of the doorways; but for everything above, we must depend on analogy and the hints derivable from the sculptures

themselves. The chambers, as our readers will probably recollect, are separated by walls of immense thickness. Mr. Fergusson conjectures that these walls bore a double series of columns laterally open to the light and air, but covered at top, so that the beams of the sun could not strike into the chamber. A similar arrangement appears to be adopted in some Hindostanee buildings, and may, very probably, have been employed here. The top of the wall would thus form the floor of an open colonnaded gallery, much like those of the "Darganeum," surrounding the apartment. The difficulty, on such a supposition, would be to account for so vast a quantity of debris as at present overlays the whole site of the palace. It is plain that the walls of sun-dried brick must have risen to a great height above the stone-panelled basements, for, whatever pillars were employed appear to have been of wood, and could have contributed but little to swell the masses of rubbish. There must have been lofty towers of brick masonry; and we may realise the general appearance of these from the pictured castles on the walls, some of which present graduated and others pointed battlements, over decorated cornices, and exhibit arched doorways and panelled recesses surrounding the opens of long and narrow windows. Messrs. Layard and Fergusson have framed a restoration of a portion of the palace ascribed to Sennacherib, in which they have incorporated these forms with a pillared design of great sumptuousness, but more Greek in its character than, in our judgment, the existing remains warrant. But then there are the inscriptions translated by Dr. Hincks, which tell us where the monarch got the timber to make the pillars and beams of his house; and if these be rightly read, of course we cannot quarrel with a richly colonnaded composition. A feature in this design which would give it great splendour, if realised, is the employment of curtains behind the pillars of the open colonnades, and for this there appears sufficient authority. Certainly the appearance of such a palace, with silken curtains suspended behind elegant columns, surmounted by decorated cornices and gilded battlements, resting on a base-

* "The Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored; an Essay on Ancient Assyrian and Persian Architecture." By James Fergusson, Esq. London: Murray. 1851.

ment of sculpture, and rising from the tessellated esplanade of a lofty artificial platform, would have been very superb. We question if Versailles, in all its splendour, could offer so much to delight and refresh the spectator. In a climate such as that of Assyria, the eye demands abundance of colour; the intense light fusing into harmony masses of brilliance which, under our greyskies, would strike us as intolerably gaudy. It is to this effect of warmer skies that we may ascribe the general use throughout southern Europe of external fresco painting. A street in Verona or Venice would lose half its charm if it lost its red-striped blinds and many-coloured marbles. The architecture of tropical climates seems naturally to assimilate itself in this respect to the character of tropical vegetation. Egypt itself, whose singularities constitute exceptions to almost every rule, is not singular in this. The most massive of the Egyptian temples were decorated with polychrome; the red polished granite of their sphinxes and Memnons was, in itself, a source of rich chromatic effects. But the massiveness of Egyptian architecture appears strikingly in contrast with the florid style of these Assyrian restorations; and seeing the close resemblance between the sculptural and decorative monuments of the two countries, we cannot but think that the similarity of taste in their palaces and temples must also have been more apparent than Messrs. Layard and Fergusson will allow. But whether the royal Assyrian residence rose over the plain in the grandeur of Egyptian solidity, or in the sumptuousness and splendour of those airy colonnades, it must have overlooked a scene of at least as great beauty as could be furnished by any part of the valley of the Nile; for it seems certain that, in what may, without any figure of speech, be called the palmy days of Assyria, all this plain, now so barren, was covered with a net-work of irrigation, and green with vegetable wealth. There is reason to believe, that throughout the whole of the vast tract intercepted between the Tigris and the Euphrates, the remains of underground water-courses still exist. It is still the practice in the eastern parts of Persia to conduct the waters for irrigation through subterranean channels, to avoid the loss by evaporation. Colonel Chesney, in his account of the Euphrates Expedition, has given many inte-

resting details of the methods of tunneling and pipe-laying employed by these representatives of the old cultivators of Shinaar. In the sculptured monuments recovered by Layard and his fellow-labourers, we see repeated representations of farming and gardening operations, in all of which the river, or some derivative channel of it, holds a conspicuous place. Shoals of fish every where sport in the waters; and in one scene, representing an irrigated garden on the banks of a river, a crab and an eel are introduced among the other tenants of the stream. When we reflect that, at the present day, all this country might be covered with crops of wheat, tobacco, and cotton, and that, to raise enough of these for the supply of a considerable part of our consumption here, would need but the erection of a few water-works, and the reconstruction of some irrigating canals, we cannot but lament the continuance of a political system which dooms this region to insecurity, and consequent unproductiveness.

We have remarked on the similarity between the Assyrian and the Egyptian monuments. Almost every kind of representation with which we are familiar in illustrations of Egyptian antiquity, has its parallel here. The march of armies; the sieges of cities and castles; the rites of public and private worship; the processions of musicians and dancers to meet returning conquerors; the operations of agriculture and architecture, even to the transport of the massive objects of statuary—all are repeated in the Assyrian sculptures, with little more variation than that arising from the differences of the national taste in design. In the Egyptian representations, everything is formalised according to a certain conventional method. The chests and shoulders of the figures are exaggerated, their loins diminished, their limbs slender and generally in some prescribed attitude. In the Assyrian sculptures there is more freedom—more of nature, but mixed with much conventionality and exaggeration. An extreme robustness characterises their figures, in remarkable contrast to the gracility affected by the Egyptians. The calves of the legs and the guards of the arms swell with excessive muscular development; and the courses of the leading sinews and even of the veins on the limbs of their mythological bulls are indicated

in raised lines expressive of the fulness and tension of an inordinate animal vigour. Substitute, then, homotaurs for the Memnons, and other colossal statues of the Egyptians, and allow for the differences in mythological emblems, and the Assyrian and Egyptian monuments might almost be said to be copies of one another.

Mr. Layard has disinterred a very spirited Assyrian representation of the transport of one of their gigantic bulls. We had already been familiar with the Egyptian drawing representing the transport of a colossal sitting statue. In the Egyptian design, the statue is seen braced by strong ropes to a wooden sledge, which is drawn by a great multitude of men, pulling it by four cables: a director of the operations stands on the knee of the figure, and gives the signal by clapping his hands: another person, on the forepart of the sledge, pours from a jar some liquid (doubtless oil) on the ground in front; and others are in attendance with fresh vessels when this shall be exhausted. Hence, it would appear that the sledge is drawn on some species of primitive railway, along which its passage is facilitated by this kind of lubrication. In the Assyrian sculpture, there appears considerably more of mechanical apparatus, as well as of artistic skill in its representation. The homotaur itself is surrounded by a scaffolding, as well as by ropes attaching it to the sledge. The sledge moves on loose logs of wood serving as rollers, and these are continually taken up behind and supplied in front by attendants. A body of men at either side shore up the weight with forked poles catching in the crossings of the scaffolding, and others behind urge it forward by the help of a long lever, to which attendants supply new fulcrums as the weight is gradually urged forward. The slaves who pull the cables lean forward, throwing their weight into the draught with expressive action, and the whole scene, but for the disregard of perspective, is brought before the eye with accuracy and spirit. Another sculpture represents the unshipping of the same colossus from the raft on which it has been floated from the quarries. A trumpeter mounted on the figure sounds, we suppose, for "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether." The king, in his chariot, under the royal parasol, superintends the operation. We almost seem to

have before our eyes an Assyrian *Illustrated News*.

In war, the Assyrians appear to have been a very cruel people, though, probably, not more so than the other nations of that time. Their sculptures abound with representations of tortures inflicted on their captives—flayings, impalings, and other barbarities. These spectacles, sculptured on the same slabs with figures of their priests and deities, show us, in a lively way, how much the human race has been softened and improved since men could make these atrocities subject of commemoration in the same breath, as we may say, with the worship of their gods. But superstition has ever been cruel.

This leads us to remark an obvious difference between Greek and oriental antiquities. The sacerdotal functions have little pre-eminence in Greek remains: they mingle themselves with everything in Egyptian and Assyrian antiquity. Here, among these halls of the Ninevite monarch, one cannot turn without encountering some one engaged in prayer or sacrifice. Among the most conspicuous objects of adoration are those sacred trees, which seem, with so much show of reason, to be identified with the "groves" of the idolaters, denounced in our Scriptures. Mr. James Fergusson was, we believe, the first to point out their identity. We have this object not only portrayed as a sacred emblem, but represented enshrined within its particular temple, and men and beasts at either side of it, in postures of adoration. Assuming it to be the "grove" of Hebrew Scripture, we are still at a loss to understand what it signified. It represents a mystical tree; but was this the tree of life, or of the knowledge of good and evil? or was it merely an emblem of that materialistic creed, which deified life, and idolised the instruments of its perpetuation?

Whatever may have been the meaning of the sacred tree, there seems less difficulty in surmising that of one form at least of the mystical bull. The man bull of the Persians is plainly enough the sun in the zodiacal sign Taurus. So, the ram-headed deity of the Ammonites was palpably the sun in the sign of Aries. And as, from analogy, we should expect to find Apollo in Pisces under the disguise of a being half man and half fish, here we have actually, in these

Ninevite sculptures, representations of the Babylonian Oannes or Dagon, or at least of a priest dressed for his worship, having a fish's head and skin stretched over his head, and extending down his back to the calves of his legs. The same mythological chimera appears on numerous Assyrian seals as a compound being, presenting the appearance of a man to the waist, with lower extremities consolidated in *caudam piscinam*, and may also be seen under a similar shape on numerous Hindoo monuments. That the Egyptian calf and Mithraic bull, the Colchian ram and the sacred fish of Heliopolis, realised to the eyes and sensuous faculties of their worshippers these several solar symbolisms, there cannot be the least doubt; and anyone who has seen, in Roman Catholic countries, those processions in which a living male lamb is made to personate the Christian Saviour, can with difficulty shake off the impression that he is witnessing an instance of symbolical sun worship, derived immediately from pagan times. The bull-incarnation, the ram-incarnation, and the fish-incarnation are all familiar to the mystics of Hindostan. Did they draw these ideas eastward out of Assyria and Egypt, or did the Egyptians and Assyrians derive them westward to themselves out of the land of Bramah and Sariswata? These are questions which must sooner or later be set at rest by answers satisfactory to the minds of that great multitude of readers and inquirers for whose behoof men like Mr. Layard undergo their labours of discovery and description.

It seems pretty evident that the staged and stepped pyramidal structures, which, beginning westward in Yucatan, are traceable thence through Mexico, and thence westward through the Society Islands into Java, and thence again into Ceylon and the Hindoo peninsula, conduct us ultimately to the original source of whatever doctrines they were that occupied the worshippers of Baal at Babylon. If Sir Stamford Raffles on the one hand, and Mr. Stephens on the other, had better known what to overlook and what to observe, this chain of communication would probably, by this time, have been established, and the rituals of Montezuma and Sennacherib (if any of these memorials be his) might have been already made to throw mutual illustration on one another.

Strange as these Assyrian monsters

seem in our eyes, they are, after all, not without their antitypes in our own ecclesiastical chimera system. What is the winged lion of St. Mark but such another? What are the leo-griffs on early Christian sarcophagi, or those which still guard the portals of so many of our middle-age cathedrals, or that other symbolical bull of St. Luke, or eagle of St. John, but attempts at reproducing the forms of Ezekiel's cherubim?—and these winged men-bulls of Nineveh, coming nearer to the form of Ezekiel's cherubs than any of them, found in the immediate scene of his exile and prophesying, and close by the place where antediluvian tradition has assigned the office of keeper of the gates of Paradise to creatures of this sort—to what origin so likely can we refer them, as to the same primæval symbols of strength, swiftness, and intelligence?

When Eichhorn first suggested that the cherubs of Ezekiel were symbolic creatures, similar to the griffins and chimeras of Persepolis, Gesenius and other worthy and pious critics recoiled from the idea as an awful profanity. But when we find, not one or two, but scores and hundreds of these figures disinterred from the remains of the temples and palaces of Assyria and Babylonia, presenting the common type of a compound creature, part man, part ox, and part eagle, it is impossible to avoid dealing with the suggestion of Eichhorn as a highly serious probability. Let us discard the impression made on our youthful minds in the nursery, that a cherub is a more beautiful species of angel. The cherubic figures that guarded the entrance to Paradise, and the wooden images of the cherubim that extended their wings over the sanctuary of the Jewish temple, were compound creatures, presenting the appearance of the lion, ox, man, and eagle. We may be quite sure that there actually are not, and never were, such beings “in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth,” else the graven images of them would not have been admitted into the holiest part of the house of Jehovah; but there they were, carved in olive-tree wood, and coated with plates of gold, eighteen feet high, and as many feet from wing to wing. And, reading in Ezekiel's vision of the second temple, that the cherubim in it presented the face of a man and of a lion alternately to the sculptured palm-trees

which divided them, and knowing that, in addition to the lineaments of these creatures, and of the eagle, they had also those of the ox or bull, we may infer that, as their faces were human or leonine, and their wings aquiline, their bodies must have been bovine, like the images which supported the great brazen caldron or sea in the temple-yard. It seems necessary, therefore, that we should distinguish those composite bovine forms from the calf or bull, the object of idolatry, which latter we cannot suppose to have been admitted within the temple in any form. And now arises this singular consideration, respecting these Babylonian and Ninevite composite images, that they nowhere appear to be the objects of worship. We see priests in the act of sacrifice offering some object taken from a sacred receptacle to the emblematic tree, and kings and priests in adoration before the flame rising from an altar; but although these winged Minotaurs stand by, they never appear to partake of any act of adoration performed in their presence. They stand everywhere as guardians of portals; fulfilling, though on a grander scale, the same office as the composite figures which flank the entrances to the cathedral churches of Verona, Ferrara, and other episcopal sees in northern and central Italy — cherubic figures, in short, filling the office assigned to these beings, of whatever form they may have been, assigned as keepers of the gates of Paradise in antediluvian tradition.

If they had differed in any remarkable respect from the cherubim of Solomon, it is most probable that Ezekiel would have guarded against a confusion of the two species of figures in his vision of the restored temple. Yet with the single exception that a palm-tree, instead of a figure of the Assyrian Hercules, is made to divide the cherubim of the vision, one might think his description of the decorations of the temple walls, carried up all round to the level of the door-tops, was directly taken from one of these Ninevite or Babylonian interiors.

We have been surprised that more use has not been made of this description of what plainly was a cognate building, by the restorers of the Assyrian ruins. The porches, courts, cloisters, galleries, and chambers in the thickness of the wall, described

with so much minuteness by Ezekiel,* would furnish, we should suppose, a more accurate pattern for their reconstruction, than any representations of mere places of strength found among the military memorials sculptured on the walls.

The use of these compound figures before the Assyrian portals throws some light on the meaning of the sphinx at the doorways of Egyptian palaces and temples. The compound creature varied with the varying mythology of the countries; but its office and its traditionary origin were probably the same. We may also, on these considerations, understand how the entrance court-yards of middle-age Christian churches (such as those at either end of the great church of St. Gall) came to be called *Pardises*. But to proceed with some further particulars respecting the structure of these mighty mounds.

Nimroud has been mentioned as the ruin ascribed to Sardanapalus. It is distinguished from the other mounds by a pyramidal elevation at one end, conjectured to be the tomb of the effeminate monarch. No less than nine several palaces or edifices of palatial grandeur formerly crowned the extended platform of this vast mound. One is ascribed to Sardanapalus, another to Essarhaddon, a third to Sargon, and so on: and it is quite possible that it may be so; but for the reasons stated above, we cannot at present do more than admit a possibility. Whoever were their builders, these structures were magnificent enough for the most splendid kings. The hall of the edifice ascribed to Essarhaddon was an apartment 220 feet long, and 100 broad. The principal hall of our "*Darganeum*," or Dublin Industrial Palace, is 400 feet long, and 100 broad. If the reader will imagine that apartment lined with sculptured slabs of alabaster to the height of fourteen or sixteen feet, with open colonnades above, it will afford a standard by which the dimensions and appearance of the Assyrian hall may be estimated. It is remarkable that in the ground-plans of all these interiors rectangular forms exclusively prevail. We nowhere observe circular or curved outlines, except in the solitary instance of a species of buttress tower, projecting from one side of the supposed tomb of Sardanapalus. Yet it was not for

* Ezekiel, xli. 15-2

want of acquaintance with the arch that the Assyrian builders rejected these curves. Under this mound of Nimroud we find arches both round and pointed, the *cloacæ* of the city-like assemblage of dwellings above. One of these presents the section of a perfect Gothic arch, just as we see these so-called Gothic curves in the gallery of Tyrins, and in some of the *emissarii* of Etruria. The Egyptians also had the use of the arch when they pleased to employ it; and they too affected the rectangular arrangement in all their interiors. Notwithstanding the grandeur of these Assyrian halls, the effect of so many oblong apartments must have been somewhat monotonous. Whatever their dimensions, their proportions are almost invariably more than three times as long as broad. The external porches and esplanades we should suppose to have been by much the most attractive portions of these palaces.

The desert, even at a great distance from these city-sites, and beyond the present reach of any irrigation, still blossoms with amazing fertility at certain periods of the year. Some of Mr. Layard's most agreeable passages are descriptions of scenes of this kind. Take the following, on the northern margin of the plain of Mesopotamia :—

"There was no beaten track, and the camels wandered along as they liked, cropping as they went the young grass. The horsemen and footmen, too, scattered themselves over the plain in search of game.

The feeling of liberty and independence which these boundless meadows produced was too complete to be controlled by any fear of danger.

The wilderness appeared still more beautiful than it had done the day before. The recent storm had given new life to a vegetation which, concealed beneath a crust of apparently unfruitful earth, only waits for a spring shower to burst, as if by enchantment, through the thirsty soil."

And again :—

"The face of the desert to-day was as burnished gold. Its last change was to flowers of the lightest yellow hue; and the whole plain was dressed with them. Suttum (a Bedouin sheikh) rioted in the luxuriant herbage and scented air. 'What delight,' he continually exclaimed, as his mare wandered through the flowers, 'has God given man equal to this? What do the dwellers in cities know of true happiness? They have never seen grass nor flowers.'"

It will probably by this time be as refreshing to the reader as it was to the traveller to get away from the dusty brick heaps of antiquity, and breathe the free air of the country. It is not surprising that the Bedouin remains addicted to a wandering life, when his wanderings thus lie over tracts of tulips and marigolds. This burst of vegetation, however, lasts but a short while. When the summer heats set in, the banks of rivers and shaded hollows alone yield sustenance for the cattle of the nomade tribes. And at no season, as we understand Mr. Layard's and other accounts, do the immediate environs of the waste city-sites present any other than a yellow and barren aspect.

"Shapeless heaps of rubbish cover, for many an acre, the face of the land. The lofty banks of ancient canals part the country, like natural ridges of hills. Some have long been choked with sand, others still carry the waters of the river to distant villages and palm-groves. On all sides, fragments of glass, marble, pottery, and inscribed brick are mingled with that peculiar nitrous and blanched soil, which, bred from the remains of ancient habitations, checks or destroys vegetation."

There has been too much life there already, as in some other parts of the world which also will pay for their monopoly in eventual sterility. The same process has already reached from the hills of Tivoli to the Forum of Rome. But to return to the desert, where there is no fear of over-population or resulting miasma. Hunting is practised here with hawk and hound. So swift is the gazelle, that if the swifter falcon did not strike and delay it, the greyhound could not come up with the game. The Bedouins and Kurds pride themselves on the training of their falcons and greyhounds almost as much as on the breed of their mares.

"The falcon, when loosed from its tresses, flies steadily and near the ground towards the retreating gazelles, and marking one, soon separates it from the herd. It then darts at the head of the affrighted animal, throws it to the ground, or only checks it in its rapid course. The greyhound rarely comes up before the hawks have once or twice repeated. The falconer then hastens to secure the enemy. Should the dog not succeed in capturing the gazelle after it has been struck for the third or fourth time, the hawk will generally sulk, and refuse the hunt any longer. I once saw a very power-

ful falcon, belonging to Abde Pasha, hold a gazelle until the horseman succeeded in spearing the animal. The fleetness of the gazelle is so great, that, without the aid of the hawk, very few dogs can overtake it, unless the ground be heavy after rain.

The Arab greyhound is small, and, unlike the Persian, has short hair. It is a very fleet and beautiful animal, bearing the same relation to the English greyhound as the Arab does to the English horse. . . They are much prized; and among some tribes the race is as carefully preserved as that of their mares. . . They are very tender; and even in Assyria require clothing during the winter."

In the hill country, to the north of this occasionally delightful plain, dwell several tribes of the Yezidis or Kurdish sectaries, referred to in Mr. Layard's former volume as Devil-worshippers. They preserve a sacred image of a bird, which was at first thought to be an object of idolatrous worship, but now appears to be regarded rather as a palladium and battle-standard. Their priesthood is hereditary. They practise circumcision, baptism, and fasting in the spring of the year, and believe that Christ will come to govern the world, but that after him Sheikh Medi will appear. The tomb of the Sheikh Adi is their principal temple, where they celebrate religious dances, led by their cawals or priests playing flutes and tambourines. Their sacred books consist of the poems of Sheikh Adi. Mr. Hormusd Rassam has translated part of this rhapsody at the request of Mr. Layard. They appear to regard Sheikh Adi as an incarnation of the Deity.

"Oh men, deny me not, but submit;
In the day of judgment you will be happy in meeting me.
Who dies in my love I will cast him
In the midst of Paradise by my will and pleasure;
But he who dies unmindful of me
Will be thrown in torture in misery and affliction.
I say I am the only one and the Exalted;
I create and make rich those whom I will.
Praise be to myself, and all things are by my will,"
&c., &c.

The Yezidis as well as the Nestorian Christians of Kurdistan and Armenia have of late years suffered cruel persecutions from the Turks. Shortly before Mr. Layard's arrival among them, there had been repeated and dreadful massacres of the Nestorians, and the survivors groaned under an intolerable weight of taxation. To fill up the cup of their troubles, the missionaries of America were creating theological dissensions within their di-

minished community. The bishop of the district of Jelu could ill accommodate himself to Mr. Layard's representations in favour of the strangers.

"A young man of lofty stature and handsome countenance, dressed in the red-striped loose garments of the Kurds, and only distinguished by a turban of black silk, came out to meet us. A less episcopal figure could scarcely be imagined; but although he seemed some Kurdish hunter or warrior, he gave us his benediction as he drew near. We seated ourselves together beneath the shade of a gigantic tree; and whilst the good people of the village were preparing a simple repast, we discussed the affairs of the church and the political condition of the tribe. It was difficult to determine whom the poor bishop feared most, the Turks or the American missionaries; the first he declared threatened his temporal, the other his spiritual authority. I gave him the best advice I was able on both subjects, and urged him not to reject the offer that had been made to instruct his people, but to identify himself with the progress on which might be founded the only reasonable hope for the regeneration of his creed and race. Unfortunately, as in the case of Mar Shamoun, strange influences had been at work to prejudice the mind of the bishop."

American missionary establishments exist throughout the Turkish territory to an extent that probably will excite the surprise of our European readers. It is scarcely fifteen years since the first institution for Christian instruction on Protestant principles was opened by American teachers in Constantinople, and already, Mr. Layard assures us, the mission has establishments in Smyrna, Brousa, Trebisonde, Erseroom, Diarbekir, Mosul, Aintab, Aleppo, and many other cities in Asia Minor, besides native agents all over Turkey; and between forty and fifty schools have been opened in the town of Ooroomiyah and the surrounding villages on the frontier of Persia. Here, possibly, are the beginnings of great events. This region of the world has had a long term of ignorance and inertness. It once contained the Garden of Eden, and afterwards was the seat of one of the most splendid monarchies on earth. All its old capabilities lie dormant in the soil, if we except the spots which have been withered by the blight of over-population. Is the hand of industry again to lead the waters of fertility over the plain of Chaldea? Is a new life once more to descend on

Western Asia from the slopes of Ararat? We hardly dare frame an answer to our questions. To speculate on the future of the new world is an easy task. One can predict with confidence that in a certain number of generations the valley of the Mississippi, of the Sacramento, or the Murumbidgee, will be filled with an English-speaking population. But when any spot of earth has once borne its full crop of civilisation, and has been cast into the lazy fallows of antiquity, history affords no example of rejuvenescence. Yet, if the old course of historic precedent is to be altered, and the dry bones of Assyria to be clad anew with national vitality, there is but one agency that seems capable of effecting so great a change, and that agency is now in operation.

In connexion with these speculations, one cannot fail to revert to the question of opening the navigation of the Euphrates. It only needs the removal of some trifling shallows, and the reconstruction of the embankments by which the river was formerly kept within its channel in the marshy district below Hillah, to give a continuous navigation for large river-steamers from Balis, within one hundred and thirty miles of the Mediterranean, to the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean. The elaborate river survey by Colonel Chesney affords all the data for estimating the cost of these works. Since the appearance of his work, a railway has been surveyed between Balis and the Mediterranean. Every acre of land along the river-banks teems with the principles of fertility. Nothing is wanting but security and means of outlet. Wheat in an abundance that impoverishes Odessa by comparison; cotton to an amount that would leave negro slavery as unnecessary in commerce as it is odious in morality; tobacco, of which that of Latakia is a sample; rice, maize, and the finest wools;—these are some of the commodities which such an undertaking would set free to seek consumption in our markets. We do not dwell on the project for the purposes of communication with India, although it would shorten the

journey thither by one-third, and thence by perhaps one-fifth of the time at present so occupied. It is as a permanent centre of new production that the valley of the Euphrates presents itself to the attention of the civilised world. At present it affords little else than forage for the horses of the wandering Bedouins. If England is to sustain the Ottoman Empire, it were better we should draw our supplies of food from an ally bound by obligations of gratitude, than continue to depend for them on a power covetous only of our money and regardless of our friendship. But we must not desert the placid fields of antiquarian speculation for the arena of politics. Even among those meads of asphodel in which we have been straying, we must encounter some reproachful glances. We think we perceive the shade of the god San half-emerging from some hoary classic to rebuke our scepticism, and challenge our contrition and applause. We stand like Ulysses, on the borders of Hades, after his interview with the shade of Hercules:—

“ So saying, he penetrated deep again
The abode of Pluto; but I, still unmoved,
There stood expecting, curious, other shades
To see of heroes in old times deceased;
And now more ancient worthies still, and whom
I wished I had beheld, Pirithoüs,
And Theseus—glorious progeny of gods.
But nations first, numberless, of the dead,
Came shrieking hideous; no pale horror seized
Lest awful Proserpine should thither send
The gorgon-head from Ades, sight abhorred!”

So, lest we should again become involved in Doctor Hincks's monograms—for, if these discoveries have anything in them, it is to him that the glory ought properly to belong—we shall leave Mr. Layard to enjoy his well-merited renown, as an excavator and traveller, reserving only the liberty of doubt when credit is claimed for great scholastic achievements, and a clever collector of material for philological speculation is put forward by the *Times* as having “enabled us to read with our own eyes, as if it were our mother-tongue, the language suspended on the lips of men for ages, though written to record events in which the prophets of Almighty God took a living interest.” We are not so imaginative at this side of the Channel.

OUR COLONIES.*

BY AN ENGLISH RADICAL.

Few things could argue more powerfully for the free and popular nature of our institutions than the fact, that Earl Grey has thought it expedient to publish a detailed exposition and defence of his colonial administration. He, the powerful minister of a great kingdom, has not thought it sufficient that he has received the approval of his sovereign, as conveyed through his official superior, nor that the two houses of parliament, if not altogether approving, have forbore to censure his conduct, but swayed, unconsciously it may be, by the might of public opinion, has thought it incumbent upon him, for his own honour and credit, to step forward and say what he can in his defence, and show why the sentence of condemnation which has often been passed upon him should not be ratified. We rejoice that this is so; we rejoice for the sake of the people of this realm, that, while most of the rest of Europe seems to be sinking for a time under the armed hand of irresponsible power, and crouching silently under the stern command of arbitrary rule, unable to resist the one and afraid to question the other, we at least should be still breathing the free air, still preserving the erect front and independent bearing of conscious liberty; not only bold enough to question our rulers of their ways, but powerful enough, without a menace or a movement of hostility, to make them give an account of their ministry. We rejoice, moreover, for the sake of Earl Grey and our other rulers themselves, that they have both the wisdom to perceive and the manliness to act upon these principles of freedom, to acknowledge themselves our ministers instead of claiming to be our masters, and to look upon it as the highest boast of a British subject, that he is one of the most eminent of the *servants* of the public.

We may, we think, undoubtedly congratulate our readers on the appearance of Earl Grey's book. If there has been one question more than another which has perplexed the British public—puzzling alike parliament and people, alternately exciting them with

hopes of clear information, and worrying them with contradictory statements and bewildering details—that question has been the colonial policy and administration of the British Empire. Now, at length, we said to ourselves, when we saw the announcement of Earl Grey's book, will the riddle be solved; now, at length, shall we be entrusted with the key of the mysterious chamber; now, at length, shall we get at the hidden reasons, the deep-laid, long considered policy, the profound secrets of statesmanship, which shall put to shame all cavillers, shall reconcile all apparent contradictions, shall explain all the seeming blunders and mistakes, and make apparent the wisdom and the beneficence of the Colonial Office. Now, we expected, at length, to be instructed in the guiding policy which governed forty-three British possessions in all parts of the world, and cared for the happiness of 6,700,000 British subjects.

We must confess to having always had a sort of confiding respect, not to say a blind reverence, for the Colonial Office. The very multiplicity of its duties, the vastness and complexity of the present and future interests concerned in it, gave to the men who even thought themselves capable of managing them, a large superiority in our eyes, as beings of a higher order than we could ever hope to aspire to.

Let us just pause here for a moment and consider what the Colonial Office has to do; what those islands, countries, continents are, that are committed to its charge; over how vast and how various a portion of the earth's surface its supervision has to extend; its behests and commands to be more or less absolutely obeyed.

The posts, settlements, states, provinces, and nations under the rule and governance of the Colonial Office, are the following:—

In Europe—Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Heligoland.

In North America—Canada, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, Vancouver's Island.

* "The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration." By Earl Grey. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1858.

In the West Indies—Jamaica, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and twelve other islands, or groups of islands, with Honduras, and British Guiana on the mainland.

In the South Atlantic—St. Helena, Ascension and the Falkland Islands.

In Africa—The Gambia, Sierra Leone, The Gold Coast, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius.

In Asia—Ceylon, Hong Kong, Labuan.

In Australasia—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.*

Now, any one even casting his eye over this enumeration, will perceive at once that we have here assembled a number of *possessions* of very various characters, and that although all may be equally under the Colonial Office, they are not all equally entitled to be called *colonies*, in the same sense of the word.

Malta and Gibraltar, for instance, are mere fortresses, useful only in a military point of view. The Ionian Islands are a distinct state, under British protection only.

Our extra European colonial possessions, again, might be roughly divided into tropical and extra-tropical; those, namely, in which the European or British population could only be comparatively few, the mass of the labouring population being dark-coloured and adapted to the climate, and those in which the entire mass of the population might be people of our own race, living and working, *ceteris paribus*, much as we do in Britain. The term "colony," as applied to our tropical possessions thus peopled, must have a different value and signification from what it has when applied to lands altogether inhabited by parts of our own population that form the *people* of those lands.

Again, of the tropical possessions, Ceylon is a conquered kingdom, well-peopled with one race, that had hitherto been more or less their own masters, while the West Indies contain no aboriginal population, and the black people had been our own slaves. Similarly of the extra-tropical possessions, some were not originally colonised by ourselves, but are the conquered colonies of other people,

the mass of the population consisting of those people, as Lower Canada of the French, and South Africa of the Dutch. Some, again, were convict colonies, and others never have been so.

Our Colonial Government, then, as at present constituted, has to consider and combine, and to keep, if possible, in harmonious action, both among themselves and with this country, many varieties of races and classes of men, scattered through very many and various lands widely disseminated over the earth, many of which communities have come into existence, or been brought under its rule, from various and opposite causes. The man who undertakes to preside over such a government as this, must needs have a large and precise knowledge of physical and political geography, of history and ethnology, and of the manners, habits, customs, and modes of thought of the different races of men; must be a man not only of assiduous business habits, patient and laborious, but should have a clear intelligence to understand and methodise the details of his office, and a profound discernment and absolute grasp of mind, to enable him to see and seize hold of the guiding thread of good policy, which shall direct his steps securely through the bewildering maze he has ventured on.

Let us compare small things with great. How many men are capable of managing two or three different kinds of business, in twenty or thirty different towns and countries, and of keeping them all going on, so that they shall be profitable to themselves and beneficial to every one they deal with?

Having occasionally thought a little upon these matters, and puzzled ourselves not a little to try and make out how it was all managed, we, as we said before, hailed with delight the announcement of Lord Grey's book, "On the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration," as the very thing of all others we should like to see.

Oh, reader! we groan under our disappointment; the bubble is burst, and we are for ever disenchanted. The Colonial Office HAS NO POLICY. People have said that before, and we would

* In addition to these, we have all India, from the Punjaub to Singapore, under the present rule of the East India Company, and all that part of North America between Labrador and the Pacific Ocean, under the Hudson's Bay Company.

not believe it, and now we find it is only too true. The Colonial Office is even as the scoffers spoke of it: it does a little bit of managing here, and a little bit of tinkering there; tries on one thing with one colony and another thing with another—always interfering, and never doing anything thoroughly; but as for any great *guiding rule of policy* in the abstract, it really does not seem ever to have entertained the notion that such a thing was at all necessary or desirable.

We have no doubt that there never was a Colonial Secretary yet who would not have smiled superciliously at the bare mention of such a thing, and have set us down as *theorists*, and *dreamers*, and *speculators*, unworthy of the notice of men of business. The revelation of this fact, that the Colonial Office of the British Empire is destitute of any great *constitutional principle*, or *guiding theory* of action, we look upon as one of the valuable results of the publication of Earl Grey's book. The preliminary to having our wants supplied is the having them clearly ascertained.

When Halley, the great astronomer, went his famous voyage, in which he made the first magnetic charts of the world, and systematised the variation of the magnetic needle, his boatswain and other officers looked on him as a dreamer, and would not obey his orders. Poor man! he did not know the name of a haulyard or a brace—how could he know which way to steer?

We do not profess to be a political Halley, but we do think that there is great need of one, and that without some great guiding theory, by whomsoever discovered, which shall enable the captain of the vessel to steer a true course, in spite of all local variations and occasional disturbances, the ship will only escape being wrecked by accident or good fortune, not by good management.

Dr. Lang, in a volume we not long ago noticed,* endeavours to systematise our colonial possessions to some extent, and claims as colonies proper, only those of North America, Australia, and New Zealand, making it essential to the idea of a colony that it should be "a body of people who have gone forth from the parent state, and

formed a *permanent* settlement in some remote territory." He also propounds the theory, that all colonies should be *absolutely free and independent* from the very first, looking to themselves alone for their own governance, and for their own defence. Whatever may be thought of the justness, value, or propriety of this theory, here is a clear, guiding principle, plainly laid down and clearly intelligible; action upon it, whether successful or not, may at any rate be consistent.

We do not, however, agree with Dr. Lang in his limitation of the idea of a colony, because we do not see why the inhabitants of a colony should all be necessarily from *one* parent state, or even of *one* great race of people; neither do we see why a colony founded by one race of men ceases to be a colony because it is conquered by another race. We do not see, therefore, why Lower Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius, should not be considered and treated as British colonies, especially provided that either now or at any future time they should desire it; neither do we see why the West Indian Islands are not colonies (though of a particular order, and requiring a peculiar policy), because a great part of their population came originally from Africa.

Now let us examine Lord Grey's book, and see how far we can gather, from anything there given, a theory as to what a colony ought to be, or a principle as to the way it should be governed. The only part of the two volumes in which anything of the kind is even hinted at is the first chapter, headed, "Colonial Policy—Preliminary Remarks." Lord Grey here says:—

"I consider, then, that the British Colonial Empire ought to be maintained—principally, because I do not consider that the nation would be justified in throwing off the responsibility it has incurred by the acquisition of this dominion, and because I believe that much of the power and influence of this country depends on its having large colonial possessions in different parts of the world."

To this passage it may be replied, that our "not being justified in throwing off the responsibility incurred," does not touch the root of the matter at all; the very question is,

* "Freedom and Independence for the Australian Colonies."

why was the responsibility incurred? was it a good thing for us and for the colonies that this responsibility was incurred?—are we justified for the future in taking upon us farther responsibilities of the same kind? Lord Grey speaks of the “*responsibility*,” as if it had been imposed on us by somebody else, and was not as clearly the result of our own act as other “*little responsibilities*” which occur to most of us in the course of our lives.

Secondly, as to the “*power and influence of this country*.” So far from their being necessarily increased by our taking on us the responsibility of the *government* of the colonies, they seem to us to be very possibly in many cases diminished. Our power, and influence, and consideration in the world are, doubtless, largely increased by our becoming a great mother of nations, and peopling vast and remote districts with people of our race, speaking our language, breathing our thoughts, animated with our noble spirit of freedom and independence, and united to us alike by interest, by sentiment, and by blood; but they are not by any means increased, but the contrary, by this great and natural extension of ourselves being hampered and confined by the pettifogging interference of the Colonial Office. Were our power and influence increased by Canada being compelled actually to rebel before she could get audience for her grievances at this office, and redress for her wrongs from the Imperial Government? Are our power and influence increased by the Kaffir wars at the Cape, which were incurred solely by the Colonial Office and its subordinates in the colony; or by the whole of the colonists of the Cape uniting to offer passive resistance, and triumphing before the whole world in that resistance, to the introduction of convicts among them, attempted by this same Colonial Office under this very Earl Grey?

Granting even that it may be advantageous to this country to maintain her colonial empire, it by no means follows that the best and most efficient means of doing that is by keeping our present Colonial Office. So far from being consentaneous or auxiliary, it may be doubted whether the two things are not ultimately antagonistic.

Earl Grey indeed afterwards says, “I should regard it as a very unworthy mode of considering this subject, if it were to be looked at with a view only

to the interests of this country,” and goes on to consider the advantage to the colonies themselves in maintaining our colonial empire. In doing this, however, he immediately in his own mind substitutes “*office*” for “*empire*,” and even then he makes but a very miserable show when he comes to enumerate the advantages of retaining, or rather the evils that would follow the abandonment of the present office rule. He says that a war of colour would break out in the West Indies, and in Ceylon, that a similar war would arise in New Zealand, and the slave trade would revive again on the coast of Africa, and that the Australian colonies would fall to loggerheads among themselves. To our common sense understanding it really does not appear why these evils should spring up, or at all events why they should not be provided for and warded off, even if we ceased for a while to send out relays of lords and gentlemen to foster our colonial fellow-subjects under their gracious protection, and hit upon some more business-like arrangement than trying to transact a large part of the affairs of all sorts of people scattered all over the world by means of a set of clerks in Downing-street.

It is not till we look back upon history, and endeavour to trace the career of the Anglo-Saxon race, that we become aware how far they have always been a colonising people. Their very appearance in the British Islands was as a colony, much as we have ourselves colonised New Zealand at the present day. They gradually settled in, conquered, and occupied all the fertile plains of England and the lowlands of Scotland, amalgamating to a certain small extent with the previous Celtic population, but driving them for the most part to the high and barren regions of Cornwall, Wales, Cumberland, and the north of Scotland.

The one great characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race is their capacity for self-government, and their determination to exercise it. Even in the rudest times we discern that all their rulers from the lowest to the highest were more or less strictly elected by themselves. Every freeman had an equal voice in choosing from among his own body those who should conduct his affairs. Every tything, or group of ten houses, chose its tything man; every borough its head-borough, every hundred (or subdivision of a county)

which divided them, and knowing that, in addition to the lineaments of these creatures, and of the eagle, they had also those of the ox or bull, we may infer that, as their faces were human or leonine, and their wings aquiline, their bodies must have been bovine, like the images which supported the great brazen caldron or sea in the temple-yard. It seems necessary, therefore, that we should distinguish those composite bovine forms from the calf or bull, the object of idolatry, which latter we cannot suppose to have been admitted within the temple in any form. And now arises this singular consideration, respecting these Babylonian and Ninevite composite images, that they nowhere appear to be the objects of worship. We see priests in the act of sacrifice offering some object taken from a sacred receptacle to the emblematic tree, and kings and priests in adoration before the flame rising from an altar; but although these winged Minotaurs stand by, they never appear to partake of any act of adoration performed in their presence. They stand everywhere as guardians of portals; fulfilling, though on a grander scale, the same office as the composite figures which flank the entrances to the cathedral churches of Verona, Ferrara, and other episcopal sees in northern and central Italy — cherubic figures, in short, filling the office assigned to these beings, of whatever form they may have been, assigned as keepers of the gates of Paradise in antediluvian tradition.

If they had differed in any remarkable respect from the cherubim of Solomon, it is most probable that Ezekiel would have guarded against a confusion of the two species of figures in his vision of the restored temple. Yet with the single exception that a palm-tree, instead of a figure of the Assyrian Hercules, is made to divide the cherubim of the vision, one might think his description of the decorations of the temple walls, carried up all round to the level of the door-tops, was directly taken from one of these Ninevite or Babylonian interiors.

We have been surprised that more use has not been made of this description of what plainly was a cognate building, by the restorers of the Assyrian ruins. The porches, courts, cloisters, galleries, and chambers in the thickness of the wall, described

with so much minuteness by Ezekiel,* would furnish, we should suppose, a more accurate pattern for their reconstruction, than any representations of mere places of strength found among the military memorials sculptured on the walls.

The use of these compound figures before the Assyrian portals throws some light on the meaning of the sphinx at the doorways of Egyptian palaces and temples. The compound creature varied with the varying mythology of the countries; but its office and its traditionary origin were probably the same. We may also, on these considerations, understand how the entrance court-yards of middle-age Christian churches (such as those at either end of the great church of St. Gall) came to be called *Pardises*. But to proceed with some further particulars respecting the structure of these mighty mounds.

Nimroud has been mentioned as the ruin ascribed to Sardanapalus. It is distinguished from the other mounds by a pyramidal elevation at one end, conjectured to be the tomb of the effeminate monarch. No less than nine several palaces or edifices of palatial grandeur formerly crowned the extended platform of this vast mound. One is ascribed to Sardanapalus, another to Essarhaddon, a third to Sargon, and so on: and it is quite possible that it may be so; but for the reasons stated above, we cannot at present do more than admit a possibility. Whoever were their builders, these structures were magnificent enough for the most splendid kings. The hall of the edifice ascribed to Essarhaddon was an apartment 220 feet long, and 100 broad. The principal hall of our "*Darganeum*," or Dublin Industrial Palace, is 400 feet long, and 100 broad. If the reader will imagine that apartment lined with sculptured slabs of alabaster to the height of fourteen or sixteen feet, with open colonnades above, it will afford a standard by which the dimensions and appearance of the Assyrian hall may be estimated. It is remarkable that in the ground-plans of all these interiors rectangular forms exclusively prevail. We nowhere observe circular or curved outlines, except in the solitary instance of a species of buttress tower, projecting from one side of the supposed tomb of Sardanapalus. Yet it was not for

* Ezekiel, xli. 15-2

want of acquaintance with the arch that the Assyrian builders rejected these curves. Under this mound of Nimroud we find arches both round and pointed, the *cloacæ* of the city-like assemblage of dwellings above. One of these presents the section of a perfect Gothic arch, just as we see these so-called Gothic curves in the gallery of Tyrins, and in some of the *emissarii* of Etruria. The Egyptians also had the use of the arch when they pleased to employ it; and they too affected the rectangular arrangement in all their interiors. Notwithstanding the grandeur of these Assyrian halls, the effect of so many oblong apartments must have been somewhat monotonous. Whatever their dimensions, their proportions are almost invariably more than three times as long as broad. The external porches and esplanades we should suppose to have been by much the most attractive portions of these palaces.

The desert, even at a great distance from these city-sites, and beyond the present reach of any irrigation, still blossoms with amazing fertility at certain periods of the year. Some of Mr. Layard's most agreeable passages are descriptions of scenes of this kind. Take the following, on the northern margin of the plain of Mesopotamia :—

"There was no beaten track, and the camels wandered along as they liked, cropping as they went the young grass. The horsemen and footmen, too, scattered themselves over the plain in search of game.

The feeling of liberty and independence which these boundless meadows produced was too complete to be controlled by any fear of danger.

The wilderness appeared still more beautiful than it had done the day before. The recent storm had given new life to a vegetation which, concealed beneath a crust of apparently unfruitful earth, only waits for a spring shower to burst, as if by enchantment, through the thirsty soil."

And again :—

"The face of the desert to-day was as burnished gold. Its last change was to flowers of the lightest yellow hue; and the whole plain was dressed with them. Suttum (a Bedouin sheikh) rioted in the luxuriant herbage and scented air. 'What delight,' he continually exclaimed, as his mare wandered through the flowers, 'has God given man equal to this? What do the dwellers in cities know of true happiness? They have never seen grass nor flowers.'"

It will probably by this time be as refreshing to the reader as it was to the traveller to get away from the dusty brick heaps of antiquity, and breathe the free air of the country. It is not surprising that the Bedouin remains addicted to a wandering life, when his wanderings thus lie over tracts of tulips and marigolds. This burst of vegetation, however, lasts but a short while. When the summer heats set in, the banks of rivers and shaded hollows alone yield sustenance for the cattle of the nomade tribes. And at no season, as we understand Mr. Layard's and other accounts, do the immediate environs of the waste city-sites present any other than a yellow and barren aspect.

"Shapeless heaps of rubbish cover, for many an acre, the face of the land. The lofty banks of ancient canals part the country, like natural ridges of hills. Some have long been choked with sand, others still carry the waters of the river to distant villages and palm-groves. On all sides, fragments of glass, marble, pottery, and inscribed brick are mingled with that peculiar nitrous and blanched soil, which, bred from the remains of ancient habitations, checks or destroys vegetation."

There has been too much life there already, as in some other parts of the world which also will pay for their monopoly in eventual sterility. The same process has already reached from the hills of Tivoli to the Forum of Rome. But to return to the desert, where there is no fear of over-population or resulting miasma. Hunting is practised here with hawk and hound. So swift is the gazelle, that if the swifter falcon did not strike and delay it, the greyhound could not come up with the game. The Bedouins and Kurds pride themselves on the training of their falcons and greyhounds almost as much as on the breed of their mares.

"The falcon, when loosed from its tresses, flies steadily and near the ground towards the retreating gazelles, and marking one, soon separates it from the herd. It then darts at the head of the affrighted animal, throws it to the ground, or only checks it in its rapid course. The greyhound rarely comes up before the hawks have once or twice repeated. The falconer then hastens to secure the enemy. Should the dog not succeed in capturing the gazelle after it has been struck for the third or fourth time, the hawk will generally sulk, and refuse the hunt any longer. I once saw a very power-

try." Every one familiar with colonial life laughed at this scheme. It would be difficult to convey to any one who has not lived in the colonies the utter absurdity of the ideas thus propounded—the absolute impossibility of their ever being reduced to practice. Some of the absurdity may, perhaps, be perceived, if we just compare the value of land in the British Islands and the proposed settlement. In the one case £50 per acre is a low estimate—in the other, 5s. is, perhaps, a high one. In the first case, the possessor of a thousand acres may expect £1,000 per annum in the shape of rent—in the other case, if he get a similar per centage, it will amount to little more than a thousand pence, say, £5 per annum, at the outside. In a new settlement the value of the land is a trifle compared with the value of labour. The "bold peasantry," accordingly, would very soon work the landed gentry out of their estates. The Canterbury settlement may, perhaps, ultimately prosper; but it will be by the reversal of the fantastic theory on which it was founded.

Now, Lord Grey and the Colonial Office make the very same kind of mistake, in treating the colonies generally, which the lords and gentlemen aforesaid made as to this unfortunate settlement. They attempt to govern communities essentially democratic on their own innate aristocratic principles and prejudices, and they impose, as far as they can, and as long as they can, upon the colonies, the very worst and most irritating form of aristocratic government, that of a bureaucracy.

These ideas are undesignedly betrayed by Lord Grey in his preliminary observations, in such passages as the following:—

"I believe that the appointment to some of the principal offices in the colonies of persons not selected from the narrow circle of their own inhabitants, and imbued with the peculiar feelings and opinions which are apt to prevail in such communities, but chosen from among the well-educated gentlemen of the mother country, is calculated greatly to improve the tone of colonial society, and to prevent it from gradually degenerating from the standard of manners and acquirements to which we are accustomed at home."

Can anything be conceived more insulting than this sentence—anything more calculated to wound and irritate the feelings of our friends and relatives in the colonies? What has Lord Grey

to do with their "standard of manners?" He had better set up a corps of dancing-masters next, and send them out to teach the colonists the graces of deportment. To bring it home to us at once, let us fancy the Home Minister insisting on appointing the mayors, town-clerks, and principal officers of our corporations and boroughs, and filling them all up with "well educated gentlemen," on the plea of "improving the *tone of society*, and keeping up the standard of manners and acquirements to that he is accustomed to in London." We should like to see the Home Secretary in the House of Commons after issuing such a rescript. But is there any reason why the Colonial Secretary should be guilty of such impertinence more than his brother of the Home Office, except the fact that the one speaks of people at a distance that which he dare not say if he had to meet them or their representatives face to face before the public?

As a man's real ideas and opinions are more often betrayed by casual expressions than by set speeches, we regard the sentence quoted above as of very high value, as giving the very key-note of the ideas regarding the colonies entertained by Earl Grey and the Colonial Office. In his high-bred and aristocratic prejudices, which if not innate in his blood, he and his race have acquired from the class among whom they move, Earl Grey looks down upon the colonial populations as a low, underbred, troublesome set of people, who won't submit themselves quietly to his absolute wisdom, and decline to be submissively governed by his paternal and benevolent authority. Their Saxon love of managing their own affairs, even if that should not be done in the best possible manner, clashes with the Norman-sprung aristocratic notions of Earl Grey, and our other noble and gentle rulers, who, both at home and abroad, hold themselves the natural superiors, and God-provided governors of the people.

Earl Grey denies that the colonies are now used as banks of patronage for the Colonial Office, and gives instances of his own selection of officers from the ranks of his opponents. We grant that the old gross use or abuse of patronage is now much rarer than formerly, especially as regards the most *conspicuous* posts, but it is within our own knowledge that many of the inferior offices

in most of the colonies are filled up by dependents and followers of official men at home, who are *not always selected simply for their fitness for the offices they hold*. As to the superior posts, we care little whether the different governorships have been given to reward friends, to conciliate opponents, or from official estimation of merit and capacity. What we quarrel with is, the power possessed by the Colonial Office of giving them at all. Take the lists of governors of colonies during the last twenty years, how many among them are lords, or sirs, or the immediate relations of titled persons?—Nearly all. How many have been military or naval officers?—An immense proportion. How many among them would have been governors, if the colonists themselves had had a voice in their selection?—Scarcely one. To our notions these statements are nothing else than a plain and absolute condemnation of the system. Why should not the colonists, either from the very foundation of the colony, or, at all events, as soon as the first difficulties of settlement are overcome, elect their own governor, either from among their own body, or from home, if they choose to offer the appointment to any man they may feel confidence in.

We do not of course mean that the whole population should meet periodically to choose a governor, but let their representatives do so. Give them the power as freely as is possessed by our present boroughs, of choosing their own chief magistrate, either annually or for any other period they may think most beneficial. Let him be called Governor, if they please, or by any other name; but let him do without the nonsense of *aids-de-camp*, and levees, and receptions, and all the trumpery attempts at viceroyalty and the representation of majesty, and that sort of humbug which bewilders men's faculties, and leads them astray from real matters of business. Does any person suppose that the adoption of such a system would diminish the loyalty, the free love and affection, and unblenching attachment of the British colonial populations to her present Majesty, or to any one who may as worthily wear the British crown? Nay, verily! The thoughts of *home*, the love and reverence for Britain, the almost romantic loyalty to the British sovereign, and THE GLORY IN THE PROUD NAME OF BRITON, are feelings that spring natu-

VOL. XII.—NO. CCXLVL

rally in all colonial hearts; they are transmitted from father to son in early years, are sucked in with the mother's milk, and have but to be left free to endure for ever. That which really saps the loyalty of the colonists is to have constantly paraded before their eyes a *mock representative* of majesty—sometimes a caricature, sometimes a libel on the name, always a mere picture, a varying and unreal image, intercepting and disappointing the sight of men's eyes, instead of leading upwards and onwards the thoughts of their hearts and the ideas of their imaginations to the real majesty beyond.

Men in general have neither the power nor the time to be always analysing and separating their feelings and sentiments, and apportioning each to their proper object; and when in colonies they have their feelings towards their rulers always irritated by the misunderstandings and mistakes of their governors, and annoyed by the delays and obstructions, to say nothing of the bad management and insolent treatment of the Colonial Office, it must inevitably happen that part of the ill-will engendered settles on the crown of these realms, tending to diminish the natural loyalty of the colonists, and weaken the bonds that tie them to this country. Can any one with his eyes open, and his mind not warped by prejudice, doubt the truth of these statements? Can any one who has ever read, however cursorily, the history of the American Revolution, doubt that those noble colonies were wantonly alienated, and their loyalty gradually sapped and destroyed by the unfitness, or worse, of their governors, by the mismanagement of the home government, and by that fatal delusion of the propriety of the domination of this country, and the power of its aristocratic government being made absolute over their free and democratic populations?

Our voice is a feeble one—our power and influence nothing—but sometimes an indifferent stander-by can see more of the game than the best players; and therefore it is that we make bold to utter our thought aloud—to lift up our voice and say, that the system of management now and hitherto prevalent in the Colonial Office—the very notions, and ideas, and prejudices on which that system rests—is the core of rottenness which

will eat out the heart of our colonial empire, will prostrate our colonial strength, and convert what might have been a noble brotherhood of peoples into a number of alienated and discordant states.

We here touch on the main defect in what Earl Grey is pleased to call his colonial policy—that he does not seem to have formed any notion of what is to be its ultimate aim or object. What, so far as we can foresee, is to be the probable result of all these great colonies we are founding? Are they ever to be independent nations, or are they always to continue to receive lords and governors from the British aristocracy? We do not pretend to say that any man can foresee the course of future events, but, at all events, it is but wise to entertain the question of future possibilities. Is the leading idea, the true theory, of the foundation of a British colony the hope of founding a future independent British nation? If not, what is the theory or object of founding it? Are we mere waiters upon Providence—attendants on the action of a machine, the principal and main motive power of which we are altogether ignorant of? If so, let us take care how we interfere with its motions; let us be very cautious how we meddle with its several parts; and, above all, how we attempt to guide and control its action. We must confess that the history of our Colonial Office calls very forcibly to our minds the idea of a man meddling with such a machine, and, in trying to adjust its movements, being every now and then in imminent danger of having a hand or an arm lopped off, very hurriedly proceeding to let it alone again. Marry! as he is paid for superintending it, he must be doing something—even if that something happen to be mischief. It certainly does seem to us, if we may be allowed to carry the figure a little further,

that the wisest plan would be for the owner of such a self-acting machine to issue strict orders to his superintendent not to interfere with it further than may be necessary to oil its wheels, to free it from dust and dirt, and just to prevent any evil-disposed person from coming to injure it. We think, moreover, that these figurative expressions might receive a practical translation and embodiment that would redound equally to the credit and glory of the translator, and the benefit and enlightenment of the community at large, whether at home or in our extra-tropical colonies.

We mean no disrespect to people of any other race, when we say that the free and independent system of colonial policy we would advocate could be only practicable or successful with Britons.* For the truth of this assertion as to the Spaniards, we may point to the contrast still afforded between their emancipated colonies and the United States. The French, if they have no large emancipated colonies, are obviously incapable even of governing themselves.

We have, indeed, met within our own experience with curious examples of the difficulty experienced by most Frenchmen in forming even a correct notion of the possibility of founding a colony by the independent action of the people, and without the aid and superintendence of the government.

New Zealand became largely settled by stray white men, Britons or Americans, long before it was taken possession of as a colony. Lord John Russell, when Colonial Minister, being urged to take possession of it, declined, and, on the contrary, formally recognised the independence of the New Zealand chiefs. This scheme was found impracticable; settlement went on, lands were purchased from the natives; missionary establishments were formed; land schemes even began to come into

* We use the term Britons rather than Englishmen, in order to include English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, Manx, and Jersey men in one collective term. By "Briton" we would understand a citizen of the United Kingdom. When, in a former part of this article, we spoke of "personal independence, and the capacity for self-government," as characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, we by no means intended to say that other races could not acquire these valuable qualities—nor to deny that they had spread largely, and were now more rapidly spreading even among the most purely Celtic of our fellow-subjects. They have become now pretty general characteristics of the whole population of the United Kingdom. We would be one of the last to contribute to any fantastic fettering of men's minds by tying them up with party-coloured ribbons and national colours, which have long ceased to have any real value or utility. We looked back to history, merely for the origin of thoughts and feelings that have now, for all practical purposes, been as long and thoroughly mixed and blended together as are the several races of which we are composed.

existence, founded on the idea of purchasing large tracts from the chiefs, until at length Government stepped in, took possession of the country, and formed it into a British colony on the approved plan. In the meantime, Louis Philippe sent out an expedition to take possession of New Zealand; and the French only arrived at Otago, just in time to find themselves British subjects. Practically, the colony of New Zealand was forced into existence *against the inclination of the then British Government*, simply from the movement of British subjects to settle in it. Now, we recollect talking with a scientific Frenchman in Van Diemen's Land on this matter, and nothing we could say could drive him from the fixed belief that the whole operation was a deep-laid plan and scheme of policy on the part of the Colonial Office. He refused to believe in the possibility of any community of colonists being formed, or any set of men being mad enough to attempt it, unless they had a regularly organised scheme to begin on, and were assured from the commencement of the support and protection of the Government, and were, in fact, *obeying its orders, and managed and guided by its superintendence*. Such an idea as a number of men, without previous concert, meeting accidentally in a strange land, and at once forming a community, and establishing law and order among themselves naturally and as a matter of course, seemed to him the wildest of visions. We have often since talked the matter over with Frenchmen, and have always found the same incredulity as to the possibility of self-government, and the same preconceptions in favour of a previously constituted authority and system of strong, symmetrical, organised ruling power, as a necessity of the case.

The Dutch, so nearly allied to ourselves, fail in colonising, simply from their looking at it as a mere matter of gain, both to individuals and to the state. When they emancipate themselves from these grovelling notions, they show a large capacity for self-government and independence in *extra-tropical* colonies, as witness the conduct of the Dutch Boers at the Cape, and their determined and successful emancipation of themselves from our Colonial Office rule. The self-expatriation of the Dutch Boers from their old settlements was a noble act.

What we are concerned with now,

however, is to show, that no rules or maxims, or experience drawn from the colonies, whether in ancient or modern times, of any other race than ourselves, are applicable to our colonies. This assertion is not made from any overweening self-love or national conceit. Like effects spring from like causes. Show us the history of any other nation, that for 800 years has gradually and steadily worked its way up towards freedom, never losing sight of the independent, self-governing habits inherent in its ancestry, through conquest, through difficulty, through internal dissensions and external wars—a nation, the whole people of which is imbued not merely with the desire for liberty, but with the daily use and habit of free action, and the practice and exercise of social political powers, and then from the colonial history of that nation will we be content to draw lessons that shall guide and govern our own colonial affairs.

No such political cause can be found in the history of the world, therefore have there been no political effects worthy of our notice. We must make our colonial precedents (to speak the language of the lawyers) as we have our other political precedents, for ourselves, and not draw them from the books of any other people.

If now, setting aside our dissent from the system of rule which has grown up in our Colonial Office, and is advocated by Earl Grey, we take his own theory as the true one, for the sake of argument, and examine into the details of the measures he has proposed or carried, we shall find much to commend, and, on the whole, more cause for praise and satisfaction than for censure. This goodness of Lord Grey's measures by no means does away with our dislike of his having the power to carry them. If one secretary can enforce good measures, another may just as easily put in practice those which are bad and mischievous. Even the mere change from one set of measures to another, supposing both to be equally good, is most injurious to the welfare of the colonies and destructive of the good feeling of the colonists. Few things can be more absurd than that the laws and regulations, the whole political being of all our colonies all over the world, shall be dependent on political changes here at home, in which they feel no interest, and in the production of which they have no voice.

All these considerations, however, for the moment set aside, let us see what are a few of the measures, described by Earl Grey in his book, the value of which he pleads as a set-off against his errors and mistakes.

First of all, we need hardly say that we entirely agree with him in all his measures depending on the "Free-trade" question. The giving any colony any species of monopoly in the markets of our country is simply a concealed way of keeping it in fetters. We should only disagree with Earl Grey on these points by wishing to go much farther even than he does. For instance, we would have neither customs nor excise in any colony whatever; and, until the colonies became actually independent nations, we would render it incompetent for any colonial authority to establish any duties whatever, and equally impossible for the Imperial Government to impose any sort or kind of duties upon them.

Lord Grey commences by considering the sugar colonies,* or, as we should prefer to call them, the mixed colonies—those, namely, in which the mass of the population consists of a coloured, and for the present inferior, race, with a dominant white race to rule over them and manage them. Apropos to Ceylon, Lord Grey advocates a measure which is applicable to all tropical and semi-tropical countries, where the means of subsistence are so easily obtainable, and the necessities of life so few, and which has our entire approval.

In a despatch to Lord Torrington he says:—

"It appears to me to be a mistake to regard the imposition of direct taxation, to a moderate amount, upon a population in such circumstances, as really injurious to them. . . . In all European countries the necessity of supplying their daily wants is to the labouring classes a sufficient motive to exertion. But the case is very different in tropical climates, where the population is very scanty in proportion to the extent of territory; where the soil readily

yields a subsistence in return for very little labour; and where clothing, food, and lodging, such as are there required, are very easily obtainable. Experience proves that it is the disposition of the races of men by which those countries are generally inhabited to sink into an easy and listless mode of life, quite incompatible with the attainment of any high degree of civilisation."

Lord Grey, therefore, proposes to stimulate these races to a little extra exertion by a poll-tax, or other direct impost, by which the whole expenses of the state shall be borne equally by the whole mass of the population. Our own experience quite corroborates the ideas of Lord Grey as to the perfect ease with which any moderate impost could be borne by such a population. Where their labour is free, the work of one day, or at most of two, is sufficient to supply a man and his family with all they require for a week—there could be no harm in making him work yet one other day for the state in return for the safety and protection he enjoys. Moreover, as Lord Grey points out, it would enable the state to dispense with all customs and duties on articles of luxury. Now, what we consider articles of luxury, become, for *civilised life in the tropics*, articles of necessity.† We should, therefore, if we wish to raise the coloured races in the scale of civilisation, keep all articles of luxury and refinement as cheap as possible, in order to stimulate them to acquire the habit of using them, and to exercise that moderate amount of voluntary exertion which will be necessary to procure them.

As regards the West Indies, he also observes, that the emancipated negroes should, from the first, have been required to pay, even if it were but in return for the gift of their freedom, such an amount of direct personal taxation as they could have done with the most manifest ease and advantage.

Lord Grey afterwards enters into the details of the commercial condition of the Mauritius and of the West Indies, into which we do not care to follow

* Calling them sugar colonies is an instance of Lord Grey's want of powers of generalisation. What has the production of sugar to do with the political character of a country, except that hitherto it has required the presence of labourers of a coloured race? The essential character is the race of men, whether they produce sugar or not.

† We look forward with confident expectation to the time when much of this reasoning, if not the whole of it, will be applicable to our own countries, where every man being able easily to earn the means of subsistence, shall also be able to pay a moderate poll-tax in return for that ease, with an additional property-tax in proportion to his means, and when, by the abolition of all customs and excise, the luxuries and conveniences of the whole earth shall be at our command at the cheapest possible rate.

him. He clearly points out how those colonies have surmounted the difficulties consequent on the doing away with "Protection," which at once accepted the new state of things, and set to work in accordance with them; and how Jamaica still continues depressed, because, among other reasons, she relied on the promises of the "Protectionists" here at home, instead of putting her own shoulder to the wheel.

The constitution of Jamaica is a peculiar one, apparently most free and popular, but wanting in the very first element of freedom—namely, that of having a free *people* as its basis. The white inhabitants have been but an aristocracy of caste, and there is more real freedom even under a despotic monarch than in an aristocratic republic. When Lord Grey, therefore, quotes the unsatisfactory working of the Assembly of Jamaica as an argument against the policy of the self-government of colonies, he uses a sophism which is sufficiently transparent.

No mixed colony, as we shall presently observe, can or ought to be a self-governing colony, for the very same reason that no French or Spanish colony can be so—namely, that the mass of the population is incapable of self-government. In Jamaica those who are or would have been capable of self-government, have been corrupted and incapacitated for the purpose, by having so long been, and still being, in the position of a dominant race or natural aristocracy.

From the sugar colonies, as he calls them, Lord Grey proceeds to those of North America, first and chief of which is Canada. Canada has now succeeded in almost entirely emancipating herself from the rule of the Colonial Office. She has only to acquire the right of electing her own Governor when she will have attained her full position as a British colony, and any advance upon that can only be to the state of an independent nation. Lord Grey speaks with some self-complacency of the share which he and Lord John Russell's administration had in placing Canada in the high and satisfactory position she at present holds. As to that we can only say, that the Imperial Government (of whatever party) only consented to any steps being taken towards the emancipation of Canada when they found they could not help it. They had to choose between keeping Canada in a state of

chronic insurrection, and holding her at a vast expense by the strong hand of power, and allowing her her natural freedom of action, and the liberty of busying herself about her own affairs. One most highly hopeful and satisfactory feature in Lord Grey's account of Canada is, the spirit of loyalty and contentment now prevalent among the French population in Lower Canada. They seem to be fast acquiring habits of temperate but firm political action, in the exercise of public business, from which we must argue the happiest results. The fusion of two races, so largely and diversely endowed by nature, under circumstances adapted for their peaceful harmonising, and their beneficial action and re-action upon each other, is calculated to raise to the highest point our hopes and expectations of their being a great and noble nation in the future.

It by no means detracts from these anticipations that the present elements of this nation are occasionally of a somewhat turbulent and unruly disposition. Lord Grey gives a very clear account of the origin of the riots of Montreal, in 1849, in which the parliament houses and their valuable libraries were burnt, and awards great and apparently well-deserved praise to the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, for the moderation and forbearance he exercised on that occasion. One consequence of those riots was the removal of the seat of government from Montreal, and the holding the sessions of the legislature alternately at Toronto and Quebec.

Lord Grey then touches on the emigration question, showing what every one will now agree with, that it would have been most unwise for the Imperial Government to have embarked in the *business* of emigration, instead of confining itself to its proper duty of *regulating* that business, as carried on by individuals. He, of course, also mentions the matter of the clergy reserves—a *questio vexata* now happily at rest; and finally shows, from some lectures by the Rev. Adam Lillie, and from Mr. Tremenhere's "Notes," &c., that the rate of progression in Canada, in increase of population, wealth, commerce, public works, and even public education, so far from being inferior to that rate in the United States, is at least equal, if not superior to it, even taking the state of New York as their term of comparison.

In the other North American Colonies, the principal topics touched on by Lord Grey are — first, the question which arose in Nova Scotia, as to whether holders of situations in the public service in the colonies should be regarded as having vested interests in them, and as entitled to compensation for dismissal, unless that dismissal be for misconduct. On both these points the answer to the question has been in the affirmative; and we think wisely so with respect to all offices which are not of a strictly political nature.

The holders of any offices, similar in nature to those of our ministers, who come into them on the strength of the popular demand, cannot complain, when another set of men claim to step into their places on the very same ground on which they themselves obtained them. These men are but the embodiment of the policy the people wish to see carried out, and the instruments by which alone they can effect their purpose. In the case of all offices, however, that are not necessary for effecting the popular will, which require peculiar fitness and experience for their administration, or which are of a professional nature, it is but wise in the people to guard against the possible consequences of their own caprice, and to make them permanent for life (unless from misconduct). If this be true, compensation for the loss of an office, the continuance of which is judged inexpedient, or from any other cause not the holder's fault, follows as a natural corollary.

The second question is the allowance of bounties for the encouraging certain branches of industry, which was raised by the legislature of New Brunswick granting a bounty for the cultivation of hemp. Bounties such as these occasionally come before us with such plausible pretexts, that we believe the only safe rule for a politician is to refuse to listen to all the circumstances of the case, and to be strictly guided by the maxim of political economy, which declares all bounties to be bad, certain of being injurious to some one, and, in the end, destructive of the object expected to be gained; on this point, therefore, we also agree with Lord Grey.

The third topic is the fishery question, which, under the over hasty management of Sir John Pakington last year, was near involving us in a war

with the United States. We remember to have heard a story of some one having set up a fishing-boat some where on the west of Ireland, and going into a neighbouring bay to fish. On landing he was set upon by the people, and nearly murdered for coming to fish in their bay. "But," said he, "you don't fish yourselves: you have no boats, no nets, nor even hooks or lines." "Arrah, what matter," returned they, "sure don't the fish belong to us—what right have you to be coming and taking them?" Now, any one who approves of the native reasoning on this occasion is logically entitled to defend the restriction of the fisheries on our own shores, whether home or colonial. For ourselves, we must say, that if the people who live close by don't choose to catch the fish, or have not the means or skill to catch so many or so fast as those who come from a distance, it is simply their own fault; and if they grumble they deserve to be laughed at for their pains. Lord Grey lets us a little into the real state of the case with respect to Newfoundland, by showing that it is not the fishermen there who grumble at the intrusion of the Americans or the French, so much as the merchants who supply the fishermen, who generally manage to keep them in debt, and whose gains are diminished by the supplies brought by American schooners along the coasts. We remember to have heard something of this before, and have not the least doubt of its being the true history of the outcry about the fisheries.

Lord Grey then takes up the colonies of Australia, and discusses three principal questions with respect to them, namely:—1st, The sale of land, and emigration. 2nd, Transportation and the convict system. 3rd, The constitutions and governments of the several colonies.

With regard to the first, Lord Grey of course defends the past and existing state of things, showing the advantage of disposing of all lands by sale at auction, keeping the minimum price up to £1 per acre, devoting half the land fund thus acquired to the cost of the emigration of labourers from this country, and the regulations and restrictions on that emigration adopted by the commissioners at home. On all these points we think Lord Grey makes out a good case. We agree with him also on the advantages of the plan of giving to squatters in the unsettled

districts ten years' leases for their "runs," and compensation for permanent improvements. He tries to support a pet crotchet of his own as to the establishment of "District Councils" in New South Wales—a kind of rural municipal organisation, so admirably adapted to the circumstances and habits of the colonists, that, though the power of establishing them has been some years in existence, we very much doubt whether the majority of the inhabitants have ever heard of it. This puts us in mind of a proposition of Lord John Russell's when he was Colonial Minister, for concentrating the convict population of New South Wales upon Cockatoo Island in Sydney Harbour—a proposition that would be equalled only by a plan for locating all the paupers and distressed inhabitants of Ireland upon Ireland's Eye, or all the prisoners of London upon Eelpie Island. Such little mistakes in the relative size and importance either of places or measures are incidental to, and characteristic of, our Colonial Office.

The question of transportation of convicts, and the various modes of employing or emancipating them in the colonies, is so large a one, that to do it anything like justice would require far more space than we are able to devote to it.

There can be little doubt that for this country, and for the convicts themselves, a well managed system of transportation is almost an unmixed good. No better system of disposing of and reforming criminals (so far as they are capable of reformation) has hitherto been devised.

If, on the other hand, we look on it from a colonial point of view, there can be as little doubt that *materially* and *pecuniarily* a certain large amount of convict labour is most beneficial to a colony during its earlier years of settlement, and for a certain time after its foundation. On the other hand, there can be no doubt whatever that, *morally*, the introduction and emancipation of convicts must be in all cases most injurious to the well-being and happiness of any colony. Lord Grey truly remarks, that it does not follow because a man is a free emigrant that he is therefore necessarily moral and virtuous, and that, practically, many convicts who have been led into crime by sudden temptation or other circumstances, may really be better men than

some free emigrants. Granted; but the difference is here, that a free emigrant has a character to lose, and an emancipated convict has none. We are not thinking now of great crimes, but of the every-day life and action of the men. If an emancipated convict abstain from great crimes and the actual infraction of the law, he does all that can be reasonably expected of him; he is a very worthy and respectable person for an *emancipist*. That he does not adhere to the truth, that he is not fair and honest in his dealings, that he is ready at all times to resort to low trickery, to mean subterfuges, and to all the baseness which distinguishes the blackleg and the scoundrel from the honest man in every rank of life, is what all men expect from him and allow of in him. A free emigrant, even if he have no principle to guard him against these practices, will, in the majority of instances, be prevented from falling into them by the mere shame attached to them. The mere shame of appearing as a knave before his family, his friends, or his neighbours, keeps many a man in the straight path. Now, an emancipated convict has no sense of shame—it has been burnt out of him by the branding ordeal of the court and the prison, even if not destroyed long before. Any society, therefore, that has any large infusion of emancipated convicts among its ranks—men ostensibly without shame and without principle, must inevitably have its standard of morals lowered, and its truth and honesty debased.

Take a small example. We recollect travelling by coach between Sydney and Bathurst, when a decently-dressed, well-behaved man, but one whom any old colonist would have known as an emancipist, got off the coach at dusk. The coachman said his fare was half-a-crown, and the man gave him a coin, which, instead of pocketing, the coachman carefully looked at, and immediately jumped down and laid hold of him; on which the man merely laughed, and exchanged it for another. The first was a rupee, or two shilling piece. Neither the coachman nor passengers seemed to look on the occurrence as anything remarkable or different from what might be expected. The coachman merely exercised a caution and suspicion of all men, that had become habitual to him. Now, this suspicion, and utter want of confidence in the strict honesty of the majority of

those with whom you come in contact, is one of the most unhappy and contaminating influences that can be exerted on any man or any set of men. We can easily understand that among the class of the rich "squatters" and landholders, as also among the capitalists and merchants of the Australian colonies, there is a large proportion in favour of the importation of convict labour. Employers of labour of course wish to have it as cheaply as they can. This desire fully accounts for a part of the Legislative Council at Sydney having reported in favour of it, and for the desire expressed for it by the "squatters" of Moreton Bay and others; but we do firmly believe, that the popular agitation that arose against the continuance of convict importation, and the strong *popular* resistance that was rising against it, though it may have been intensified somewhat by the hope of keeping up wages, was based in the strong instinct and common-sense feeling of the people—that united *instinct* which so often turns out to be true, and natural, and correct, though it may never find adequate expression, and though all kinds of specious and irrefutable reasonings and arguments may be brought forward against it.

We fully agree that life and property may be as safe in a well-managed convict colony as they are here at home, but nothing like so safe as they are in a colony that has never received convicts, and is at a distance from convict influence. Moving suddenly from such a colony as the latter into one of the former, is like passing from a drawing-room of ladies and gentlemen into the wards of a work-house, so far as one's feelings and associations are concerned.

We should now, therefore, at whatever cost or risk, advocate that entire cessation of the transportation or importation of convicts into the Eastern Australian colonies, whether as convicts, as ticket-of-leave men, as exiles, or as *expirées*, which, it appears, is likely to be enforced by our present Government.

As to Western Australia, the question is pretty well settled by the inhabitants desiring the importation of convicts, and being indeed no longer able to do without them. Extraordinary diseases require extraordinary remedies, and, in this case, perhaps we might turn homœopaths, and say—"similia similibus curantur." Western Australia has been all along ill of the

Colonial Office; it will require further doses of it to cure her. Surrounded by an impassable desert on the land side, and by a wild and stormy ocean on the other, with few or no boats, except at one or two points, escape from the country is difficult. Its climate, on the other hand, is healthy and delightful, and its tracts of fertile land widely scattered, with great spaces of desert country between them. It might safely then be given up to the Colonial Office as a great prison for many years, with the hope that, eventually, by the means of convict labour, they may make it a fit residence for a community of honest men.

As regards the constitutions of the Australian colonies, Lord Grey gives an abstract of the deliberations and reports on which the general measure respecting them was founded in 1850. There is one point of general interest raised here which is worth examination—Should a colonial legislature consist of one chamber or two? Most people, perhaps, would at first—arguing from the analogy of our own legislature, and our two houses of Commons and Lords—say two; and if it were a question of founding a constitution for an independent nation, we should most certainly agree with them. We here meet again, however, with that remarkable want of all clear ideas and guiding theory of what a colony is, and what it *ought to be*, which, however *speculative* it may be deemed, is perpetually turning up in one shape or another as a *practical* difficulty. Any one with clear theoretical ideas on this point would at once see that a second legislative chamber (answering in its functions to our House of Lords) is absolutely useless in our colonies as at present constituted. Its functions of resisting hasty popular legislation, and of introducing greater deliberation before the measures passed are acted on, are all discharged by the Colonial Office itself, or by the Imperial Parliament in some instances. The motive or originating power being the legislative assembly of a colony, its action at present is clogged, first of all by the assent of the Governor being required; secondly, the assent of the Crown, as advised by the Colonial Minister; and thirdly, if need be, by the assent of Parliament. To add still another clog and drag-chain to this well-guarded legislative action is not merely superfluous, but mischief-

ous, inasmuch as it tends greatly to diminish the sense of responsibility under which the primary legislators ought to act, and to render them careless and supine in their duties. It can hardly be worth people's while taking any great pains, or exercising great caution, in framing measures that have so many ordeals to pass before they can come into permanent existence. Any blame resulting from them, moreover, may be bandied about from one side of the water to the other. Whereas if the framers and passers of any act were at once to be face to face with the people, as the authors of it, when it came in force, they would take very good care to have sound reasons to give for the measure.

We can, then, perfectly understand Lord Grey's doubts and hesitation as to the utility of a second chamber in the colonies, although he may hardly be conscious of their real origin.

If there be a real use in, and a necessity for, a second chamber in any colony, there can be no longer any use in, or necessity for, the Colonial Office as regards that colony. Conversely, there can be no use in a second chamber in any of our colonies until they are freed from the control of our Colonial Office.

There is one amendment on the old practice introduced into the late act constituting the Australian legislature, which we think really an amendment, and it bears directly on the question just discussed. The Governor, instead of his powers being confined to the simple assent to, or disallowance of, any bill passed by the Assembly, has now the power of returning such bill for further consideration, with any amendments he may think it right to suggest. In other words, the House of Lords, or second chamber, function, is to be shared between the Governor and the Colonial Office. We think this arrangement may work well in several ways, not the least of which we regard as this one, that it will accustom the Legislative Council to have amendments proposed to it, on bills and acts that are still fresh in their memories, and in which they have not lost an interest; and they will thus be trained to that vital action and reaction of different parts of the body politic which are essential to the life of politi-

cal as of individual bodies. It will, moreover, diminish the antagonism between the Governor, as the mere servant of the Colonial Office, and the legislature, and tend to produce a greater union of feeling and interest between them.

In a former part of his work Lord Grey mentions a curious modification of the jury system, as having originated in Tasmania, which we think is worthy of some consideration. This modification is as follows:—the verdict, if given within two hours, must be an unanimous one; but after the expiration of two hours a verdict with a minority of one is allowable; after four hours a minority of two, after six hours a minority of three, after eight of four; and if after a deliberation of ten hours more than four remain still dissentient, a new jury is to be empannelled.

The chapter (or letter) devoted by Lord Grey to New Zealand is, beyond question, the most interesting, as it is also the best written in his book. It owes this distinction in part to the extract from the very admirable despatch of Sir George Grey, the present Governor of New Zealand,* and partly to its being of a more historical and descriptive character than his accounts of the other colonies.

It might appear at first sight that New Zealand is a mixed colony as we have defined that term, composed, namely, of an inferior coloured race and a dominant white one. For the present, and to a certain extent, this is doubtless true. New Zealand, however, is an exception to the other mixed colonies, because the inferiority of the coloured race will, in a short time, become nothing. They have hitherto been, and still are, our inferiors in civilisation, habits, manners, customs, &c.; but this was from defect of circumstances, not of capacity. When the New Zealanders are compared with negroes or any other coloured race, there is this difference, that the capacity of the New Zealanders already exists, and can be at once trained and utilised, while that of other coloured races must be greatly increased by a training of several generations, gradually breeding a superior race, before it can be placed on the same footing. We have always been

* Lord Grey takes occasion to point out that this Sir George is no relation of his, and that he never saw him.

aware and always contended for the admission of this fact, that the whole Malayo-Polynesian race, are, in natural capacity, whether physical, mental, or moral, the equals of ourselves. Whenever they were placed in temperate and unenervating climates, they would, in a brief space of time, be capable of being civilised to any amount. Of the truth of this idea the corroboration may be found even in the tropical regions of the Eastern Archipelago, the Sandwich Islands, and Tahiti; and it is now amply confirmed by Governor Grey's account of the rapid strides making by the New Zealanders in education, in the acquisition of property, in habits of civilisation, and in the practice of the precepts of Christianity. Whether in war or in peace, they are evidently worthy of our respect and esteem, and we look forward to their approaching amalgamation into the ranks and society of the colonists with confident expectation.

In Lord Grey's account of Ceylon there is nothing of any remarkable interest. He describes a personal tax on the natives for road-making as working well, and being cheerfully paid; advocates the stringent repression of rebellion; and defends Lord Torrington. As to the vigorous action of troops, when brought out, we entirely agree with him. We would never summon out our armed force until absolutely compelled; but when we were compelled, it should be no child's play, and no idle pageant. Soldiers are meant to kill men with; if you are to use them, you must put them to the use for which they are intended.

Of the Cape of Good Hope, Lord Grey writes more at length and more in earnest. This earnestness verges upon anger, when he comes to treat of the resistance offered by that colony to the landing of the convicts taken out by the Neptune; and like any other angry man, Lord Grey ventures upon several rash and inconsiderate assertions. First of all, Lord Grey talks about the Cape colonists having "so much regard for the general interests of the British nation," and "taking their share of the common burdens of the empire." Why, what does Lord Grey suppose the colonists went out for? He might as well expect them to claim their share of the national debt. He laments their inhumanity to the convicts in not allowing them to land. But were the colonists to give up their great,

and as they and we believed, their most momentous cause, from mere pity to a set of convicts? The sufferings of the convicts were plainly chargeable on those who sent them there, not upon the colonists who did not want them, and all along protested against having them. Then he says, that in the House of Lords, even the peers opposed to his government did not object to their being sent. Very likely not! What had the peers to do with a parcel of colonists in the other hemisphere? How many of our hereditary legislators would have troubled themselves to interfere to save the Cape from being buried in the ocean, unless some petty point of their own interest—some party object, or party passion, or some privilege of their order had been involved in the cataclysm? Lastly, Lord Grey says that this resistance to the landing of the convicts was the *cause of the last Kaffir war!!* and that he is sure the colonists must have repented of it. With such nonsense as this there is no serious argument. The real point of soreness and irritation in Lord Grey's mind is this, — the aristocratic Earl was for once fairly opposed by the roused democratic strength and spirit of a people, and he had to succumb to it. The spirit of the future appeared embodied before his eyes, and he knew it for his master. Never was more significant sign made to mortal — never was a handwriting on a wall more plain to any one with eyes that can dare to read it. The powerful minister of the mightiest empire upon earth was calmly and deliberately defied and resisted by a small community of Saxon freemen, who simply felt that as long as they were resolved and united, no earthly power could make them submit. Repent! We know very little of British colonists if there be one free man at the Cape who repents, or has ever repented of that action, and if it is not handed down from father to son as a goodly heritage and boast.

To keep their commonwealth unspotted from the stain of convictism was a noble object; it was gained in a noble and heroic way — by a bloodless victory that will be quoted as an example to be followed, if need be, in every other British colony on earth; and as a lesson to be learned by Earl Grey, and every other minister who may hereafter have the management of the colonies placed in his hands.

After getting as well as he can over

this little passage in his colonial history, Lord Grey goes on to speak of the Kaffir war, and among other things mentions his letter of recall to Sir H. Smith, which at the time made some little stir, and was the occasion of much obloquy being cast upon his lordship. In our opinion, Lord Grey was perfectly right, and we always thought so. It mattered little whether Sir Harry Smith was right or wrong, capable or incapable—if Lord Grey came honestly and fairly to the conclusion that Sir Harry Smith had made mistakes, or had not done so well as he might have done, he was not only justified in recalling him, he *was bound by* his duty to do so, and also publicly to reprove him for what he disapproved in his conduct.

If governors are to be sent out to our colonies as the servants of the colonial minister for the time being, no one can complain of his treating them as his servants.

One of the strongest reasons we have for objecting to the appointment of the governors of colonies by the minister here at home is, that they must always necessarily look to him as their master—consider his dictates, humour his whims, and concede to his crotchets, rather than study the interests and wishes of the colony over which they rule. We wish to see the system altered, and much power taken out of the Colonial Minister's hands; but while he retains it, we shall never be so illogical or so childish as to quarrel with him for exercising it.

The remainder of Earl Grey's book is occupied with some notice of Hong Kong and Labuan; of our posts on the west coast of Africa, of which he mentions some very interesting facts; and of Malta, which he likewise describes as improving.

He then sums up rather hastily, and when after having read the book, we come to ask ourselves why it was written, we really are at a loss for any definite answer. We are almost inclined to suspect that one strong motive for writing it, was to relieve himself of some of the bile accumulated during a five years' sitting at the Colonial Office. We do not mean to say that there occur any ill-tempered or embittered expressions in the book—all is smooth, and courtly, and official; but we really do think that Lord Grey fancies the colonists will have reason to regret

him; that they will repent, when they see how kind, and generous, and wise he meant to be for them, that they were ever froward, and fractious, and rebellious; and that his book will not only vindicate himself, but make *other people ashamed of themselves*. If such a motive had any influence in causing Earl Grey to take the trouble of writing his book, we fear we cannot congratulate him on his object being accomplished. Nevertheless we must still congratulate ourselves and our colonial brethren on the book having been published, both for the information which it contains and for the weakness and imperfections which it exposes.

We had hoped and intended to have closed this article with some exposition of our own ideas as to the colonies—to have propounded a theoretical classification of them, which might have been found useful in practice, and a few general principles as to their form of government which might be usefully discussed at all events, even if they were never adopted. The limits of our space, and probably also those of the reader's patience, forbid us to enter at any length upon this subject. Our classification would be something like the following:—

1. Free Colonies.
2. Convict Colonies.
3. Mixed Colonies.

1. By free colonies we would mean all colonies peopled mainly by Britons, such as our North American colonies.

1a. We would put into a subdivision of this class all conquered colonies of European races.

2. By convict colonies, we would mean all British colonies to which a large population of convicts was transported, and in *which they were emancipated*.

3. By mixed colonies we would mean all countries where the British race was a dominant few, ruling over and employing a coloured labouring population.

To Class No. 1, after the first few years of early settlement, say the first five, were overcome, we would at once assign the most ample freedom in the management of their own affairs. They should elect their own governor, as well as their own council, assembly, or whatever else they choose to call it.

Their institutions should at first be of the utmost simplicity, cheapness, and rudeness if you please—rough and ready, like their life—with provision for their gradual extension, and complexity, and refinement, as the population and wealth of their community increased. The sole restraint upon them should be that they should confine their legislation strictly to their own affairs, and that their laws should be subject to the ultimate revision of Parliament, and pending that, to temporary suspension by the Crown.

As to subdivision 1a, in the case of a new conquest, it would for some time require to be held by the strong hand; but provision could easily be made either for infusing our own blood into it, or incorporating it with one of our own colonies, and thus gradually assimilating it to No. 1.

Class No. 2 would require a special system of management, much more nearly resembling the present one. As long as a great convict establishment was kept up in a colony, and a large proportion of the population consisted of emancipated convicts, any government founded on the free action of the people, the unrestrained voices of free men (neither thralls nor felons) is obviously a contradiction in terms as well as in fact. It must be governed from without; and before it can be trusted with its own freedom it must go through a period of quarantine, as it were, in which its blood must be most thoroughly purged and purified of its previous contamination. It would be by no means difficult to make provision in any case for the transition of every colony from Class 2 to Class 1.

As to Class 3, the management becomes more difficult and complicated, and more dependent on the special circumstances of the case. The granting of the power of self-government to any colony of this class is rather to be deprecated than otherwise, as it will be sure to fall into the hands of the few, and thus be used for the oppression of the

many. We would far rather at once see them placed under a gentle despotism, or even under the management of the Colonial Office, strictly supervised by Parliament. Our present Colonial Office, indeed, seems rather specially devised and adapted for the management of colonies such as these, whence it naturally comes that it looks upon all the colonies as peopled by men who do not know how to take care of themselves, and require its benevolent and protecting aid.

To mixed colonies, we think our Colonial Office might be so adjusted and reformed as to become a worthy guide, protector, and guardian; and we would gladly see the whole of them, including Jamaica, placed directly under it, when it is so reformed and adjusted. It would, however, require most stringent supervision by the Parliament and people of these realms, to see that it did not become a "*roi faineant*," that it exercised its guardianship wisely and well—neither suffering the coloured part of the population to fall back into indolence and savagery, nor allowing the white portion to be too lordly, and practically and injuriously oppressive.

With these few words we cease. We have in this last part rather hinted at than developed our ideas, and doubtless before they could be reduced to practice they would require the examination and discussion of many minds, the introduction of many modifications and of many improvements. It is one thing for a man to scheme in his closet, and quite another when he comes to put his schemes in practice in the busy stir of life, and among the shock of men. Still the theory of politics is so far from being useless, that no great practical politician ever attained success without it, and no great practical political measures or institutions ever had an abiding existence that contradicted its principles, and were not founded, knowingly or by accident, in accordance with its rules.

INDEX TO VOL. XLI.

- Aiton, John, D.D., *The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope, as visited in 1851*, reviewed, 218.
- Allingham, William, *Lines addressed to Walter Savage Landor*, 235.
- America, a Flying Shot at the United States, by Fitzgunne, Fifth Round, 255; Sixth Round and last, 507.
- Archytas and the Mariner, translated from Horace, 506.
- Bartlett's Pictures from Sicily, reviewed, 115.
- Belfast, Earl of, *Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*, reviewed, 290.
- Bourbon, Charles, Duke of, *Character of, in comparison with Caius Marcius Coriolanus*, 418.
- Buckingham, 1st Duke of, 684.
- Burke's Fame and Cobden's Folly, 386.
- Burns, Robert, *Life and Works of*, edited by Robert Chambers, reviewed, 169.
- Carew, Sir Jasper, Knt., *his Life and Experiences*: Chap. XIII., *A Midnight Rencontre*, 58; Chap. XIV., *A Conference*, 65; Chap. XV., *Circumstantial Evidence*, 213; Chap. XVI., *An Unlooked-for Disclosure*, 347; Chap. XVII., *A Friend's Trials*, 351; Chap. XVIII., *Disappointments*, 405; Chap. XIX., *Fum's Alley, near the Poddle*, 410; Chap. XX., *Prosperity and Adversity*, 601; Chap. XXI., *At Rest*, 607; Chap. XXII., *The Village of Reichenau*, 611; Chap. XXIII., *A Mountain Adventure*, 726; Chap. XXIV., *"The Herr Robert,"* 734.
- Christmas, by Tiny, 118.
- Clonmacnoise, Clare, and Arran, Part I., 95; Part II., 492.
- Collier, J. Payne, *Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays from early Manuscript Corrections in a Copy of the Folio, 1632*, reviewed, 357.
- Collins, Mortimer, *The Doom of Maud Mauleverer*, 119; *The Daffodil*, 334; *The Pilgrim of Art*, 334.
- Collins, Wilkie, Basil, *a Story of Modern Life*, reviewed, 77.
- Colonies, our, by an English Radical, 758.
- Coriolanus, Caius Marcius, *Character of, in comparison with Charles Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France*, 418.
- Crown Matrimonial of France, the, 269.
- Dawn, Sonnet by Fitzjames O'Brien, 299.
- Death, Sonnet by James Edmeston, 299.
- Dennistoun, James, *Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, illustrating the Arms, Arts, and Literature of Italy, from 1440 to 1630*, reviewed, 196.
- Devereux, the Hon. Walter Bouchier, *Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex, in the Reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., 1540-1646*, reviewed, 583.
- Donegal Highlands, a Pilgrimage to the, Part I., 528; Part II., 701.
- Dying Year, the, 121.
- Edda, Rhymes from the, Thor and Thrym, 578.
- Editices, on Certain Ancient, 248.
- Edmeston, James, Sonnet, 121.
- Elrington, Stephen Nolan, jun., *Poems and Lyrics*, reviewed, 117.
- Exhibition, the Great Industrial, of 1853, 655.
- Fairy Gifts, the, by Tiny, 342.
- Feltus, B.B., *Sonnets on the Thirty Years' War*, 50.
- Flowers of February, Chant of the Snowdrops — Lay of Anticipation — On an Early Violet, from the Italian of Mofei — The Ruined Temple — The Hills of Erin, from the Irish of Denis Macnamara — Song from the Spanish of Gongora, 184.
- Forsyth, William, a Little Galliambic, 637.
- France, the Crown Matrimonial of, 269.
- Getting on in Ireland, 472.
- Gisborne, Lionel, *the Isthmus of Darien in 1852*, reviewed, 718.
- Glen-Swilly, a Ride to the Head of, 528.
- Golden Guillotine, the, 22.
- Grey, Earl, *the Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration*, reviewed, 758.
- Grote, M., *his New Theories respecting the Ancient Sophists Condemned*, 691.
- Hall, Mrs. S. C., *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, reviewed, 112; *Stories of the Governess*, reviewed, 115.
- Hebrews, on the Ancient Music of the, in general, and their Temple Music in particular, Part I., 675.
- Hereditary Misfortunes in Certain Families, on, 236.
- Heroes, Ancient and Modern, No. III., Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte, 147; No. IV., Caius Marcius Coriolanus and Charles Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France, 418.

"Horn, the," a Day upon, and a Ride amongst the Mountains, 701.

Indian Archipelago, 315.

Ireland, Getting on in, 472.

Jerusalem, the Taking of, Stanzas, 488.

Julius Cæsar, Character of, in Comparison with Napoleon Bonaparte, 147.

Kennedy, James, Esq., Modern Poetry and Poets of Spain, reviewed, 436.

Keppel, Hon. Capt., Visit to the Indian Archipelago, in H. M. Ship Mæander, reviewed, 315.

Lament, the, of the Irish Mother, Stanzas by Tiny, 636.

Land Question, the, Mr. Napier's Bills, 122.

Lang, John Dunmore, D.D., Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, reviewed, 453; Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia, reviewed, 453.

Layard, Austen H., M.P., Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert, being the results of a Second Expedition, undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum, reviewed, 740.

Legends, a Chapter on, 42.

M'Carthy, Denis Florence, to the Bay of Dublin, 346; April Fancies, 395; Dolores, 396; The Resurrection of the Dead, 396; The First of the Angels, 398; The Awakening, 400; Spirit Voices, 402; All Fools' Day, 404; May Melodies, 522; The Arraying of May, 522; Welcome May, 523; The Search, 524; The Tidings, 526.

Macgillivray, John, Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Rattlesnake, commanded by the late Capt. Owen Stanley, R.N., reviewed, 315.

Mechanics' Institutes, Lectures at, by Lord Carlisle and Lord Belfast, reviewed, 285.

Meredith, Mrs. Charles, My Home in Tasmania, reviewed, 453.

Michael Kohlhaas, 556.

Miscellanea Literaria, No. II.—On Hereditary Misfortune in Certain Families—On Certain Proverbial and Colloquial Expressions—On Certain Ancient Edifices—Women as described by the Ancient Poets, 236.

Miserrimus, Stanzas, 635.

Moore, Thomas, Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of, Edited by Lord John Russell, reviewed, Vols. I. and II., 95; Vols. III. and IV., 615.

Mother's Tale, a, 340.

Music, the Ancient, of the Hebrews, Part I., 675.

Napier, Right Honourable Joseph, M.P., our Portrait Gallery, No. LXIX., 300.

Napier, Mr., his Bills in Reference to the Land Question in Ireland, 122.

Napoleon Bonaparte, Character of, in Comparison with Julius Cæsar, 147.

Nature's Teachings, 336.

Oehlenschläger, Sir Axel and Lady Ilse, from the German, 338.

Our Past, our Present, and our Future—Introductory to the Commencement of our Twenty-first Year, 1.

Our Portrait Gallery, No. LXIX., Right Honourable Joseph Napier, M.P., 300.

Parallels by a Pilgrim, 479.

Poetry.—Sonnets—Milton Humbly Imitated—Written during illness, 49; Sonnets on the Thirty Years' War, by B. B. Fel-tus, 50; Christmas, by Tiny, 118; A Vision of the Year, 119; The Doom of Maud Mauleverer, by Mortimer Collins, 119; Sonnet, by James Edmeston, 121; The Dying Year, 121; A Song of Labour, 138; On Jones's Statuette of William Dargan, 141; Madrigal, 142; The Chant of the Snowdrops, 187; Lay of Anticipation, 188; On an Early Violet, from the Italian of A. Maffei, 189; The Ruined Temple, 191; The Hills of Erin, from the Irish of Denis Macnamara, 193; Song from the Spanish of Gongora, 195; "To Walter Savage Landor," Lines, by Wm. Allingham, 235; Mrs. J. E. R—e's Dream, by Patrick Scott, 253; Dawn, by Fitzjames O'Brien, 299; Death, by James Edmeston, 299; The Breeze of Spring, by R. Townley, 332; The Daffodil, by Mortimer Collins, 334; The Pilgrim of Art, 334; Nature's Teachings, 336; Sir Axel and Lady Ilse, Translated from Oehlenschläger, 338; A Mother's Tale, 340; The Fairy Gifts, by Tiny, 342; To the Bay of Dublin, by D. F. M'Carthy, 346; Dolores, by D. F. M'Carthy, 396; The Resurrection of the Dead, by D. F. M'Carthy, 396; The First of the Angels, by D. F. M'Carthy, 398; The Awakening, by D. F. M'Carthy, 400; Spirit Voices, by D. F. M'Carthy, 402; All Fools' Day, by D. F. M'Carthy, 404; The Taking of Jerusalem, 488; Archytas and the Mariner, a translation of Horace, Ode I. 28, 506; May Melodies, by Denis Florence M'Carthy—I. The Arraying of May, 521; II. Welcome May, 523; III. The Search, 524; IV. The Tidings, 526; Rhymes from the Edda—Thor and Thrym, or Thor's Hammer Brought Home, 578; Miserrimus, 635; Lament of the Irish Mother, by Tiny, 636; A Little Galliambic, by William Forsyth, 637.

Proverbial and Colloquial Expressions, 244.

Reviews—Esmond, a Story of Queen Anne's Reign, by W. M. Thackeray, 70; Reuben Medlicot, or The Coming Man, by M. W. Savage, 74; Basil, a Story of Modern Life, by Wilkie Collins, 77; Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore,

edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, 95, 615; *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, with Notes and Illustrations, by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., 112; *Stories of the Governess*, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, 115; *Pictures from Sicily*, by the Author of *Forty Days in the Desert*, 115; *The Story of Reynard the Fox, a New Version*, by David Vedder, 116; *Love in the Moon*, a Poem by Patrick Scott, 116; *Original Poems and Lyrics*, by Stephen Nolan Elrington, jun., 117; *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, edited by Robert Chambers, 169; *Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, illustrating the Arms, Arts, and Literature of Italy, from 1440 to 1630*, by James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun, 196; *Life and Times of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, with a Preliminary Sketch of the History of Italy*, by William Pollard Urquhart, 196; *The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope, as Visited in 1851*, by John Aiton, D.D., 218; *Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*, by the Earl of Belfast, 290; *A Visit to the Indian Archipelago, in H. M. S. Mæander*, by Captain the Hon. H. Keppel, R.N., 315; *Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Rattlesnake, commanded by the late Captain Owen Stanley, R.N.*, by John Macgillivray, F.R.G.S., 315; *Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays, from Early Manuscript Corrections, in a Copy of the Folio, 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.*, 357; *Modern Poetry and Poets of Spain*, by James Kennedy, Esq., H. B. M. Judge in the Mixed Court of Justice at the Havana, 436; *An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales*, by John Dunmore Lang, D.D., 453; *Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia*, by John Dunmore Lang, D.D., 453; *My Home in Tasmania*, by Mrs. Charles Meredith, 453; *The Cloister Life of Charles V.*, by William Stirling, 539; *Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex, in the Reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., 1540-1646*, by the Hon. Walter Bouchier Devereux, Captain, R.N., 583; *The Isthmus of Darien in 1852*, by Lionel Gisborne, 718; *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with Travels in Armenia, Kur-*

distan, and the Desert, being the results of a Second Expedition, undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum, by Austen H. Layard, M.P., 740; *The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration*, by Earl Grey, 758.

St. Sylvester's Eve, 112.

Savage, M. W., Reuben Medlicott, or the Coming Man, reviewed, 74.

Scott, Patrick, Love in the Moon, a Poem, reviewed, 116.

Scott, Patrick, Mrs. J. E. R—d—e's Dream, a Poem, 253.

Shakspeare, Improvements in the Text of, 356.

Slingsby, Jonathan Freke, Another Night with the Mystics—A Song of Labour—On Jones's Statuette of William Dargan—Madrigal—A Stage-Coach Story, 135.

Sonnets—Milton Humbly Imitated, 49;

Written during illness, 49; *On the*

Thirty-Years' War (twenty-five), by R. B.

Feltus, 50; by James Edmeston, 121;

Dawn, by Fitzjames O'Brien; *Death*, by

James Edmeston, 299.

Sophists, Ancient, and Modern Liberals, 691

Spanish Poets Garroled, 436.

Spring-time Flowers, 332.

Stage-Coach Story, a, 143.

Stirling, William, the Cloister Life of Charles V., reviewed, 539.

Thackeray, W. M., Esmond, a Story of Queen Anne's Reign, reviewed, 70.

Thor and Thrym, or Thor's Hammer brought home, 578.

Tolerance and Intolerance, 638.

Tom Cluggins's Two Antipathies, 374.

Townley, R., The Breeze of Spring, 332.

Tree of Knowledge, the, 663.

Twenty-first Year, Our, Introductory Article, 1.

United States, the, a Flying Shot at, Fifth Round, 255; *Sixth and last Round*, 507.

Urquhart, W. P., Life and Times of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, with a Preliminary Sketch of the History of Italy, reviewed, 196.

Vedder, David, New Version of the Story of Reynard the Fox, reviewed, 116.

Vision, a, of the Year, 119.

DIRECTION TO THE BINDER.

Portrait of the Right Honourable Joseph Napier, M.P., to face page 300.

57